From: Snapshot-Content-Location: https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/1f9i14/what_is_the_scariestcreepiest_thing_you_have/?utm_source=reddit&utm_medium=usertext&utm_name=Thetruthishere&utm_content=t3_1ufm7a Subject: What is the scariest/creepiest thing you have seen/heard? : r/AskReddit Date: Sun, 12 Apr 2026 23:48:41 -0230 MIME-Version: 1.0 Content-Type: multipart/related; type="text/html"; boundary="----MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr----" ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/1f9i14/what_is_the_scariestcreepiest_thing_you_have/?utm_source=reddit&utm_medium=usertext&utm_name=Thetruthishere&utm_content=t3_1ufm7a

What is the scariest/creepiest thing you have seen/heard?

I want to see everything! Pictures, videos, gifs, sounds, or even a story, I don't care. If it's creepy, post it. I love the creepy/scary stuff.

Remember to sort by new guys. There really are some great stories buried.

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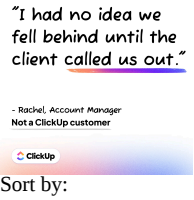

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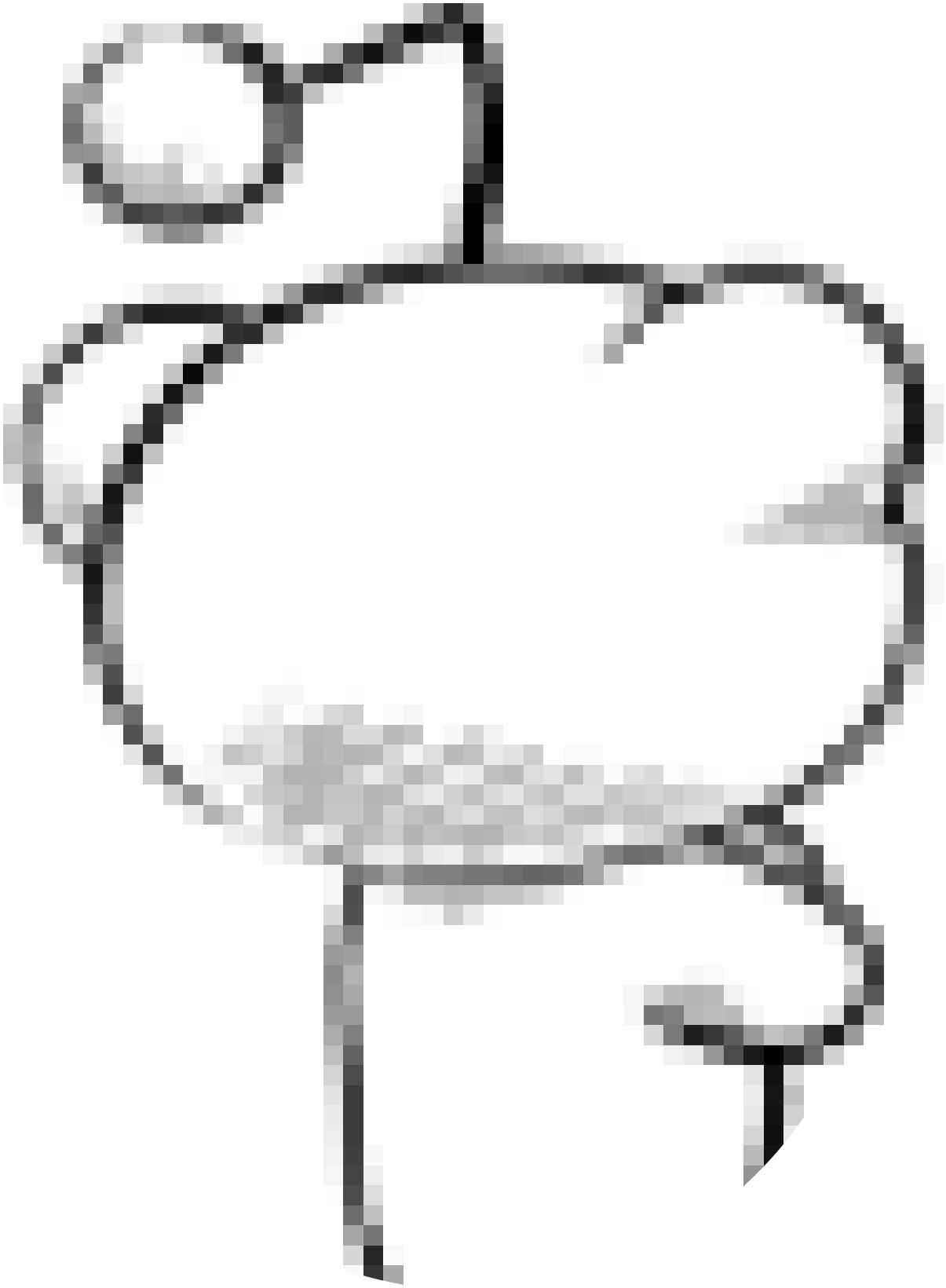

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• 13y ago

I was on vacation in Ithaca with my boyfriend at the time. We had literally, I'm talking 10 minutes, just gotten into town and stopped at a suspension bridge near Cornell's campus. I'm terrified of heights and, so, my boyfriend was coaxing me step by step over the bridge. It was gorgeous and we stopped at the middle to take a picture. On the side we had come from there was a parking lot with steps leading to the bottom of the gorge but on the far side there were hiking paths with no barrier. A woman walked past us and offered to take a picture for us. We declined and she smiled and walked quickly to the far side of the bridge where she smoothly jumped off into the gorge. There was not a second of hesitation, it was almost like she expected the path to keep going. The sound of a person hitting the ground from a jump like that sticks with you.

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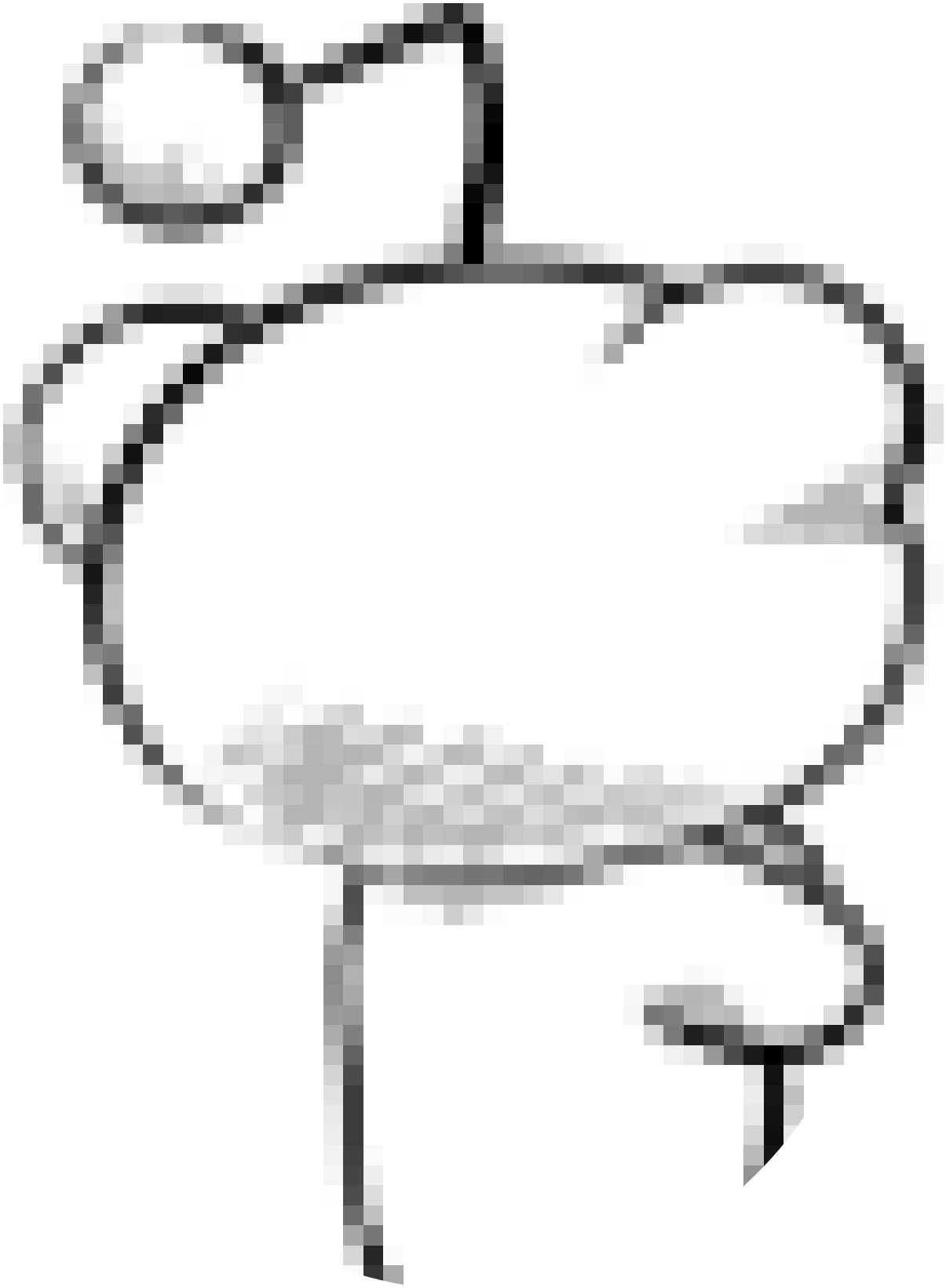

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• 13y ago

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Bringerofthenachos
• 13y ago

A group of friends was staying at this remote cabin that one of my friend's cousins owned. There were no roads leading to the cabin, and it was a good 3/4 day hike from where you parked the cars.

I couldn't go at the same time as everyone else due to work obligations, so I decided to head up the same day but later. It would mean I would have to camp for a night by myself though (the latter part of the trail is too dangerous to be taken at night, especially by someone who doesn't know it). I didn't care, I was kind of looking forward to it as I've never camped alone before.

So I was in the middle of these woods when the sun went down. I got my camp set up in this small clearing. Probably 40 feet across. Get my camp fire going and pitch my small, one person tent. Do all that camping stuff like cooking hot dogs on a stick over the fire and smoores. I probably stay up for a good 2 or 3 hours after dark (it was mid-autumn so the days were somewhat short).

The entire time I thought I heard shit moving in the woods on the edge of the clearing. I didn't think anything of it at first cause the woods are full of animals, but as the night went on I realized that whatever it was was just circling the clearing over and over. Once I started paying attention it made 4 or 5 laps around before I decided to get up and investigate. The noise stopped as soon as I stooped up and I thought I heard some sounded going away through the woods.

I just shrug it off thinking it was some fox that was curious that got scared when I stood up. I decide its time to sleep, douse the fire and climb into my tent. I start to doze off and stay in that half asleep half awake state for a while. I normally hear weird shit when I'm in this state, so I don't think much of it when I hear a voice.

Something wakes me all the way up though and I realize the voice is real and right outside my tent. Its just above a whisper and I'm not sure if it was another language or if they were just speaking English in such a way that I couldn't understand.

I lay there for some time, I don't know how long, listening and waiting for something to happen. There is just enough moon light to light up the walls of the tent, so I can see when a hand presses into the wall of my tent down near my foot. This freaks me out and I sit up quickly. Who ever was outside of the tent tore ass out of there. Like running full sprint through the woods.

I get out of the tent and shine my flashlight around and see nothing. I was expecting there to be a bloody hand print on the tent, but nope. Didn't sleep that night, packed up camp at first light that morning and booked it to the cabin.

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cranklowza
• 13y ago

I was about 15 minutes from finishing the night shift at work when there was a massive crash on one of the windows in the office so I get up and go to check it out. Someone has thrown quite a sizble rock through one of the windows on the front of the building. This is made especially weird because I'm working in the industrial district at 11:30 at night with none of the other businesses open. I go back to my desk, put a quick call through to security to let them know and decide to head home. As I'm leaving the building I'm freaking myself out about it more and more and end up running to my car, getting in and taking off. I'm almost home and I've started to calm down a bit when I realise that I didn't unlock my car when I got in. It had been unlocked the whole time. I do a quick check with my hand in the backseat for any possible murderers that might be hanging around there but there's nothing there.

Fast forward 30 minutes: I've called a friend of mine who says he is out drinking so I decide I'm going to join him. I jump on my bicycle and start riding over. I'm doodling along the road on my bike, it's a nice night and I'm in no big rush, just enjoying the moonlight when I hear someone riding behind me. I straighten up and stick to one side of the road. He passes me really slowly and, when he is right beside me, he shoots me a smile I can describe as purely fucking insane. I kind of flinch and am taken aback as he rides on. That's when I realise. *He is riding my mom's bike*.

Needless to say, I sprint the fuck home. When I get there, sure enough her bike is missing and one of my car's doors is open. The back left one. I was driving, and had no need to open that door.

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y0mirs
• 13y ago

Always. Check. The. Back. Seat.

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Ogbu
• 13y ago

That is the scariest shit ever, especially since his motivation couldn't have been just to steal a bike, it was to scare the hell out of you.

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bigsol81
• 13y ago

I was playing around with a radio once when I was a kid, just slowly spanning through the static trying to find a station. I had found an old television antenna, attached it to the side of our house and ran a wire out my window to it with an alligator clip attached to the radio antenna, allowing me to get a way broader range of signals.

So I'm sitting there, early in the morning (like 2am), slowly sweeping frequencies, and suddenly I get to this station that's playing this very weird crackling sound. It sounded sort of like cracking knuckles, or maybe Rice Crispies cereal, but with a fixed, rhythmic pattern instead of being random. I sat there listening to it for a second, then it suddenly stopped and this faint voice says "It doesn't work. We're already dead. We're already dead."

It took a second for the weight of the words to hit me, but when they did I freaked the fuck out and almost threw the radio across the room. I'm pretty sure it was just someone messing around with a radio transmitter, but damn if it didn't scare the shit out of me at the time.

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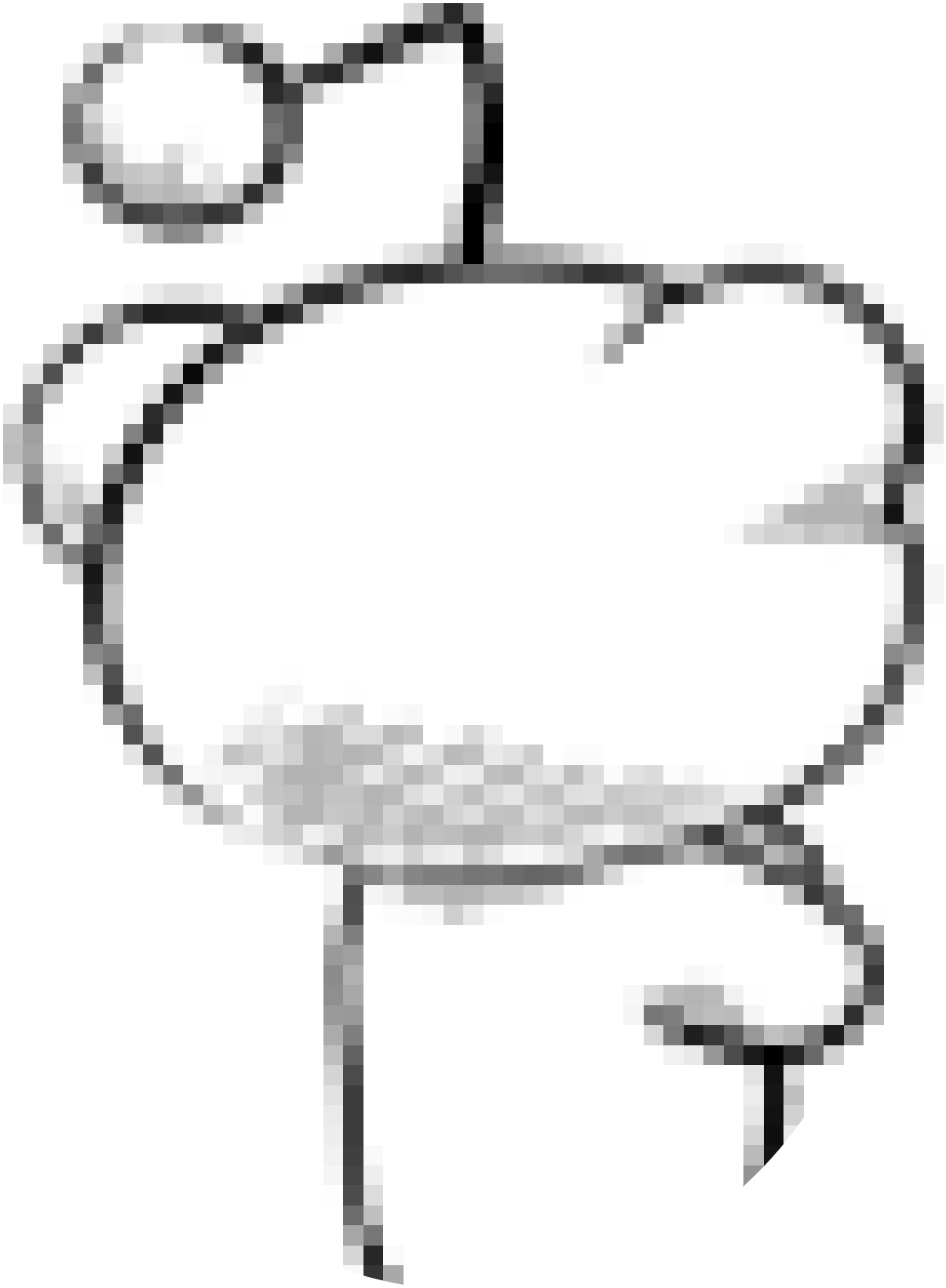

[deleted]
• 13y ago

The lost cosmonauts

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Captain_English
• 13y ago

I have a similar story.

At university, in my room in halls, it was just me and stuff.

Every night after I moved in I heard voices.

Not through the wall voices, but hushed, in the room voices, that I'd become aware of as I lay just below the threshold of sleep. These voices would be talking, quite leisurely, in low tones, and it always seemed like as soon as I jerked awake they'd quickly hush themselves to a barely audible whisper that I couldn't chase around the room, because it just hung in the air. I owned no radio; my laptop was shutdown and uplugged, the halls had no PA system or anything. Just the voices, that were talking about things in some strange language, getting louder as I fell asleep and quieter when I woke up.

Turns out that the cables on my speakers weren't properly isolated, and I was picking up French radio. Only happened at night because that was when I turned them off; when there was current flowing, they didn't act as a radio receiver.

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lobstah4
• 13y ago

Went to see *The Sixth Sense* when it first came out with my wife. Had just moved into our new house, and my wife was pretty shaky when we came home. We didn't have kids at this point. She insisted that I go through all of the rooms in the house to check for... who knows what. Being a dutiful husband, I eyerollingly went through all of the bedrooms, and was finishing up in the guest bathroom. The door was ajar, and I pushed it open... and heard, right next to my head, the *loudest, most blood-curdling scream ever*.

Turns out that the cat was behind the door and somehow had its tail in the jamb-- and when I opened it, it got pinched.

Fuck, man.

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mmangino
• 13y ago

I live in one of the houses from this movie. The office I'm in right now is in the movie and when I look out the window I see the bench that Bruce Willis sat in at the beginning.

My sister in law hates sleeping here :)

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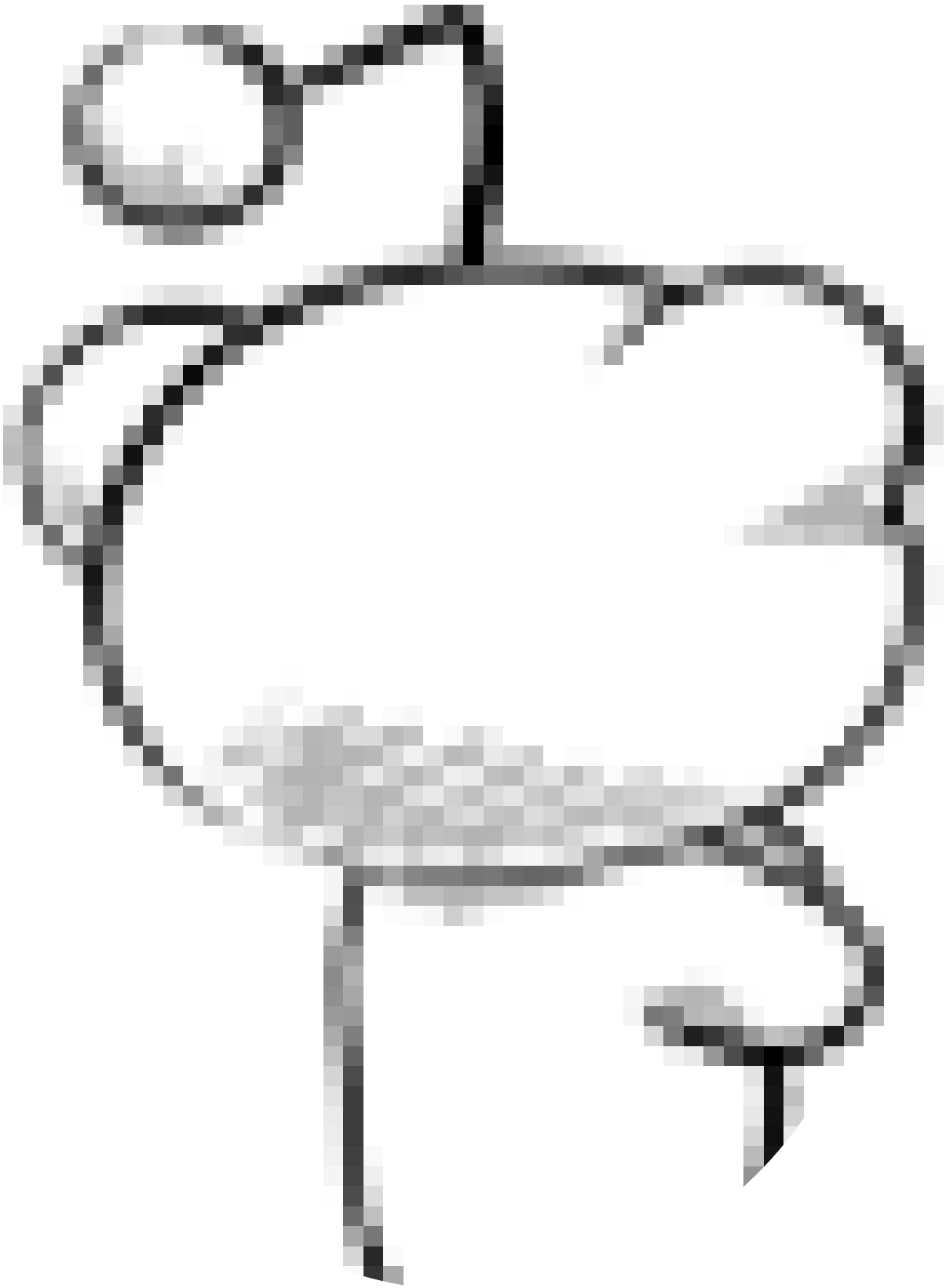

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• 13y ago

My parents bought their first house back in 1972. It was a fixer-upper, but they decided to move in right away and fix things as time/money permitted.

Within a few days of moving in, the new neighbors came over to introduce themselves. They also let my parents know that the previous owners had moved out after a nasty divorce. They had lost their second baby from SIDS, and their relationship went downhill from there.

My parents were horrified, more so because they were newly pregnant and couldn't imagine going through such a thing.

They eventually pretty much forgot all about it. Life went on. They were in love with their new life and their new house.

In preparation for the baby, they decided to wallpaper the nursery. Now, my Dad told my mom there was no need in wallpapering the inside of the closet, but she insisted. She was kneeling down, scraping off old paint inside of the closet when her eyes fell upon something that made her blood turn to ice.

Written in crayon, at about eye level for a kindergardner, in childish scrawl was: I KILLED THE BABY

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larsendt

• 13y ago

The story of Karen Wetterhahn: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Karen_Wetterhahn

Essentially, she was a chemistry professor at Dartmouth. She was working with an organic mercury compound that was relatively unknown at the time. A drop spilled on her gloved hand. No big deal usually. Turns out dimethylmercury penetrates latex gloves really quickly, and a drop on the hand is a death sentence. She slipped into a coma about 6 months later and then died.

The really terrifying part is the description of her coma (from Wikipedia).

"One of her former students described it as not being "... the kind of coma I'd expected... She was thrashing about. Her husband saw tears rolling down her face. I asked if she was in pain. The doctors said it didn't appear that her brain could even register pain."

Fucking. Terrifying.

I am so glad I'm not a chemist. Computers are friendly.

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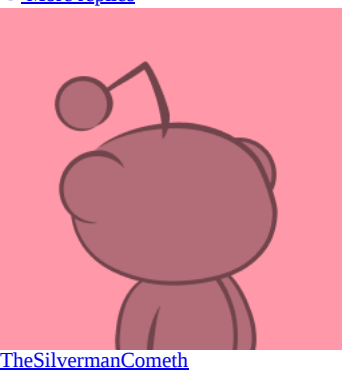

TheSilvermanCometh

• 13y ago

About a year ago I was climbing a tree in my front yard at around 4:30 a.m. I had walked a lady friend to her car and was killing time until I got the "I'm home" text, and the weather was nice for tree climbing, so I just did it. This particular night my neighbors didn't lock their gate like they normally do, leaving easy access to their tool shed, lawn mower, etc. I guess the guy forgot, it happens, but it was definitely noticeable (large gate, right next to the road, expensive old man tools).

So as I observed the gate from my lofty perch and considered all of the reasons it would be open, I noticed a car coming down my street very slowly, eventually coming to a halt right in front of my neighbor's driveway. I looked into the car and saw two young men pointing and looking intently around his yard. Sketchy shit during daylight, much more so at night.

After a minute or so of being too nervous to do anything at all, I realized I was leaning pretty heavy on some branches, exposing myself more than when these two had just driven up. That was when it happened.

the guy in the passenger seat noticed me first. He did a panicky sort of double take when he first saw me, followed by what I generally assume to be the words "OH SHIT!", and rapidly punching the driver in the arm. Attempting to look menacing, I did the only thing I could think of which was hold my arms up in a claw like pose (like a tree-rex). when the driver saw me, He did the same panicky double take before slamming the gas and hauling ass outta dodge.

I like to think I was the creepiest/scariest thing those two ever saw.

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honeybadga
• 13y ago

Tree Rex

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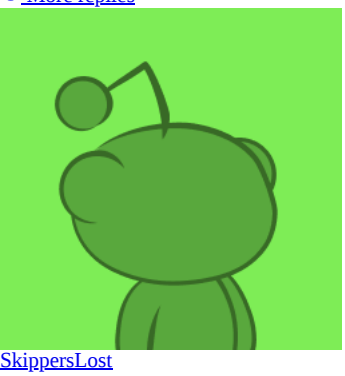

SkippersLost
• 13y ago

Well, I'll never forget this one...

My wife and I used to live in a townhome that backed to some woods. We both took off work one day to get some things done in the yard, cutting the grass, weeding our large flower beds, laying mulch etc.

Our yard wasn't big; it took about two full grass clipping bags. I would walk a couple of feet into the woods and dump them in a pile.

As I'm walking back to empty the second bag, something in the middle of the woods catches my eye. Something out of place and it's moving.

I crouched down to get a better look and I just froze. At first, I could make out a pair of shoes just swaying back and forth and then was able to see the legs and body of a teenager. There in the middle of the woods was a teenage boy who had hung himself. Next to the tree, I could see a skateboard leaning up against it.

I yelled for my wife to call the police and started running back to try and save him but he was gone. His body was limp and his head was was just slumped over. His dark scruffy hair was slowly blowing in the breeze.

The cops came and quickly cut him down and they were gone.

As it turns out, he was having problems getting along with his parents and this is what he decided to do.

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bleedingheartsurgery
• 13y ago

> started running back to save him

bless people like you, i havnt got that in me to do, too spooked

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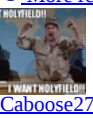

Caboose2701
• 13y ago

This was a few years ago on a night scuba dive. There were 8 of us in the group including our dive master and his assistant. We had just finished our dive and were gathered up in a circle ready to ascend and get out of the water when my dive master freezes. He takes his flashlight and pointing it outside our circle of divers he catches something circling us with the beam. Turns out it was a 12 foot long great white shark. At this point half of the group are trying to keep the shark illuminated as it circles us and remarkably everyone stayed calm. The only things going through my mind were iterations of these two thoughts, "don't look like a yummy delicious fatty seal, and that I hope I taste terrible." My dive master gets our attention and slowly puts his thumb up and then makes an upward motion. We all begin to ascend and the shark kept with us until we were maybe 10 feet from the surface. Then it turned off into the darkness and was gone. I did not go back into the ocean for about a week after that.

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OgrePrincess
• 13y ago

Only a week? I wouldn't have gone back into my own bathtub after that.

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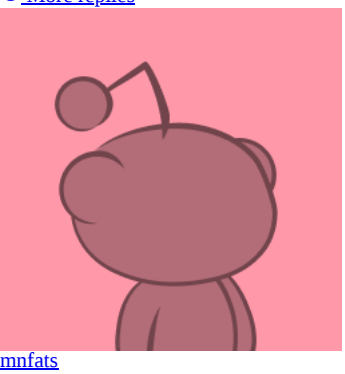

mnfats
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Not creepy, but this is as scared as I've even been.

I was fixing a jumped belt on an old Gleaner K2 in the middle of the field, in the middle of the night. When my dog (a 110lbs lab), who's usually sniffing for birds when I stop, is standing still and letting out a growl I've never heard from him. I shine my almost dead flashlight where he's looking and I see three sets of eyes change quickly from a glow, to a silhouette to coyotes. They're pretty harmless on their own, but in a pack they're relentless. I call for my dog and bolt for the cab, but he runs at them instead. I stood on the platform for what felt like hours, as my dog tried to fight off the now 5 coyotes. I couldn't let my buddy die, so I grabbed the hammer and wrapped my jacket around my arm. The second I got close, one of them went for my leg and I offered my arm instead, which it gladly took and I swung down on its back with all my might. Second coyote, same as the first, grabs my arm and I swing at his back. The other three are switching between fighting and dragging my dog into the corn and like an idiot I throw the hammer at the pack with no effect. I kick the one doing the most dragging and he thankfully runs off. I picked up the hammer and swing at the one my dog doesn't have and stood back and watch my dog chase off the 5th. He came back bloody and limping, but no worse for wear. But even with the rabies shot, he started showing symptoms about a week later. Toughest thing I had to do to date was putting that dog down.

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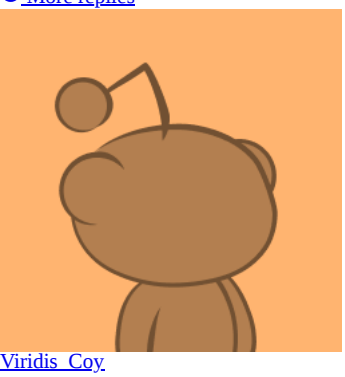

Viridis_Coy
• 13y ago

I used to work in a trailer park for my parents. Quite often, people would start using methamphetamine, begin to fall behind on rent and get evicted. Whenever we evicted someone their trailer was usually too torn to shit to actually do anything useful with it. Essentially, to prevent having a pile o' shit trailer in the middle of the park, we'd buy it from them and just tear it down.

Anyway, the the scary/creepy part. Many of these occupants had children. More than half of all of all of the children's rooms I found had locks on the doors, from the outside. Inside the children's rooms, it was always quite evident that the kids would sometimes be locked inside for days at a time, due to the "bathroom" corners that would sometimes appear. The doors on the insides of the rooms typically had scratch marks along the edge of the door and the door frame.

Getting rid of all of the stuff inside before beginning demolition always frightened me. I was always afraid that I'd end up finding a dead child somewhere among the filth. It never happened, but the odds of it potentially happening were, in my opinion, quite high.

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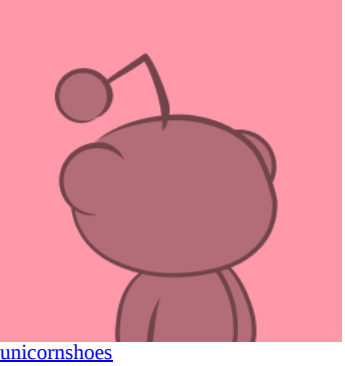

unicornshoes
• 13y ago

The episode of Breaking Bad with Jesse and the red head kid of those addicts breaks my heart because you just know there are real kids in those types of situations.

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AmberHeartsDisney
• 13y ago

One of the scariest things I ever heard was when I worked in retail. My stored used to do layaway and that was where I worked. Right by the layaway counter We had three bathrooms. A Men's multi stall, a Women's muti stall and a family bathroom. Well only the family bathroom had a door that locked all the others had the push/pull swing door. I was in the back cleaning up and I thought I hear screaming so I walked out front by the counter. I heard more screaming. I was not sure at first where it was coming from I ran and checked the men's and women's bathroom and they were empty and I still heard the crying and screaming. It was coming from the family bathroom. I banged on the door but the yelling, screaming crying kept going on. It sounded like a child and I had no idea what was going on. I called for a manager because I had no way of getting in the door since it was locked. This whole time there is still crying, screaming banging. After several attempts of trying to open the door we called 911. We had no idea what we going on but it didn't sound good. I think about fifteen minutes at this point, although it felt forever. Then the sound check stopped. No more banging, crying nothing. We banged on the door until the police came.When they finally did they had to kick the door in since we had no key. As we all stood around and looked in all we saw was blood all over the place.

We were not really sure what happened at first but the police told us to back up and that is when they pulled out a lady and a child. A bloody child, maybe 3. We all just stood there in shock. The child was not moving, we thought he was dead because of all the blood. They took the lady away in handcuff's and the child to the hospital.

We all had to give statements. Later my manager told me what happened. The just snapped , he wouldn't stop crying and she just had enough and did whatever she could to make him stop. He did live. I was sure he was dead but he wasn't she had just knocked him out from hitting him so hard.

This story is not scary in the ghost sense but for that to happen right behind the door and not know what is going on or be able to help was pretty scary to me.

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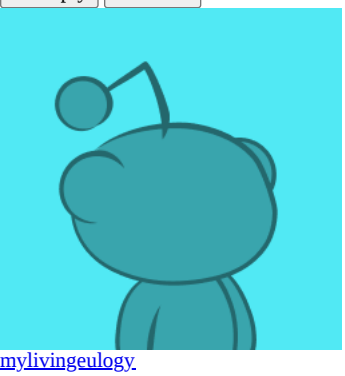

mylivingeulogy
• 13y ago

I thought you were going to say that you opened the door and Noone was there...

Then it just got worse.

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Fat_Choad
• 13y ago

Some of the posts on r/UnresolvedMysteries.

WARNING: Visiting this subreddit will steal lots of your time.

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designerlogic
• 13y ago

Woke up one night around 1am, heard the shower was on... I first thought it was my brother, he works night shifts, so thought he had came home late and was in the shower... It went on for about half an hour until i got up and went to see wtf he was doing... No one was in the shower, my brother wasn't home yet, i was the only one in the house. Still to this day, i have no idea how it turned on or who did it.. Almost 5 years later i still think about it and shit myself... Even writing this now i feel like turning every light on in the house ahah whyyy do i do this to myself!!

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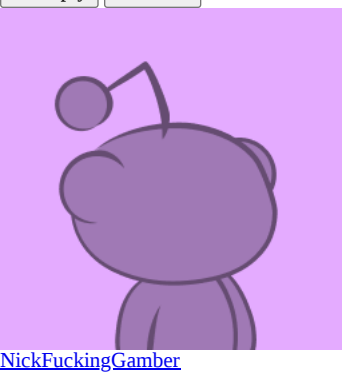

NickFuckingGamber
• 13y ago

If it makes you feel better, Ghost Hunters had a decent explanation for that. Sometimes water pressure can build up enough and turn a nob.

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up_up
• 13y ago

I watched in horror as this drunk seeming guy fell (maybe it was on purpose, but I don't know) onto a commuter rail track just as the train was coming. The sound/sight of him getting run over (crunching, splattering, awful) has stayed with me for life as the scariest, brain scarring thing ever.

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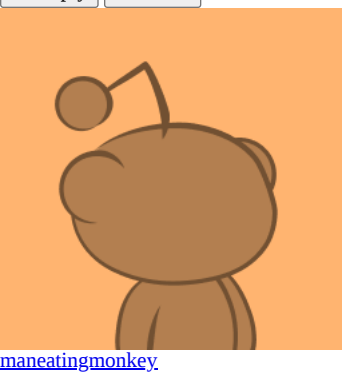

maneatingmonkey
• 13y ago

I live in New York.

I remember my dad telling me very seriously once "if you ever wait for the subway, make sure you're as far from the track as humanly possible until the train comes."

A few months ago there was a rash of people pushing other people into the path of oncoming trains.

I now know why I was told this.

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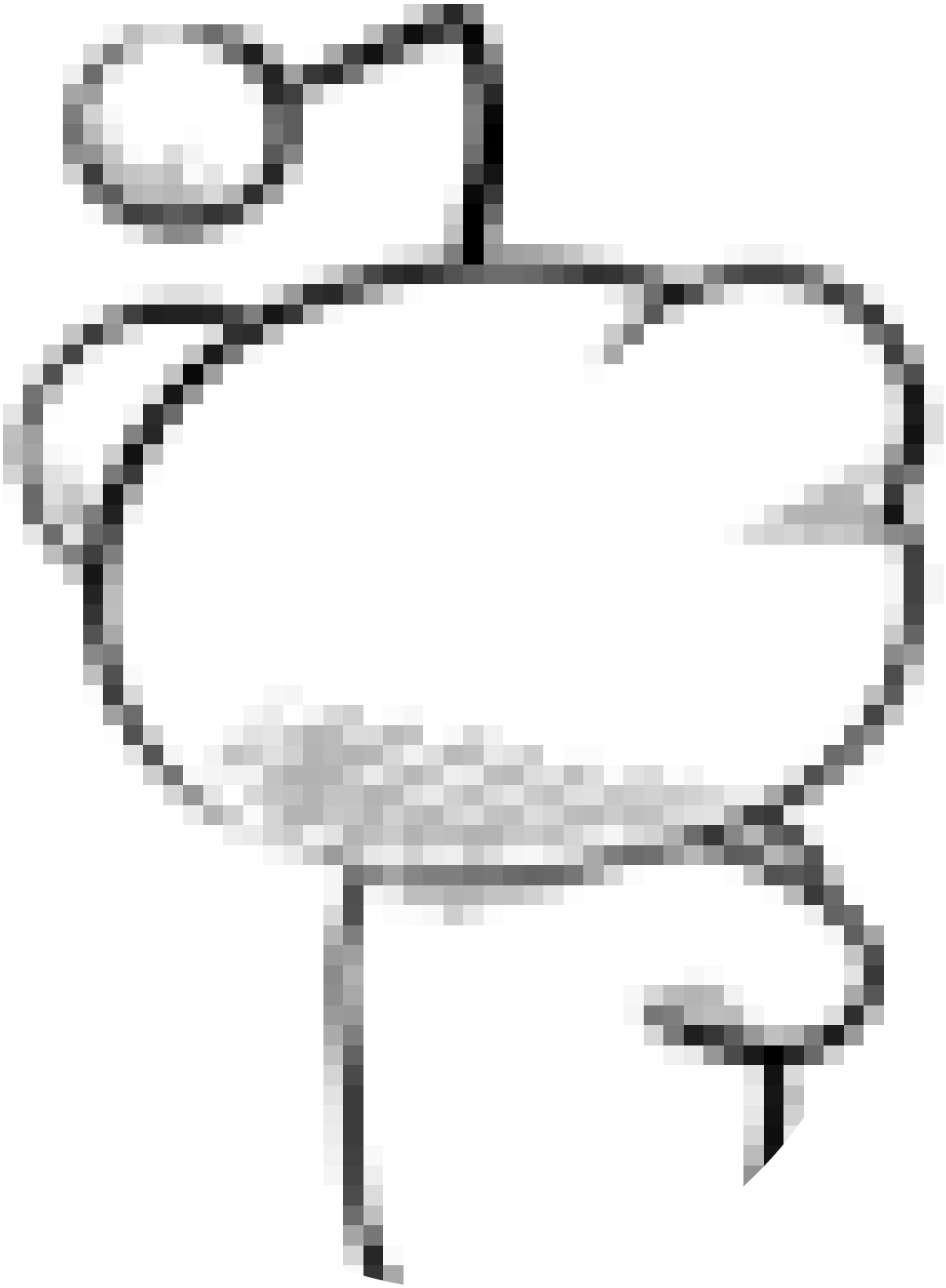

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was standing on my balcony when I saw some drunk guy flash in front of my eyes. I was on the tenth floor and apparently he fell over from the twenty-first floor. The split second he passed by, I got to see his look of fear, shock, disbelief and a whole bunch of other emotions before he fell to the floor in a thud and crack. You could just tell he was dead.

Edit: Holy crap, my first comment that went above 3 points (or something close like that)

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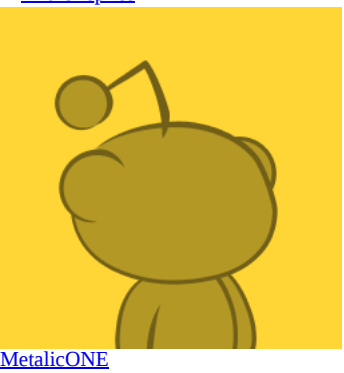

MetalicONE
• 13y ago

Wow, I am seeing a recurring theme here... My kids were playing outside of the high rise apartment we were living at at the time. They came running into the apartment hysterically saying that there was a dead guy outside. A drunk had fallen from the 11th floor Balcony right in front of my kids. They knew he was Dead and they were only 5-7 at the time.

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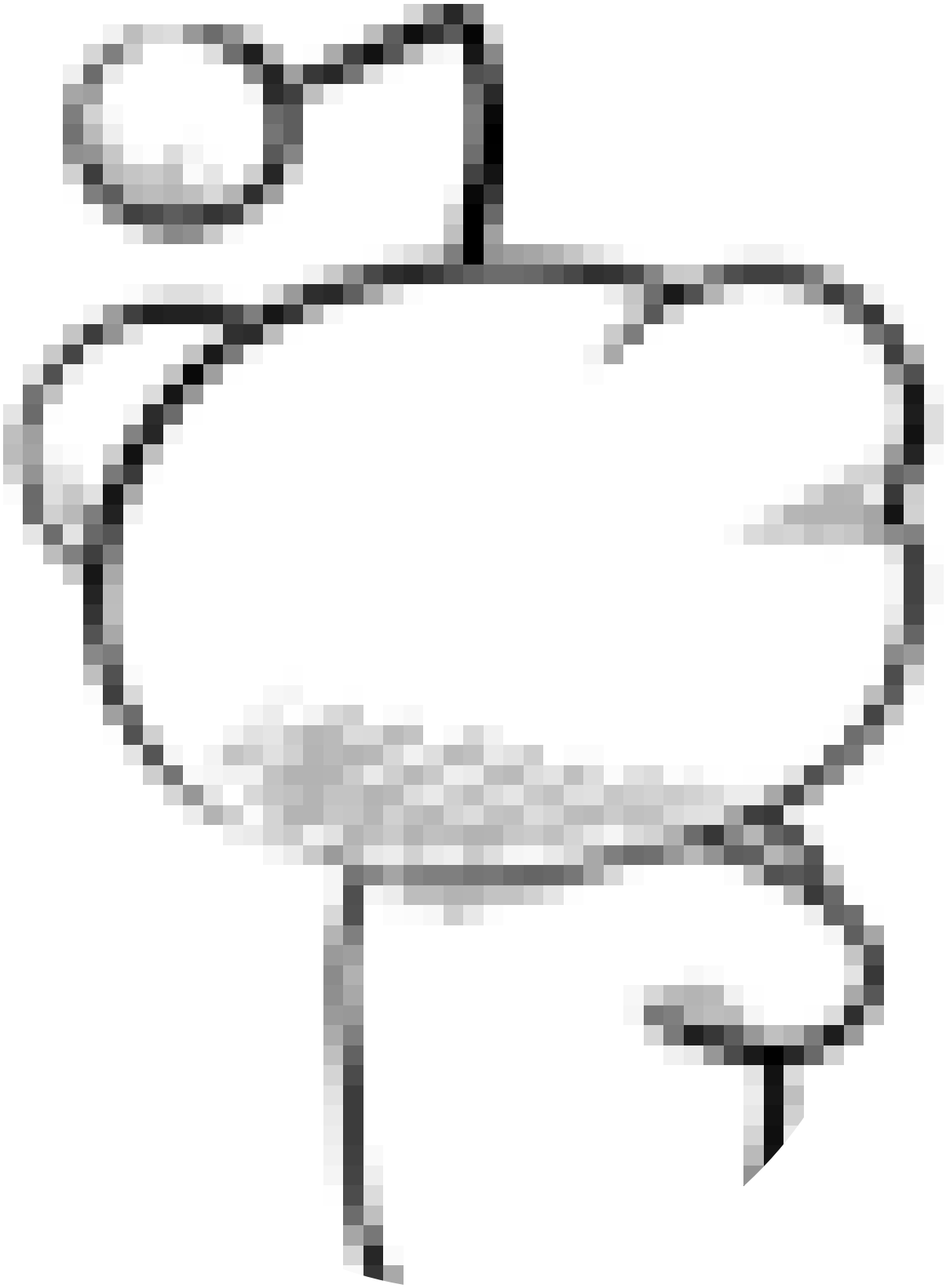

Sweetdish
• 13y ago

A few years back I rented an apartment from a friend of mine. He had recently bought it and had it completely renovated. He put it up for sale but couldn't find a buyer so I offered to rent it in the meantime.

After moving in I realized there was something wrong with the lady next door. She was about 45 but looked much older. She would sit up all night listening to Christian radio shows and talking loudly to someone. It got to the point where I couldn't sleep so I went over to her place and asked her to keep it down. She opened her door and I got a quick peak. Her walks all had crosses painted on them in different colors. And words like "Jesus" and "angels" scribbled everywhere. The windows were painted black letting no light in at all. It was damp, yellow stained 50 year old carpets, dog shit and cock roaches everywhere. No dog though.

I asked her to please keep it down. She just looked at me and shut the door. Then she turned up the radio even louder.

The next night I had my GF staying over. I wake up in the middle of the night and see a shadow of a person next to the bed looking at us sleeping. I think I'm hallucinating as I usually do in the dark when I'm sleepy. But then the shadow starts talking. It's my neighbor and she's holding something in her hand. She broke in during the night and who knows how long she stood there.

"You should lock your door at night" she says and walks out.

The next morning I hear someone making strange noises below my bedroom window. It's my neighbor talking to herself in tongue. She has a plastic bag in her hand with her rotting dead dog inside. It's hot as hell outside and I can smell death from the bag.

At this point I'm scared shitless. Shes obviously very insane. I go upstairs and knock on another persons door and ask what the hell is going on. The guy is as scared as me. Apparently she broke into his apartment one evening as well while he was watching tv with his kids. He got up from the couch to get a snack only to find her behind the couch staring at him holding a power drill. (Now I know what was in her hand)

At this stage I'm basically pooping myself. I call the cops and they know all about her. Apparently she is a violent schizzo and she hasn't taken her meds. But they can't force her or enter her apartment w/o her permission because she owns it. The only thing they can do is get her when she goes outside. I sit up for the next two days waiting for her to run out of cigarettes. When I hear her leave at 2am to go across the road to the 7-eleven I call the cops. They have 3 cars and a special van over in less than 2 minutes. They restrain her and throw her in the van and drive off to some institution and in less than a minute it's like she was never there.

I never see her again. Still have nightmares about her looking at me in my sleep.

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ActiveSloth1234

• 13y ago

This happened to me when I was about 8 and still scares me to this day. One evening I went to let my dogs in from the back garden at around 9pm. It was pitch black so I quickly opened the door and my dogs came bounding in, as soon as they came in I locked the door and at this moment a person on the other side pulled the handle down trying to get into my house. We had a glass door so even in the dark I could see the outline of a man standing there.

I ran to my dad and he ran into the back garden after this man and saw him running down the road. Since then I have closed and locked doors at the speed of light.

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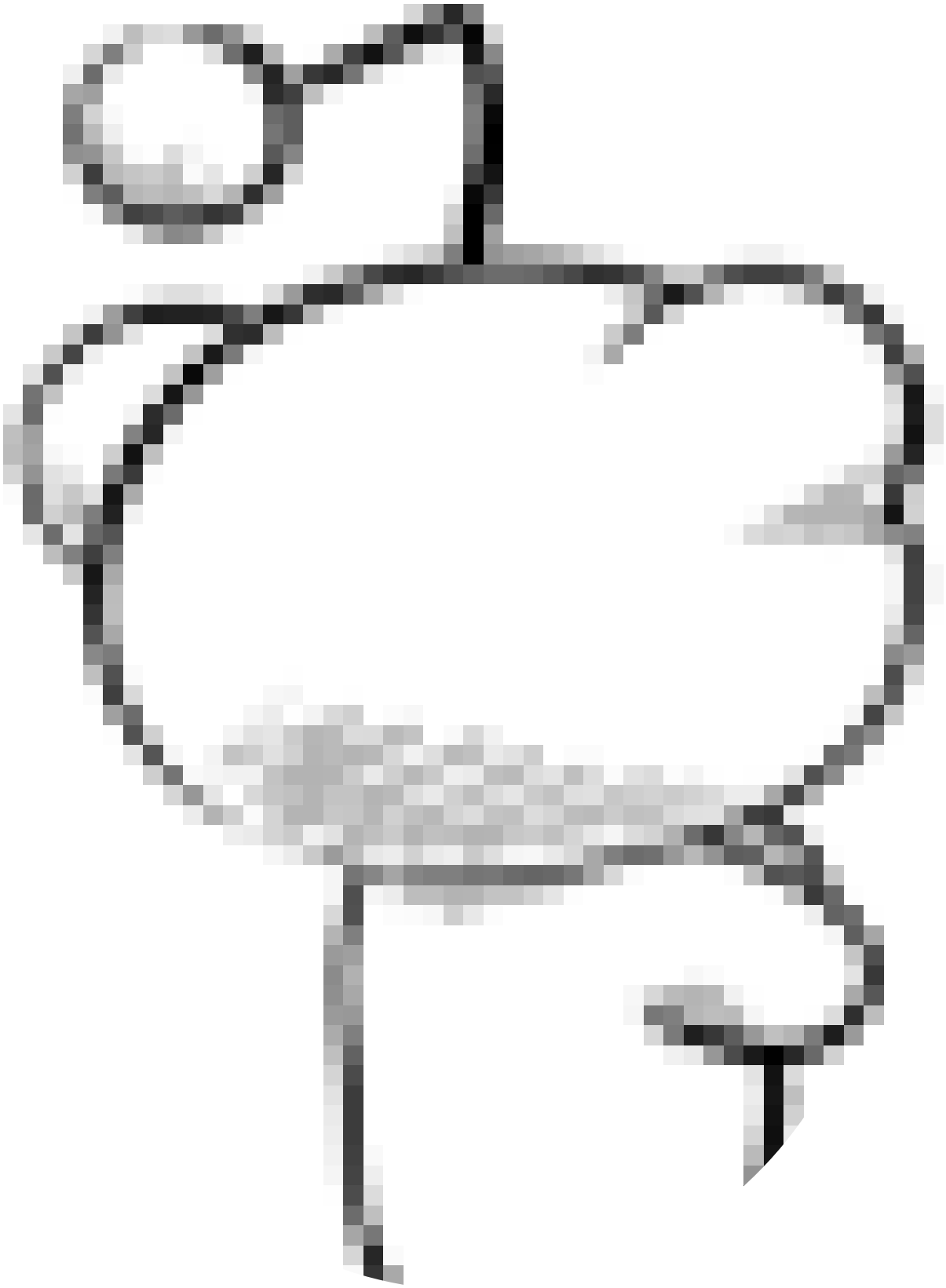

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• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_the_Doll

old doll that multiple persons claim over the course of 100 years, that it is alive and possessed.

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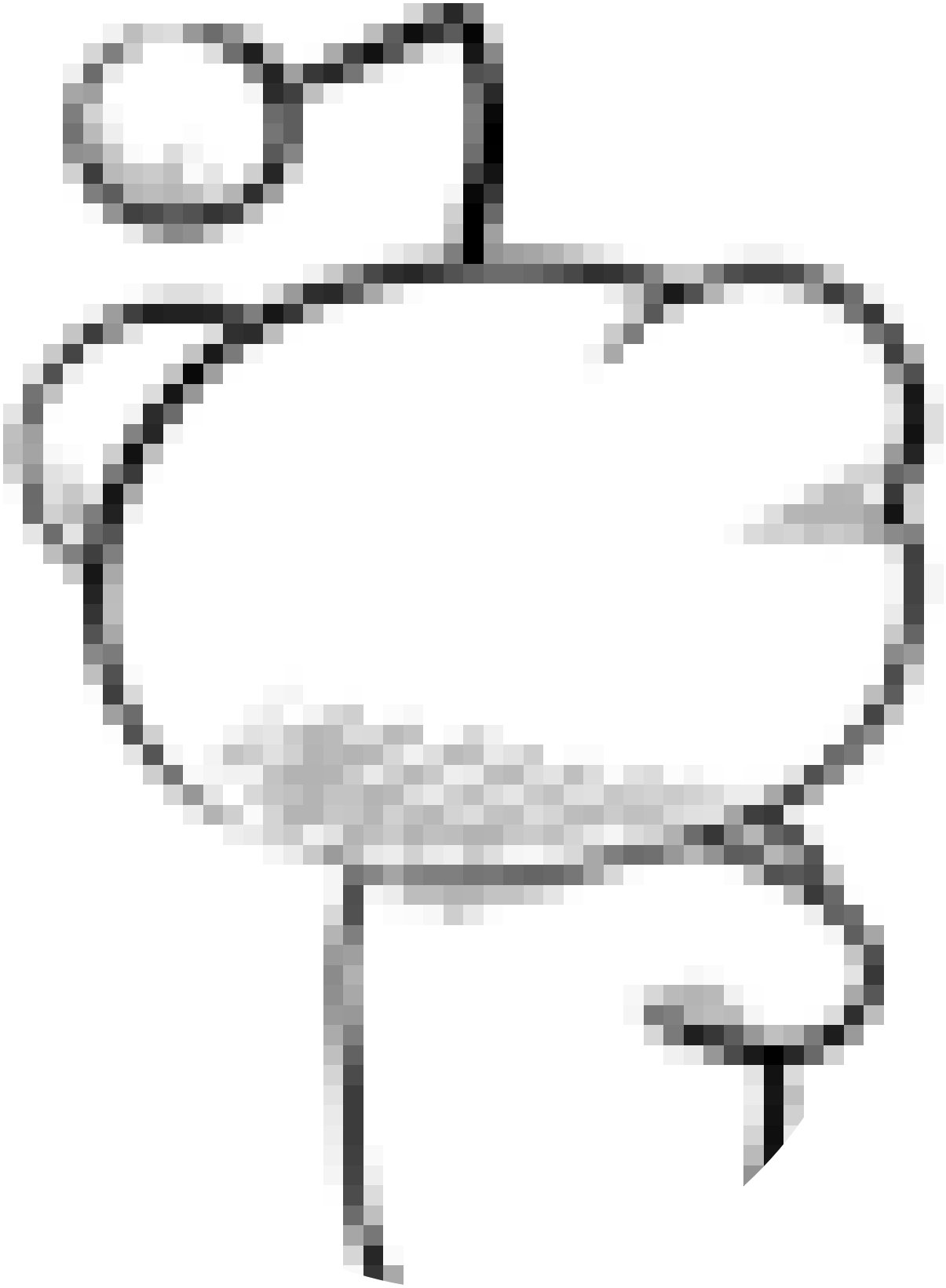

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• 13y ago

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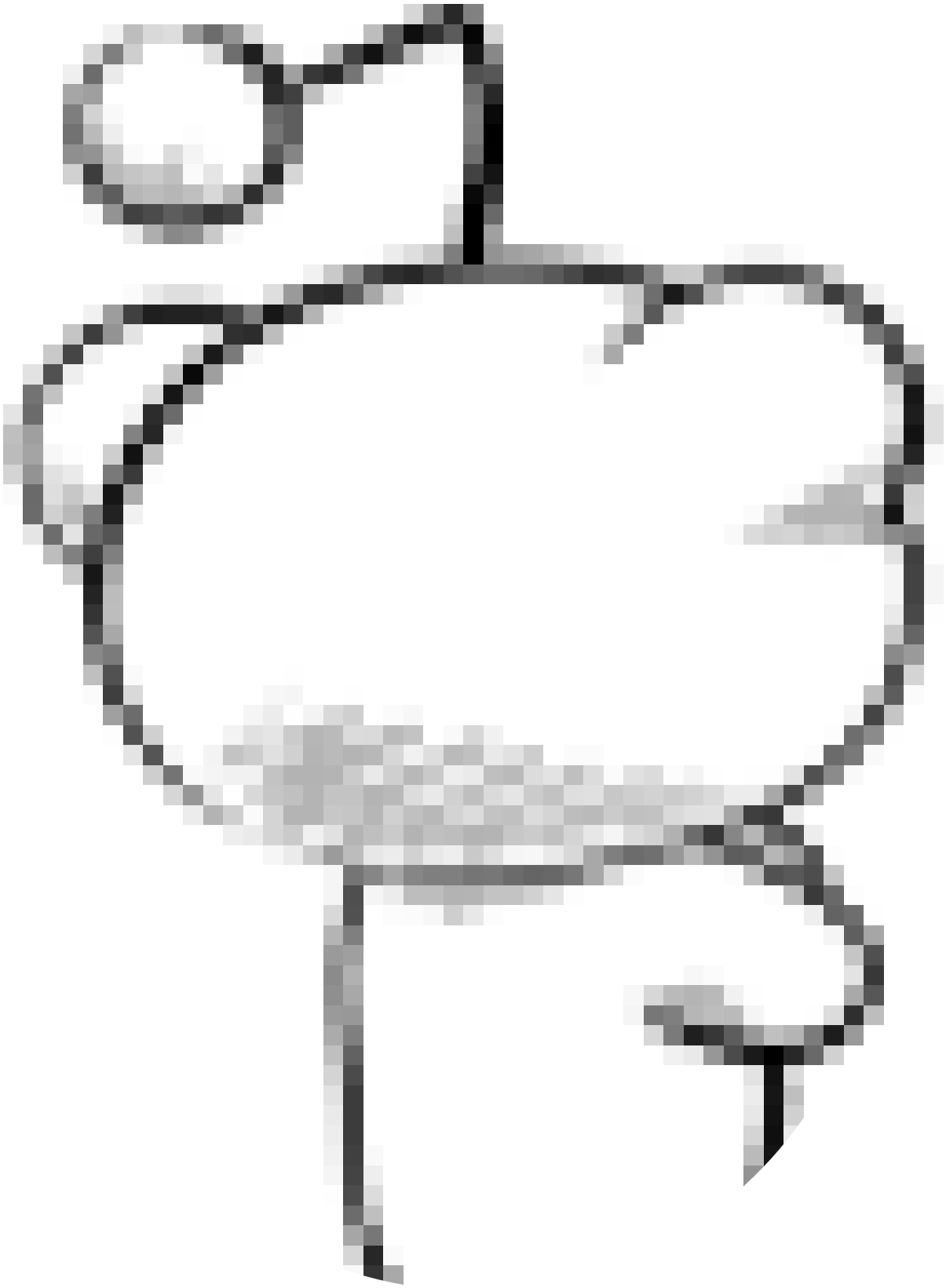

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googlebum
• 13y ago

car jackers most likely, you stop to help and they rob you blind.

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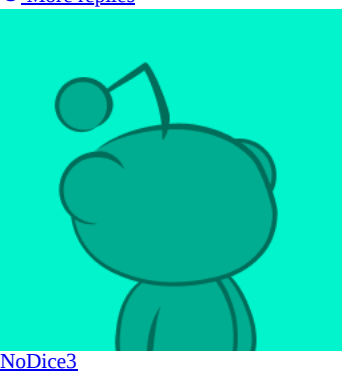

NoDice3
• 13y ago

http://www.fark.com/comments/3985541/45887207#c45887207

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kjolley3
• 13y ago

They were trying to throw him a surprise party and he just drove away. How insensitive.

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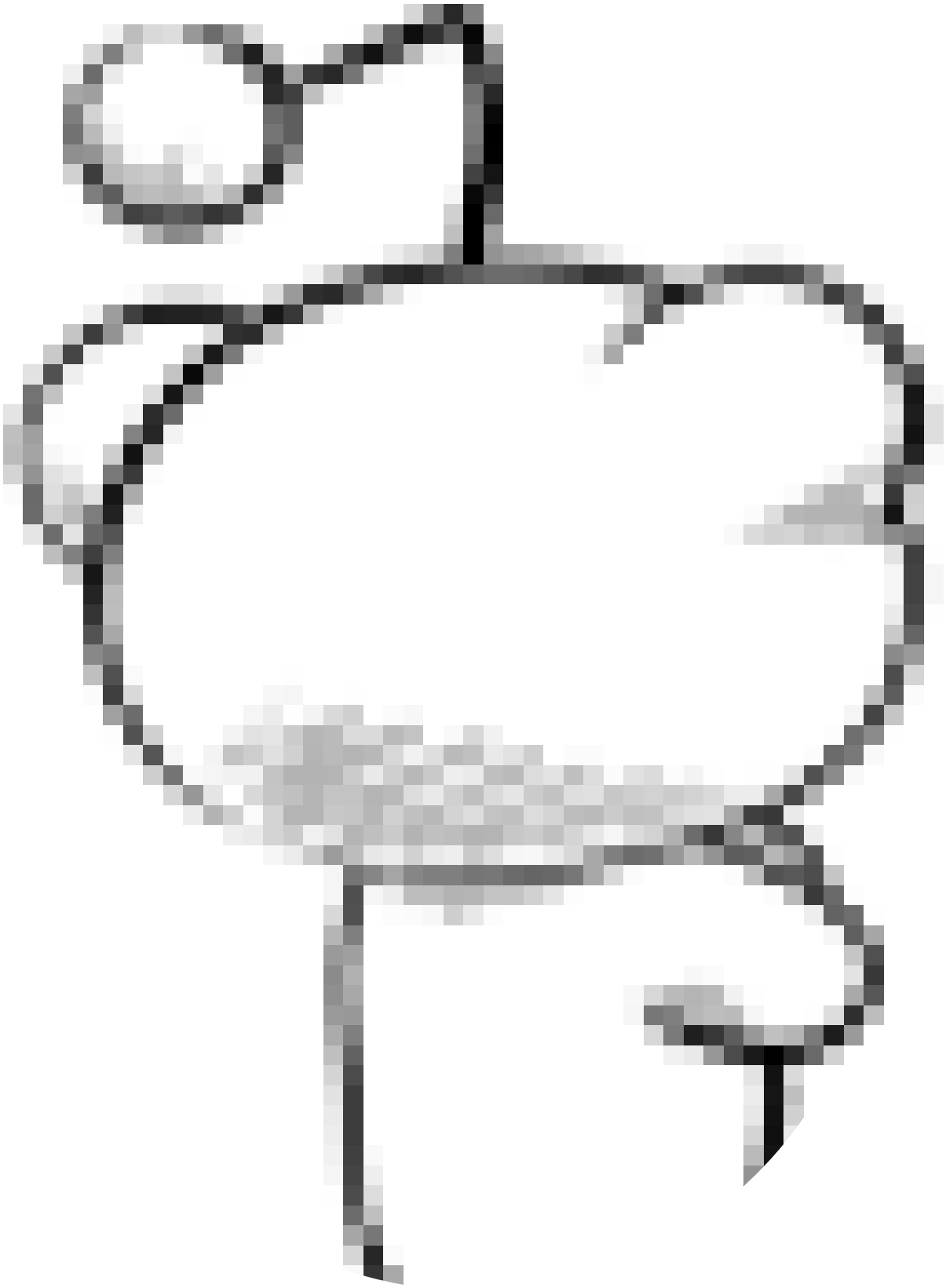

LordMcMutton
• 13y ago

Bandits!

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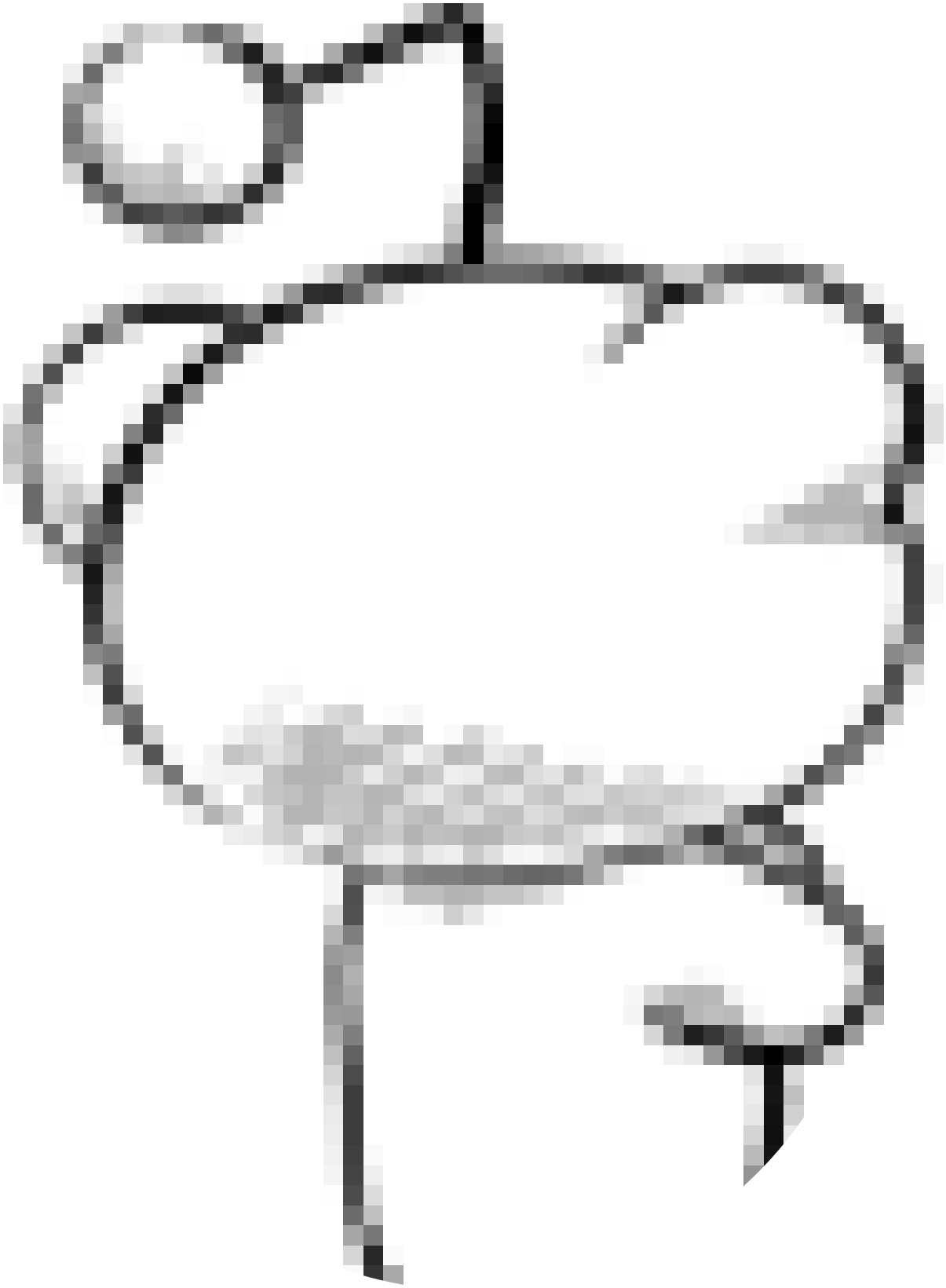

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• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

A few months ago I downloaded a program for my phone - Sleep as Android. I bought the premium version of the app for the extra features to record sound throughout the night when volumes reached a certain threshold. It would activate when I would snore or move around. I would usually spend the next evening going over some of the recorded sounds. Everything was pretty normal until I listened to something out of the ordinary.

It was near the beginning of April, and I had the apartment to myself. I'll let you listen to the sound before I go on explaining it: https://dl.dropboxusercontent.com/u/10931795/APR102013-032352.mp3

It started out picking up my snoring, and then the hairs on my neck stood up as I hear my doorknob moving. Following this, you can hear my door open slowly.

I was confused and a little worried. Everything was still locked up, nobody came home (the chainlock was still latched on the front door), and my landlord certainly didn't come.

I don't use the app anymore.

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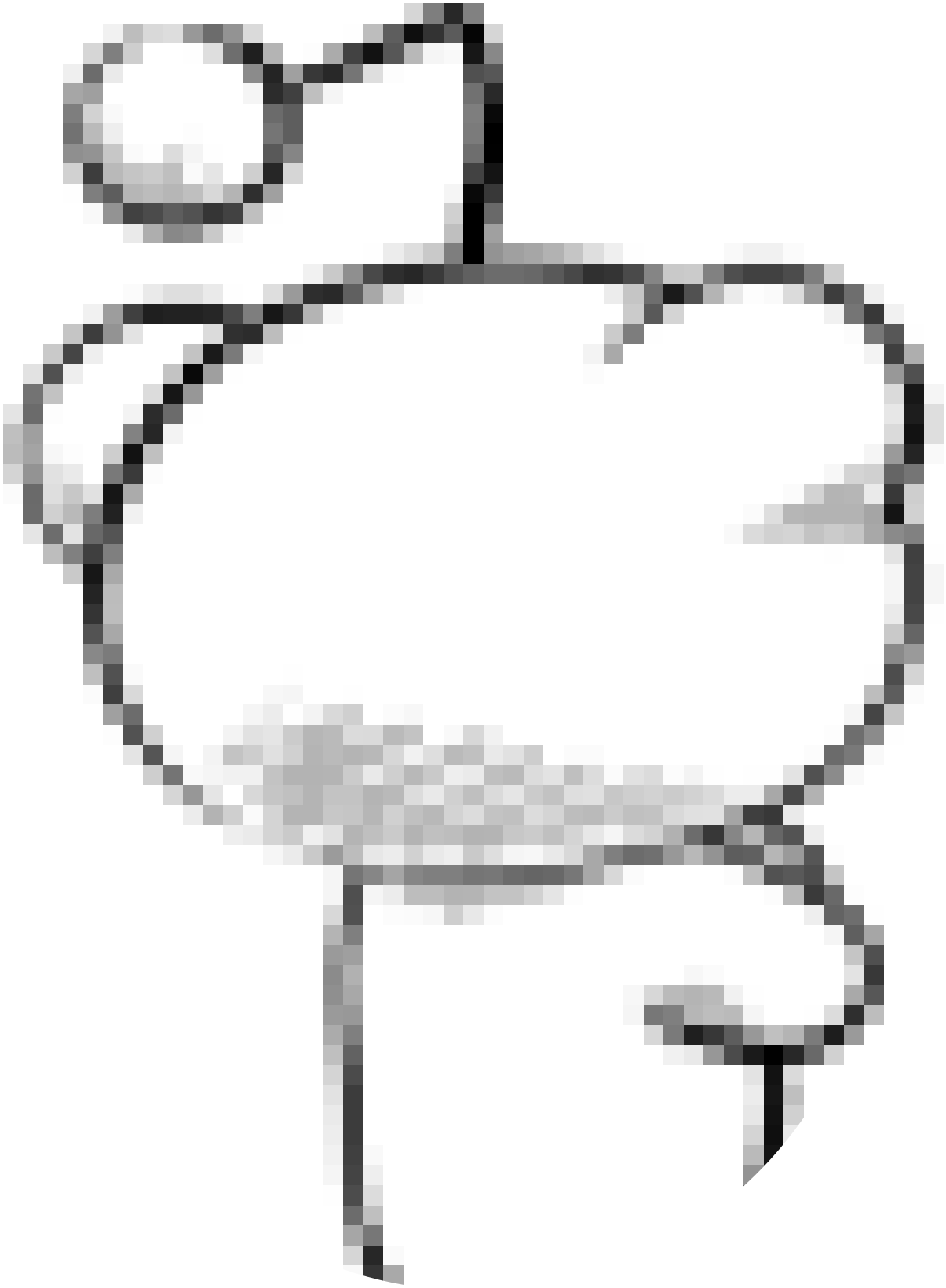

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• 13y ago

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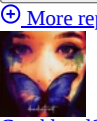

CrackheadSally
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When I was 7, I woke up in the middle of the night with an earache. I decided to tell my mom and step dad and walked out of my room. Someone was sitting on the chair in the living room (about 3 feet away from my bedroom door). The person looked strange (the face was just kind of distorted) but it was dark and I couldn't see well. "Mom?" I asked. The person shook their head, and I started getting scared. "Mike?". The person shook their head again. I decided the best course of option was to go back to bed so I wouldn't have to walk past this...person. I climbed in bed, and closed my eyes for a second, before opening them and seeing the person standing in my doorway, smiling madly and nodding furiously.

Edited: I screamed at the top of my lungs and closed my eyes. My step dad came running out of his room in his underwear with a baseball bat (that was a scary sight in itself). There was nothing there, but clothes my mom had folded and put on the chair where strewn about the living room. For the longest time I told myself it was my cat, sitting on the clothes.

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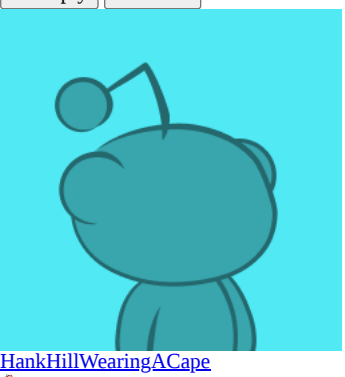

HankHillWearingACape
• 13y ago

why are you alive

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AllTheCheesecake
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My dad died of cancer the day I turned 16 after about two weeks in a coma. It was really fast - less than two months between diagnosis and death. He died in the house. (we had a hospice attendant and my mom was very good about seeing to him in those final days).

Anyway, a lot of weird shit happened after he passed, but the one that still freaks me out when I think about it happened about 12 hours before he took to bed for the last time. He was in our living room napping on the couch while my mom was in the kitchen cooking. No one else was home.

Suddenly, he jerked awake and was shouting for my mom in a very loud, agitated voice. Clearly angry with her. "Beverly! Don't do that! Don't EVER do that again!"

She ran into the room, alarmed and asked what he was talking about, and he said, "Don't do that. Don't walk past me like that in that long, black wig."

Sometimes I think he saw death.

Edit: More to the story here

Reply Share

Heimdalr
• 13y ago

Scary stoy. I had a similar experience with my grandpa. He was dying, alone in his bedroom and I wanted to sit next to him and talk to him. He looked at me and said that the chair was already taken by the tall man.

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sillyspark
• 13y ago

oooooooo, this one got me. Shivering at work now.

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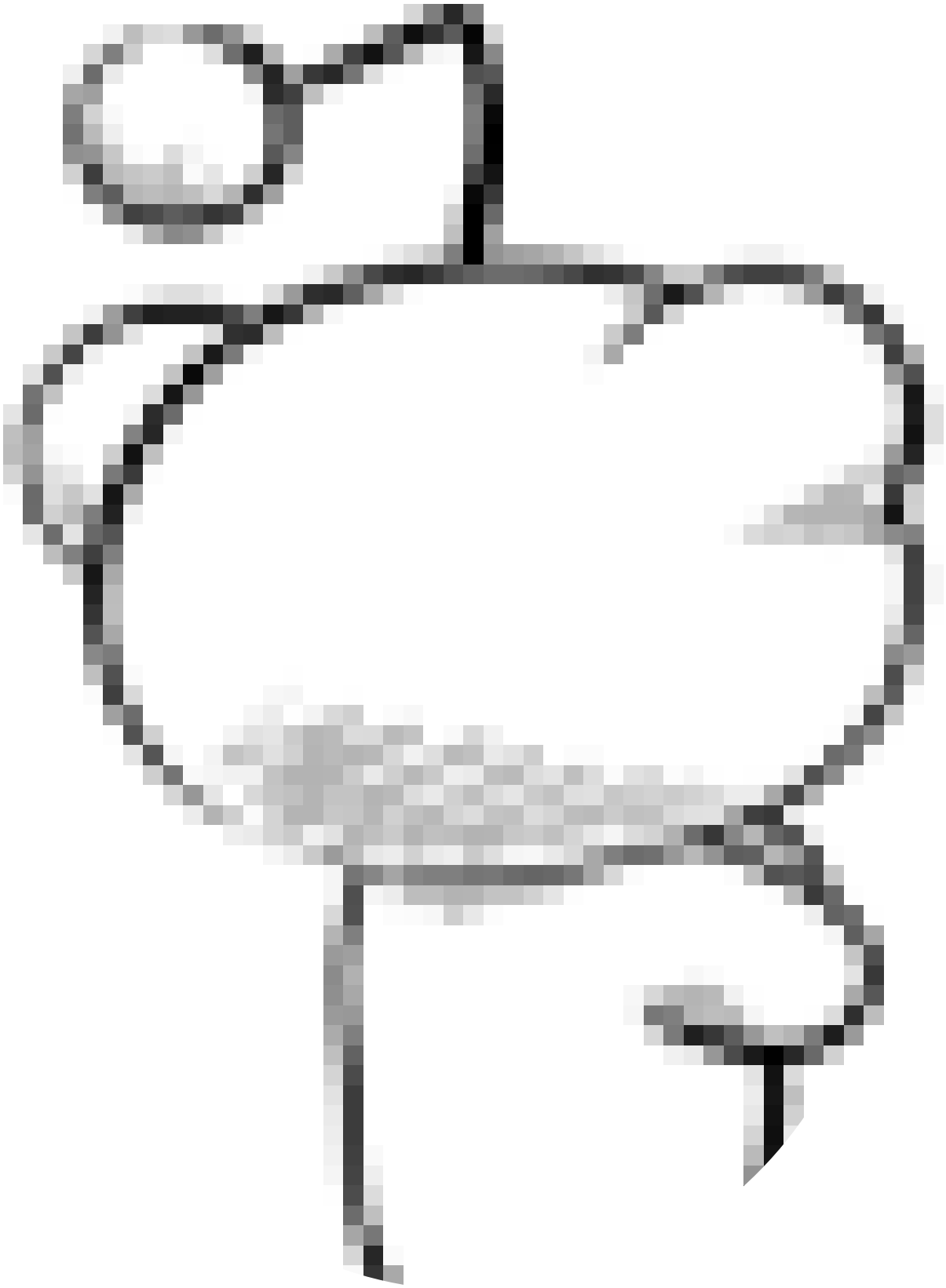

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• 13y ago

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Youdonotsay
• 13y ago

Like sleep paralysis?

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Shitty_Watercolour
• 13y ago

http://i.imgur.com/rXwo3z8.jpg

oo scary

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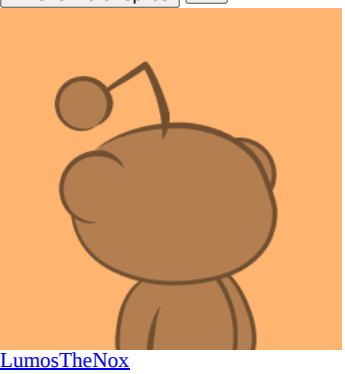

LumosTheNox

• 13y ago

My old co-worker had a son that was in his mid thirties and he had a son named Hunter that was 4 or 5. She said that Hunter would have bad dreams and that he would sleep with his dad when he got scared.

One night his dad woke up because he heard Hunter calling him. But he was calling him by his name, not 'dad'. So he went to his room and he was asleep. He woke him up and said "Hunter, you were calling me. Is everything okay?" And Hunter said, "Dad, when they call you you're not supposed to answer." and fell back asleep.

He asked him about it in the morning but he said he didn't remember saying it.

I get chills when I think about it.

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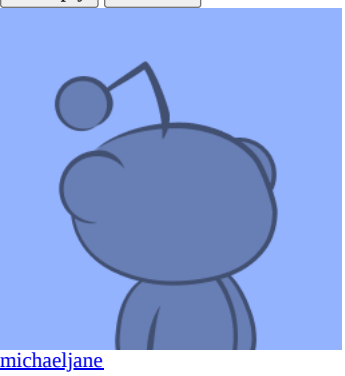

michaeljane

• 13y ago

Fuck fuck fuck fuck. I'm alone at home and these stories don't help with the atmosphere

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melanie086

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

While not *actually* eerie, it was probably the most scared I've ever felt in a moment.

When I was about 13 or 14, I woke up in the middle of the night needing to go to the bathroom. I had one of those bunk beds, but where instead of a bottom bunk there's a desk. For whatever reason, I started psyching myself out REALLY badly. I sat up in my bed staring into the pitch blackness, imagining a man with a knife standing under my bed ready to kill me as soon as I put a foot down the ladder. Or a torn-face ghost girl in the hallway. Or someone smiling and bloody at the turn into my bathroom. Basically the usual freaky images. I tortured myself for a solid 20 minutes, then used another 10 to try and convince myself of being stupid and go to the bathroom.

When I finally felt ready, I carefully stepped down the ladder, holding my breath, ready to feel my foot get harshly grabbed. I continued to the bathroom, slow and completely on edge. Well, I guess my mom was going to the bathroom at the time too, because she was RIGHT there in the hallway and she bumped into me. For the state of mind I was in at that time, getting bumped

into just set me over the edge. I collapsed in the hallway in shock, started crying, and peed all over myself. My mom was stunned and apologetic, but not without a great deal of laughter and mockery first.

TL;DR: My mom is.

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Shovelbum26

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Not creepy, definitely scary.

My parent's house got hit by a tornado when I was in High School. You don't realize how fast those things happen until you've been in that situation.

We live in rural North Carolina, not exactly Tornado Alley, but we do get some bad storms now and again. My dad had this habit of liking to sit out and watch thunderstorms come in. We were all inside when we hear him yelling for us to come out. We walk out and the sky just looks surreal. There was a wall of black clouds sweeping towards our house at a disturbingly fast pace.

When I say black, I don't mean really dark grey, or steely blue. I mean black. Jet black clouds. Like an ink cloud from a giant octopus was squirted into the sky. I've never seen it before in my life, not even on a video, and hope to never see it again.

So we were pretty freaked out by the clouds and the wind was picking up. I mean those clouds were moving fast. Someone, I think my Mom, said something to the effect of maybe we should get inside, just to be safe. But things start going crazy even before we can turn around. The wind goes from a 7 out of 10 on the windy scale to a 25 in like 3 seconds flat. We turn to get inside and I'm the last to go in the door. I try to pull it closed behind me but the wind is sucking the door open. I have to put both hands on the knob and jerk back with my full weight to get the door to shut.

At this point it's probably been 45 seconds since my dad called us outside.

We run to the hallway and start throwing things out of the closet under the stairs and climbing in. The whole house is full of this absolutely indescribable roaring noise. It was like a jet was taking off on our roof, or a train was driving through the living room. It wasn't so much sound as a physical force. It made your head throb it was so loud. You could feel it constantly in the pit of your stomach, like the boom from a loud bass speaker, but instead of having a beat it was just constant. It felt like your eyeballs were quivering in your head. The preassure changes from the wind also screws with your sense of balance. I kept getting that sense of vertigo you feel when standing at the top of a cliff looking down. It was an absolute sensory overload.

We all jump under the stairs and shut the door, when we realize we had left the dog out in the house. My Mom opens the door and yells for the dog, which comes barreling into the closet like a bat out of hell. We shut the door. At this point it's been maybe a minute and half, just 90 seconds, since we were sitting in the kitchen chatting and my dad yelled at us to come outside and look at these crazy clouds. That's how long it took to go from normal evening to absolute terror.

We sat under the stairs for maybe that much time again. Two minutes, probably three at most. It seemed like longer of course. *Everything* was shaking. I was just waiting for the walls to tear apart around us, or debris to start smashing through the door. Then the sound passed and we came out.

The house was still standing around us. So far so good. We go back out on the front porch and the door won't open. I give it a heave and push it open a few feet and squeeze out. The porch is destroyed. We had a small barn sitting in front of our house and it had been obliterated. The tornado had picked up the barn, turned it into kindling and threw it at our house. The posts on the front poach were all destroyed and it was just covered with broken glass, nails, shattered two-by-fours and peices of partical board. Looking out over our pasture in front of our house, where we kept a horse and some cows, and there were just masses of trees down everywhere, one stand of pines to the South of our house, probably about two or three acres of trees in total, were just gone. Our cars were pockmarked with hail damage. Our full-sized pontoon boat that we used for family trips to the lake on the weekends had been picked up from the front yard, rotated 90 degrees, and deposited in the back yard about 50 yards away. Behind our house a massive Poplar tree was down over the driveway, and had fallen just feet from the house.

Yet other things remained weirdly untouched. One of our barns was destroyed, but the other, standing maybe 30 yards away, wasn't even missing a shingle.

All in all we were incredibly lucky. The house sustained major damage, despite it's appearance though. The roof had to be replaced because the suction from the Tornado had made it unstable. In fact, to this day you can still see cracks in the walls in the corners of the top floor, where the tornado had nearly sucked the roof off the house.

But, we came out, none of us hurt, and even slept in our own beds that night. So when I see stories like those out of Oklahoma a few days ago I always think back to those few minutes of terror, and think how luck I was that those weren't my last moments, as they were for so many there.

TL;DR: Parents house hit by a tornado. We all survived, but a lot of our stuff got fucked up. It was terrifying.

Edit: Proof It was the one at the top, the 1998 (I was right, same year I graduated High School). The pertinent bit of info in that one is the supercell that went from Caldwell to Mecklenburg County. You can see that the site lists the affected county as "Lincoln", which is actually just a hair North of where I lived in northern Gaston County, directly West of Mecklenburg County.

SettVisions
• 13y ago

You saved the dog, you never die when you save the dog.

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alessikidd
• 13y ago

What.. happened to your horse and cows??

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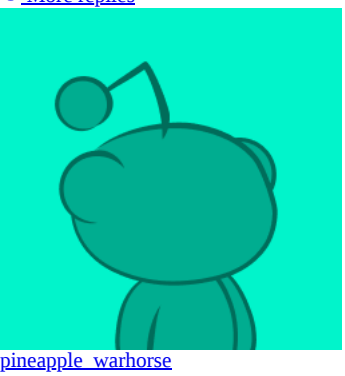

pineapple_warhorse
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Maybe not the creepiest, but what's on my mind right now...

I just moved into this house a year ago. There are child-sized handprints on one of my bathroom walls. Permanent handprints you can only see from a certain angle, like what water exposure does to paint. The previous owners have no idea what I'm talking about, and I don't know how they got there.

EDIT: I've been told I should put this here.

EDIT 2: Many of you have suggested grease or oil from kids' hands, which are reasonable explanations, but my room and bathroom are in the attic, which was only finished and turned into a suite by the last (childless) owners. I don't think many children, if any, have been up here. That's not to say I think it's a ghost or anything, just that it would take some odd circumstances for that to occur. I should have mentioned it before, sorry!

EDIT 3: First off, I had no idea so many people would comment! Awesome! Some people wanted a size comparison, so I took a (shitty) second picture to try and satisfy them. I think I figured out what bugs me about the prints: they're child-sized, but not child-*shaped*. Well, that and they exist at all. Here's the pic. You can see the measuring tape, which puts them at around 4 inches, and my thumb for reference. My hands are small (my friends say I have carnie hands), so these prints are pretty petite.

Reply Share

Youdonotsay
• 13y ago

Dude. I was at this country hotel/bar thing, (I'm in Australia) and I looked on one of the wardrobes in the room I was in. I saw two little hand prints on the mirror, and I tried to wipe it off with my hand seeing if I could smudge, or remove any of the print.

Nothing happened, It stayed there, I had a closer look and it seemed to be inside the mirror. If that makes any sense.

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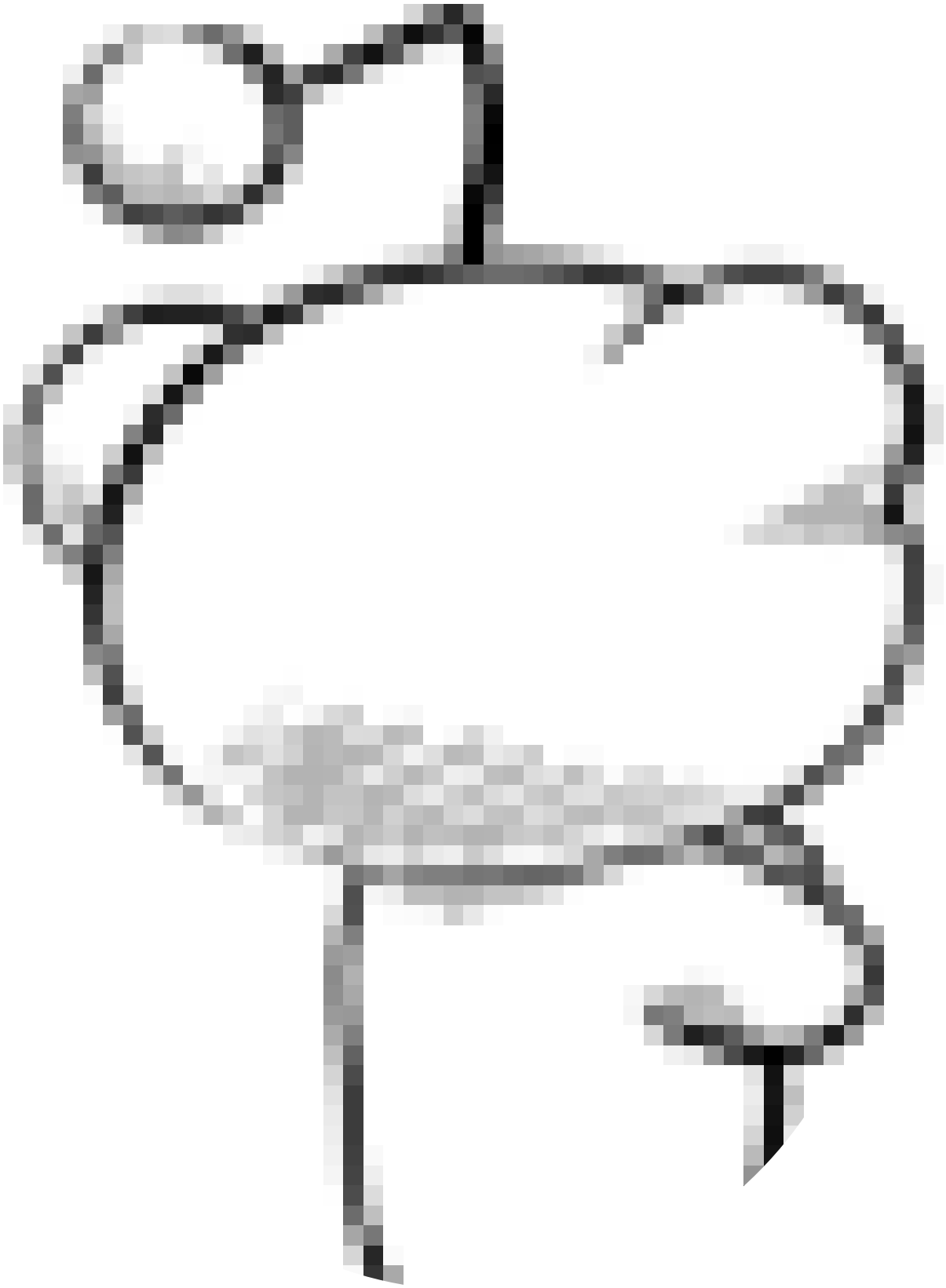

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Hell, I lived in a house once that had child sized footprints on the ceiling of one of the bedrooms. Extremely high ceilings. I could think of no way someone would get a child's feet up there. Not even climbing up a ladder and holding a kid upside down could've done it.

Edit: Thanks for all the comments, kind Redditfolk. The ceiling was about 16' and I'm gonna assume from a lot of what people are saying that it was a kid walking on the sheetrock before it was put up (or a seriously high set of bunkbeds).

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Kittae
• 13y ago

Boyfriend lived in a house that made no sense--there was a light switch on a baseboard that worked a light two rooms away, for instance. Just shitty only-college-kids-can-stand-it house.

They decided to see if there was room in the attic space for some boxes. So Boyfriend opens the hatch-thing, pulls down the ladder, and goes up. Pulls the chain for the light to come on. The bare bulb is over a dusty room empty except for a rusty, metal children's high chair.

Boyfriend clicked the light back off, came back down the ladder, and said, "No, we're never going up there."

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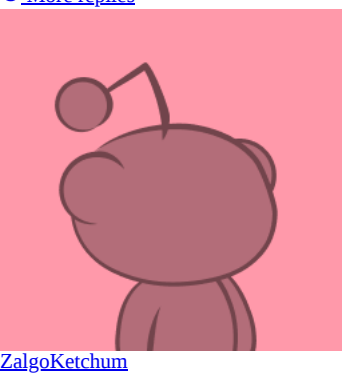

ZalgoKetchum
• 13y ago

Low quality child labor maybe? How old is the house?

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zernebock614
• 13y ago

Living in the Northern part of Mexico, the drug cartels war was very intense in the city where I live a couple of years ago. I was waiting to cross the street when I saw a big truck dumping a plastic bag that happened to contain a fucking dismembered body. The worst part is that nobody did shit. I just waited for the light to change and ran like hell.

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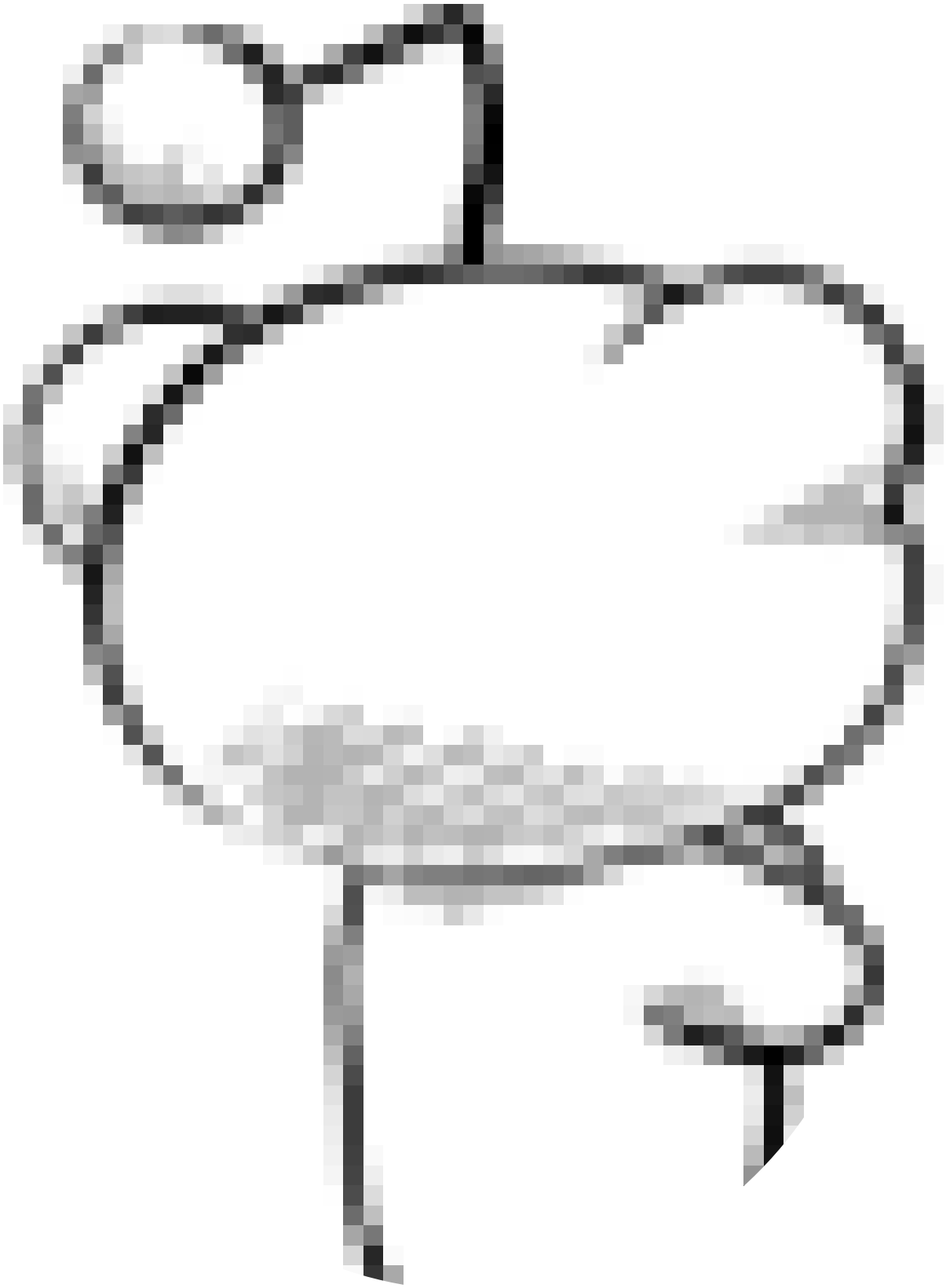

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• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I've posted this before a long time ago, but it still remains by far the single creepiest thing that ever happened to me, so here goes:

I was in Taiwan one year when I was younger, and had travelled to a busy night market (these are popular gatherings of food/shop stalls that usually operate in the evening). Nearby I spotted a sign for a netcafe in a 5-6 story tall building. Thinking I'd fire off some quick emails, I walked in the dark, small entrance of the building. The building was older and hasn't been well maintained, but it's not out of the ordinary in Taiwan. The entrance just had a dark hallway that led to a small elevator.

I pressed the elevator call button and entered. The elevator was uncharacteristically new compared to the building, but I didn't think much of it. Like some Chinese/Taiwanese buildings, there wasn't a fourth floor (it's considered bad luck since "four" sounds like "death"), so it just read 1-2-3-5-6, which was usual. I looked for the floor the netcafe was at– 6th floor, and pressed the button. It lurched into action quietly and began the ascend. When it stopped, I figured it was my floor so I instinctively began to step out. Right before stepping out, however, the sight outside the elevator stopped me. It was pitch dark, only lit by the light in the elevator, it looked like it hasn't been occupied for decades, with some random pieces of furniture covered with white cloth or similar. It was a small building, so each floor were single occupancy, so I could see pretty much the entire floor from the elevator. Thinking I must have gotten the wrong floor, I checked the light (that indicates which floor you're on). Strangely, there was nothing, none of the indicators were on, but the floor button to the netcafe was still lit so I know I haven't gotten there yet. All this happened within a couple of seconds.

That’s when I noticed a figure moving in the distance of the floor– it was not very visible but I could make out what looks like a person dressed in some kind of gown, moving slowly towards the elevator, where I was. I was thoroughly creeped out, so I started pressing the close door button. As soon as I pressed it, the elevator light flickered off, and I am in pitch dark. I am this close to pissing my pants, and it’s actually kind of freaking me out thinking back to it. The lights flickered back on under a second and the door closed, the elevator jolted back to life. A few moments later it opened again to the netcafe.

I am beyond relieved at this point. I walked out immediately and sat down at a computer. After gathering my wits a bit, I walked over to the cashier’s desk and told them what I saw. The girl working there listened and her face turned a bit ashen, so I asked her if she heard of similar.

She told me that she’s never experienced it, but some coworkers and occasional customers have brought it up– basically, the building has 6 floors, and the fourth floor had a history. Apparently the floor used to be a hair salon of sorts, until one of the employees killed herself there for some reason. She slit her wrists over the hair wash station and died. The store continued operations despite stories of weird appearances– when customers got their hair rinsed the water would look a little red, like the customer was bleeding, little things like that, and a couple people reported seeing someone’s figure walking away in the mirror, but wouldn't see anyone when they turned to check. Naturally, the business closed down a few months later.

The building owner tried to re-rent the place out, but never had any luck. Most businesses are quite superstitious, and no one wanted to rent the fourth floor after someone had died in it, even at a very cheap price. Finally, after dropping the price to nearly nothing, a stationary supplies store wanted to rent. During the renovations of the floor, however, several accidents would happen. Tools would end up in strange places, a mirror from the previous business shattered when no one was near it, and finally a worker had his hand jammed between the elevator doors when it closed on him unexpectedly. The workers refused to continue working and finally, the business left and the building owner finally gave up and shut down the floor. He then had the elevator company come in to replace the panel so that the elevator could not go to the fourth floor.

Let me repeat that– the elevator was programmed to never go to the fourth floor. It doesn’t even have a button. But for some reason, sometimes when people take the elevator, it would go to the fourth floor and the doors would open, and some, like myself, would see a figure walking around in the dark.

Edit: here was the original thread I posted in three years ago: http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/bhbyx/reddit_what_is_your_creepiest_most_unnerving/c0mvplr

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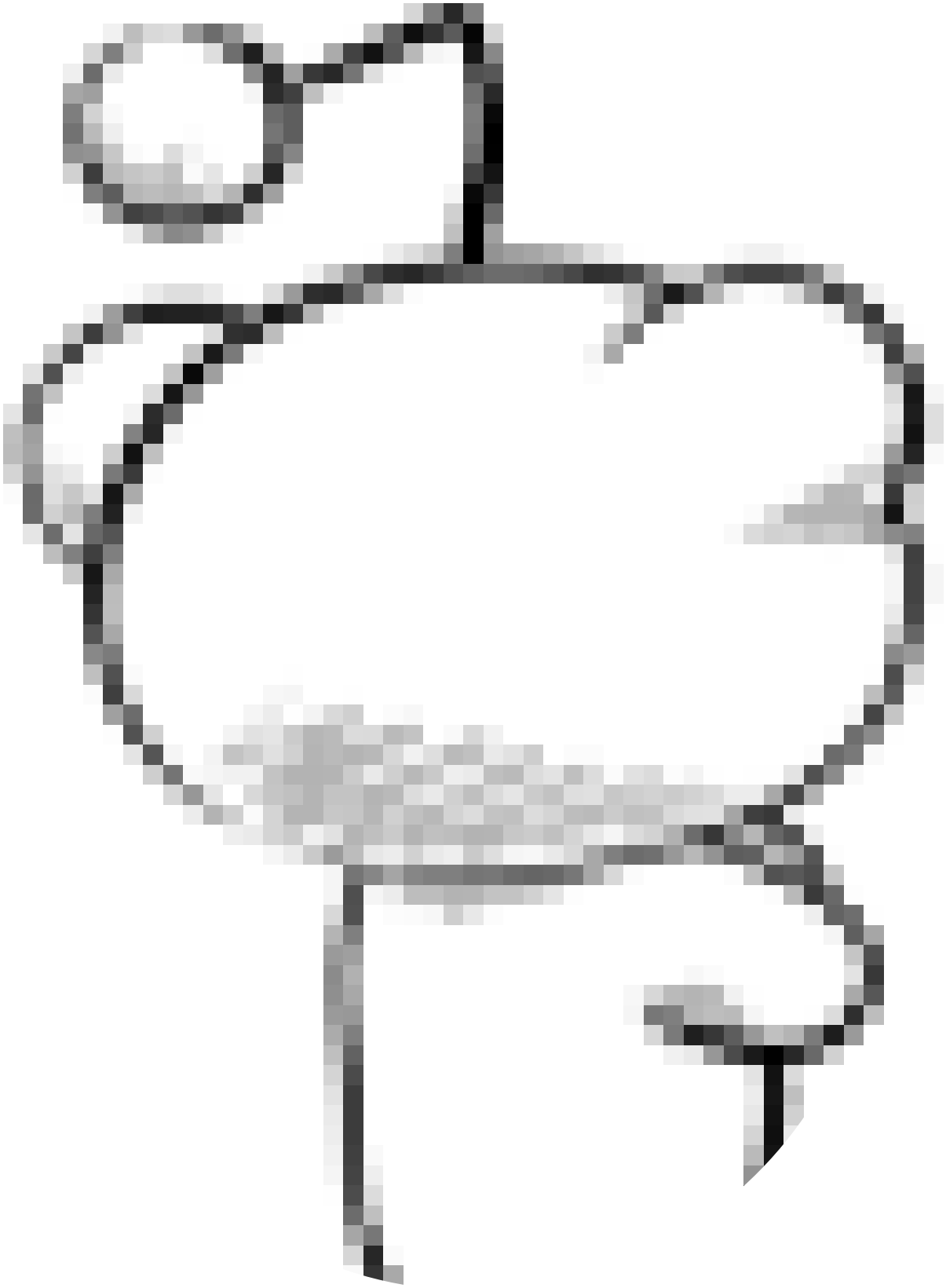

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• 13y ago

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jedibassist
• 13y ago

Yep that's creepy as shit.

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stu8319
• 13y ago

I think the reallllllly creepy part is being on an elevator. You have NOWHERE to run to. Eek!

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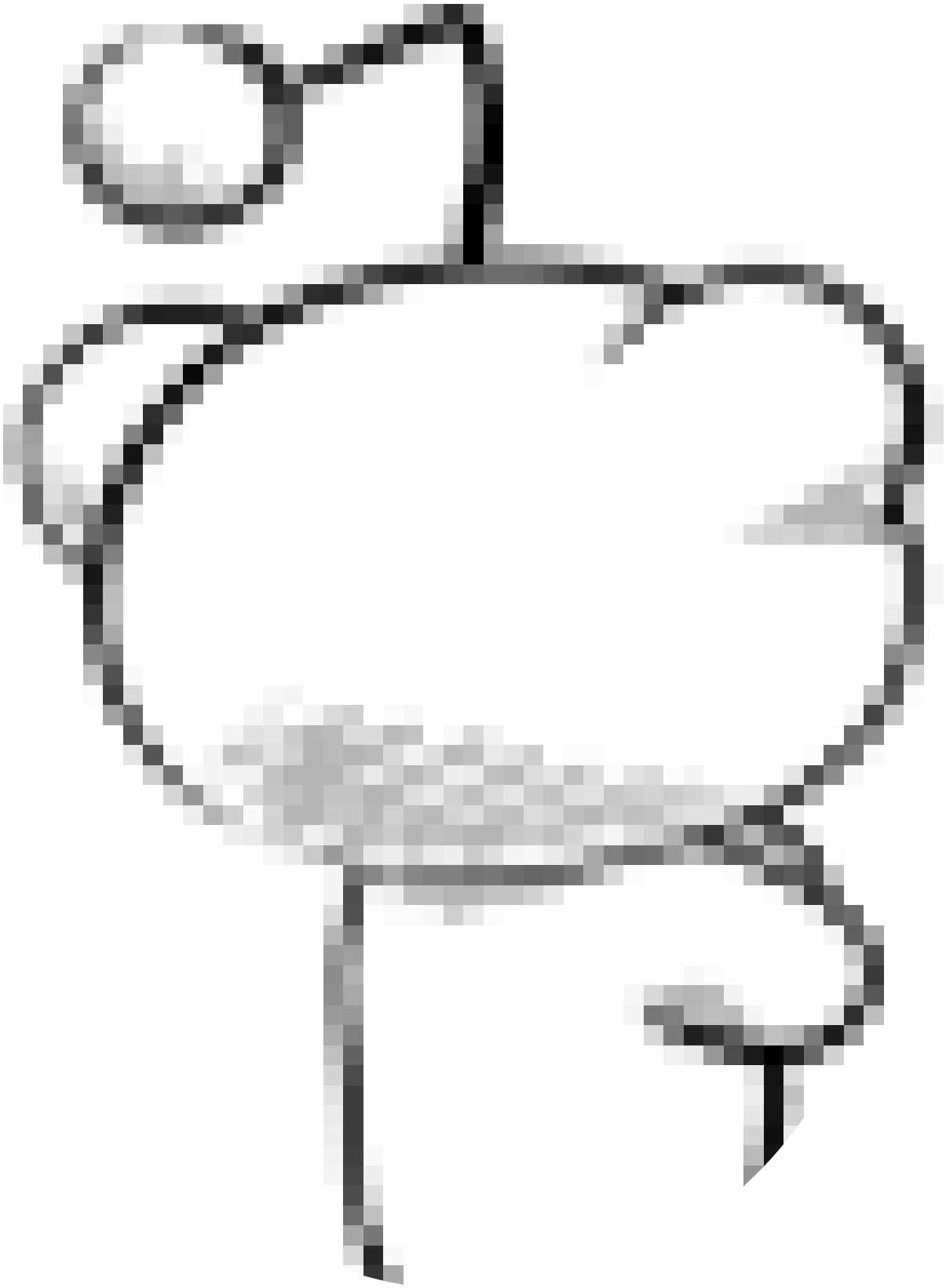

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• 13y ago

EMT here. I have a ton of these kind of stories, but this one sticks out the best. Warning, NSFW language. This call is from a few years ago:

Our ambulance is dispatched to a residence for a male with leg pain. My partner and I walk in, and seated in the recliner is an older, African-American male with a cast on his left leg. He tells us he was in a motorcycle accident a few weeks ago and broke his leg, and was discharged from the hospital a couple of nights ago. He says he tripped over the coffee table and banged his bad leg again really hard, and wanted to go back to the ER and have them check it out, just to make sure he didn't re-injure himself.

So after [Boring Medical Terminology Here], we're off to the local hospital. Talking with him in the back, he seemed like a pretty chill guy. We're bullshitting back and forth about motorcycles, his ER visit, his ex-wife, and was just generally an easy going guy.

Half way to the hospital though, he suddenly stops talking, and holds his hand out to me like he wants to shake my hand. I take his hand and as I give him a firm handshake, he looks me straight in the eyes and says the creepiest thing I have ever heard:

"Thank you for everything you are about to do for me."

His eyes then begin to bulge out of his sockets, he starts foaming at the mouth, and starts screaming at the top of his lungs. "I'M GONNA TAKE A DIABETIC SHIT ON YOUR DONKEY DICK YOU CRACKER LOVER!" "FUCK ME IN THE ASS! FUCK ME NOW!" Just over and over again for about a solid 45 seconds, maybe a minute. Then he stops, throws up all over himself, then collapses on the stretcher, unconscious.

I literally just sat there the entire time in total shock and fear until he collapsed. Took a breath, checked my pants, told my partner to start driving faster, then began providing manual respirations to make sure he kept breathing.

Crazy thing is, I'm talking to one of the ER nurses after we dropped him off, and she told me the same exact thing happened when he was in there earlier. And none of the doctors could figure out what it was...

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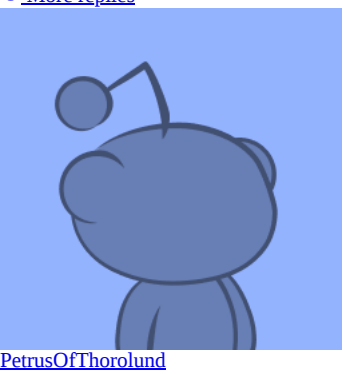

PetrusOfThorolund
• 13y ago

To really get my story you have to have an understanding of my third floor landing.

There's a single set of stairs that lead up to it, once on the landing its a T-Shape, with an Office the left, my bedroom to the right, and straight ahead is a bathroom with a shower.

Anyway, one night, ~10PM I'm taking a shower before I head to sleep. The glass panels on my shower is that like, concave/convex glass that blurs everything, so everything was blurred and unclear. I glance at the door and I see some kind of hand like figure. Now, it was pitch black, so right there it freaked me out because I come from a family of pale white welsh people. What freaked me out more was how the hand seemed to come through the door, or at least an angle where whomever the hand belonged to would be visible.

All it did was hit the lights. That's it. No noise, no attack or anything, it just turned off the fucking lights. So there I am, I just witnessed a phantom hand, and now I'm in my shower and it's pitch fucking black. I've never been so chilled to the bone before, something about being in the darkness of the night, with the only noise being the water hitting the floor beneath me, just reduced me to the most primal state of pure fear I've ever been in. I eventually get myself to leave the shower and hit the lights. The relief that came over me was immense.

I've never been able to explain it. The stairs up to the landing are old and creek like hell, I would've heard someone come and go down. No one was in my room, or the office. Weirder still, nothing like it has happened since.

TL;DR Phantom hand trolls me while I'm taking a shower

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JamesRenner
• 13y ago

I'm a journalist and was told this doozy by a woman I interviewed for a true crime story.

When this woman was a young girl, say 8 years old, she started to come down stairs at night to tell her father that there was a man in her closet. He tells her there's no such thing as the Boogeyman and sends her back to bed. This happens on and off for like a week. Finally, he gets frustrated and walks her back to the room and says, "I'll show you there's nothing in your closet" and goes to open the door. It opens an inch and then he feels someone slam it shut.

Turns out there really was a man in her closet. This guy was a perv who would come in to the house every night and stare at the girl from the closet while she slept. The dad kicked the shit out of him and the perv went to prison for many years.

I researched her story 20 years after this happened. The guy had just gotten out of jail again and no one could find him.

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fishfishfish
• 13y ago

I housesit for a family friend when she goes out of town. The woman who lives there is really into a bunch of spiritual stuff - new age stuff, reiki, etc. The very first time I was housesitting, I was outside watering the plants. I was the only one there and had closed the door after me. From the driveway where I was watering, I had a completely unobstructed view of the front door, the only door that was unlocked at the time. When I went back inside, there, on the little table next to the front door was a half eaten cookie. The table had been completely clear when I went outside and I hadn't seen cookies that looked like that anywhere in the house. Nothing too creepy, but very puzzling and unsettling.

When the woman returns, I mention it to her and she laughs and says she "gets ghosts all the time." I'm a fairly skeptical person, but honestly, ghosts were the best explanation.

The next time I was over, I was pooping around 10:30. The house itself is fairly old and creaks from time to time, but nothing too loud or disruptive. While I was pooping, there comes a single loud knock from the other side of the bathroom door. This wasn't a little creak or pop from the house, it was a loud, determined rap on the door. It was enough to scare my poop back in for the rest of the night.

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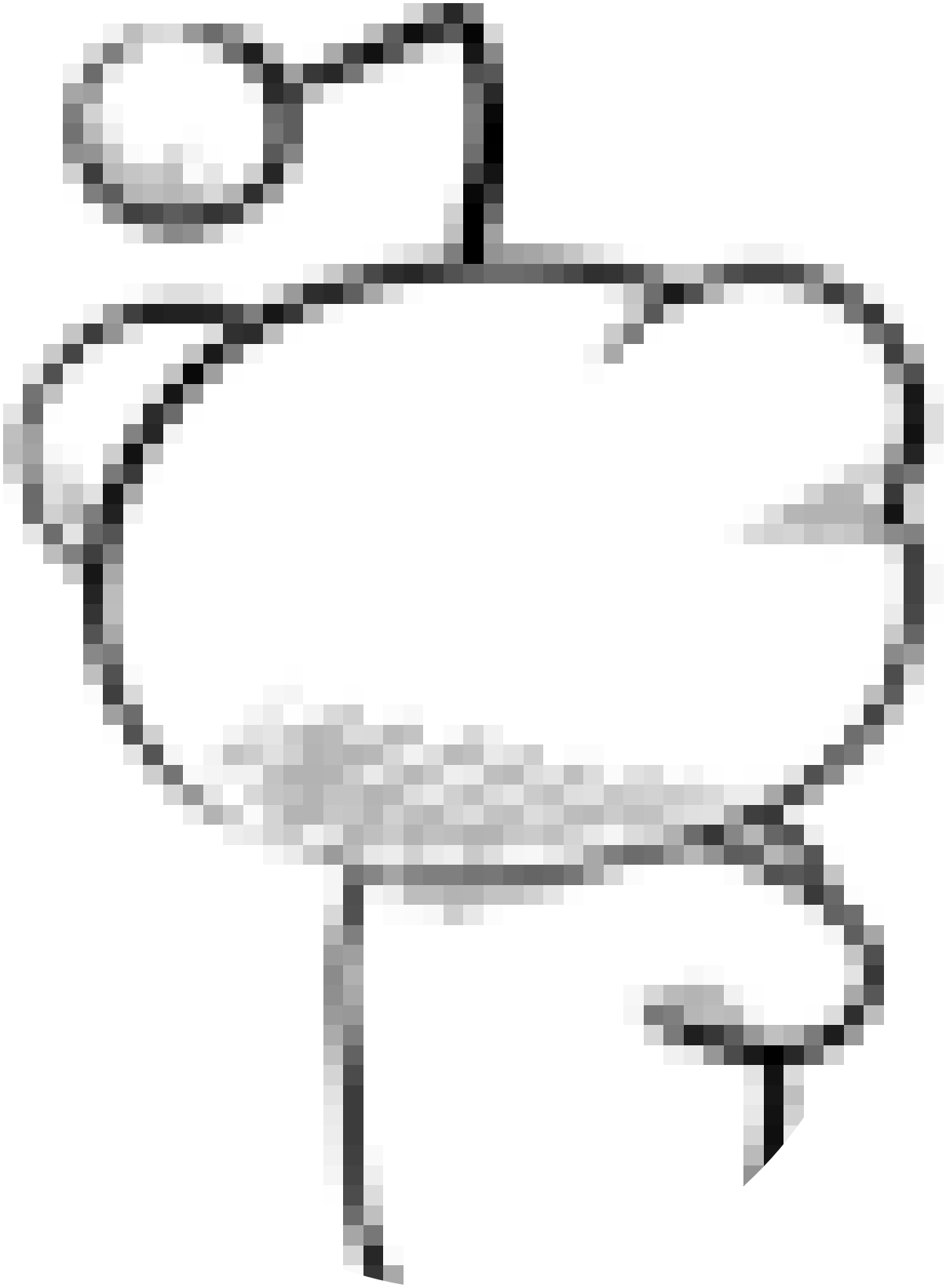

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• 13y ago

I think the ghost was just trying to help you along by scaring the crap outta you.

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vargas
• 13y ago

I am now thinking of a scared turtle pulling his head back into his shell.

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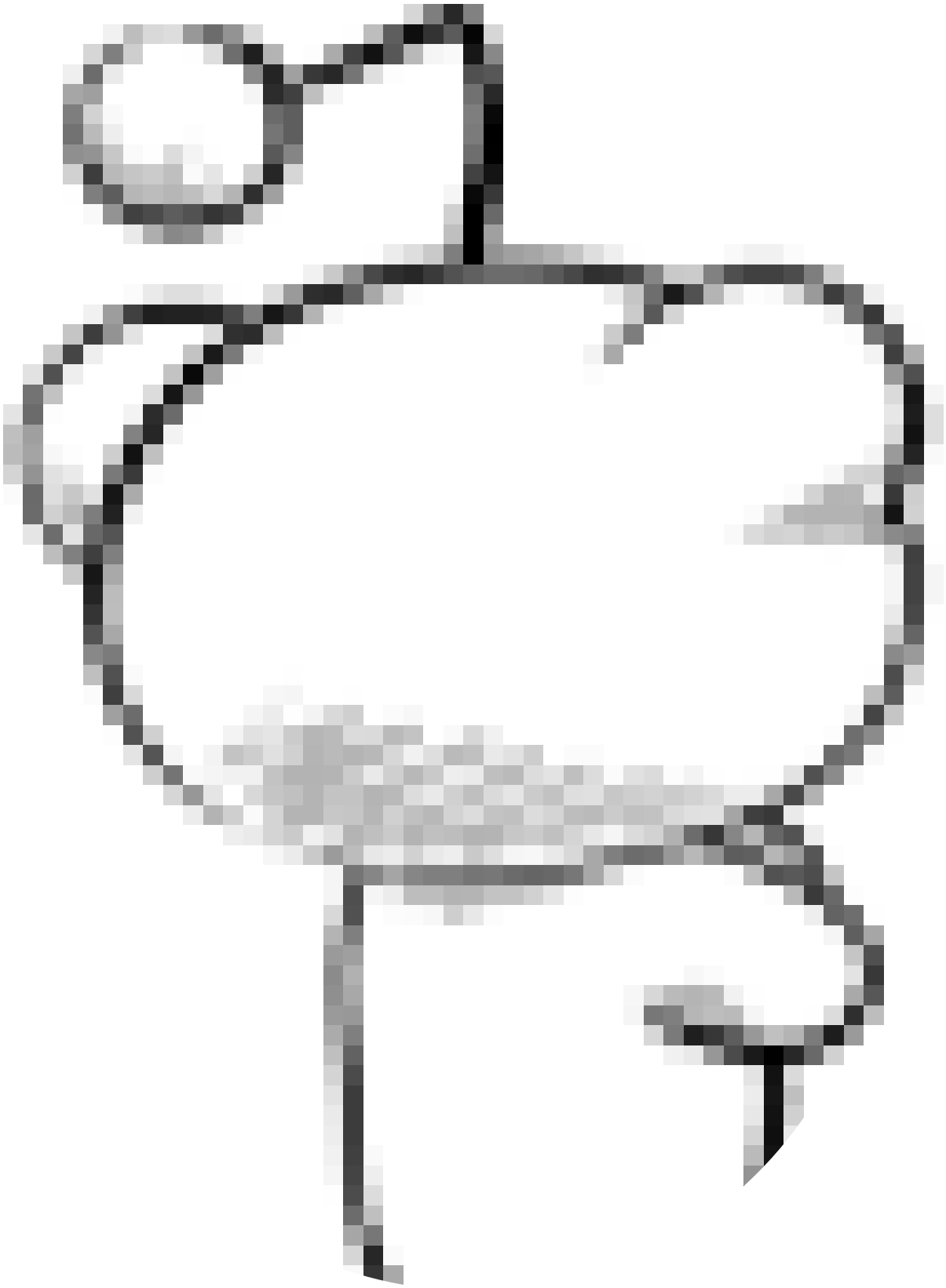

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• 13y ago

Scared Shitless.

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thisisnotdan
• 13y ago

One morning at about 1:00 AM, I got a phone call from my little sister's cell. She lived a time zone to the east, so it was 2:00 AM there. It woke me up, and I immediately sensed that something was wrong. I picked up the phone and groggily said "hello?" when I heard a muffled woman's voice--possibly my sister's--say, "Please, help me." She sounded terrified and desperate.

I immediately thought I was having a "Taken" moment. My sister is being kidnapped/tortured, and it was all she could do to call me for help! Should I hang up and dial 911? Should I yell into the phone? Should I keep listening and try to pick up some kind of relevant information? I really wished I had one of those fancy phone recording devices that the Taken guy had right then. I opted to keep listening, and as I did, I occasionally heard muffled yelling and screaming, much to my horror. Her phone must have been hidden away pretty well.

Then something strange happened: I heard what was clearly my sister's voice, also muffled, but completely calm. I didn't hear what she said, but it was a very casual, conversational tone. Then I noticed for the first time that there was also scary music along with the yelling and stuff in the background.

tl;dr My sister butt-dialed me in the middle of a goddamn horror flick at 2 in the morning.

I hung up, called back, and gave her hell for it.

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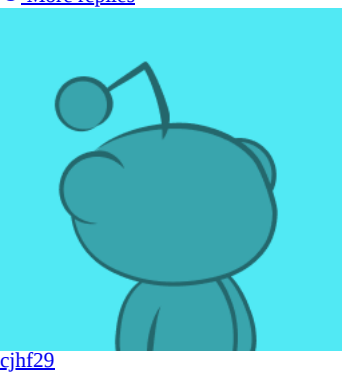

cjhf29

• 13y ago • Edited 11y ago

I've been on a tour at an old prison and some of the scariest shit i've ever experienced has happened there. I'm not convinced in ghosts and what not but if there are, they're deffinetly there. every other person who works there has their own creepy story. My scariest was when i had a group of about 30 people in the gallows one night (the room where people where hanged) and the room is made of corrugated tin, so i was there doing my bit when suddenly there was this huge bang on the roof. everyone looked up and a few people screamed by a lot laughed, we have a few actors that jump out on tours so they probably thought it was that. The banging didnt stop though, it was kind of irregular at sort of like half second intervals (like boom, boom, boomboom) and people we getting creeped, me included. so i took the group outside. now the roof of the room is a slanted A frame so if you walk back a bit you can see the outside roof. we all watched as this one bit of tin looked like it was being stomped on from the outside , moving and everything, still banging when i took the group to the next spot. we finished off the tour and a few people thought it was a joke, but it genuinely terrified me. i've got some 'ghost' photos on my galaxy i'll try and upload now, but i'm not very good at internetting

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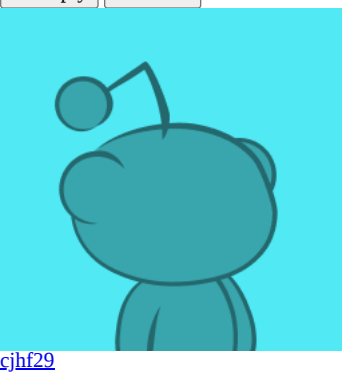

cjhf29

• 13y ago • Edited 6y ago

[this was taken by one of the actors on the tour who does their bit in solitary confinement which is where this picture is take. 100% guarantee this is original and there was no one in that hallway] (http://imgur.com/iFov5ME)

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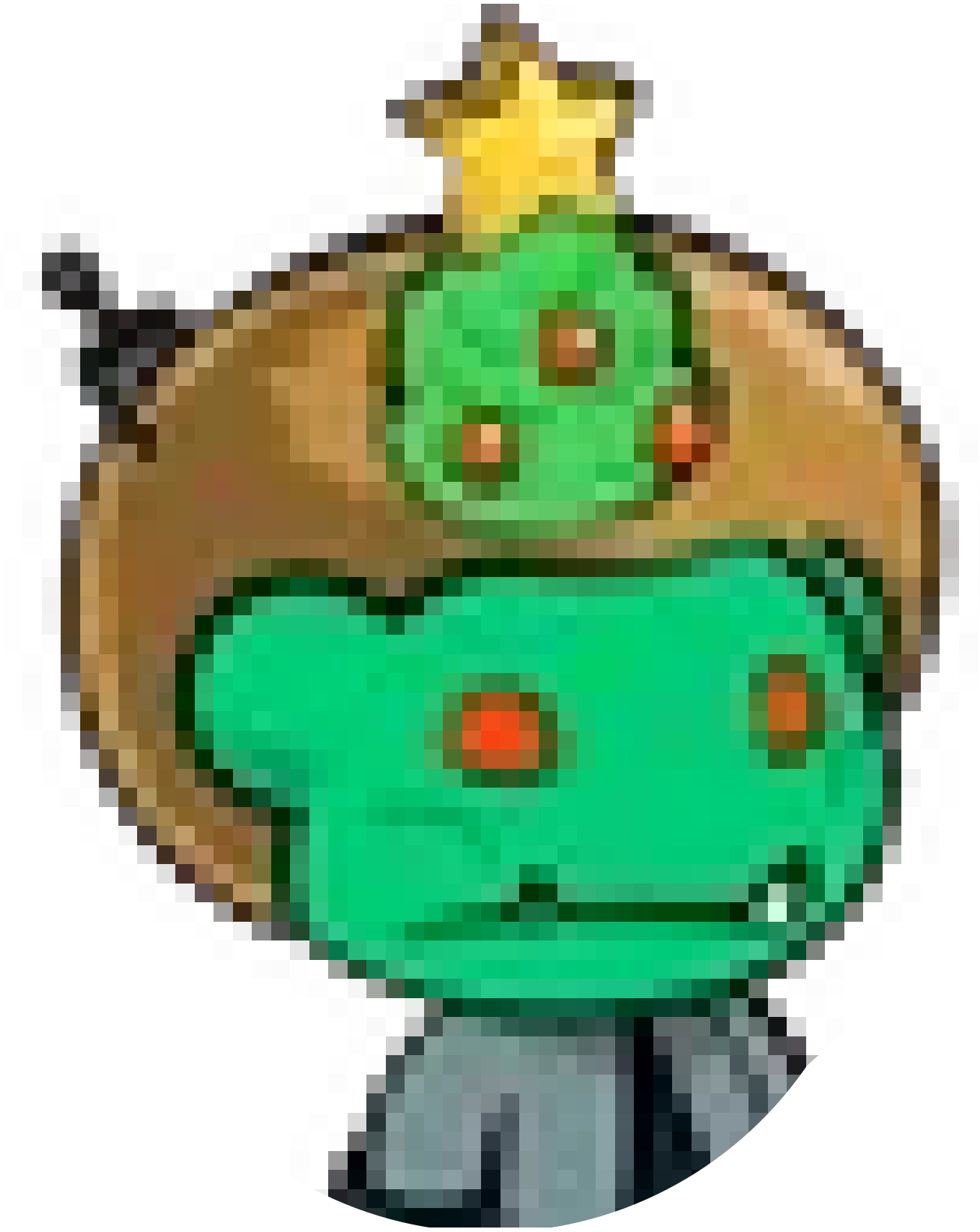

Invad3r
• 13y ago

I saw this little bird walking on the street when suddenly a seagull grabbed it in it's mouth. Seagull started to smash this helpless bird against the ground few times. After a while it ate the bird and I saw a bump on seagull's neck like the bird was stuck in it's throat. Then it flew off.

I was just standing there and said: "What the fuck, seagulls shouldn't do that."

Fuck seagulls.

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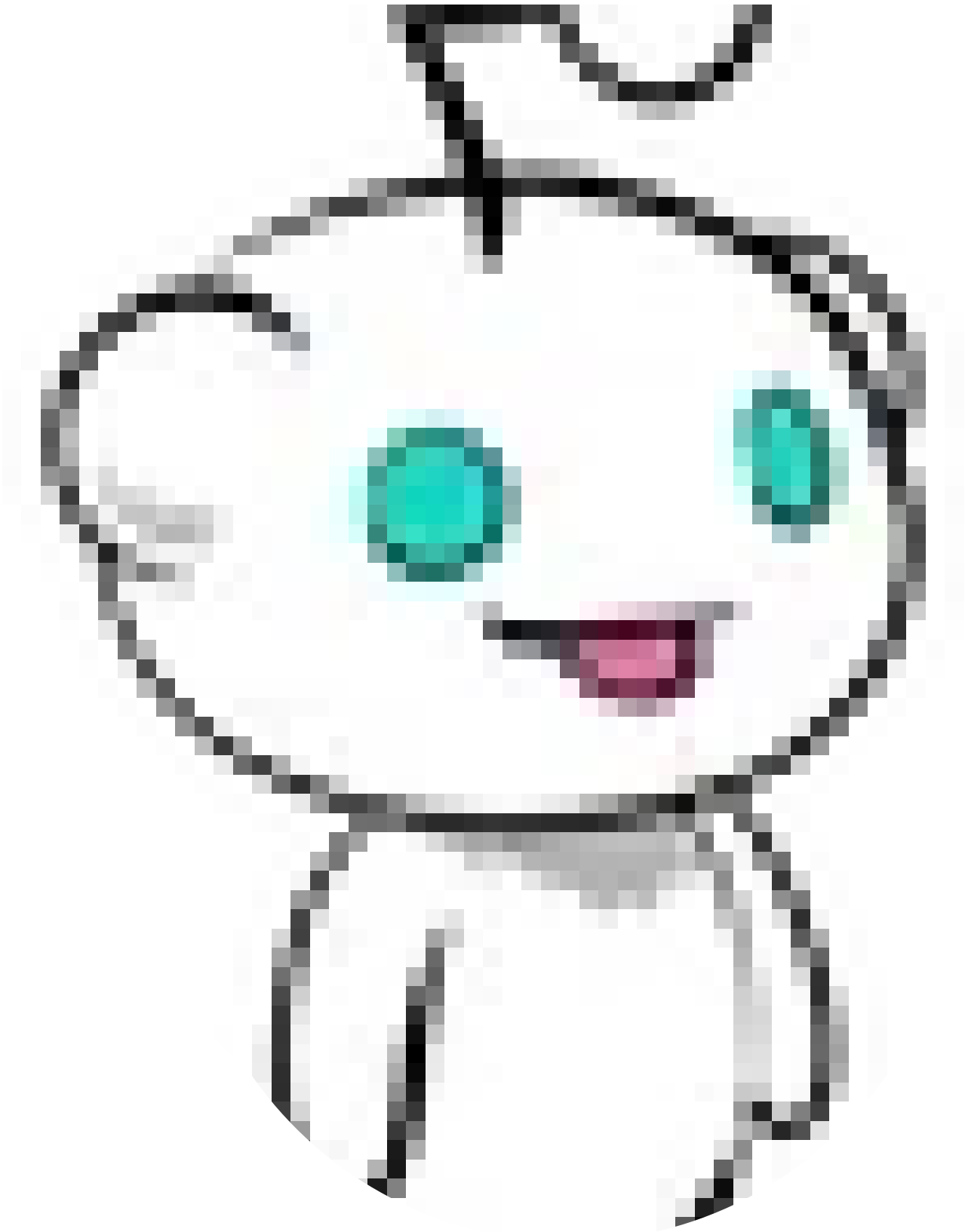

olliepots
• 13y ago

When I was in Venice I saw two seagulls tag team a pigeon- each took a wing and they proceeded to try and tear it apart. It was horrifying. Luckily this old babushka started shaking her umbrella at them and yelling in Italian and they flew off.

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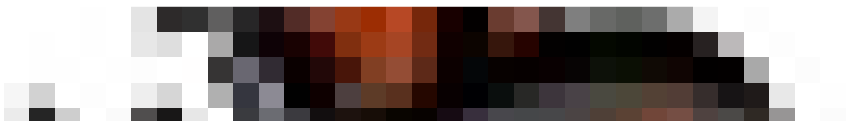

Youdonotsay
• 13y ago

Seagulls are assholes man.

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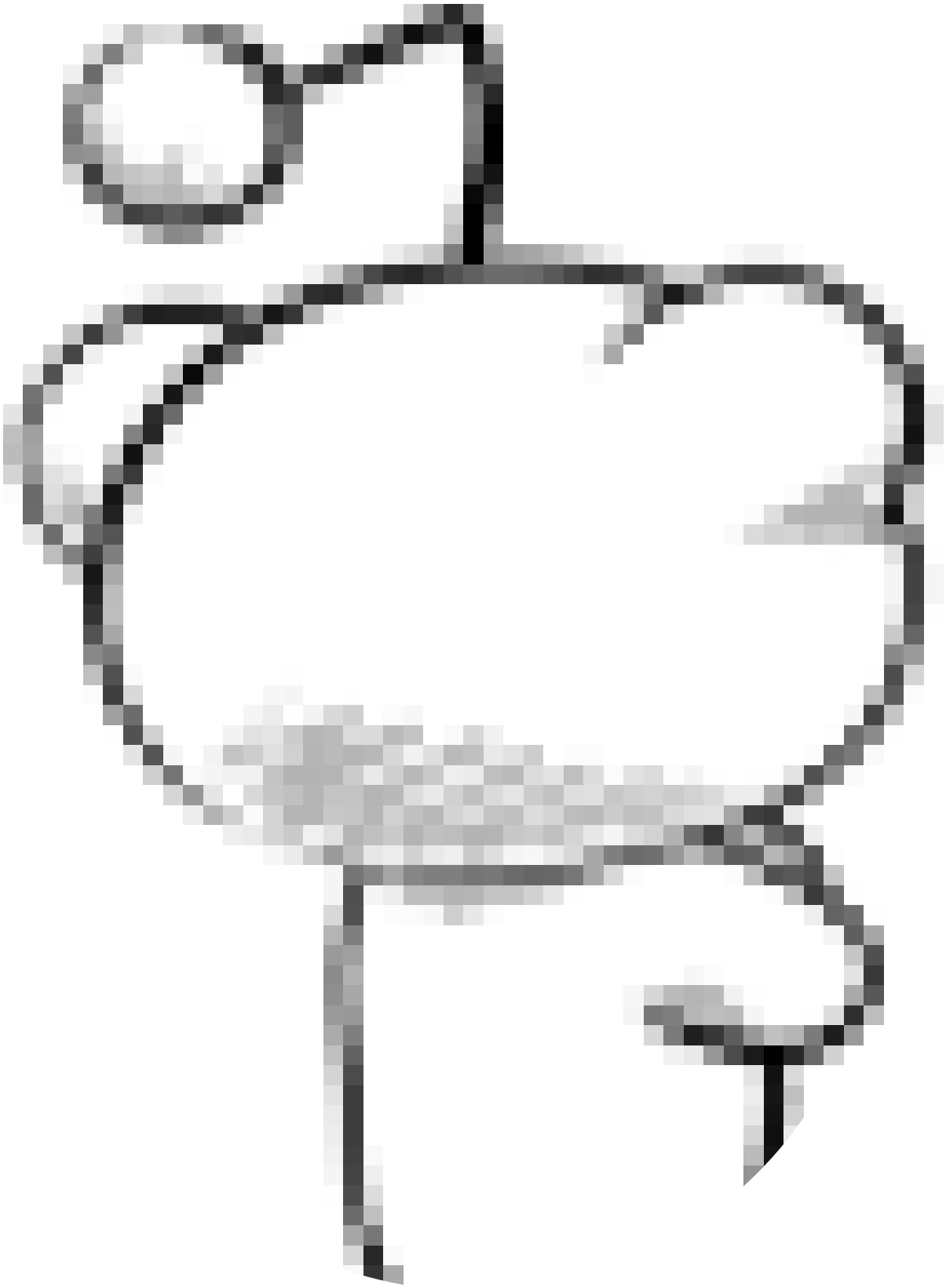

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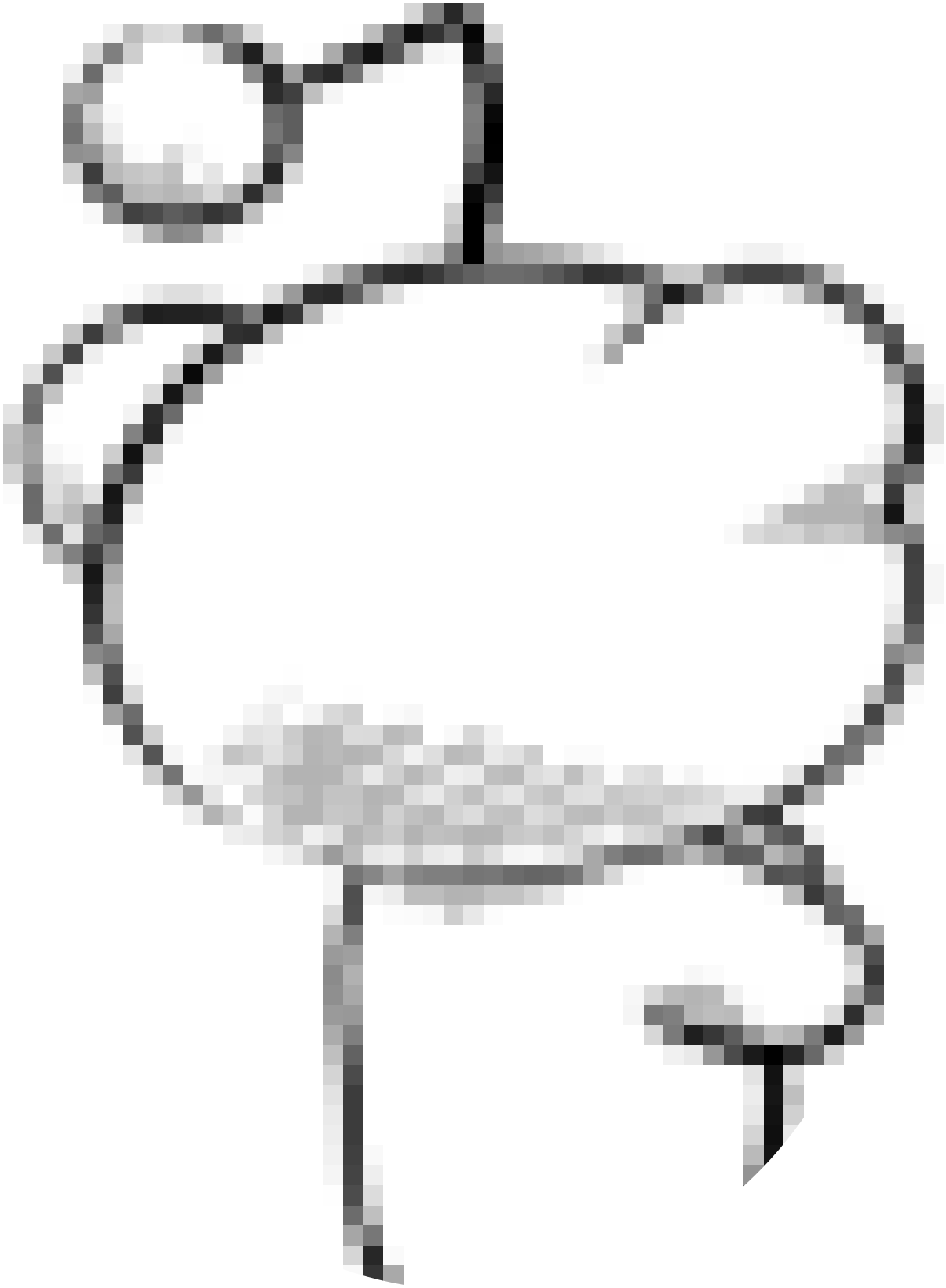

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Harowan
• 13y ago

I just told my girlfriend about some of the stories in this thread and after telling her of the weird man waltzing story she said casually "Well, yeah, that's like what happened to me." I've been compelled to post her story. I used to be sure all ghost stories were made up but she's told me of so many weird things that have happened to her that I don't always know what to think any more.

She grew up in a smallish Romanian town on the Danube, for those who don't know this is a wide river that flows from the German mountains out to the black sea. She's told me some sad stories of the past where people had tried to swim across the river after world war two to escape the country but either drowned from the currents or were caught by the police and shot. In fact, there had been a lot of troubles resulting in the death of innocent people in the region, post world war two, making this story freak me out that little bit more.

She had finished walking her date back to the army barracks at the edge of town and was heading back to her fathers apartment. She followed the path home along the river and was in a very calm mood, she described it as a mood in which nothing would phase her.

As she walked back she looked into the window of the post office which had been closed for a while as it was 3am. In the window was twenty faces, noses pressed against the window, staring out. She carried on walking, unphased. At this point obviously I was thinking, "Hmm, yeah, well that's not that odd, there probably were people in there"

She carried on walking further and she glanced to her left at the river to see a bunch of people swimming towards the shore. She turned her head forward and kept walking some more. She looked toward the river again, expecting for the people to be gone but they were still there. "How many people?" She shrugged, "One hundred?". All swimming towards the bank at 3am. She felt like stopping but was compelled not to break stride, she kept on walking.

As she got to the park she could see figures running and dancing in there. She didn't walk through, it's to the side of the path. She said they were wearing an odd assortment of clothes, some old fashioned, some white and semi translucent. They seemed like young people. Their dancing wasn't modern, it was waltz like. She carried on.

As she neared her fathers apartment she could see a figure moving in the distance, growing larger as she neared. She remained neutral, she wouldn't have had to pass him as her turn off was before him. As she neared she could make him out more clearly. He was wearing an old fashioned suit and was waltzing by himself. He wasn't going anywhere as his waltz took him around in circles, he was simply dancing by himself.

She got home and her father said "What happened?" as he could see the odd look on her face. She didn't really know where to start.

After our conversation she said two things of note. The first was she had kept calm as she kept thinking "It's good, there's nothing to worry about, there's something else, there's another side." The second.. "Maybe it's some kind of phenomenon then, that waltzing"

All I can say is I was unnerved. She's gone out now but she'll be back in a few hours so I'll pass on any comments / questions.

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jakeputz
• 13y ago

Creepiest: When I was in high school, these 4 girls went to a concert in a city that was a 5 hour drive away. They tried to get a hotel room after, but they were too young and were denied, so they had to drive all the way home. About 20 mins. from making it home, the driver fell asleep at the wheel, and the car rolled. One of the girls was killed. A couple days later the girl's parents invited a bunch of us over to their house, where we were shocked to see they had her body laying in her bed.

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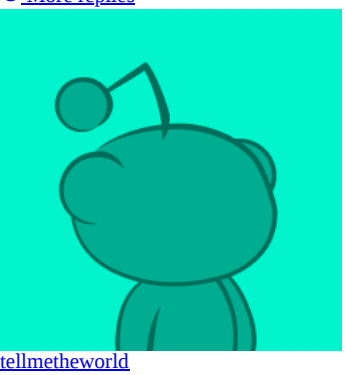

tellmetheworld
• 13y ago

Was playing Kinect one night. It detected a second player. I was alone.

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Nevixd
• 13y ago

Just last year, I was in NYC and riding a packed subway. Mid-ride, a man gets up with a strangely large backpack. He cleared his throat and said, "Alright everyone, the time has come-" and in that moment the people on the sub's faces turned to fear, a mother nestled her son, and I tensed up, ready to pounce. He continued to say "-I am a poor man, in need of food, if anyone has anything on them or if they could take me out for food it would save my life." My girlfriend and I got him some KFC and asked him to approach a large group of people differently. All in all, he was a nice guy- didn't even look homeless. My girlfriend still refers it as "The day the KFC guy was 'gonna kill us".

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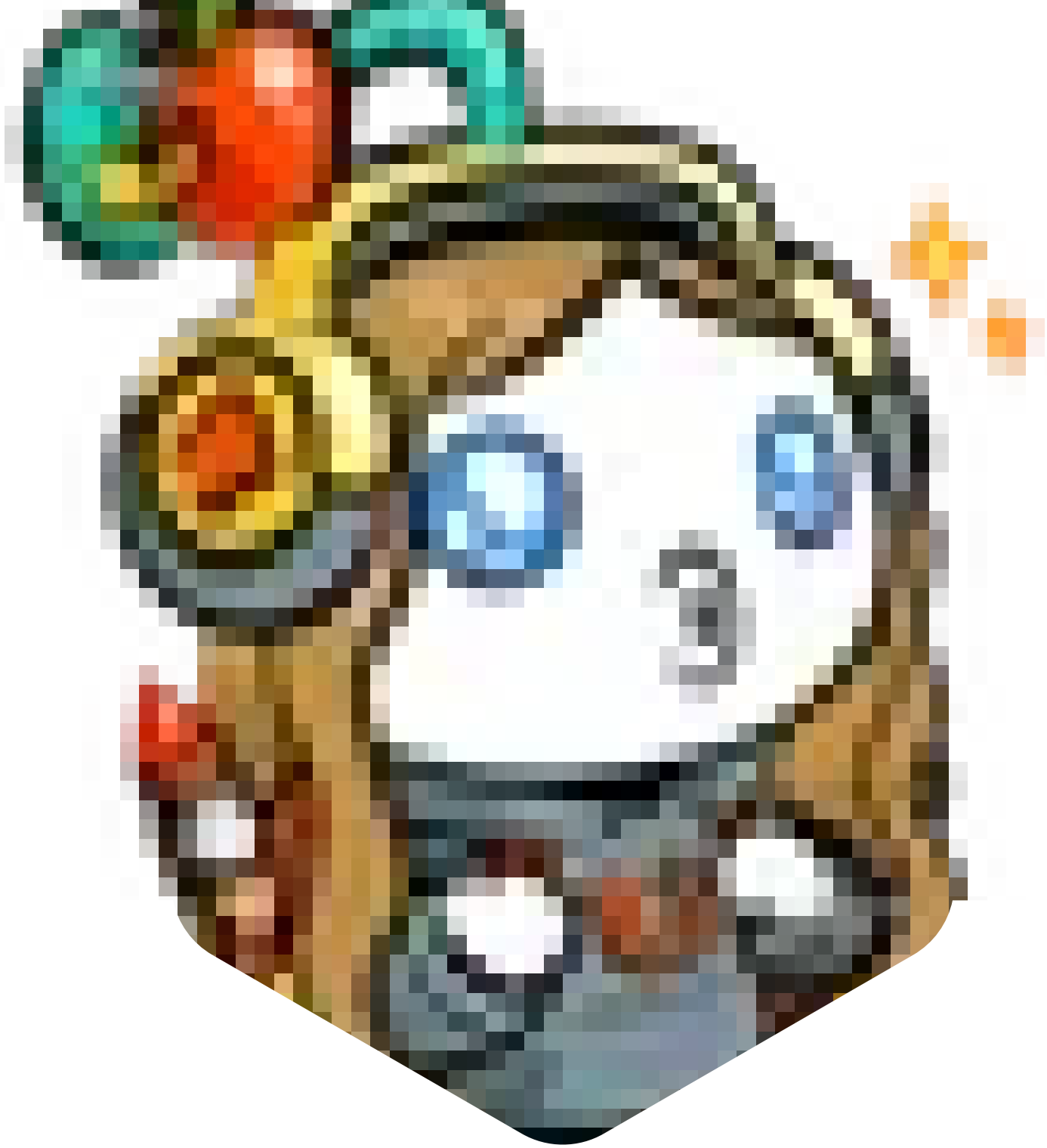

wordtoyourmother8
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I worked at two hospitals (placement) during my last year of college. At one hospital I worked with professionals that did therapeutic play with children on the Pediatric ward as well as on the Adolescent Psych ward (at the other hospital). My "boss" and I would do crafts, projects, art, etc. with the teens to help them have an outlet while they were getting treatment for mental illness, addiction issues and other medical issues. Each day, before we would see the teens, we would get a run down from the nurses on the ward explaining who everyone was, what issues they were being hospitalized for and any other info we needed (this could include anything from a warning that the patient had violent tendencies, how they are adjusting to being on the ward, which patients they did or did not get along with etc.).

So this one night, we were given the usual run down of the teens on the ward and the nurse mentioned one teen in particular. This girl (I will call her Sally, obviously not her real name) had all of a sudden just stopped talking one day and started to act really out of character. She would not respond to family, friends, siblings, doctors or anyone for that matter. She was hospitalized because they became concerned about her harming herself and they were definitely trying to ensure she was being watched 24/7 just in case she was experiencing some type of psychosis (I don't know a ton of details because we were just given a quick run down of the patients' case). From what I was told, they had checked and ruled out a brain tumor and other possible physiological causes and found nothing abnormal. Now just to set the stage, this hospital is a very old hospital with dark hallways, poorly lit rooms, and the coldest most creepy atmosphere I have ever experienced. In every way it looked like a hospital you would see in a horror movie and when walking down the hallways, I remember always being scared something would jump out at me because there were a lot of "blind spots" due to it's very old layout.

Anyways, this night in particular my co-worker/boss and I started the crafts and activities for the kids in the "kitchen" room where we always did our activities. I was sitting close to Sally and tried to initiate conversations but she would just stare blankly. My boss/coworker tried as well and Sally would not respond and without warning she would just occasionally look at us and

laugh loudly or smile at me with glossy eyes. The doctors had tried all day to get her to speak and she said nothing so I just chatted and tried my best to "include" her even though she wouldn't really engage.

I started to doodle on a piece of paper while talking with some of the teens and just randomly wrote down "Hi!" and drew around it, not even really thinking about what I was doing. Almost immediately after I wrote "Hi!", Sally picked up a pencil and wrote "hello"! I was shocked to say the least. I was the first person in days and days that she attempted to communicate with. I didn't know if it would work, but I wrote "how are you?" and she actually wrote an answer! I was blown away! After Sally and I exchanged a couple questions/answers my co-worker noticed what was going on so she kept the other teens busy and just nodded at me to keep going. Within a few minutes, this girl and I had written almost a page of conversation and she was communicating through writing with no trouble! I couldn't believe it was happening! I was getting all this info from a girls that everyone thought was unreachable! We "talked" through writing for what seemed like hours (but was probably just about 1 hour) and while I was asking her about how she was feeling about being in the ward, she admitted through writing that she was scared. I pressed on, trying to see if she was scared because she was in a strange place or missed her family etc., but she wrote it was because she saw people in the room with us. Obviously, there were people in the room with us so I asked her why the people in the room scared her and she simply wrote "they are dead". I swear, when I read, it felt like my stomach hit the floor. I looked up from the page we were writing on and she just looked at me and then turned her head and stared at the door. No one was there..... well, at least, I didn't see anyone there. Sally stared at that door for easily a minute and I swear SHE saw something there. I was more scared than I could even express. I will never forget the look on her face. Whether or not there was a person/ghost there, Sally could see someone.

I took some deep breaths and once I had her attention again, we started communicating again through writing. We "talked" this way until 9pm, when I had to leave with my co-worker/boss. I thanked Sally for "speaking" to ee and she seemed a lot more "aware" when I said goodbye. She still was not verbalizing, but I know that the doctors were going to do their best to find out why. I collected the papers we had written on and before leaving the ward showed the entire conversation to my co-worker and the nurse in charge. Everyone on duty (nurses, etc) was dumbfounded that I had actually communicated with her and they assured me that the pages would be passed along to the psychiatrist the next morning. I was filled with so many emotions.... I was happy I had spoken to her and she was honest with me but I was also still incredibly scared and shaken up. My co-worker dropped me off at home and I remember walking in to the living-room and my roommates knew immediately something had happened. I was shaking and blurted out everything that happened. They were supportive but also freaked out by the situation. I have never been happier to have roommates because if I had gone home to an empty place, I probably wouldn't have slept for days.

Sadly, because of the schedule I had and the many different shift changes at the hospital, I never saw Sally again and no one knew what the final diagnosis was for her. I still get chills when I think about the look on her face that night when she stared at the door. I don't think I will ever shake that feeling. I just hope she got the help she needed. edit - spacing, word/spelling fixes

TL;DR - worked on an Adolescent Psych ward (in a hospital that could be the set for a horror movie) and got a girl who wouldn't talk to communicate through writing. During the conversation she divulged she could see dead people in the room with us and stared at one of them that was "standing" in the doorway. I gave our the papers from our conversation to the medical staff who couldn't believe she actually "spoke".

sort of EDIT: Was gonna change some awkward phrases but I've decided to leave it. Sorry if I ramble.

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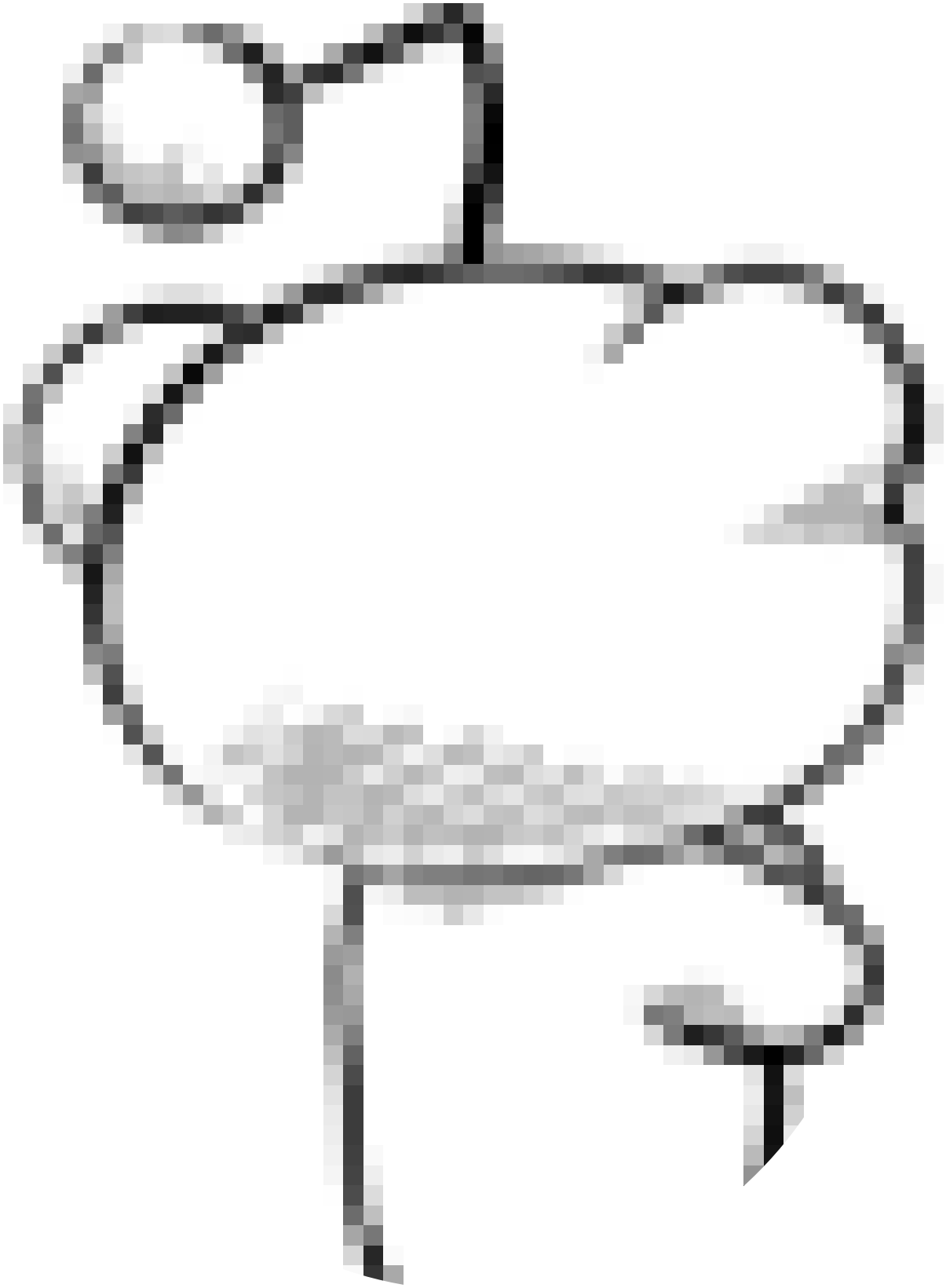

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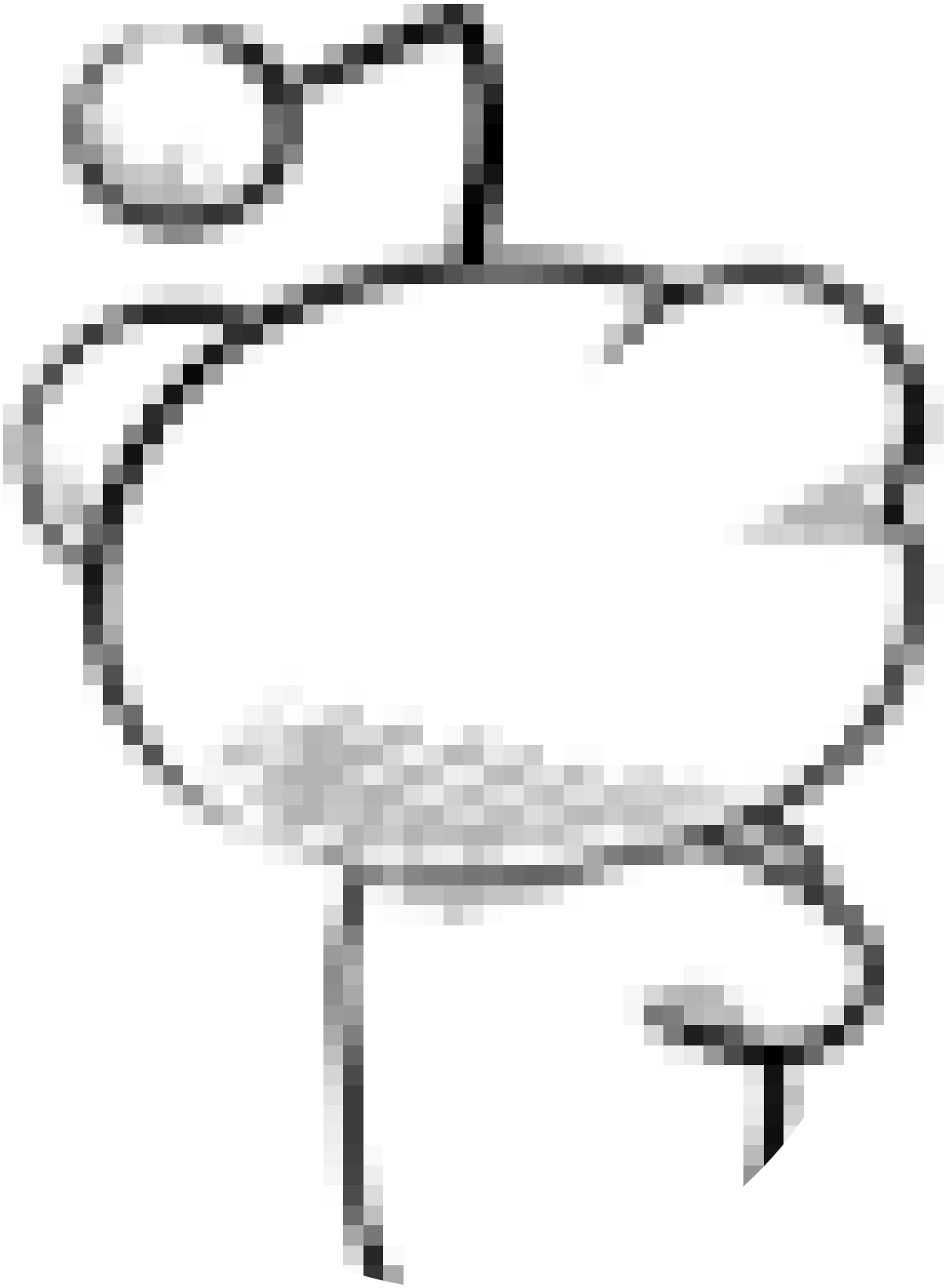

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• 13y ago

Back in 2003~ I was watching The Ring at 2 am. As soon as the main character finishes watching the cursed tape, my phone rang. I picked it up, but there was no one on the line. Stopped watching the movie at that point.

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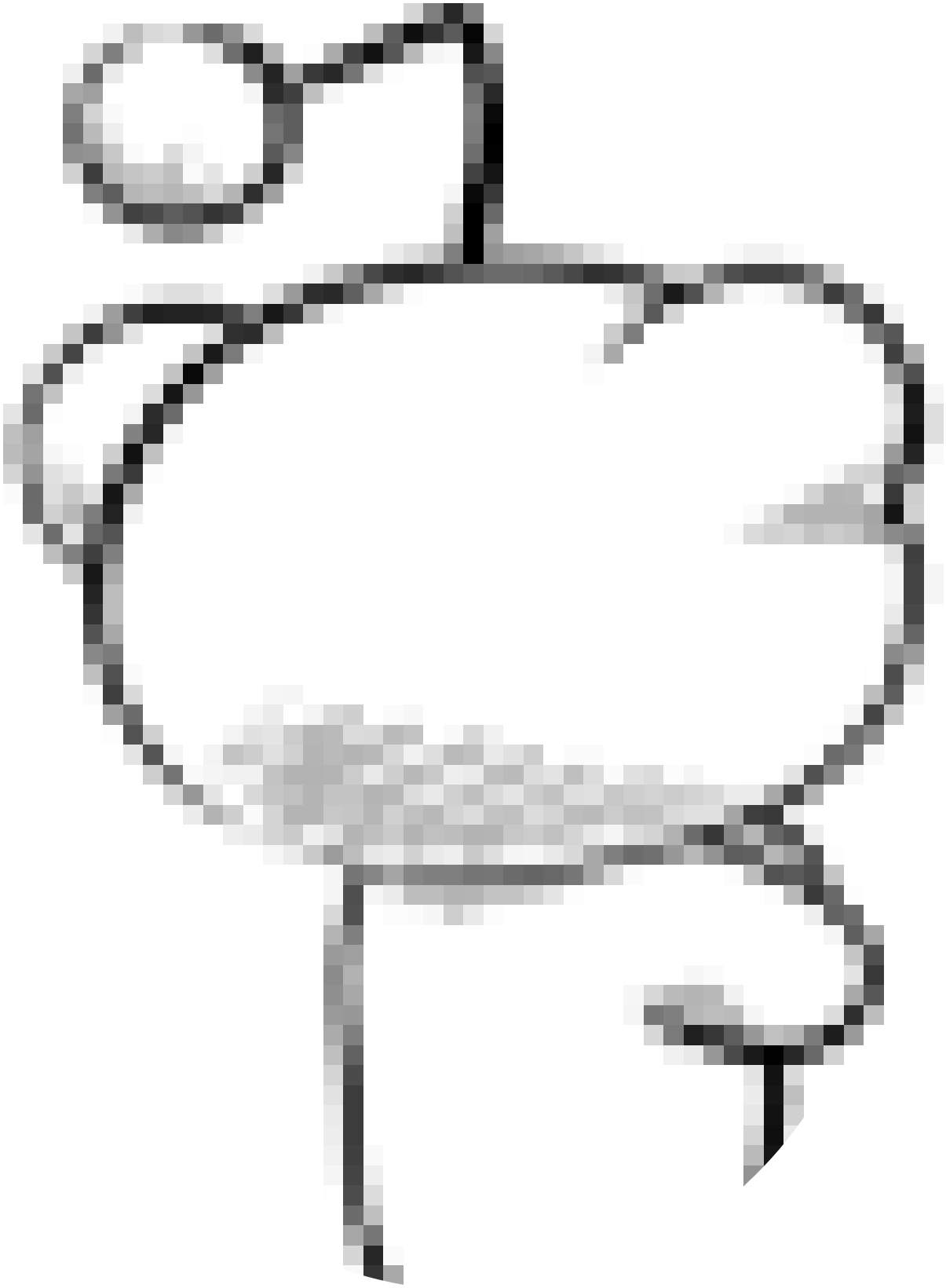

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• 13y ago

My parents were watching that when I was a kid and wouldn't let me. My sister told me to call the house phone and then hang up when they answered. Years later, I saw the film and realized she was an asshole

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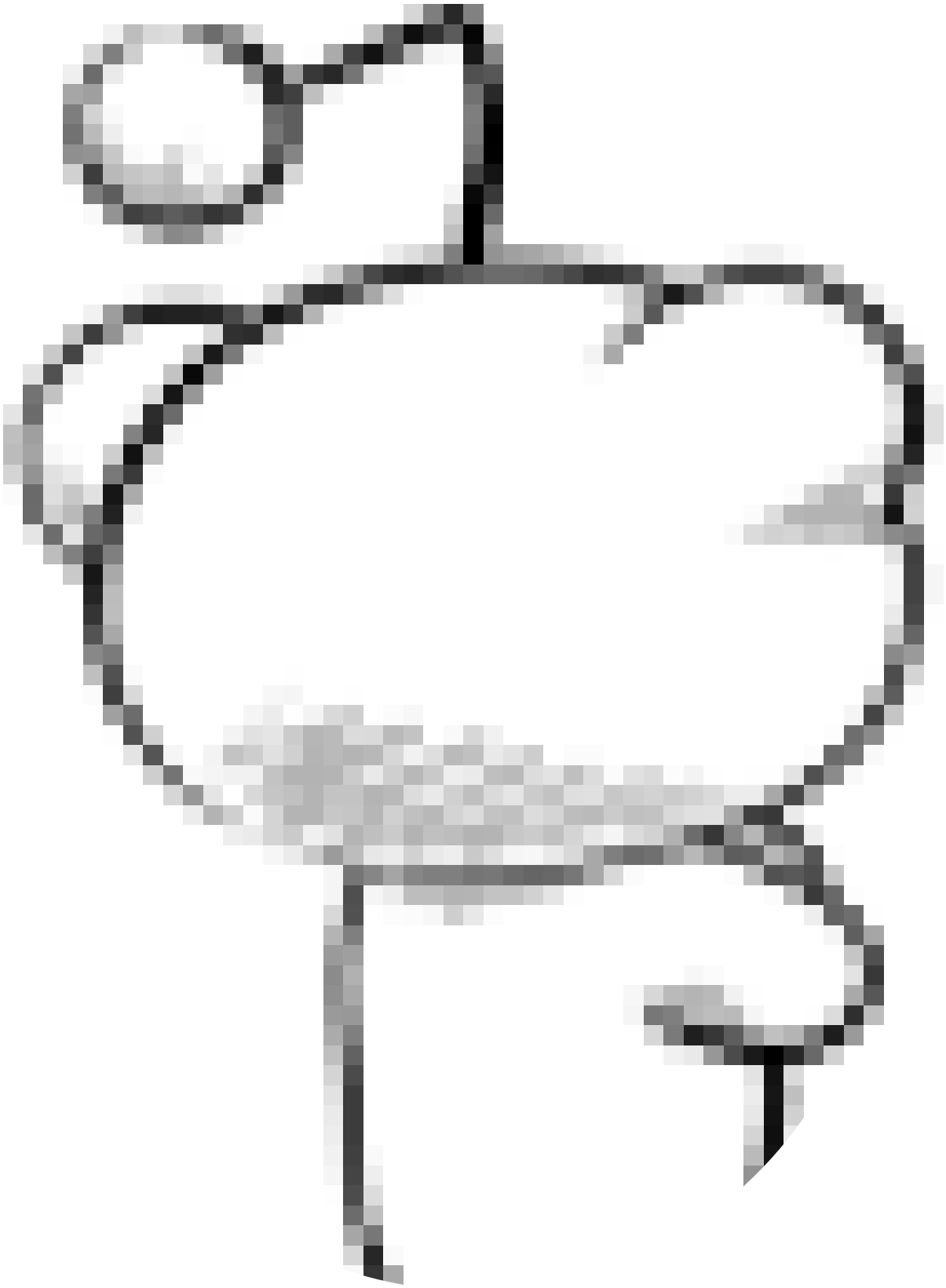

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• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

So a while back my mom lives in this house on brindle mountain. The landlord to the place was super anal about making sure they did no remodeling or repairs...he wanted NOTHING changed. It was odd to say the least.

After a while my mom and stepdad started saying they think the place was haunted by the ghost of a small girl. They said sometimes they would see the shadow of a girl walk from room to room. Or hear playing in the back when nobody was back there. And sometimes it sounded like a small child was sobbing but couldn't tell where from.

So me being an atheist at the time kinda blew it off. I was like "yeah...right...haha"

So anyway. This was towards the end of me and now ex-wife's relationship. When we split up, I started living with my mom until I got on my feet. We shared custody of our daughter 50/50. So one week she'd stay with me until Friday, and then she'd go to her house until the following friday, and then she'd come back with me. Simple right?

Anyway. It was Saturday night and I was on the computer. It's probably like 2 in the morning. I'm just surfing music. The computer desk was in the kitchen facing a wall and on that wall was the doorway that led to the bedrooms. So If anyone came out of bed to get something from the kitchen then they would walk right passed me.

My little girl was always getting up in he night and getting into trouble. She'd raid the fridge or knock something over climbing up on something. She like to get up in the night and raid the kitchen because she knew everyone was asleep and she could get away with it.

So this particular night I happened to be up and on the computer. I see my daughter sneak into the kitchen with my peripheral vision and she froze when she saw me. And just stood there. I didn't look at her or pay her attention. I figured she had seen me...she knows she's caught....hopefully she will go back to bed and go to sleep without me having to make a big deal of it.

So she stands there for about 3 minutes. I can see her the whole time but I make a point not to look at her so she will just go back to bed. She eventually turns and walks back towards the bedroom.

It was dark in the room...but I could still see her turn and leave.

Everything was dead silent after that. So after about 15 minutes, I got that feeling in my gut that all parents get when their kids are too quiet, and decided that I need to check on her because she's probably up to no good...in 15 minutes I should have heard her climb back in bed or rustle through toys.

I stood up and walked into the next room that led to the bedrooms. And it was pitch black...couldn't see a thing. I stopped dead in my tracks, the hair on my neck stood up, and I got a sick sick feeling in my stomach...that's when it hit me:

My daughter was with her mother that night, not with me.

It still gives me chills to think about it.

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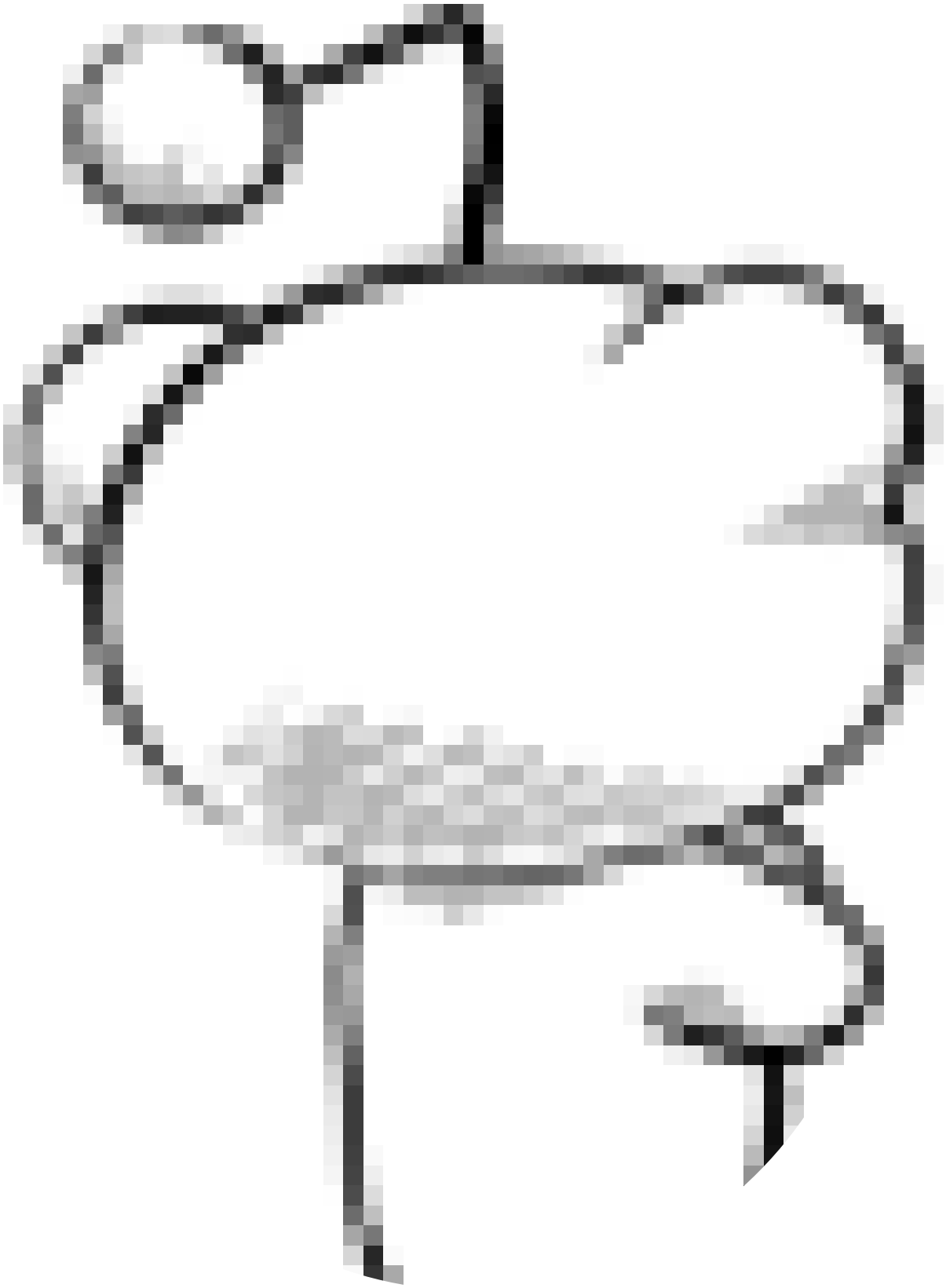

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Chip085
• 13y ago

My cousin had a child about 8 years ago. My great grandmother (very beloved woman, all-around great person. my 'Gramma Shaver') passed away while his wife was pregnant, and only about 2 weeks before she was due. This was a big deal for a few reasons; my cousin would have been the first of his generation in my mother's side of the family to have a child, therefore would have been my Gramma Shaver's first great-great-grandchild. 5 generations alive at the same time, it would have been pretty cool. BUT she passed away from a stroke and it was very tragic... Fast forward a couple of years. My cousin and his wife are showing their daughter family pictures (she's approx 3-4 years old at the time). Asking her 'who's this?' and seeing if she remembers names of aunts, uncles, gramma/grandpa etc. They sort of skip over a pic of my Gramma Shaver, and she puts her hand on the pic and says "That's Gramma Shaver!!!" My cousin said he was a bit uncomfortable, but asked "Do you remember hearing us talk about her?" And according to him, his daughter looked him right in the eyes and said "No, but she visits me and talks to me all the time!!"

He said he didn't sleep right for a few weeks. Good thing we're all sure if she IS a ghost, she is probably the most kind gentle ghost there is. Still... creeped me out.

TL;DR - Baby born two weeks after beloved great-grandmother dies - 3 years later, child knows her name from seeing her picture and says she talks to her and visits her, despite knowing nothing about her.

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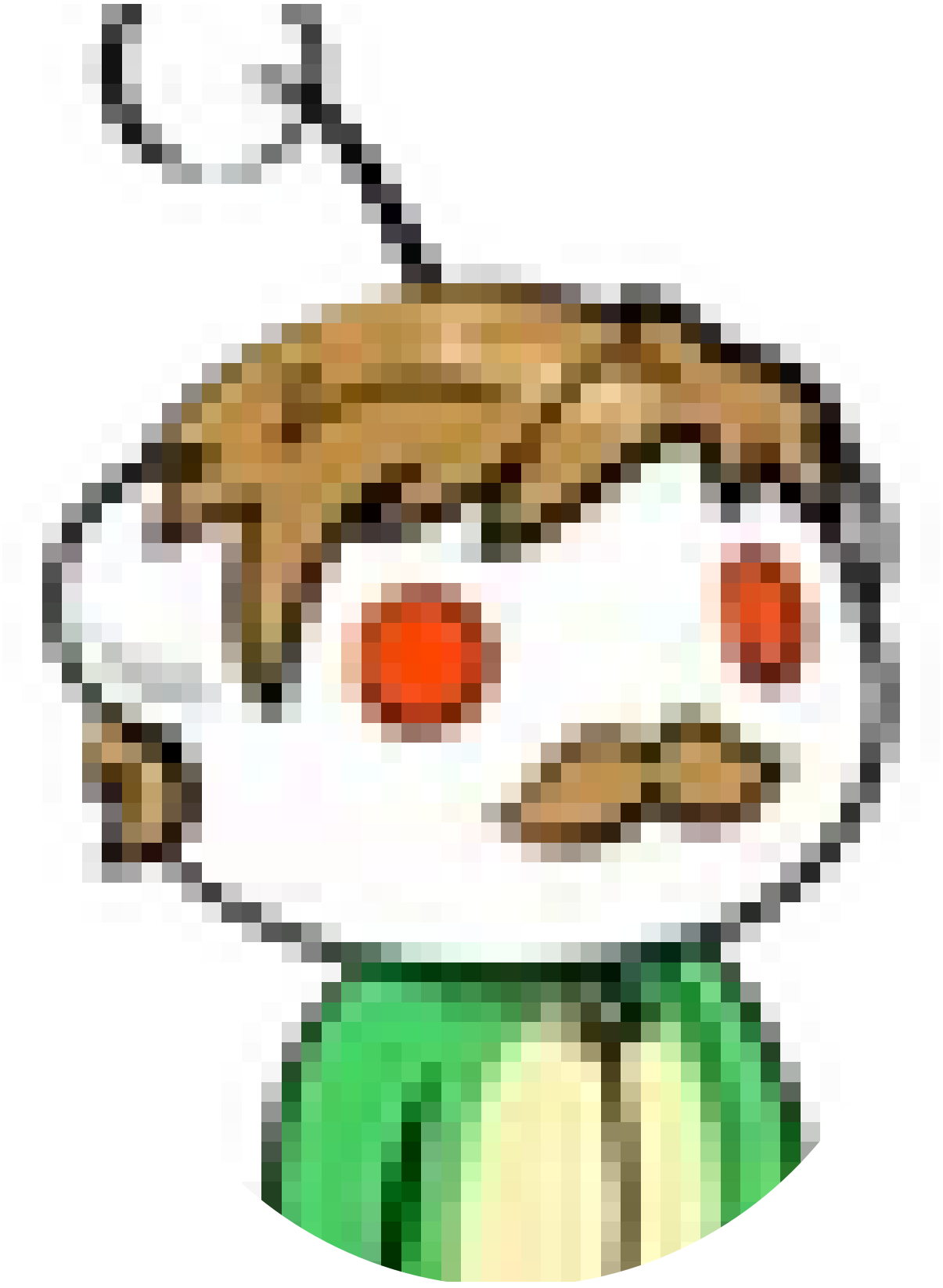

Redlaw711
• 13y ago

A few years ago I was driving back to my house from a friend's about 2 am. I was getting close to my house, in a really rural area with corn fields on both sides of the road. All of a sudden I saw stalks of corn blocking my path... going straight across the road from one field from another. Nobody is around, no cars, no houses, just my headlights shining on upright corn stalks standing across the road, as thick as the fields to either side. I knew I wasn't lost or anything - I drove home this way every day - and stopped the car on the road, just staring at the corn stalks trying to figure out what the fuck to do. After sitting there for a minute, I decided that staring at the corn waiting for something to happen was much scarier than doing something. So I hit the gas, hoping the corn would just fall down in front of my small car. It was one of the strangest feelings driving through the corn - I imagine it is what it would feel like to run through Platform 9 3/4 for Harry Potter. One second I was staring at what seemed to be a solid field of corn, and the next my car is easily knocking the stalks over and I was through. The rows of corn across the road weren't as deep as I had thought, and in no time I was on the other side looking in the rear view mirror at a wall of corn with a now gaping hole in it. Went home, went to bed still freaked out. The next morning I went to leave, drove down the same road... and the only sign of the corn was a few stalks lying next to the road. I still have no idea how that happened.

TL;DR - Mysterious wall of corn blocks road at night, gone by morning

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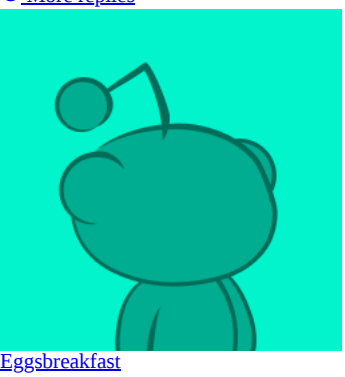

Eggsbreakfast
• 13y ago

[His Face All Red by Emily Carroll] (http://emcarroll.com/comics/faceallred/01.html)

It's a short but beautifully drawn story but the whole thing baffles me!

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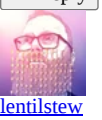

lentilstew
• 13y ago

Also Margot's Room, another Emily Carroll story. She's just great, man.

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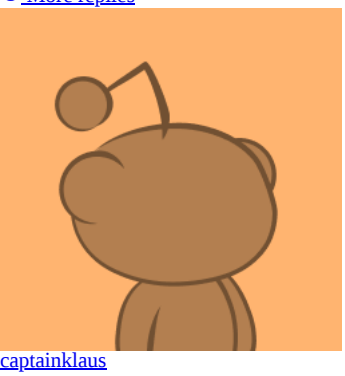
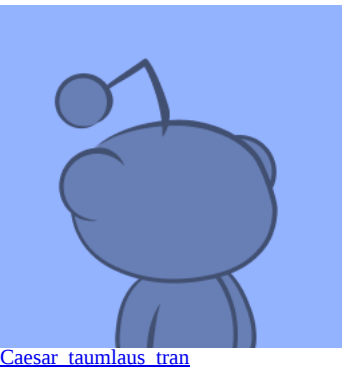


captainklaus
• 13y ago

I'd been living alone for less than a week. I got some Chinese take-out and was eating in front of the TV. I finished my meal and cracked open the fortune cookie. It read "You will have a visitor tonight, lock your door." There were no visitors that night, but the memory still haunts me.



Caesar_taumlaus_tran
• 13y ago

> "There were no visitors that night"

Because you locked your door.

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missdewey
• 13y ago

Some guy who writes fortunes for a living is fucking with you.

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great_wall_of_vagina
• 13y ago

Maybe you forgot to give the delivery driver a tip.

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Tdiggy
• 13y ago

Driving to pick up a friend who was at this cabin party about 40 miles west of where I lived. It was close to 2 a.m. So i'm driving down this back road to find this random cabin somewhere and I come across this red 4 door sedan with all the doors open and 4 limp figures in the seats with their heads slumped over. That alone kinda freaked me the fuck out. Later on I'm driving by again after a failed attempt at picking up my friend, mind you it's getting close to 3 in the morning, and only the front seat passenger door was open and ever person in that car was staring with a blank dead stare directly at me as I drove past at 10 mph. Very creepy to me

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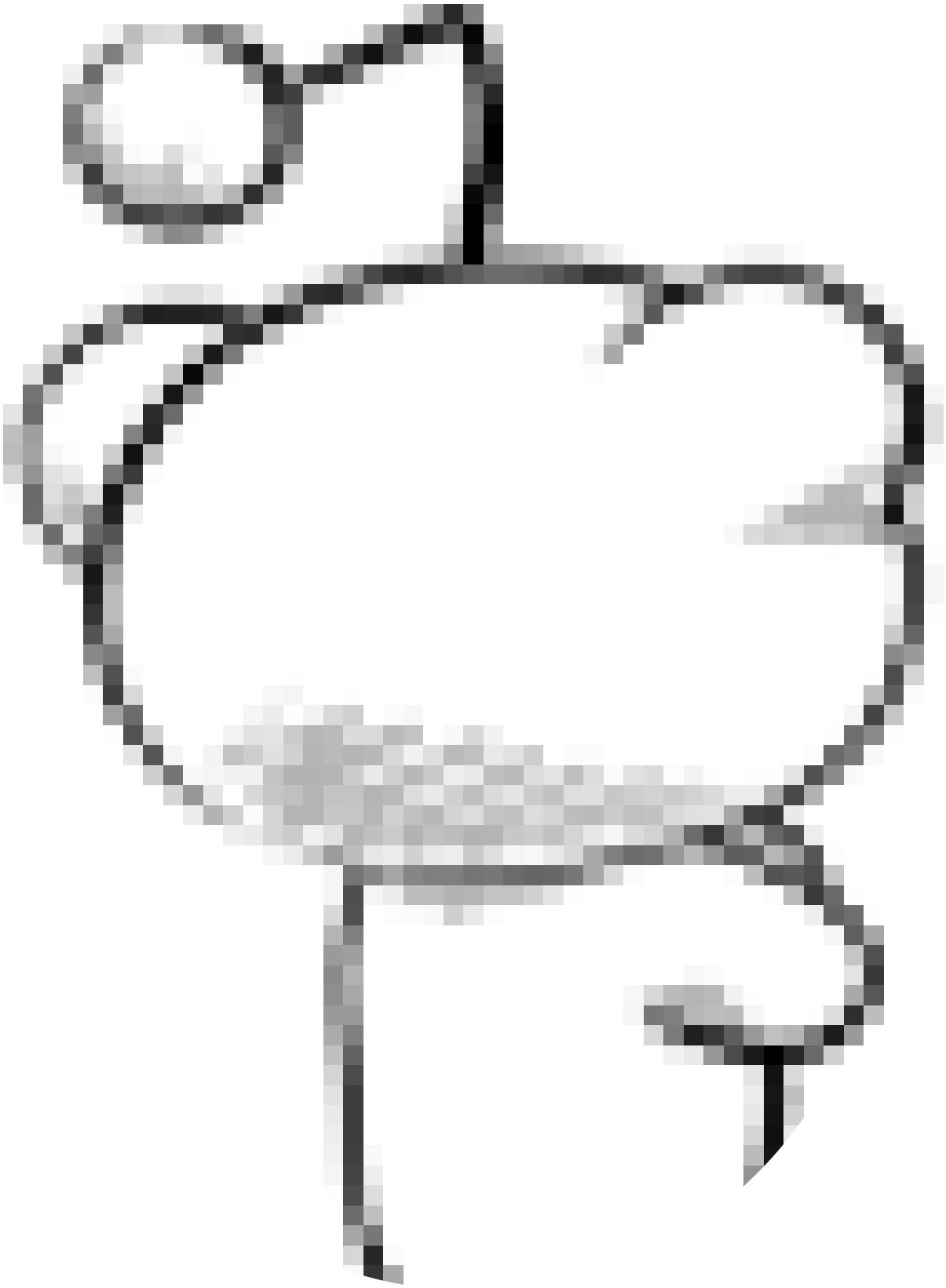

[deleted]
• 13y ago

My brother and I used to play hide and seek in the dark, and took it very seriously. We would close all blinds, cover all lights (microwave, oven, tv, etc), and had very well set rules. One night it was just my brother, his friend, and me, and we decided to play. As our eyes adjusted to the pitch black slight silhouettes could be made out, but generally you could be a foot away from someone and not know they were there. So my brother is it, and I'm sitting in the corner of the kitchen hiding. His friend yells safe, and I hear the two of them talking in the living room. As they're talking, the door to our walk in pantry starts to slowly open. I can see the silhouette of a large-headed man holding a knife and walking towards me. Literally frozen with fear, I just sat there ready to fucking die. When this knife bearing man got close, my brother came in and flicked on the light. The man pulled off his mask to reveal he was my brother's other friend who had been hiding outside unbeknownst to me just so they could scare me. At this point I was crying, and obviously didn't want to play anymore. Not paranormal and creepy, but I've never been more scared in my entire life. Cunts.

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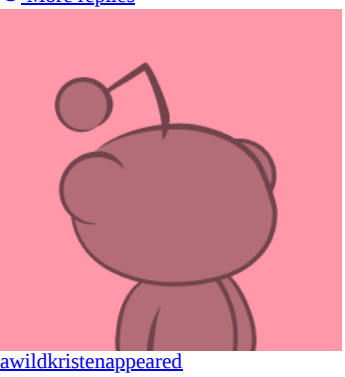

awildkristenappeared
• 13y ago

i was visiting my dad in portland as his job required a temporary relocation from michigan. my mother, brother, and myself took 10 days hitting spots all over oregon and washington state. we ended up at multnomah falls, a popular state park and tourist attraction.

when we flew back to michigan, he was going through his camera while he listened to the news, and heard that someone had died at the falls that day. it's not uncommon for suicides to happen in places like the falls, but as he was scrolling through the pictures, he was curious at what time the suicide occurred, because my dad had one of those cameras that time-stamped every photo.

The news reported the time of the body's discovery as my dad fell onto a picture timestamped at 3 minutes prior to that time. At the top of the falls, in my family photo, there stands a man at the edge minutes from jumping to his death.

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vargas
• 13y ago

Years ago, I lived in a townhouse above the an old couple that were the landlords. This was in the historic section of Albany, NY near the park. The landlords were in their sixties, maybe early seventies. This place actually had a plaque on the front of it saying it was built in 1880-something and that some rich state senator had lived there. There's places like this all over the area that had been subdivided and rented out.

I lived there for a year and every now and then, always while I was trying to sleep, I would hear faint, organ music accompanied by some rhythmic banging sounds. I always have slept with a fan to drown out any ambient noise and sleep better. This music was just...*floating* through my room. No one was above me. Just the old people who went to bed at nine below me. I would get up and try to find the source of the sounds but it just seemed like it was everywhere and nowhere.

Since I never heard any music or anything from any other room, and I never heard that music during the day, I concluded that it was the ghosts of previous occupants that had lived there decades before. This actually affected my decision to live there again when my lease was up. The old couple even offered to knock $50 a month off the rent if I resigned. That would have amounted to nearly a month of total rent over the course of a year. I thanked them, but declined, opting instead to live in a newer place.

Flash forward a couple of years. My friend is having a party. He invites some coworkers that he used to work with at the state. I'm talking to one dude about all the places in Albany I had been in. He's lived in several, too. After some conversation, we find out that one of his friends used to live in that exact same apartment before me. I've never told anyone about the music and banging I would hear there but I just have to ask this guy if his friend ever said anything about the place being haunted. His eyes light up when I ask him.

"You're not going to believe this!" he says and starts thumbing through the contacts list in his phone. He dials his friend. When the guy answers, he gives him a brief overview of the conversation we had been having then hands me the phone.

"What's up, man? Yeah, I lived there in 2003. You heard the music, too? That was the landlords having sex below you. I swear to God. I actually asked about them about it the morning after I had heard it for the tenth time. The old man sheepishly explained that he was banging his old lady. He apologized and said they'd keep it down. The funny thing is, it seemed to get louder and louder over the last couple months I lived there. It was almost like they wanted me to hear."

The mystery was solved. That organ music I had heard was literally *organ* music that the old people would have sex to. Somehow, that was creepier than it being ghosts.

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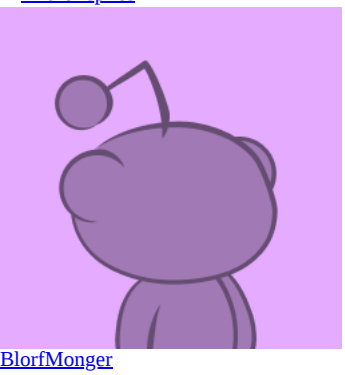

BlorfMonger
• 13y ago

Not the creepiest, but reminded me of something.

I used to have a truck that I swore had the ghost of a dead baby in it. I used to get home late from my job as a dishwasher, and after I parked and was sitting in my driveway with the engine off, I would hear this really faint sound of a baby crying. Late at night when it was quiet, it used to make my arm hairs stand on end. I used to get home and hop out of the car in fear of hearing it.

One night I decided to sit there and just listen, try to pinpoint the sound. Eventually I discovered that it was indeed not a dead baby, but when I undid my seat bucklet the old spring of the seat belt retractor would slooowly start pulling the belt in, creating a faint noise that sounded like wailing.

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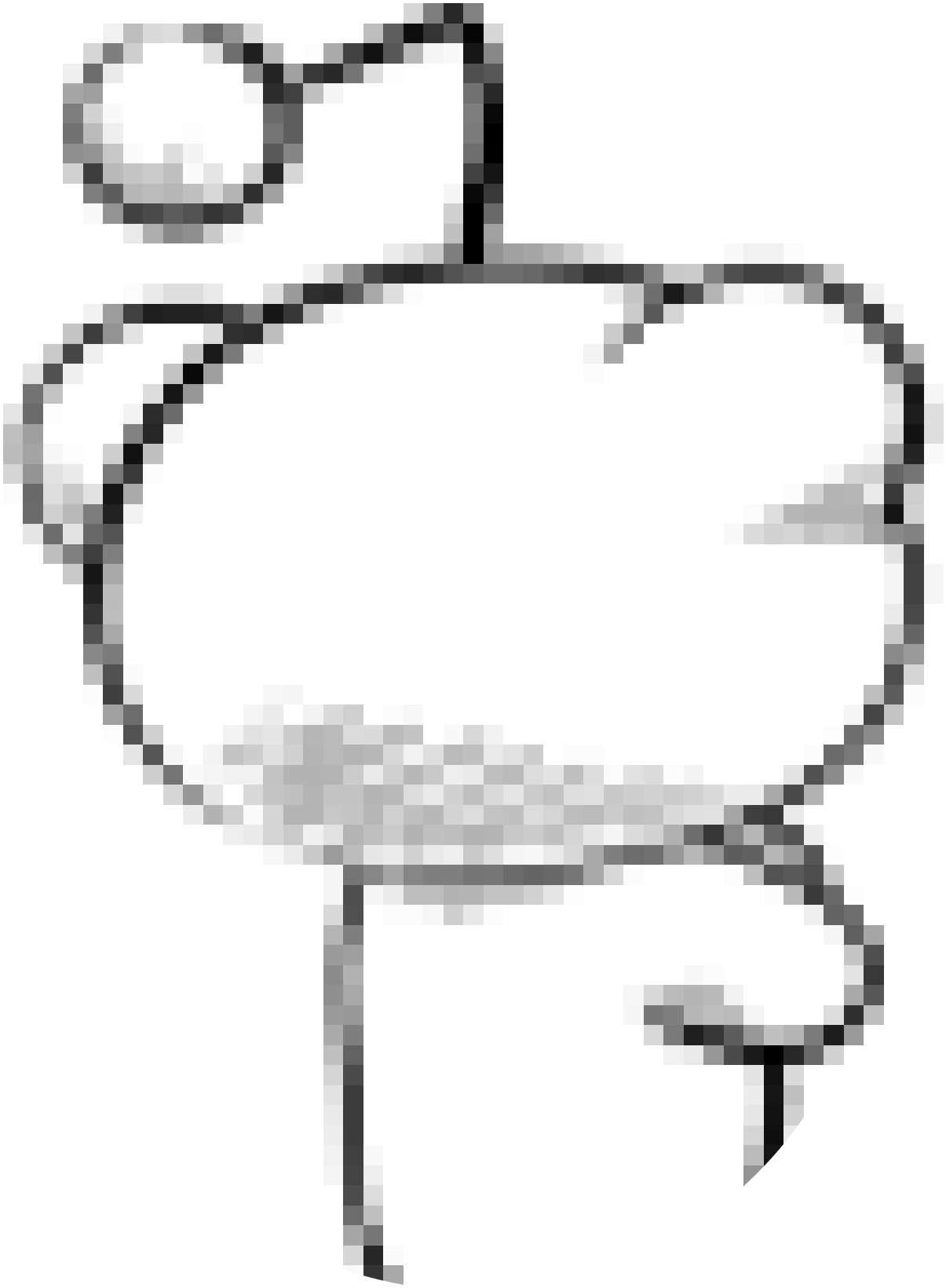

Dash_X
• 13y ago

I thought my neighbors were having loud sex for months. It was so annoying that one day I yelled out the door, "I can hear you!!"

Turns out it was the pigeons who lived on the telephone pole above my yard.

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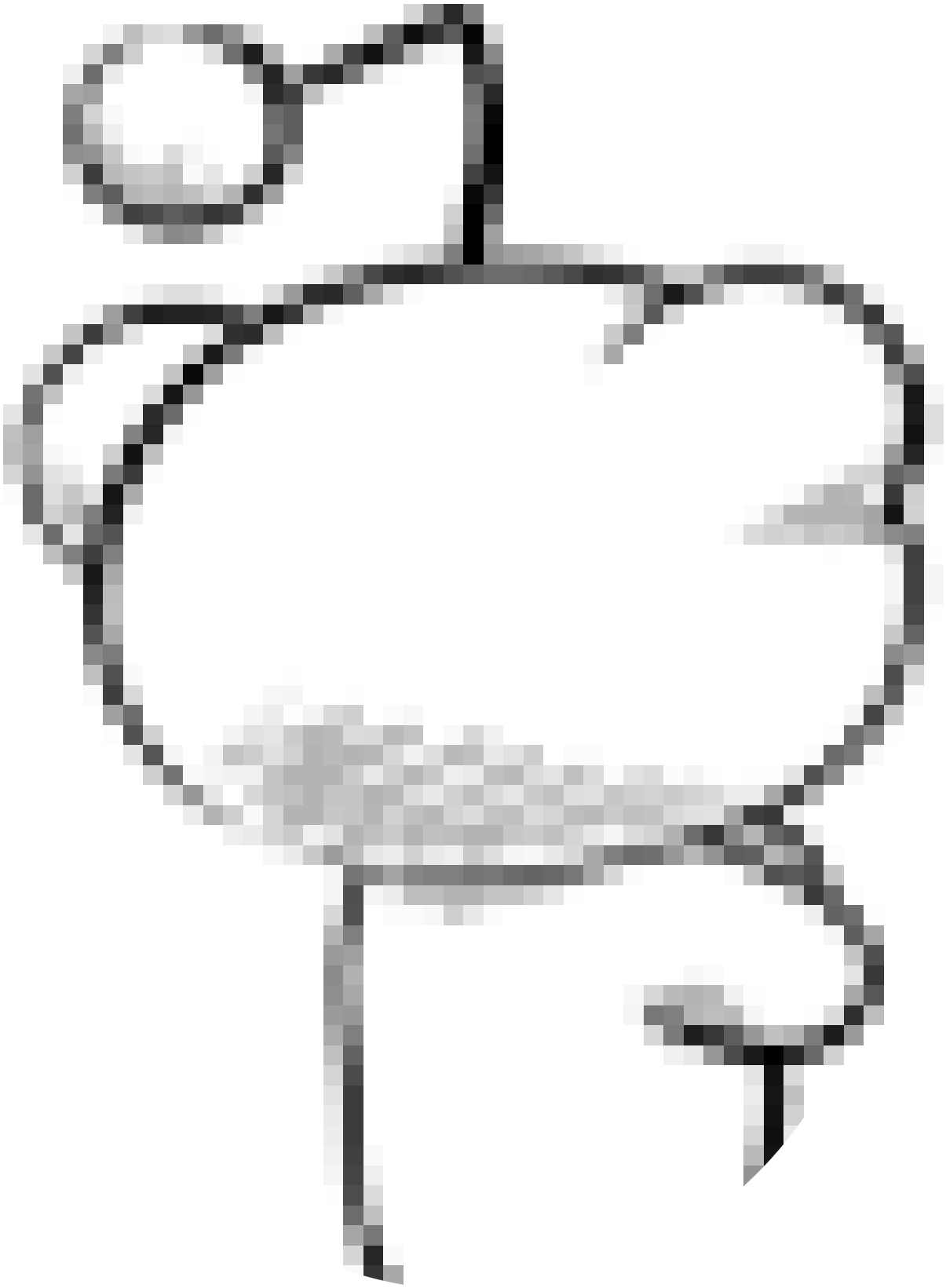

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HungryLlama271
• 13y ago

The Korean one with the mother looking for her child?

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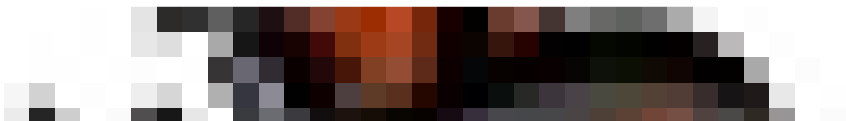

Youdonotsay
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The Korean one? Yeah dude, fucking jump scares man.

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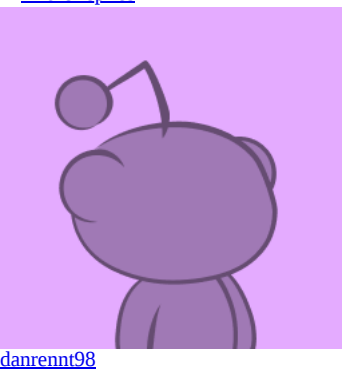

danrennt98
• 13y ago

This one?

http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=20&weekday=tue

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AndThenSex
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I never seem to have much luck with commenting and the like, but, none the less...

Up until I was about 8 or so, I lived in a REALLY old house that, since the beginning of time, had been bounced around from relative to relative until eventually my mother had been handed over the keys. It was basically a shit heap. Two stories, a collapsed balcony on the second level, mould and mildew all over most of the ceilings, one tiny bathroom and the toilet was outside, over-run was frogs and spiders and whatever other kind of hell-spawn the Australian outback would throw at us.

I was terrified as a child - scared of basically everything. I'm much better now, and have much bigger balls than most of my friends (if I do say so myself). None the less, I would probably have to put the blame on this old house of mine.

I remember as a child that I would always have the same dream.

I'd start in the kitchen, no idea how I got there of course. It was during the day, probably later in the afternoon. Nobody was around, so naturally I'd go looking for my mother and father. I'd go to all the normal places - mum wasn't in the laundry shed or the lounge room, dad wasn't on the patio outside or up the back at the chicken coop, and my sister wasn't around either.

I was starting to get worried, thinking that everyone was gone and they'd left me alone. Until I heard a noise above me coming from the second floor, where the bedrooms are. Relieved, I darted towards the stairs and jumped on the first step.

Then I felt it. There was something in the back of my head, making me stop, leg still raised up as I prepared to move onto the second step. Something telling me that I shouldn't go up there. Of course this thought was running rampant in my mind "Don't go up there, don't go up there, stay down here, don't go up there, there's something up there".

Finally my leg dropped before I could reconsider. I pushed myself up those stairs, and even though I didn't want to anymore, I couldn't stop myself, only slow down. Each step up was taken at a agonizingly slow pace, and I wanted so bad just to go back down stairs and find someone - run to my grandparents house and stay with them until my mum was home.

But eventually, I rounded the corner, leaving only the last few steps leading up to the floor ahead of me. There was nothing there - I couldn't see anything in the stairwell. I started getting hopeful at this point - maybe it's ok. Nobody's here. I was just imagining things and it's going to be fine.

I'm still taking the slow steps up when it appears.

Something's there.

I can't actually remember what it was, and I never could after I woke up. But it was horrifying beyond belief, and I would always try to close my eyes, because that was my thing as a child - if you can't see it, then it can't see you. But I could still see it. I couldn't blink, I couldn't shut my eyes - it was like my eyelids weren't working. I would even try holding my hands in front of my face, but still I couldn't block it out - I could see through my hands. And I couldn't do anything I was frozen, unable to do anything except STARE at this thing all but a metre away from me.

Whatever I saw, whatever I did, for those 8 years I was at that house, I had to force myself up the stairs. Day or night, it was horrifying. My mother sighed and tried to reason with me, my father growled at me and called me a coward and my sister just laughed and said I was retarded. But every time I had to go up those stairs, as soon as I hit the top stairwell, I had to stop and make sure that I could cover my eyes with my hands or that I could shut my eyes.

Of course it would terrify me most when I'd go to blink and wave my hand in front of my face and it wouldn't work and I'd realize I was dreaming.

EDIT: Oh wow, comments and upvotes, my word what a wonderful day. Thought it might be interesting to add that once I moved out of this house, I never had any more of those dreams, though I was terrified of my house in general. I couldn't be alone in it until I was about 15, and every morning before school I'd basically run out of the house from my room and wouldn't feel safe until I was out the door and on the front lawn.

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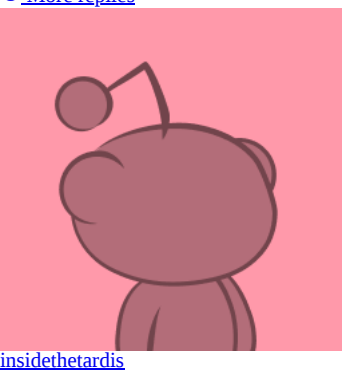

insidethetardis

• 13y ago

Growing up I lived in the middle of the woods. No neighbors for about a mile on each side and we own 60 acres of forest then a swamp after that. So basically I lived in the middle of nowhere. One summer when I was about 14 I was out in the middle of the woods playing with my dog (I'm an only child and both of my parents were out of town.) when I kept feeling something hit my elbow. I'd go to throw Max's ball and the bump would make me throw it almost straight up. Assuming it was just me bumping it on trees or something I ignored it. After the fourth or fifth time of it happening I thought...well this sucks I'll just go home. Walking back I felt uneasy but I knew I was just freaking myself out because we were alone. About an hour later Max and I are at home on the couch when the garage door opens and he starts barking barking barking, I hop up to go let in my Mom or Dad, even though they were home really early. I peered through the peephole and saw the door was still shut and no one was in the garage. Quieting max down I opened the door slowly and called out for my dad. Nothing... No response at all so I go out to check the door and it's still locked. Okay... sure. Weird but oh well. Max heard it too so at least I know I'm not crazy.

About 20 minutes later I hear the door open again and this time Max starts growling like crazy. I quiet him down again and just assume its the wind or something making noise even though by this point my heart is racing. I hear footsteps come up the stairs and think "oh jeez, dad really is home this time" and hop up and run to the door, it starts to jiggle so I run faster to let him in. I peep through the hole and even though my hand is loosely around the jiggling handle theres no one on the other side of the door. Terrified I go hide on the couch with all the lights on. Max is still growling.

About an hour after that I start to feel a little better even though im still terrified then I hear the door handle jiggle again. This time it was Max jiggling it, he needed to go outside and the only way outside is through the garage. Fantastic. I literally sprint with him to the kennel and as I'm standing in there I decide to ask this "thing" questions to make myself feel better because I knew it wouldn't answer me. Thinking about what to ask it my eyes are drawn to the huge heavy oak door on the kennel. It was always open because it was too heavy for me to move easily. I said "Ok ghost! if you're real you'll shut this heavy door!" nothing... a minute goes by...nothing. Max is still sniffing around. I turn around to yell at him to hurry up and then from behind me I hear 'click'. I whipped around and saw the giant door had swung shut and latched. Okay....clearly it was just the wind. It wasn't really windy but... it was the wind, for sure, had to be. I proceed "Ok ghost that was the wind, if you're REALLY real you'll open this massive door back up!" nothing. I relax a bit and then squat down with my head in on my knees reminiscing about how lame I just was being scared when I hear 'click clack'. The door was now wide open. Max was done so we booked it back into the house locking every door in the house.

For the next 4 hours I would hear the footsteps on the stairs and the door handle jiggling every few minutes, until finally around 11pm my dad walks in and yells at me for wasting electricity.

I never told him or my mom about it until about a 4 months later when my dad came in from hunting after dark. He looked shaken and I asked him what was wrong... He said he aimed at two deer but missed both completely because it felt as if something was hitting his elbow and making him shoot way above the deer. Thats when I told him everything.

Reply Share

robotangst
• 13y ago

I have goosebumps and I'm about to cry. I lived on 13 acres, most of it was forest. I was eight, hardly ever home alone but when I was this kind of thing would happen all of the time. Only when I was alone. The doors would open while they were locked, my young dogs would run up to the door and stay 10 feet away barking at something I couldn't see while I hid behind the bar clutching a knife.

At the same home, my younger sister and I would play in the woods with just our dogs. At 5 and 7 years old we had an imaginary friend that we both would talk to and could hear what it was saying. Our dogs would follow it when it would walk away and run around it in circles as it moved around.

I revisited that house 8 years later and saw a figure moving along the edge of the woods, it looked the same size as our friend. When I told my sister, she told me she saw it too but no one else did. I didn't realize until I was older that there was no way we both should have been able to hear it, or that the dogs shouldn't have been able to see it.

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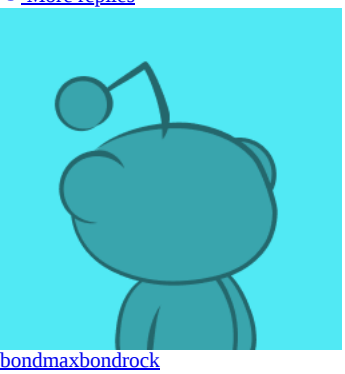

bondmaxbondrock
• 13y ago

I was once in a hottub with some friends late at night, and we were all telling some stories. One of the guys told us this one, a story of a girl he knows (not sure if it's true, but multiple people in the hottub who knew her verified it was true):

So one day, this girl was called over to babysit. She did it a lot for these people, so it was routine for her. Anyways, she was told to put the kids to bed at 9, and she did. After she put the to bed, she started watching TV and doing homework, waiting for the parents to come home. But then, she started hearing some noises coming out of the basement, like pans falling and stuff. She just ignored it, and thought it was the washing machine or something. Anyways, a little later, she starts hearing the noises again. She decides to call the police, and tell them she was hearing noises coming out of the basement at the house she's babysitting at. The lady at the station told her there's a patroller in her area, and that he'll be at the house in about 20 minutes. Anyways, in about 5 minutes, she hears a knock on the door. She answers, and it's a full swat team. She asked, "I thought they were just sending a patroller.." and one of the guys told her "after you hung up the phone, we heard a second phone on the line hang up". Ended up there was a man in the basement, listening to the conversation. The lady in the station waited and heard him hang up, then immediately sent the swat team to help. They went downstairs and caught him; he was wanted for multiple cases of rape.

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aron
• 13y ago

That's really close to an old urban legend, but still very creepy.

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SammieB1981
• 13y ago

Something along these same lines happened to me when I was kid, but no one was ever found in my basement. It was my first time staying home alone while my whole family was out at my brother's ballgame (I was 13 I think). Anyways, I'm on the phone with a friend of mine feeling so grown up when someone beeps in on the other line. I tell her I'll be right back, and click over lines. Then the creepiest voice I have ever heard says, "Hello, little girl, I'm the man in your basement!".

Honestly, I laughed it off and just hung up thinking it was a prank call. I was a pretty confident little thing, and my neighborhood was pretty safe so I figured someone was just messing with me, knowing it was my first time alone. They beeped in again, so I clicked over and heard, "DON'T YOU F-ING HAND UP ON ME YOU LITTLE, B*@#!" and the lights started flickering and there was banging under my feet. I KNOW it sounds crazy, but my dog started freaking out and my cat ran away, so I assure you I wasn't imagining a thing. Our basement was actually just an area connected to the garage, it wasn't finished. I heard what sounded like footsteps coming up the garage steps to get into our kitchen, and I threw stuff in front of the door and hearing yelling and what not.

I kept trying to hang up and call the cops, but every time I tried to, he was still on the phone. My friend told her parents what was happening, and they ran to the neighbors house to call the police for me. I sat petrified with a broken rifle, a butcher knife, and a baseball bat behind my front door because it's the only place in the house downstairs that couldn't be seen from a window, crying. Eventually I clicked over to hear a police dispatcher on the phone and stayed on the line with her until the police got to my house. There was no sign of forced entry, though we had a broken window pane on our outside garage door that had been messed up for months prior and my guess is he used that to get in.

The police assumed I was just a paranoid girl, and they were going to leave me home alone after they gave an all clear. Fortunately a family friend had been driving by and saw the cops there and stopped to see if everything was okay. He gave me a ride to the school where my family was. They were skeptical that anything had happened, but we did get a security system not too much longer after that, and my parents both got cell phones too. This was '94 I think so cell phones weren't super popular yet.

After that happened, I swear there was someone stalking me for years. I would leave my apartment locked and bolted and come back to find appliances on (hair dryer, stove), heat on in the middle of the summer. I lived in 4 different places, and would get strange phone calls at everyone despite being unlisted. Cars would randomly be parked down the road from a house and speed up and slam on the brakes as I would run inside. I'd hear loud bangs outside when I lived out in the country. Nothing has happened since I've been in my current house and married, but I am still super paranoid all the time.

TL;DR: Man in my basement got away, got stalked for years.

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horgasm
• 13y ago

Nope nope nope.

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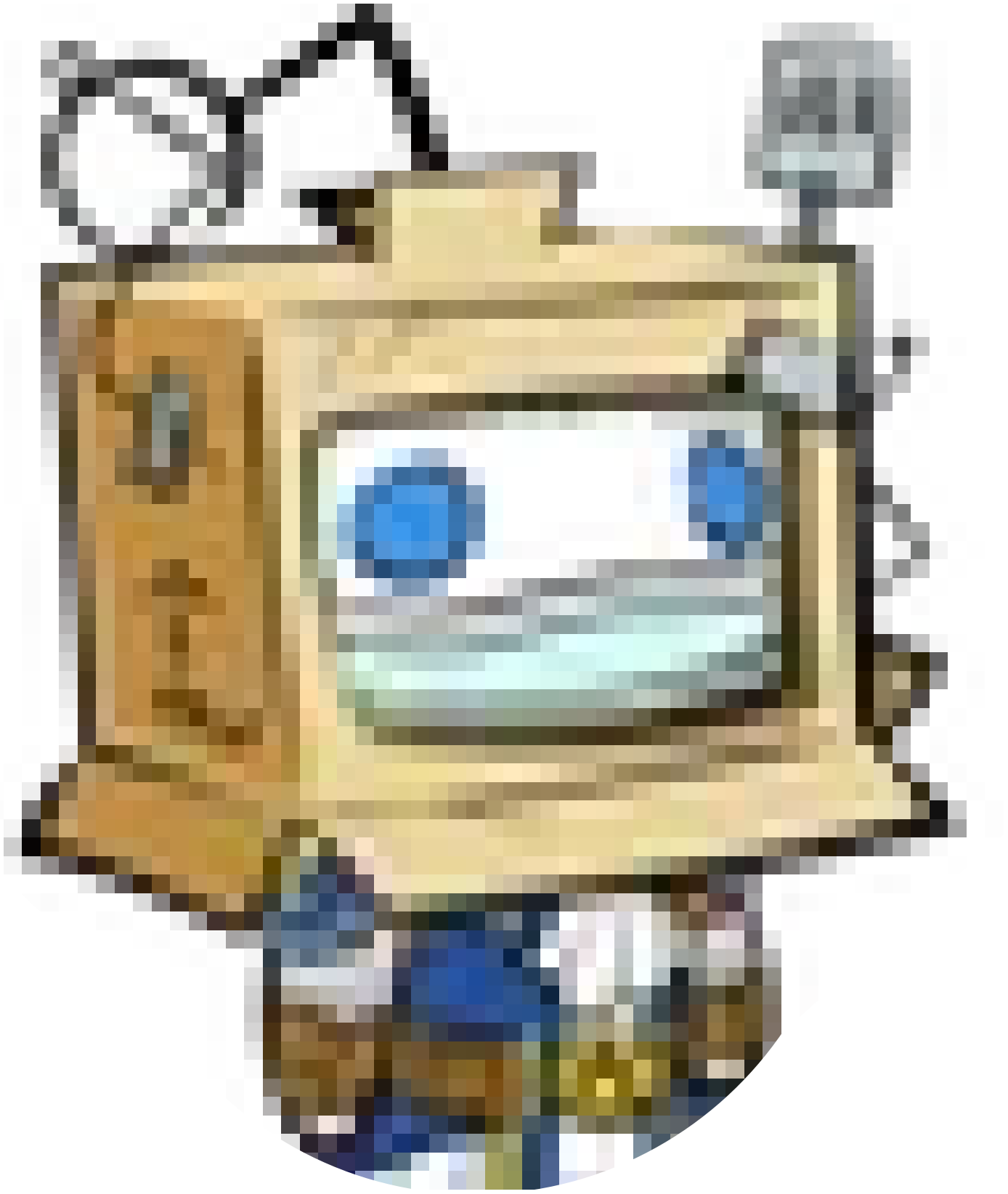

DAllenT
• 13y ago

There's one hole in this story. If the guy heard her call the police, and the lady said a patroller would be by in 20 minutes, why would the guy hang around in the basement? He either attacks, or he gets out. He doesn't gently put the pans back on the shelf.

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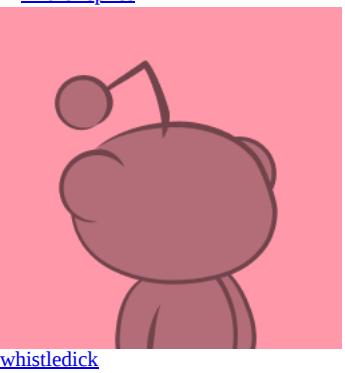

whistledick
• 13y ago

I was babysitting my nieces one Friday night while my brother-in-law took his wife to dinner. She has a strict bedtime of 8pm, so after successfully getting her to sleep (no small task), I decided I would watch the Skyfall movie that people wouldn't shut up about.

About halfway into the movie, I am absolutely chilled to the bone when Sophie (who sneaked out of bed and behind the couch) says directly into my ear, mere inches away, "You know James Bond murdered Jesus, right?"

I haven't offered to watch her again.

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KSW1
• 13y ago

If I were really into a movie, and someone whispered in my ear that I thought wasn't there, all I would hear would be "you know Ja-" before screaming and flailing away.

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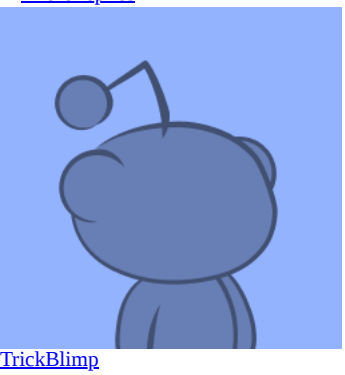

TrickBlimp
• 13y ago

Nobody with an 8:00 bedtime should have thoughts like that going through their head..

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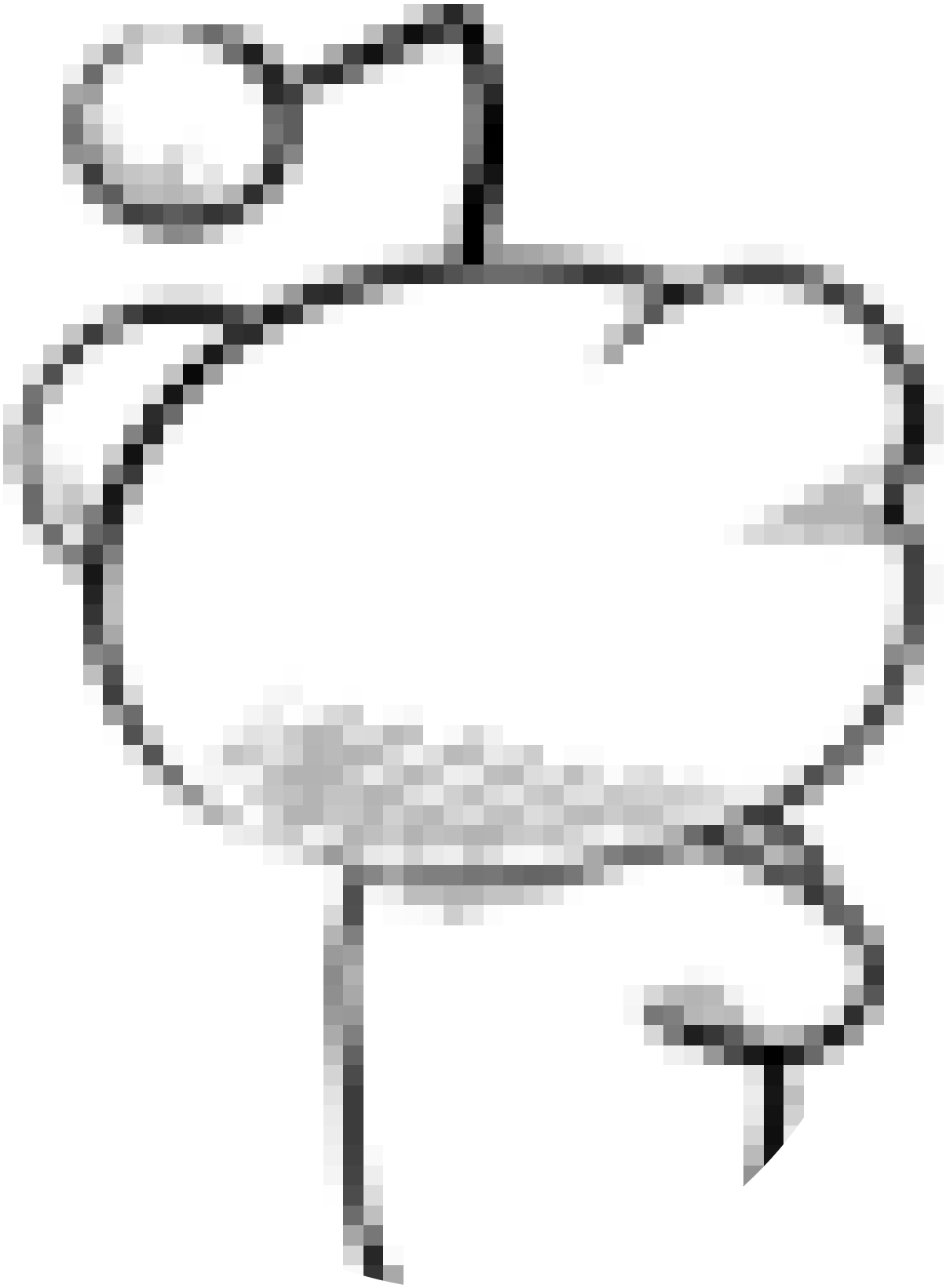

[deleted]
• 13y ago

Backcountry camping alone can be incredibly scary.

With a friend, you can at least discuss that 'bump you heard in the night,' or you can be consoled that another will help you if something goes wrong. But alone, it is an entirely different story.

The day goes by fine - you hike out, take a lunch break, get to camp, set stuff up/have a little fun. Then it starts to get dark..
You have a fire and you can see a little at first, but before long, total darkness sets in. It is disheartening to not be able to see your hand in front of your face. Soon enough, you start hearing things: footsteps, twigs snapping, brush moving.

Depending on where you are camping, you might hear coyotes/wolves at night. Coyotes have more of a shrill yelping howl, almost hyena-like. Wolves have this hauntingly beautiful droning howl. The worst part is that you will hear them *everywhere*: you'll hear a howl a couple miles away, then you'll hear one a mile away, then you'll hear one 500 yards away... Pretty soon, you can be surrounded by this eerie chorus. It doesn't make for the best sleep..

Storms are also worrisome out in the middle of nowhere - lightning has claimed many hikers. I also stumbled upon a black bear 20 ft away once. Despite nearly having a heart-attack/shitting my pants/accepting death, it noticed me pretty quickly and fled.

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Millerzep

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Bobcat screams in the middle of the night. We have a house on the lake with a decent amount of wooded property, so we get all kinds of wildlife roaming around. Can't see any houses around us, no street lights, so it's pitch black woods all around us.

We were there with some friends last weekend, playing some cards around midnight when we heard a bobcat. It sounds like a ghostly woman screaming in the night. Our dogs started going nuts trying to get out. Definitely freaky when it's coming from pitch black woods.

Here's an example I found of what it sounds like. www.youtube.com/watch?v=SG5ntj0fWGk

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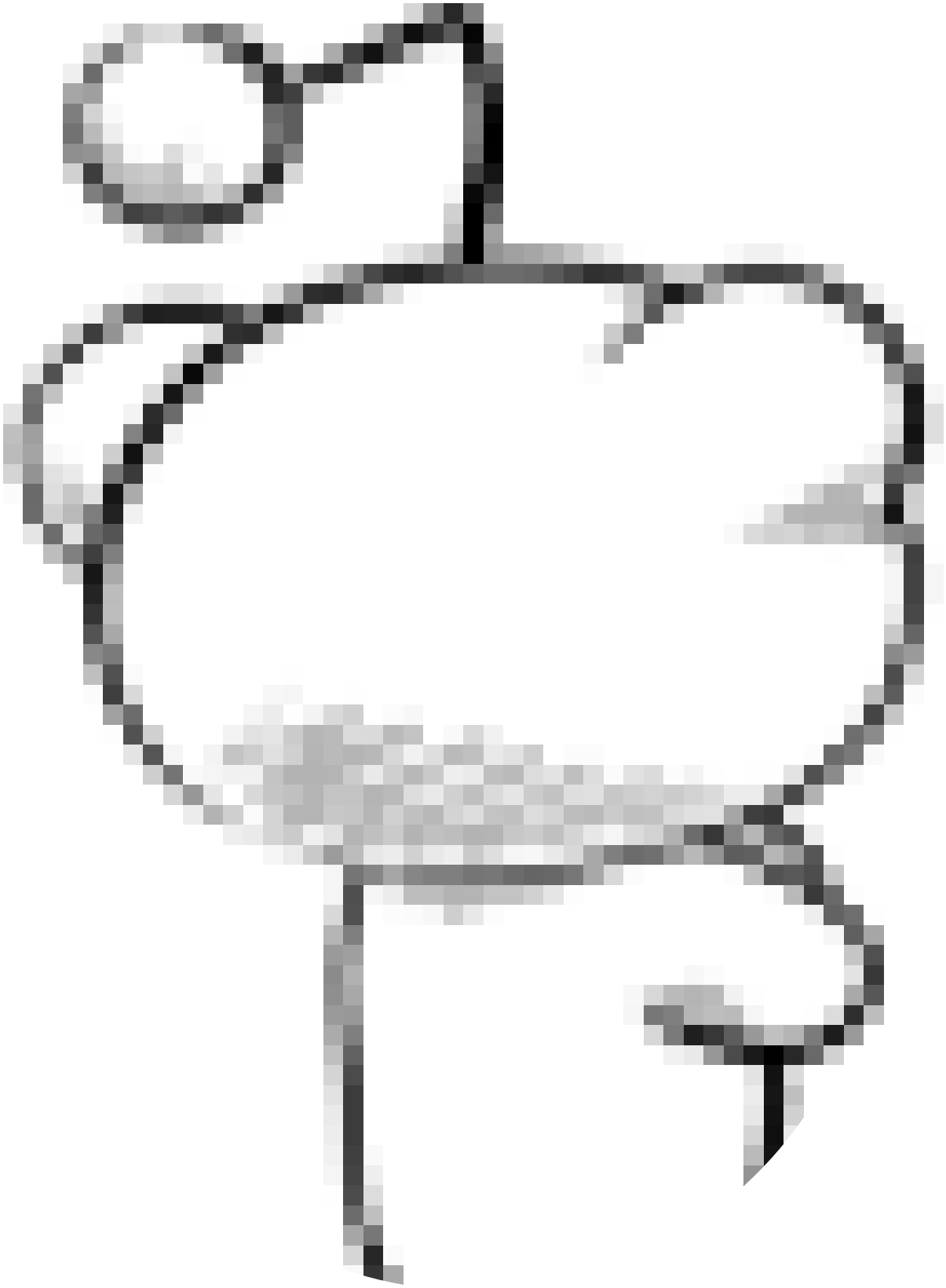

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• 13y ago

The bobcat sound is around 53 seconds into the video for those curious why the crickets were scary.

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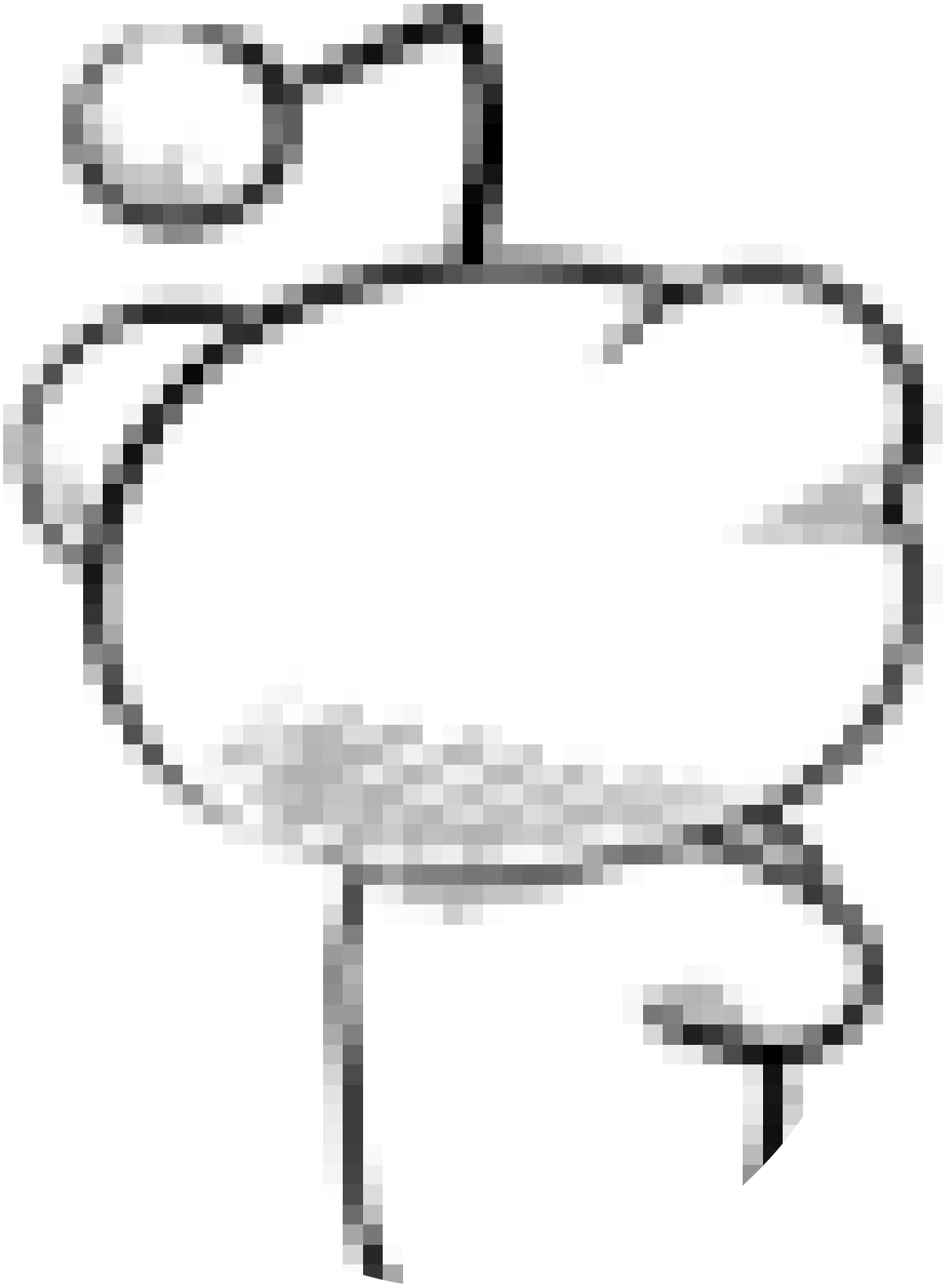

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• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I have loads of creepy stories, but this is one of my favourites...a bit long but good...

In 2007 I finished college and was offered a posting as an admin in a small town working with local law enforcement. It was a 6-month contract and paid really well so all within a week I accepted the job, found a furnished place to live and took off for my adventure.

The town had just over 15,000 people and the apartment I chose was on the top floor of a three-storey building that was built in the 1960s. It was quite large and had nice hardwood floors. The walls were somewhat thin and I heard my neighbour a few times, especially at night when it was quiet. When I first got there I knocked a few times with the intention to introduce myself but they never answered even though I thought I had heard them inside. After a week I assumed maybe it was a reclusive person so I slipped a note under the door saying hello.

I worked with the same officers all the time on rotating shifts and three weeks into my stay I was into the afternoon shifts which meant I was getting home around 2am. As I came down the hallway of the building I saw a light coming from under my neighbour's door and saw the shadow of feet under the door and the peephole went dark as if they heard me and were looking to see who was in the hall. I figured if they wanted to say hello they would have opened the door so I simply waved hello and went into my apartment. Over the next couple of weeks this happened 3-4 times again. I was pretty sure I had a reclusive but nosy neighbour.

Then one night after work I crawled into bed at 3am and could hear that my neighbour was moving around in the room of theirs that adjoined my bedroom. About ten minutes later the noises got louder and it started to get me worried. They had never been this loud and it almost sounded as if they were being attacked or having a heart attack and knocking things over. I ran out of the apartment and started knocking loudly on their door but they didn't answer. I called out to them saying I was worried about them and if they didn't answer I would call for help. Still no answer. I ran back into my apartment and could hear bangs through the wall so I called the police station and asked my co-worker to send an officer over. I went and knocked on my neighbour's door one more time but no answer and then headed down to the lobby to wait for the officer who showed up within 5 minutes. I had gotten to know him a bit and we went up and knocked on the door but still no answer. I took him into my apartment and we could still hear loud thumps every 5-10 seconds and then a huge bang. The officer asked if I could go get the building manager to open the door. She lived one block away so I said I'd run over and get her. Luckily she was a night owl and watching TV. I told her that my neighbour was being really loud and wouldn't answer the door so she grabbed the keys and we headed over. The officer was waiting for us in the lobby and she asked which apartment it was and I told her 304. She looked at me weirdly and said 304 was empty. I said I had heard my "neighbour" making noise nearly every day and had seen the light on and shadows under the door a few times. The officer said he heard the noises too and asked if 304 was the apartment that was above the carport and she said yes. He replied that someone could easily climb up onto the carport and perhaps there were squatters in the empty apartment. We went up and the manager unlocked the door and the officer opened it. The apartment was dark and he turned the light on. He went in and the manager and I were peaking in through the doorway. He went into the bedroom and came back out and said it was empty. We went in and the place was spotless. All but two of the windows were locked and no sign of squatters. We all just stood there scratching our heads. The officer looked at me and said "You're not crazy, I heard the banging too". I said maybe we scared them off and they had come and gone through the unlocked windows. We double-checked that all windows were locked and headed out. On our way out I looked down, and there on the floor was the note I had slipped under the door a few weeks earlier. We locked the apartment and I said I'd keep an eye out and call them both if I ever again saw the light on or heard noises.

Fast forward almost six weeks and I was again on afternoon shifts. I came home at 2am and there was a light on. I quickly went into my bedroom and could hear thumping from next door. I called the station and asked for an officer to come out and then called my building manager. I slipped down to the lobby and waited for them. A different officer showed up and I knew him too. My building manager arrived and all three of us headed upstairs. The light was off and the building manager unlocked the door. The officer went in and everything checked out. We checked the windows again and they were still all locked. I apologized and tried to rationalize it that I had just come off of four days of 14-hour shifts and was tired, but I knew I had seen the light on and heard thumping.

Two weeks later the apartment was rented out and I got a chance to greet my new neighbours. I told them to keep an eye out because we were sure squatters had been coming in and out and I relayed the stories to them.

My final week there, the station had a BBQ and we were talking about the squatters that no one ever saw. I told the first officer about the second call out and how all the windows were locked that time but I knew I had seen the light on and heard thumping next door. He asked if I wanted to hear something "funny"? and I said sure. He said he was going to tell me earlier but didn't want to freak me out. He proceeded to tell me that three months before I moved in, he personally responded to a call to my neighbour's apartment for a very bloody suicide. The person had done the deed but had second-thoughts and called for help. When they arrived the person was unconcious but had obviously panicked and a chair, lamp and side table had been knocked over and there was blood everywhere. Unfortunately, they passed away before getting to the hospital. I just stared at him and he reminded me he had heard the banging too the night I called him over.

I asked the building manager about it the day I moved out and asked why she hadn't told me. She laughed and said "Oh honey, I believe in ghosts but didn't know if you did too and I didn't want to scare you. I know you heard and saw things. I believe you and I doubt it was squatters".

EDIT: Davidandsarah08 said I should x-post to r/TheTruthIsHere so I have. They allow for reasonable explanations/debunking and I'll post there when I get home from work tonight as to how I rationalized with myself as to what happened in order to keep calm and sane! http://redd.it/1fbxc7

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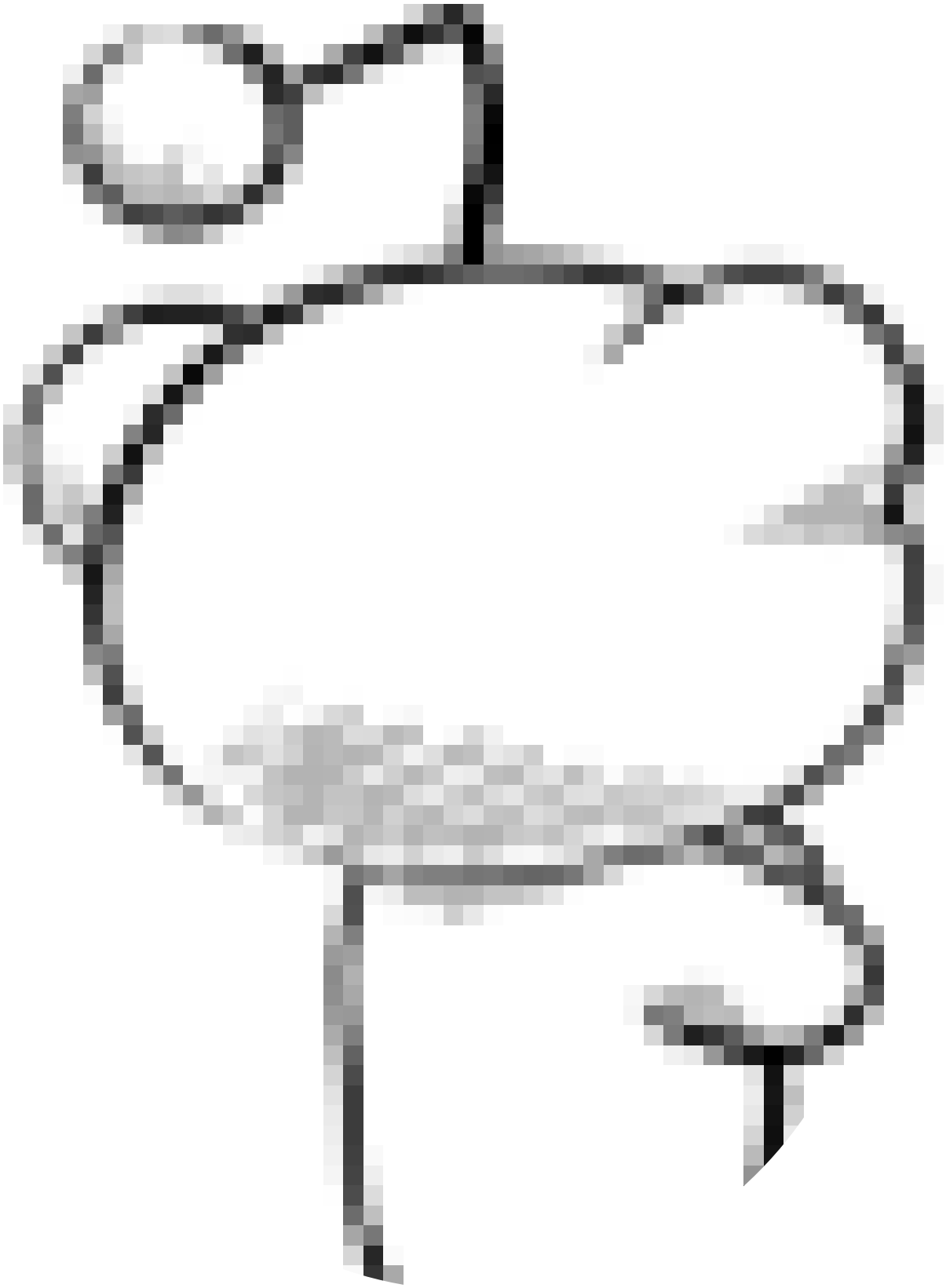

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I used to work night shift Security on a college campus. 11PM-7AM, usually by myself. If I was lucky I'd have a work-study student officer with me until 2.

The campus had been around in one form or another since the Revolutionary War. Started as a wood fort, then stone, then finally a concrete fortress with dozens of brick buildings until the end of WWII, when they decommissioned the fort and turned it into a college.

There's one building on campus that used to be an officer's quarters, a really fancy, rather upscale three story house. The place has all the classic ghost stories: Lady in white, shadows moving on their own, footsteps, etc. I never believed them.

Until I experienced them.

Temperature drop:

My first experience in there I was still on second shift, during the day. It was maybe 4pm; I remember the sun was still out. It was also in the 80s outside. I was crossing the main lobby, a large room in front of the double staircase, when I realized something.

It was suddenly way too quiet, like the air was heavy and pressing down on me. I stopped walking for some reason. Then it got cold. *Really* cold, it must have dropped about twenty degrees. Needless to say, I booked it before I heard or saw anything. I've seen horror movies, *fuck this!*

The Scream:

Another experience with this place: Screaming. I was escorting a couple of new officers to show them how to lock the building.

We were standing in the lobby (everything seems to be focused there...) talking to the last guy in the building. Four of us, standing in a group, when all but one of us heard it.

Shuffling. Like something being dragged in short spurts across the floor directly above us.

scrunch ***scrunch*** **SCRUNCH AIEEEeeeeee!!!**

A woman screamed! But there was nobody up there! I wanted to check it out, but the female officer I was next to was too creeped out... *cough*

The Child Laughing:

It must have been a few months after the scream incident. I hadn't gone through there much since then. I was escorting another new guy, and had just finished telling him the story about the scream.

We were standing next to the back door (once again, this room was directly connected to the lobby, with a rather large arch connecting them instead of a door). As we started walking into the lobby, a familiar feeling crept over me.

It was quiet... and heavy...

That's when we heard it. I'm pretty sure I heard the pitter-patter of little footsteps, but we both heard it.

A little girl. Giggling. On the floor above us.

The building was empty and already locked up; We were doing second checks. There was no way somebody else was in there, the previous patrols would have found them.

We looked at each other... "WELP." Booked it out the door.

The woman in black heels:

This one is the last thing I experienced in that building. In fact, it's the only thing I **saw** outright.

I was working alone that night. There were still two staff members in the building; one in the basement, one at the front desk. As I was locking the doors, they were finishing their tasks and getting ready to leave.

I double checked the building, turned off some lights, and started crossing the lobby when I looked up the staircase. The staircase runs parallel to the lobby, it goes up half a floor to the landing then the rest of the way in a switchback setup (like this, but with another set of stairs on the other side of the landing too).

There was a woman up there on the second floor! All I could see was the bottom of a black skirt, her legs, and black heels. Walking from the right to left.

She was wearing heels, but there was no sound. And even though she was walking at a regular pace, I blinked... and she was gone.

TL;DR: I didn't believe in ghosts until I became a Security officer on the night shift. I've experienced some shit, and most of it with witnesses.

Then there's the stuff you *really* wouldn't believe, where there was nobody with me to confirm it (once again, night shift without coworkers). Like the face in the bushes. Or the shadow of a soldier on top of the old fort. But I'll keep those stories for another day.

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M00nfac3
• 13y ago

I love reading all these storys, even though I'm a sceptic about ghosts and stuff, and always try to find a rational explanation för stuff there really are some creepy ass storys out there. I'd thought I contribute aswell!

Not my story, but a friend of my mom. She (the friend) and her husband had just got their first baby, and had bought an old house in the middle of nowhere in the south of Sweden. The husband worked at sea and was gone weeks at a time leaving his wife and their new born at home.

It wasn't long after they moved in, while he was away at sea, that she started to feel uncomfortable in the house, like just a feeling that something was off.

She started to get this sensation more and more, but like me, being a skeptic she brushed it off as a feeling of lonliness since her husband was away. But then it evoled to more than just a feeling, At night, she thought she could here footsteps on the stairs leading up to the second floor where she and the baby was sleeping.

She continued to try and convince herself that this also was something she imagined, half awake, half asleep, and try to convince herself that it was an old old house with wooden stairs, and that old hoyses make noices. But it continued, almot consistanly every night, and she started to get a bit freaked out as soon as the day turned into night.

She had also noticed that the baby would focus on certain points in the ceeling and suddenly stop or start crying, more then a newborn usually do and more frequently flipping from cry to total silence and a look of deep concentration while staring straight up as if there was something there.

The mother continued to try and explain the noices with rational thinking, and this being her first child she tried to convince herself that it was normal behavior for a newborn. Only a few weaks old.

Then one day, in the middle of the day when the kid was upstairs in the crib sleeping, and her down in the kitchen, she heard the steps on the stairs again, only this time really loud, and then a thud like if someone just slammed a door. She just frooze up, untill she heard the baby crying like bloody murder.

She ran up the stairs only to find the door to the bedroom closed, something she never did so that she could here the baby. She opened the door, and there, on the fucking floor lies the baby screaming!

Remeber, this is a baby thats only a few weeks old, he couldn't even sit up by himself, even more so climb out of a fucking crib and crawl to the center of the room, like absolutly no way!

After this, they sold the house and moved.

As I said, I'm a sceptic, but Iv'e heard this story from the lady herself, and she's an honest and very good friend of my mother, I trust her very much. After I heard this I try too keep a bit more of an open mind when people say they've wittness stuff like this...

TL;DR New born escape crib while alone in the room of a very old house, mother freaks out.

Reply Share

khalidalakoozi
• 13y ago

I was 5 when the civil war in Afghanistan started, and I saw some pretty gruesome stuff. One time, a man was beheaded in the market and hot oil was poured down his body. The oil would somehow stimulate the nerves and the body would start writhing, simulating a dance. This was called "dance of the dead" and it was used to scare political opponents. Another time, I saw a man being run over by a tank repeatedly until his body was absolutely shredded. The last gruesome occurrence I saw during the war happened on my street. I was looking at the window when a man on the street was shot by an anti-aircraft gun perched on top of a mountain. Needless to say his body was buried in pieces. Apparently, the fighters on top of the hills overlooking Kabul would make bets with each other over hitting random civilian targets with different weapons.

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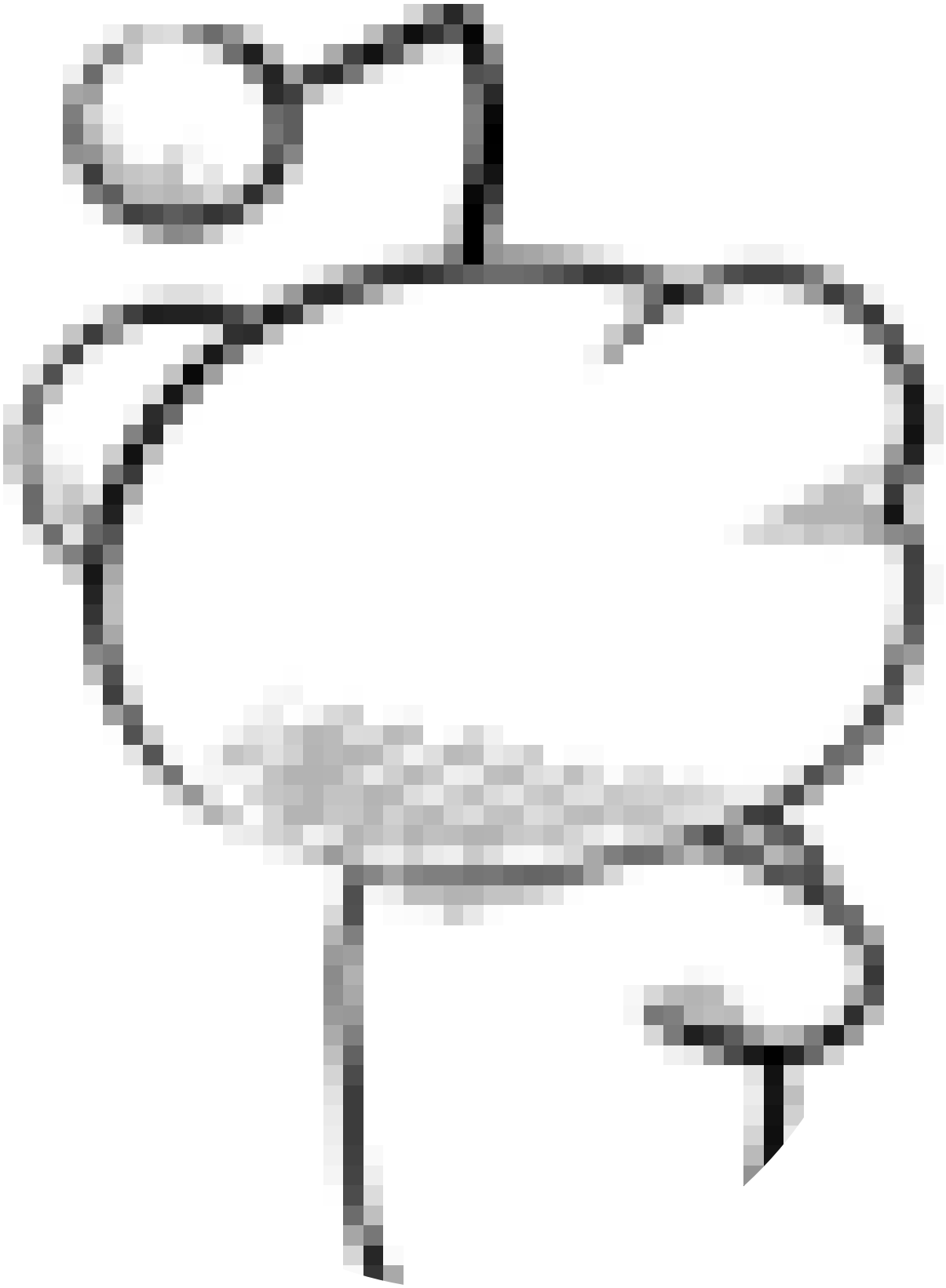

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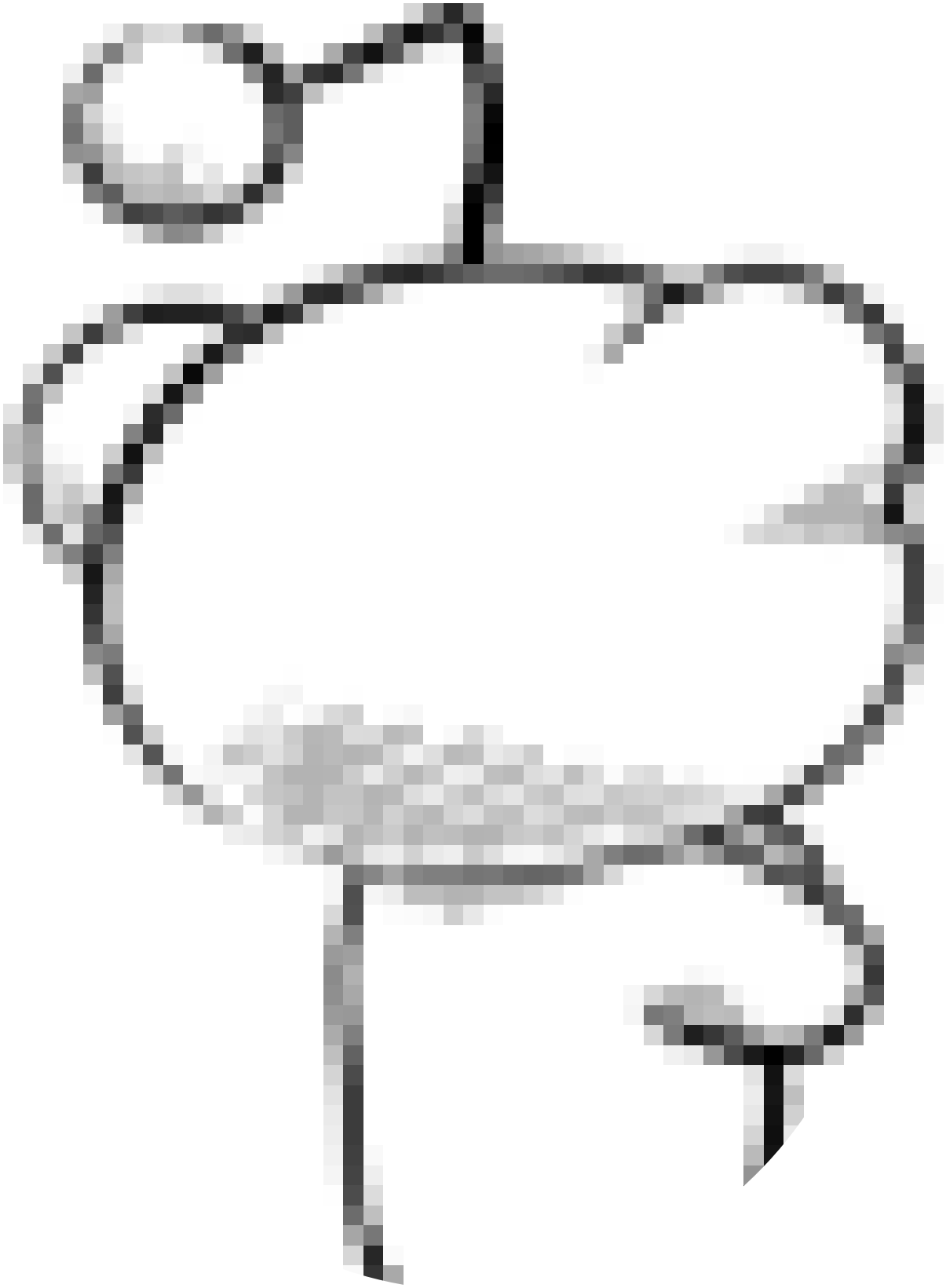

youresoright
• 13y ago

Rob? Dude this sounds exactly like a buddy of mine.

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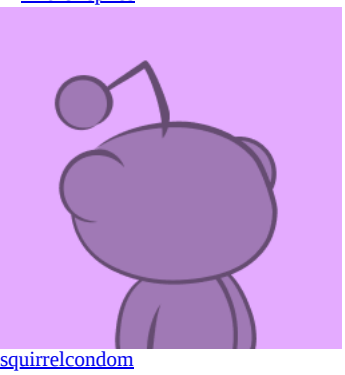

squirrelcondom
• 13y ago

10/10 got goosebumps would read again

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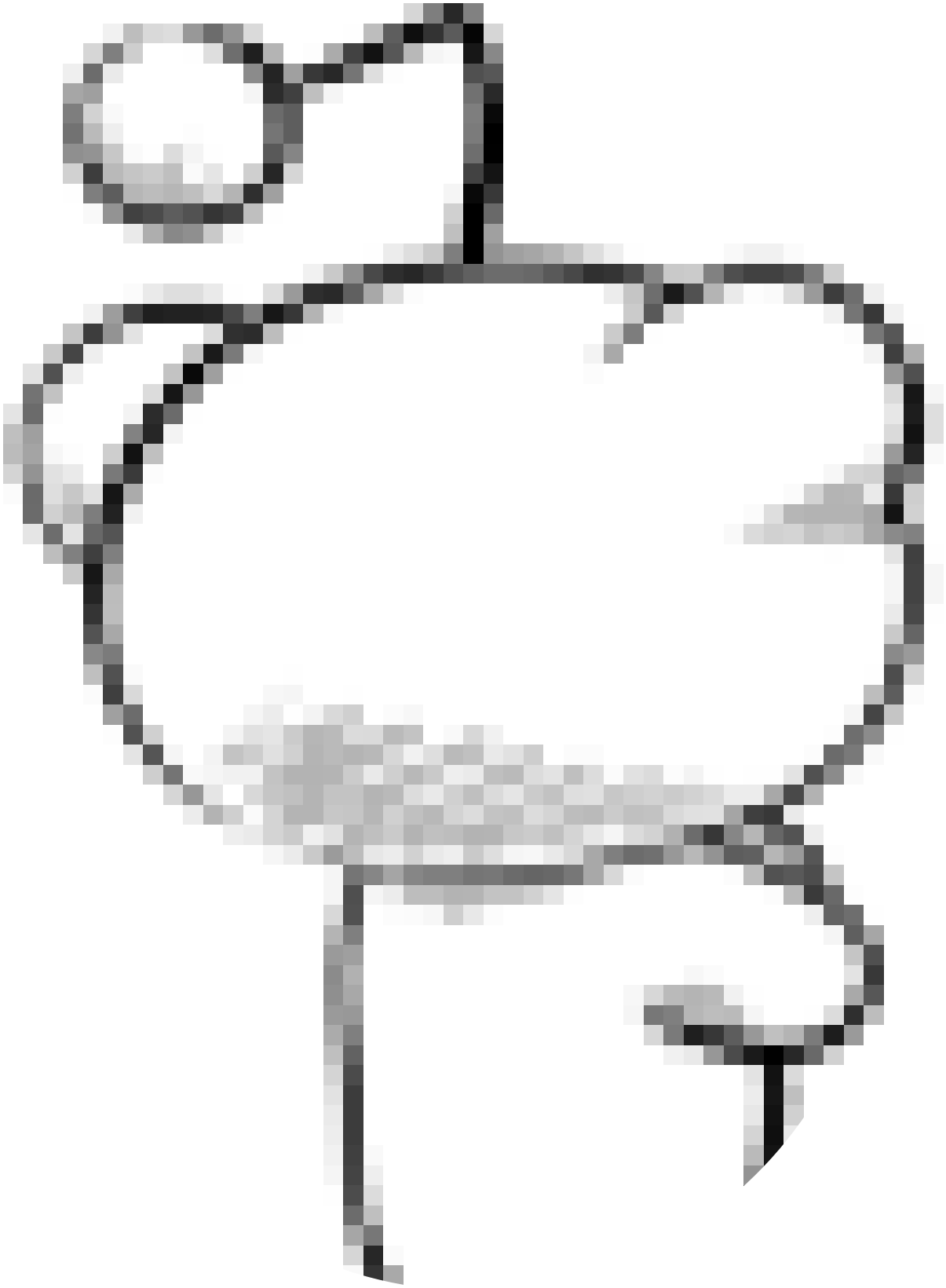

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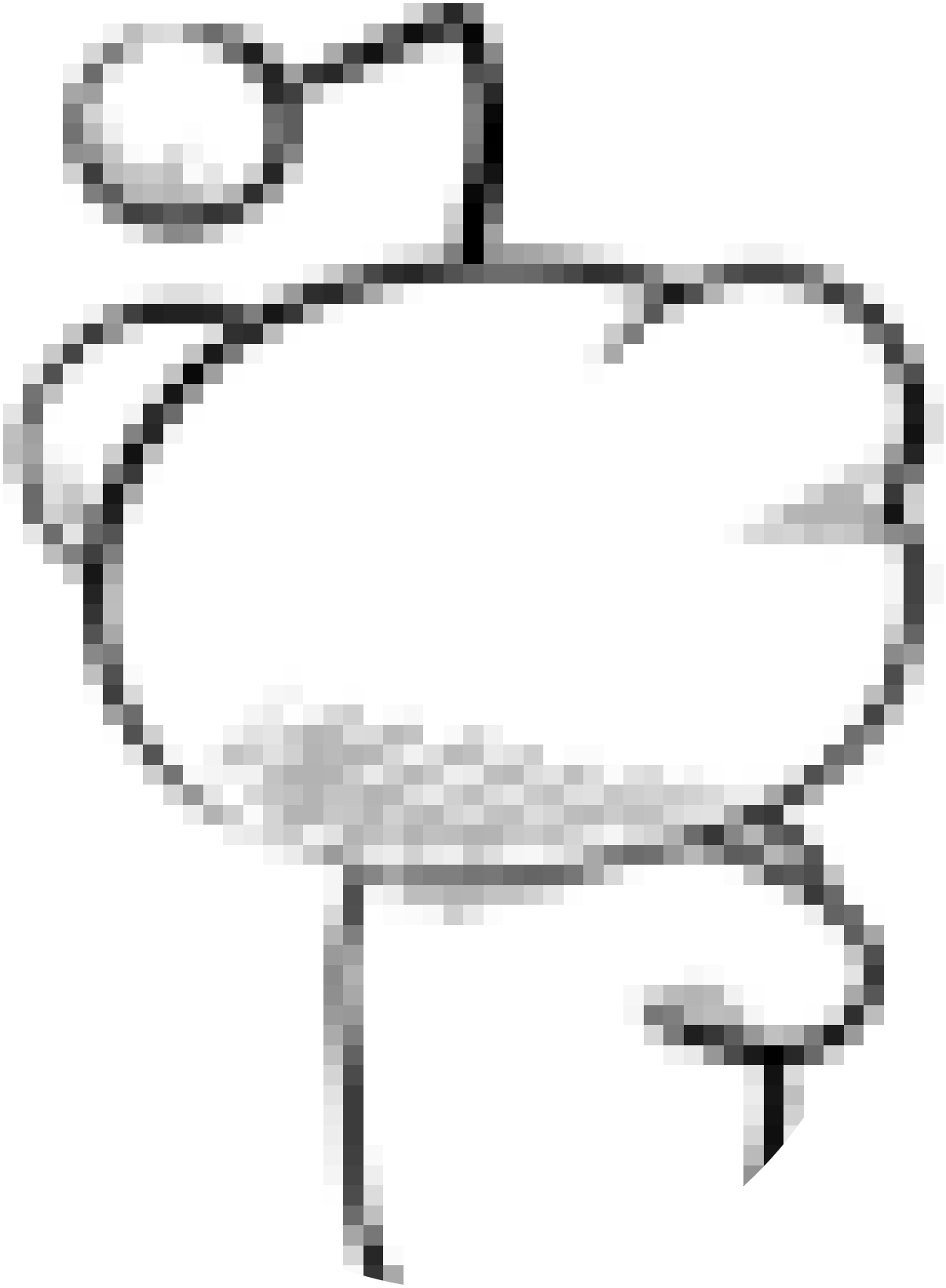

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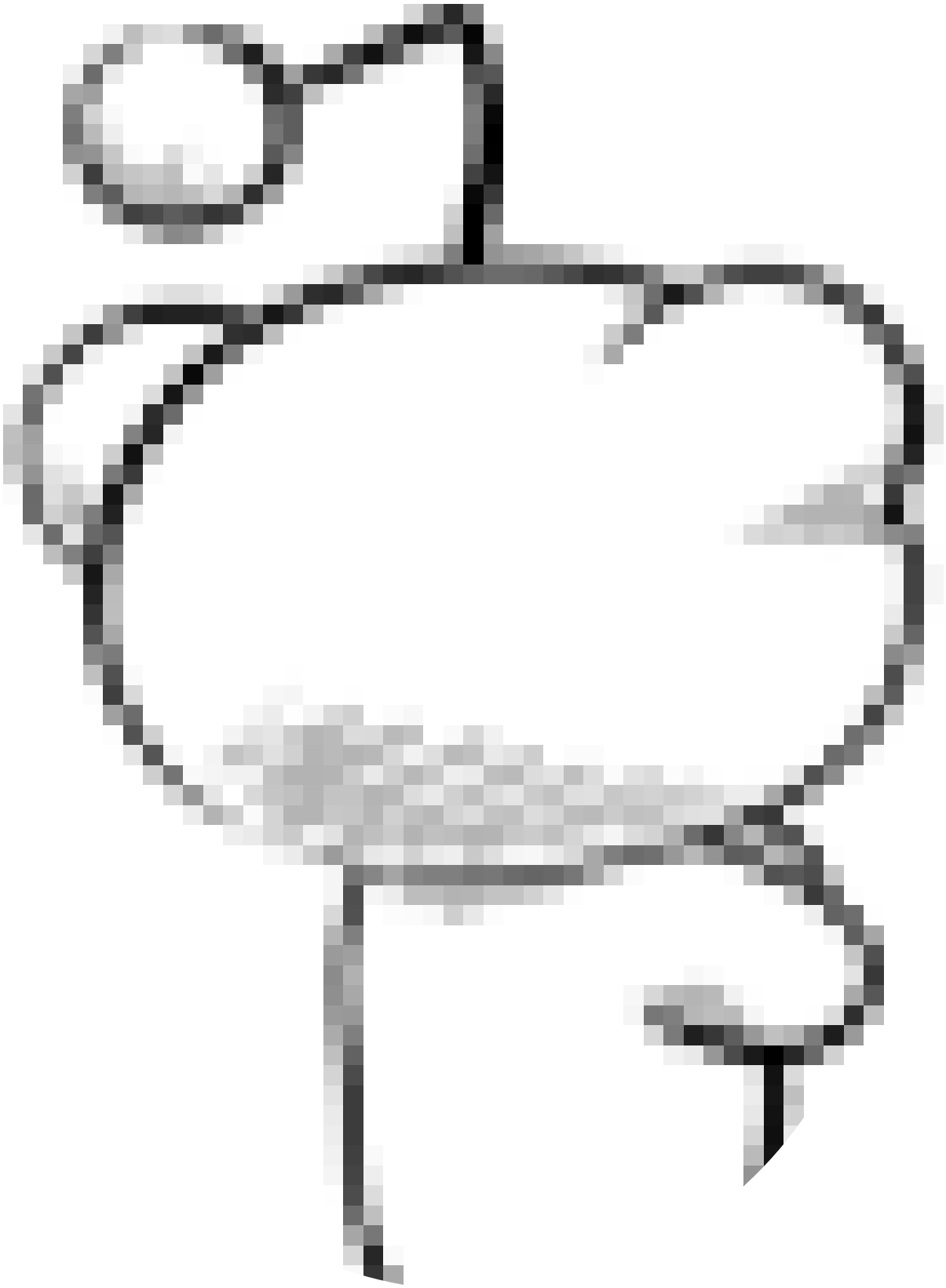

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• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

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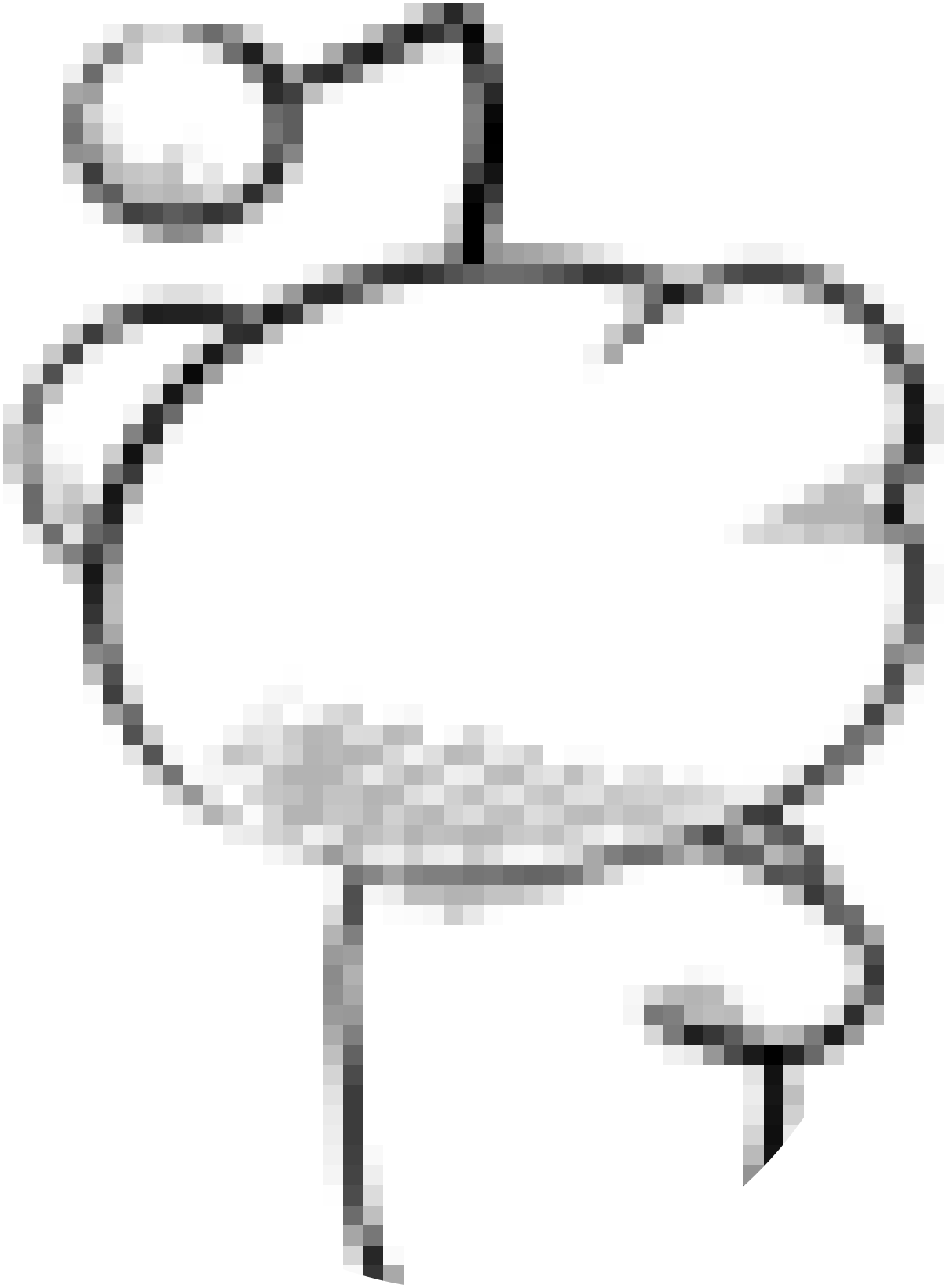

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Yeah, after Yesterday's "creepiest place on the Internet" thread here on reddit, anything on creepypasta.wikia and anything on TOR *.onion is going to win "creepiest" whatever from now till the end of time.

I mean, Joseph Mengele was a monster, but at least he didn't masturbate to his work.

By request: http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/1f6db0/what_webpage_truly_is_the_darkest_part_of_the/

Enjoy that rabbit hole. Make sure you read the AMA linked inside that thread

Edit: True, I have no actual facts about Herr Mengele's masturbatory habits. He might have, for all I know!

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StickleyMan
• 13y ago

Fuck that's so fucking disturbing. Because it's real and these people are real and there's no way to get them.

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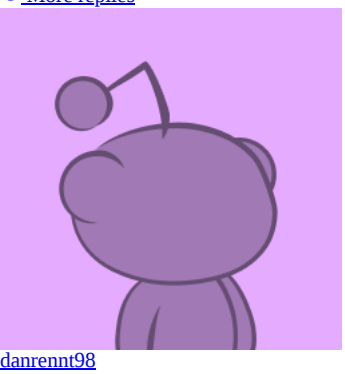

danrennt98
• 13y ago

The Smiling Man From r/LetsNotMeet

> About five years ago I lived downtown in a major city in the US. I've always been a night person, so I would often find myself bored after my roommate, who was decidedly not a night person, went to sleep. To pass the time, I used to go for long walks and spend the time thinking.
>
> I spent four years like that, walking alone at night, and never once had a reason to feel afraid. I always used to joke with my roommate that even the drug dealers in the city were polite. But all of that changed in just a few minutes of one evening.
>
> It was a Wednesday, somewhere between one and two in the morning, and I was walking near a police patrolled park quite a ways from my apartment. It was a quiet night, even for a week night, with very little traffic and almost no one on foot. The park, as it was most nights, was completely empty.
>
> I turned down a short side street in order to loop back to my apartment when I first noticed him. At the far end of the street, on my side, was the silhouette of a man, dancing. It was a strange dance, similar to a waltz, but he finished each "box" with an odd forward stride. I guess you could say he was dance-walking, headed straight for me.
>
> Deciding he was probably drunk, I stepped as close as I could to the road to give him the majority of the sidewalk to pass me by. The closer he got, the more I realized how gracefully he was moving. He was very tall and lanky, and wearing an old suit. He danced closer still, until I could make out his face. His eyes were open wide and wild, head tilted back slightly, looking off at the sky. His mouth was formed in a painfully wide cartoon of a smile. Between the eyes and the smile, I decided to cross the street before he danced any closer.
>
> I took my eyes off of him to cross the empty street. As I reached the other side, I glanced back... and then stopped dead in my tracks. He had stopped dancing and was standing with one foot in the street, perfectly parallel to me. He was facing me but still looking skyward. Smile still wide on his lips.

?I was completely and utterly unnerved by this. I started walking again, but kept my eyes on the man. He didn't move.

> Once I had put about half a block between us, I turned away from him for a moment to watch the sidewalk in front of me. The street and sidewalk ahead of me were completely empty. Still unnerved, I looked back to where he had been standing to find him gone. For the briefest of moments I felt relieved, until I noticed him. He had crossed the street, and was now slightly crouched down. I couldn't tell for sure due to the distance and the shadows, but I was certain he was facing me. I had looked away from him for no more than 10 seconds, so it was clear that he had moved fast.
>
> I was so shocked that I stood there for some time, staring at him. And then he started moving toward me again. He took giant, exaggerated tip toed steps, as if he were a cartoon character sneaking up on someone. Except he was moving very, very quickly.
>
> I'd like to say at this point I ran away or pulled out my pepper spray or my cellphone or anything at all, but I didn't. I just stood there, completely frozen as the smiling man crept toward me.
>
> And then he stopped again, about a car length away from me. Still smiling his smile, still looking to the sky.
>
> When I finally found my voice, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind. What I meant to ask was, "What the fuck do you want?!" in an angry, commanding tone. What came out was a whimper, "What the fuu…?"
>
> Regardless of whether or not humans can smell fear, they can certainly hear it. I heard it in my own voice, and that only made me more afraid. But he didn't react to it at all. He just stood there, smiling.

And then, after what felt like forever, he turned around, very slowly, and started dance-walking away. Just like that. Not wanting to turn my back to him again, I just watched him go, until he was far enough away to almost be out of sight. And then I realized something. He wasn't moving away anymore, nor was he dancing. I watched in horror as the distant shape of him grew larger and larger. He was coming back my way. And this time he was running.

I ran too.

I ran until I was off of the side road and back onto a better lit road with sparse traffic. Looking behind me then, he was nowhere to be found. The rest of the way home, I kept glancing over my shoulder, always expecting to see his stupid smile, but he was never there.

I lived in that city for six months after that night, and I never went out for another walk. There was something about his face that always haunted me. He didn't look drunk, he didn't look high. He looked completely and utterly insane. And that's a very, very scary thing to see.

http://www.reddit.com/r/LetsNotMeet/comments/rvzaq/the_smiling_man/

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kkrusky
• 13y ago

This image will actually haunt my dreams tonight

He took giant, exaggerated tip toed steps, as if he were a cartoon character sneaking up on someone. Except he was moving very, very quickly.

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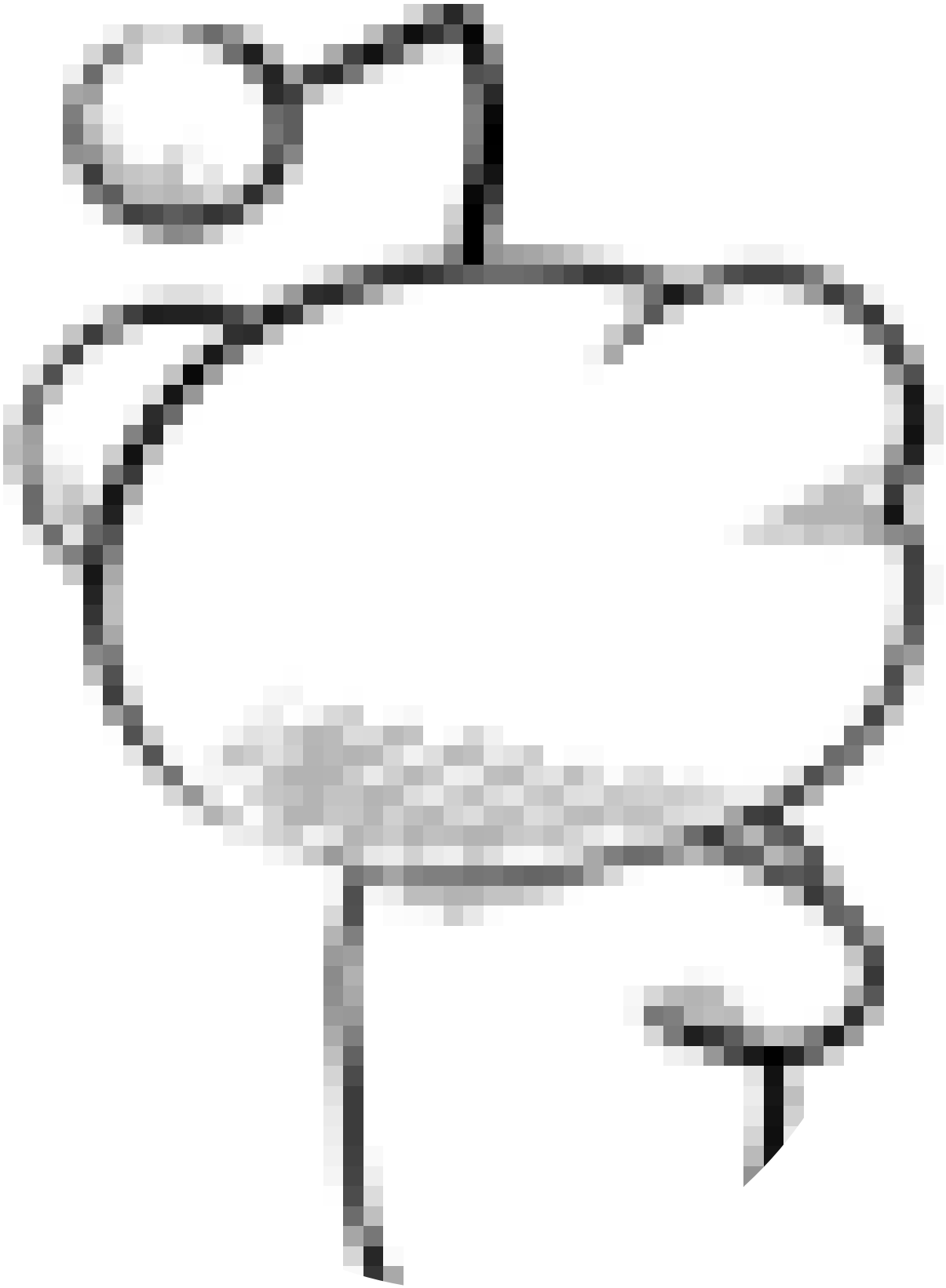

ShibbityBopBopBaDoo
• 13y ago

So far this is the only one that has given me shivers..that's creepy as shit

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iamglory
• 13y ago

It's 10:30am and this still scared me.

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Play3r_ftw
• 13y ago

Fuck that right off.

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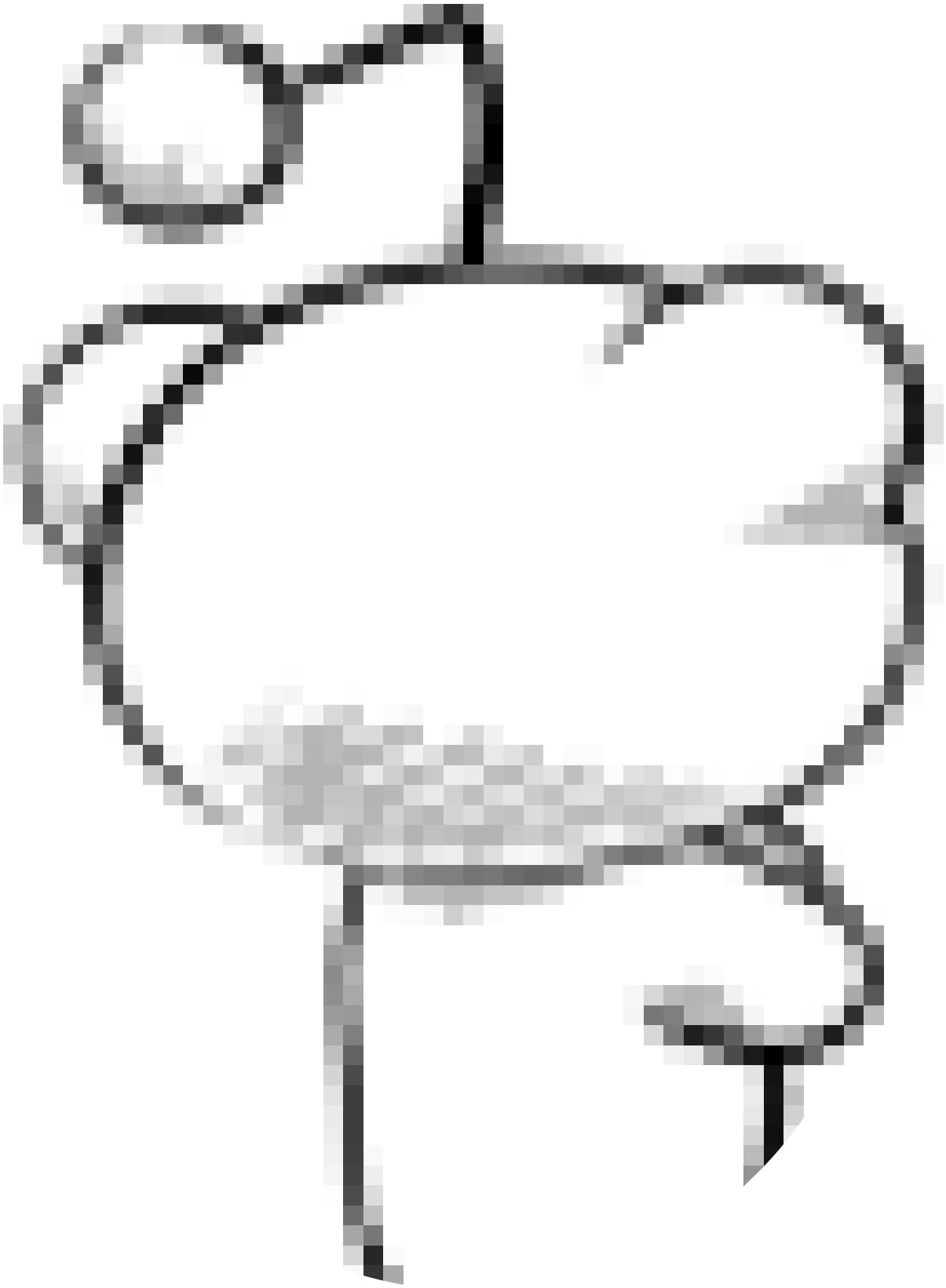

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• 13y ago

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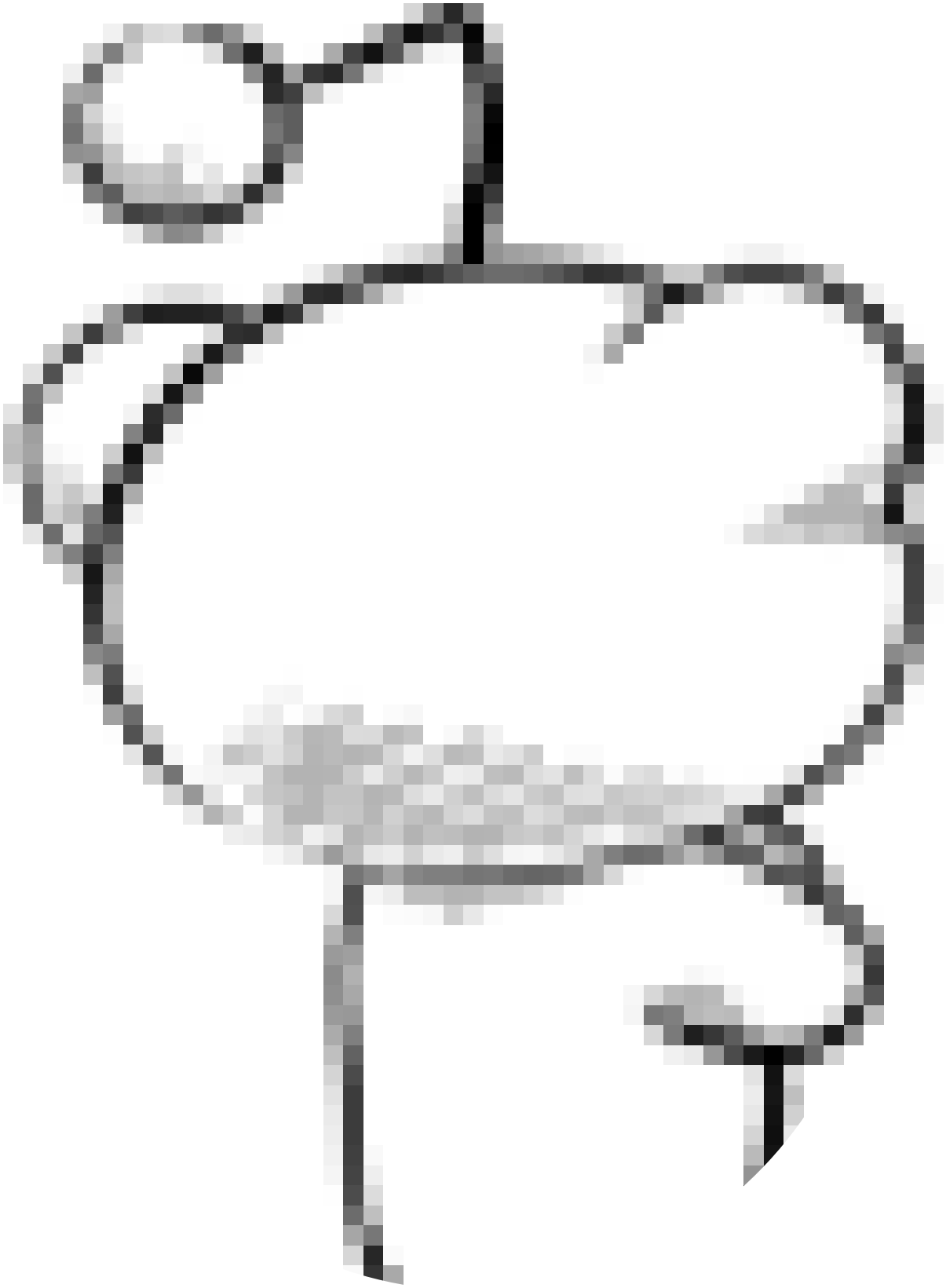

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• 13y ago

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custron
• 13y ago

Hnnnnnnnggggggggg

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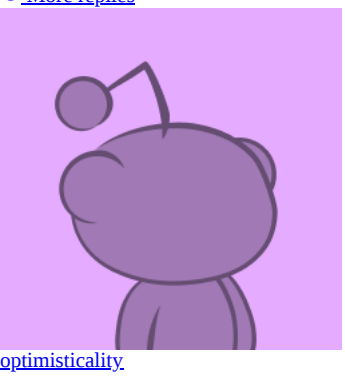

optimisticality
• 13y ago

Welp, never going outside at night again.

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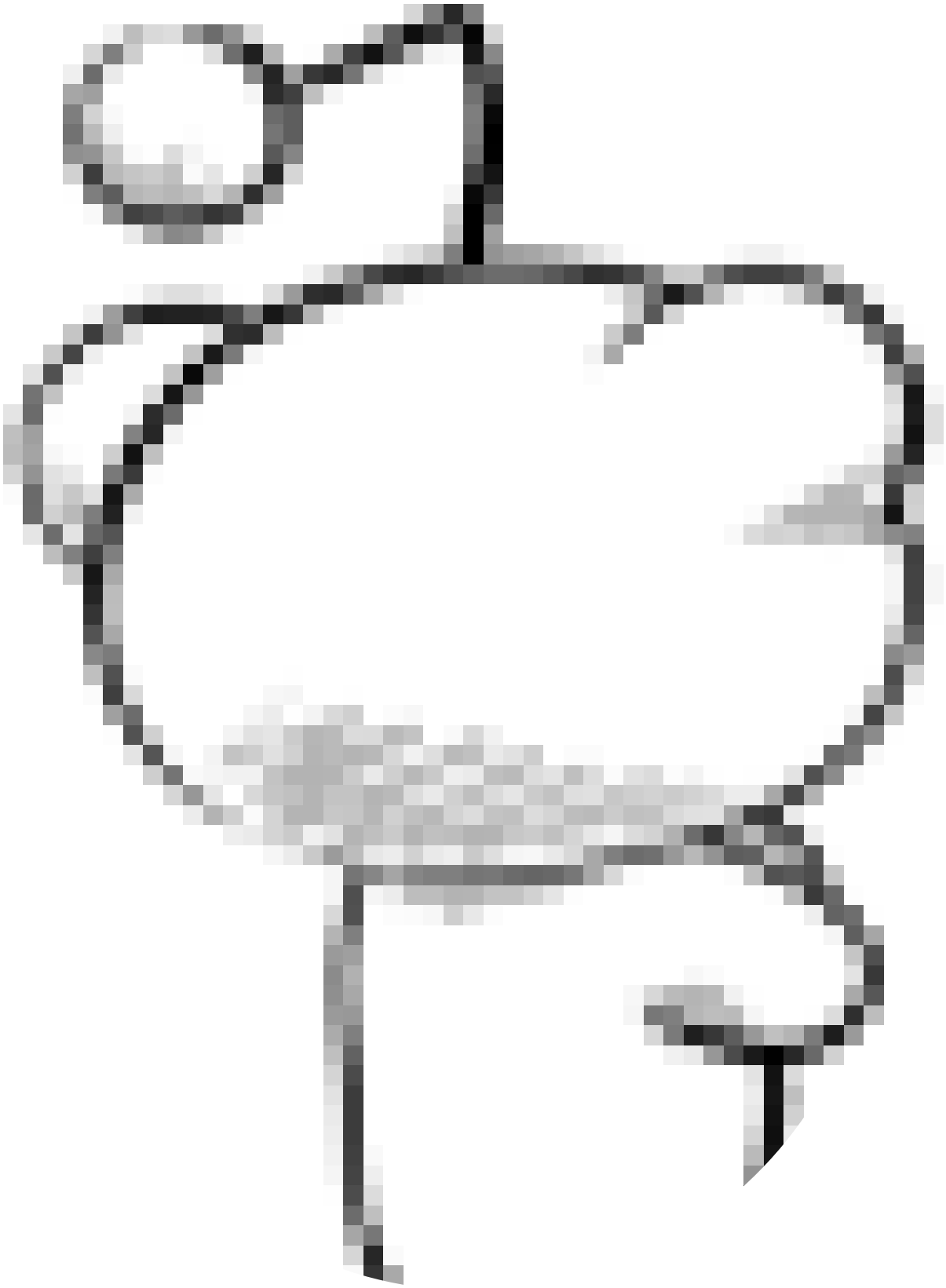

LordMcMutton
• 13y ago

If I ever move to a large city, I think I'll start creeping people out like that.

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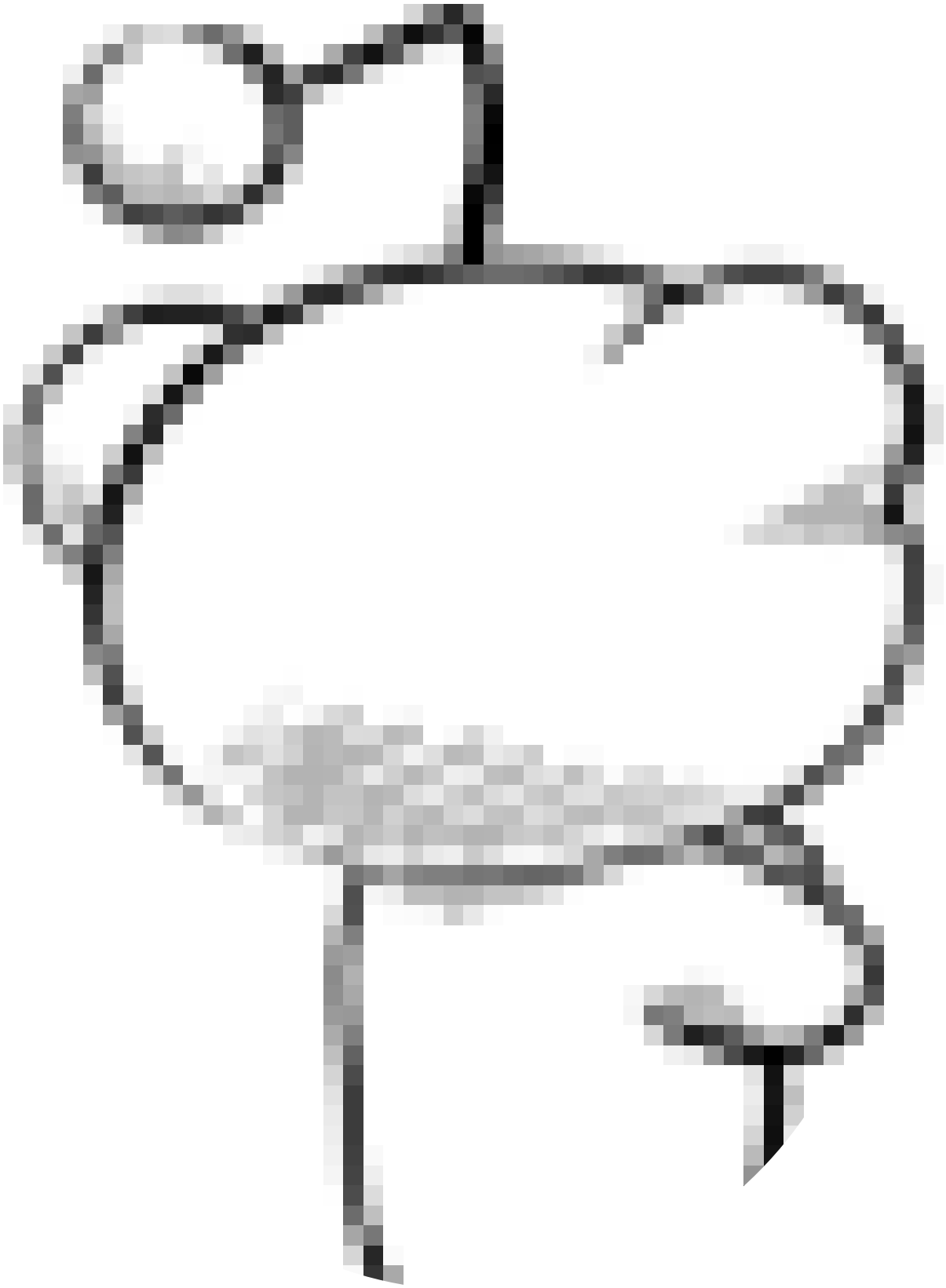

theheartofgold
• 13y ago

Christ almighty.

I love scary things like this. I got a frisson.

2 more replies

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gymgal19
• 13y ago

Sometimes I wonder if the creepy person in stories like this are seriously that insane, or if they just go around freaking people out, and then sit on reddit hoping that their story will show up.

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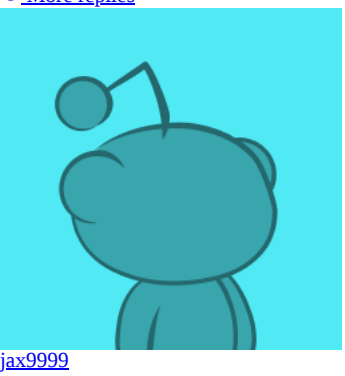

jax9999
• 13y ago

One morning I woke up to my grandmotehr calling my cellphone. I was upstairs, and it was weird for her to call me.

"there's something wrong with your father."

so, I came downstairs and she was in the hallway looking towards the living room where my father was on the flat of his back not moving.

I went to him and tried to see what was wrong. he was cold. I ushered my grandmother into the kitchen to sit down. and called 911.

In the meantime I started CPR.

He was down for hours, must have died during the night.

there is a certain type of desperation when you're doing CPR on your own father. I've done it before, when being trained, and a few times over the years in emergency situations. but this was different. I was doing CPR, and the phone was on my shoulder, and I was telling my grandmother everything was going to be alright at the same time trying not to lose it myself.

Then a big mouthful of cold dead black blood came up.

I'm not sure how much I swallowed. I know some went to my sinuses and came out my nose.

This froze my entire soul. I could taste my fathers cold dead blood. My brain shut off dead for a minute. I don't remember getting up and going to the sink. In that missing time I had gotten up went into the kitchen and was trying to wash his blood off of my face. I had my grandmother behind me asking what was wrong, but I couldn't talk. I couldn't even think barely. I was just trying to wash that smell, that taste out of my mouth and nose.

that was four years ago. I still wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, and all I can smell or taste is my fathers dead blood.

I hid this for years. I kinda had a mental breakdown, and lost it for 2 years. Didn't tell a soul. Eventually I told my boyfriend. I had an irrational fear if i ever told him he'd never want to kiss me again. but he did. so that's ok.

I hope I'm never in another situation where I have to do CPR, because I don't honestly think I could do it.

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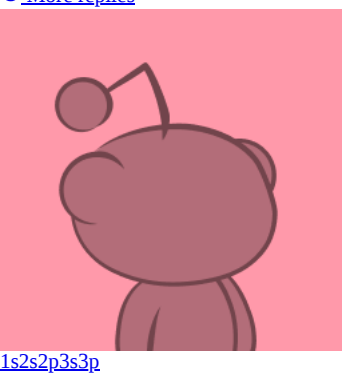

1s2s2p3s3p
• 13y ago

I had a stalker for a number of years. One day out of the blue he sent me an email saying "Ever been raped?"

I had, but nobody ever knew about it. I lived alone at the time, and I was terrified of him for years before law enforcement finally took me seriously.

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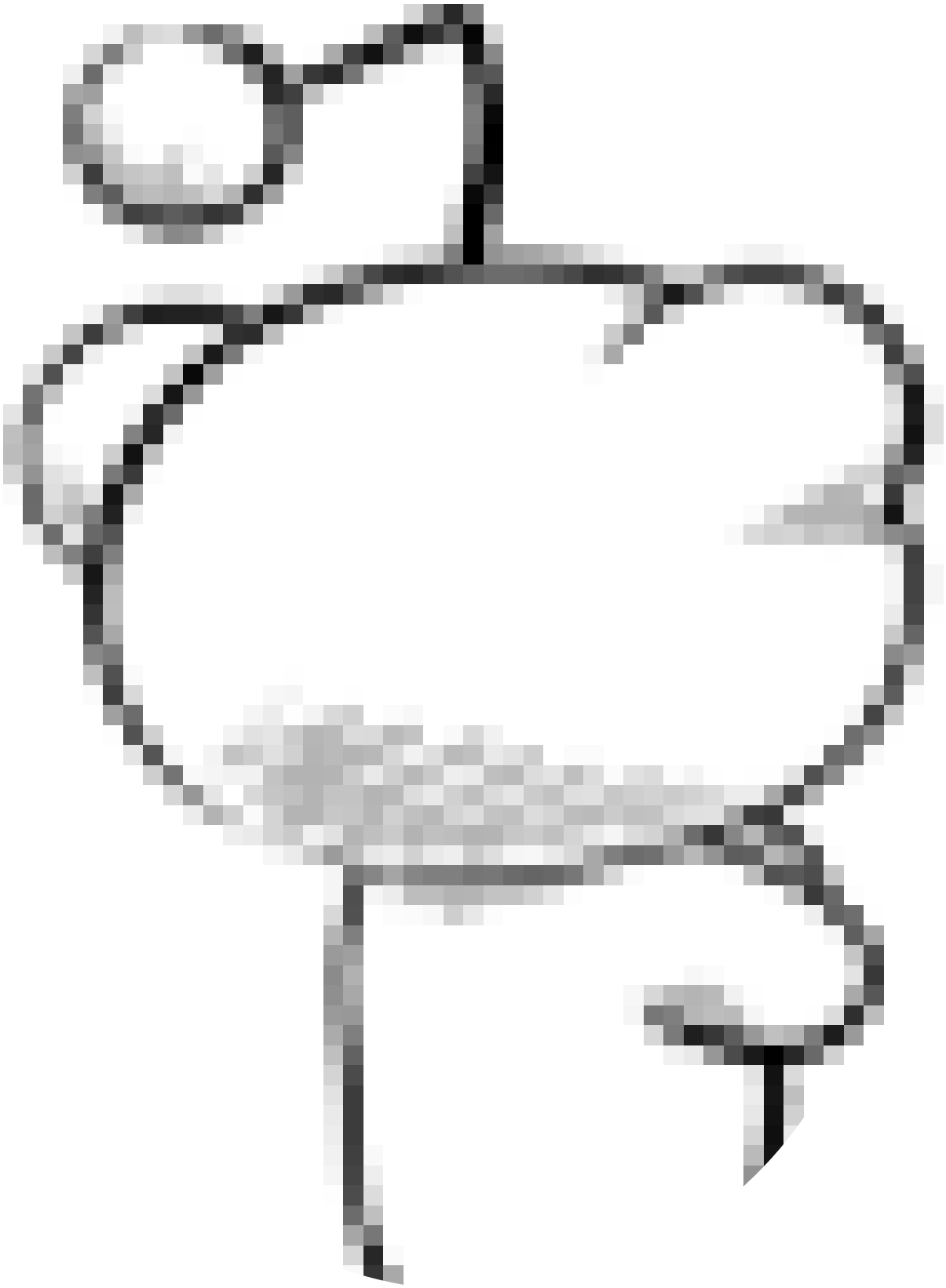

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• 13y ago

Decades ago on a road outside Midland, Michigan, thousands upon thousands of frogs went to die.

Cars slid through this green and red mass like they had hit a patch of black ice. Cars were in the ditch with a 200m trail of frog carcasses behind them. It was chaos.

When I got home, my mud flaps were liberally caked with amphibian death. Why were all those frogs in the middle of the road?

Edit: Google revealed that it was probably mating season. Is it creepier that we ran over a mass frog orgy?

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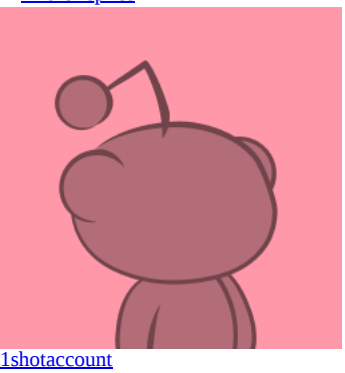

1shotaccount
• 13y ago

When I was around 6, my family lived out in the rural desert in Southern California near a Cahuilla tribe reservation. We had a few acre ranch that was beside small mountain (or large hill). My room had large windows that faced towards the mountainside and as such, it was always extremely dark at night so there was a motion sensor porch light that was attached over the backdoor which you could see from my window, think of an L on its side. Backdoor lead to a room we never used but anyone coming to the property thought it was the front door.

Anyway, one night, while trying to sleep I hear a tapping on the window like a subtle scratching. I wake up and see two very striking yellow eyes and the silhouette of something at the window, very canine. Now we had coyotes here but this was the size of a small man, far larger than any coyote and there were no wolves in the region - we had a dog, but a border collie was no where near the size of this.

So we stare at each other for a few moments, just dead still - I'm completely frozen on what to do while it just stares back. It begins to scratch again at the window then turns and walks, upright, to the backdoor and tries the handle. The light goes on, see this furry dog-man thing trying to get in and I freak. Remember running out of my room and grab a rifle we had in an case in the living room (like 15 feet away from my door) and then run back to my room. There it is, on the other side of the glass looking at me. It sees the rifle then bolts into the dark.

I never knew what it was and I only learned about 'skin-walkers' much later. Never told my parents but I slept with that Winchester rifle beside my bed for a few years after.

rolfraikou
• 13y ago

That region (up to portions of Irvine even, but mostly Pala down to there) had a number of sightings of a "bison man" or "bigfoot type" who supposedly protected indian burial grounds.

I number of friends and I saw a large hairy creature a couple of times in the Elfin Forest nature reserve. Seemed to be hunched down both times. Fucking huge. Way bigger than a mountain lion even in that position, which is just about the largest creature you'd find in the area. It was also attracted to sound. We lured it towards us, but bailed when it got too close for comfort.

I don't believe in creatures protecting burial grounds, I am, however, open to the idea that there may be creatures we are unaware of in some regions.

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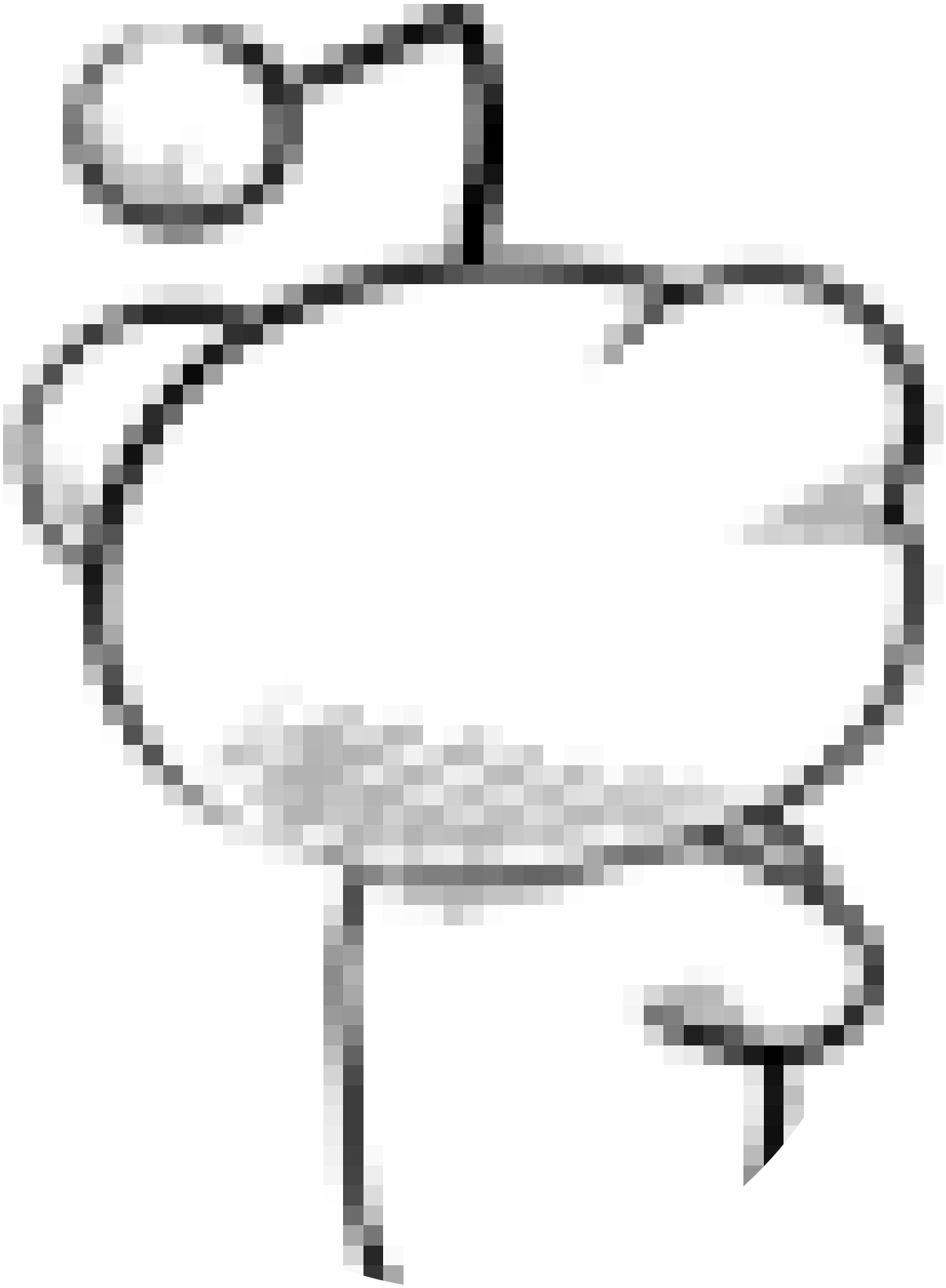

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• 13y ago

One night when I was about 7 years old, I went to sleep at around 9:30 and got into the second level of my bunk-bed. I soon fell asleep, but then I woke up in the middle of the night to someone whispering "No, no" repeatedly as if they were in pain, thinking I just imagined it I tried to go back asleep. And then that's when I heard it, the creaking of the wooden boards on the stairs, slowly getting louder and that whisper "No, no". I knew it wasn't my parents because they were sleeping in the bed next to mine. Then I heard some screaming along with the foot steps coming up the stairs and again the whisper of "No, no". So I slowly got out of bed, crept towards the ladder to get to the floor and I slowly began to crawl towards the bedroom door in the dark which had a full view of the stairs. I opened it without creak in the darkness and I saw nothing moving in the dark nook of the stairs. But I now heard the whisper of "No, no" coming from the room upstairs which nobody used. I silently crept towards the stairs, but I kept the lights off, and I began to creep down them so I could check the front door. Nothing was out of place, so I turned on the living room lights and that's when I saw it for an instance. The silhouettes of three people outside the living room window and then they were gone. I proceeded to turn on every light in the house and crawl into bed with my parents as I waited for it to be morning.

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ravencrowe
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, my parents went out one night and left me home alone. We had a bunch of cats, and we fed them all in separate rooms with the doors closed to keep them from stealing each other's food. My parents had fed them, I only had to let them out. I went to the back of the house to let out Playful, who ate in the room directly across the hall from my bedroom. When I opened the door, there was blood everywhere. His food dish was about a quarter filled with it, and there were bloody pawprints on the floor near the door... but not a speck in on my cat. I checked his paws and his mouth, there was no blood on him at all. When my parents came home they checked him over and weren't able to find any explanation either.

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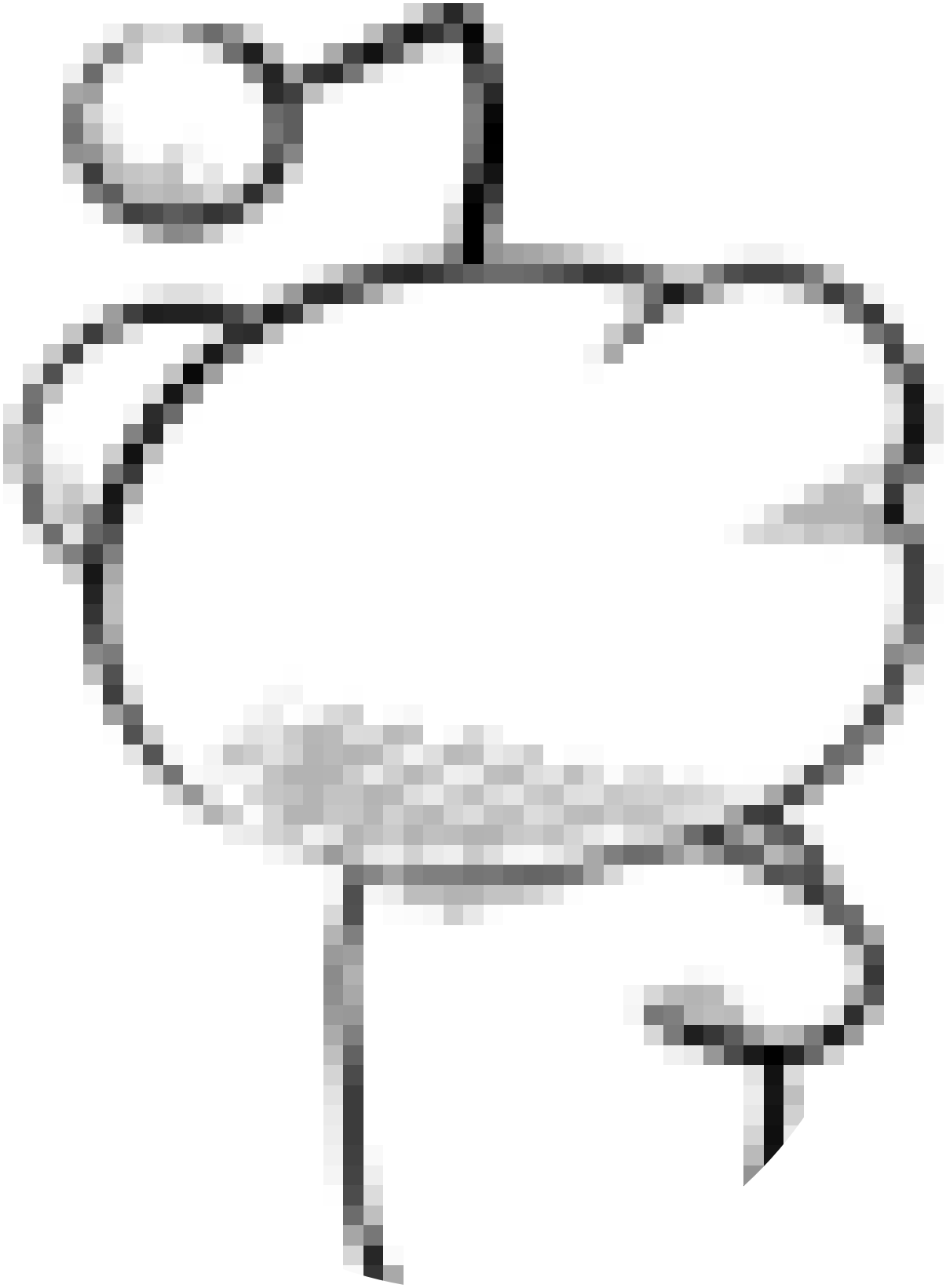

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• 13y ago

He vomited blood and cleaned himself, as cats do.

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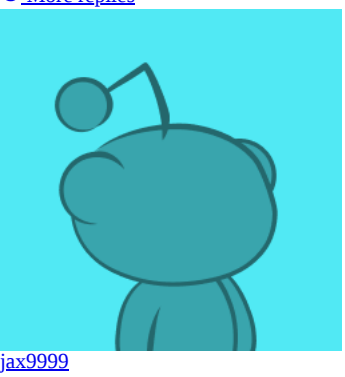

jax9999
• 13y ago

you had a intruder that wanted playfuls food, playful fucked them up. and remember, cats are self cleaning.

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soul2squeeze15
• 13y ago

I was about 7-8 years old and normally after school my mom sets up the tub so I can have my afternoon bath. Keep in mind that my bathroom was tiny and there were no room for someone to hide in without being spotted immediately. So my mom watches me go in the tub, gives me a toy and walks away to the kitchen to finish cooking. I wanted to splash around in the water with my toy so I closed the glass sliding door of the tub. As soon as I closed the sliding door, it quickly opened on its own. My tiny little mind couldn't fathom how that happened. A few seconds later the sliding door rapidly opened and closed for a few seconds. I started screaming and my mother ran to the bathroom to find me crying in the tub. I told her what happened but she didn't believe me. The sliding door was closed when she found me crying in the bathroom. For over 20 years it bugged me. Was it part of my imagination? It felt completely and entirely real.

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shujinkou
• 13y ago

I have a good one I have posted before. Technically happened to my wife not me, but a good story.

My wife is an RN and she was on float to another unit helping out (she normally worked cardiac but she was helping out in the Alzheimer's unit). She was saving a particular patient for last as the patient was known to be a real pain. Very old, mean to everyone and just generally tried to make the nurses miserable. She and the respiratory therapist got to the patients room at the same time so they decided to tackle her together. They got into the room and the patient had smeared shit all over the walls of the bathroom and the hospital room, she was standing on the bed screaming and jumping up and down on the bed. The two of them somehow got the patient calmed down, got the horrible mess cleaned up, and got their jobs done. She said it took about three hours. They then got went out and put a do not disturb sign on the door to make sure the patient could stay calm and get some sleep. They were standing one person on each side of the door (herself and the repertory therapist) catching their breath and proclaiming how much that sucked when they spotted someone. A big farmer looking guy wearing a John Deere baseball cap, overalls, a red plaid checkered shirt and big work boots coming down the hospital hallway (and he looked kind of annoyed). He walked right past them into the patient's room slamming the door open. My wife caught the door on the back swing and marched right into the room after him (respiratory therapist right behind her) planning on dragging him back out and giving him a piece of her mind. When she got in the room he was not there.

No sign of the person she followed in.

She looked under the bed.

She looked in the bathroom.

She checked behind all of the curtains.

She even made sure the window still would not open.

No sign of the farmer at all. She then noticed the patient was sitting upright in the bed just kind of staring off into space.

So she asked her: “Did you just see someone come into the room?” The patient said “Yes, it was my daddy; he said he was coming to take me home tonight and that you mean people won’t be able to hurt me anymore.” She responded with: “That’s great, how about you get some rest before he comes to pick you up.” The patient then lay down and went to sleep. The patient died that night.

My wife and the respiratory therapist swapped stories to make sure they were not crazy, they both saw it.

TL/DR; Wife saw a ghost come to pick up his daughter from the hospital.

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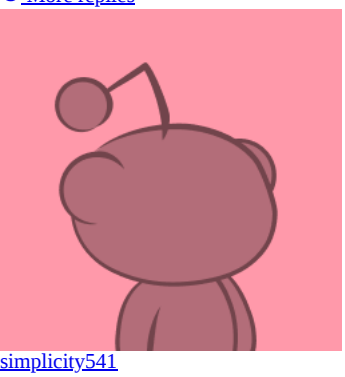
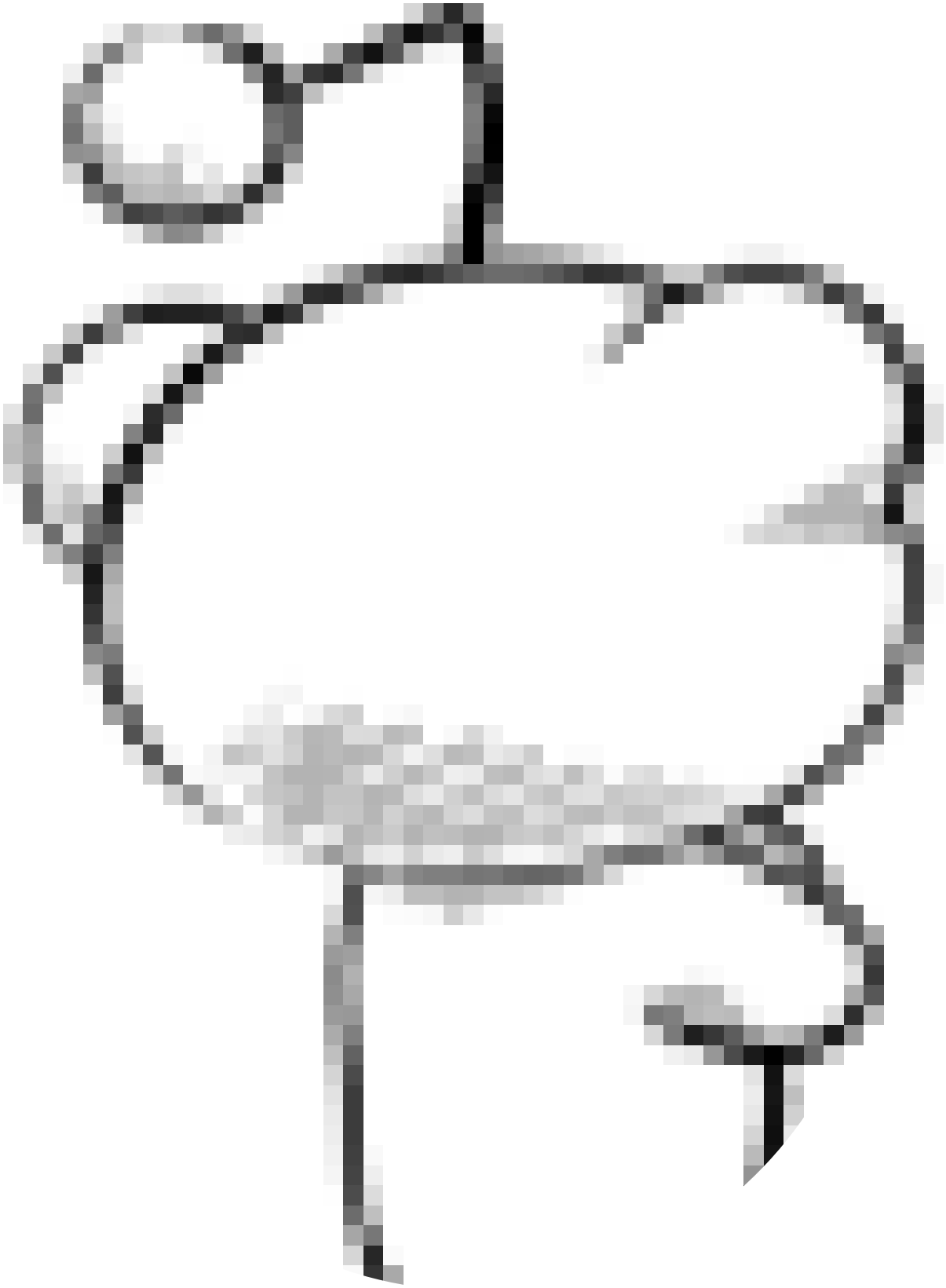


simplicity541
• 13y ago

One morning last December around 4:00am, I wake up to a piercing, shrill, alarm-like noise. In a panic I jump out of bed thinking it might be a phone or my car alarm or something but as I was trying to locate the origin of the noise, I realised it didn't change frequency or volume regardless of where I was in the house - there was no point of origin (as far as I could tell with my semi-conscious brain). So I'm stumbling around in complete darkness with a tiny flash light when I think to myself 'how stupid am I?! I just did the cliche horror film thing and started walking around in the dark instead of turning on the lights' - I find the light switch...click...click...click! CLICK! CLICK! It doesn't work!! I look outside, the whole neighbourhood's pitch black, no street lights, no cars, nothing. I grab the phone, it's dead. I find my mobile and call a friend, they don't pick up (probably because it was 4 in the fucking morning!! However my twisted brain led me to the conclusion that something awful had happened) So there I am, the shrill noise is still there in the background, I'm standing in complete darkness, and perhaps the sleep deprivation combined with the rush of adrenaline caused by my immense fear led me to the notion that the end of the world had arrived. I thought, whatever's happening doesn't matter, the adrenaline was wearing off and I felt exhausted and pretty down in general so I slinked off back to bed, falling asleep thinking I'd rather die peacefully in my sleep than fully aware of imminent death in the darkness.

That day, I found out our power had been cut in the night which set off a neighbour's home security system (he wasn't home to turn it off) which explains the lack of electricity and the awful noise.

TL;DR - Neighbour's alarm led me to believe the apocalypse had arrived.



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• 13y ago

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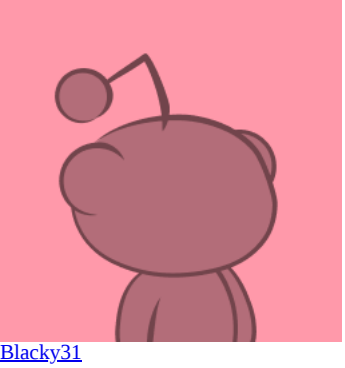

Blacky31
• 13y ago

I was sitting in New Orleans airport on the 21st of December last year. All of a sudden all of the alarms everywhere went off. I legitimately thought it may have been the rapture.

Secretly I was praying it was zombie related.

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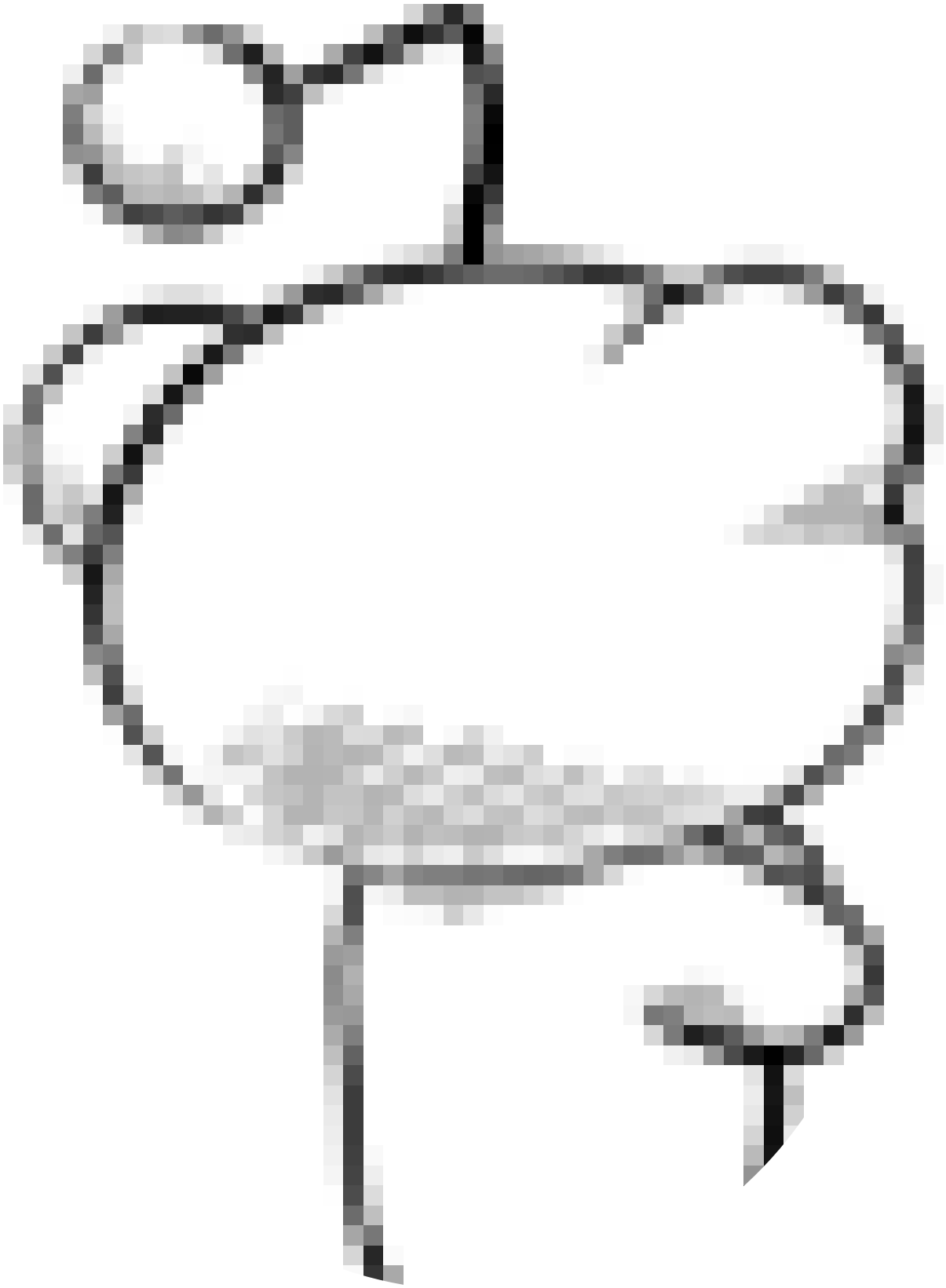

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Oh man I thought your story was going to end with you realizing that the noise was actually coming from your brain itself and you are the only person who can hear it because its this terrible messed up audible screaming that somehow got triggered in your mind but it sounds to loud and real but it's only in your head. Kind of how you can sometimes hear ringing in your ears but this is very sudden, extremely loud, horrifying screaming that doesn't stop. I've heard of something creepy like that that can happen to anyone for seemingly no reason. It's scary.

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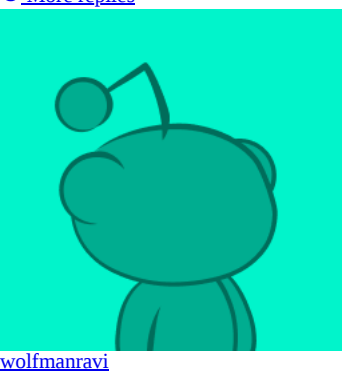

wolfmanravi
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My parents were out one night and my brother and I were home alone. We were probably 12 and 10, respectively. Anyway, there's a knock at the door and I hear a voice say "Pizza." Initially thinking it was my father playing a joke I instinctively went to open the door when it hit me...

That wasn't my dad's voice.

"We didn't order any pizza" I said. There was no reply and no audible movement. I went to my bathroom window which allows some vision of the footpath leading from the front of our property to the front door but you can't see the door itself. So we waited for about 15 minutes clutching a cricket bat and some ornamental fireplace poker until finally the dude moves away from the door and walks away.

Just some guy with dark hair in a long ponytail, a long dark coat and no pizza.

edit: changed some nouns for clarity

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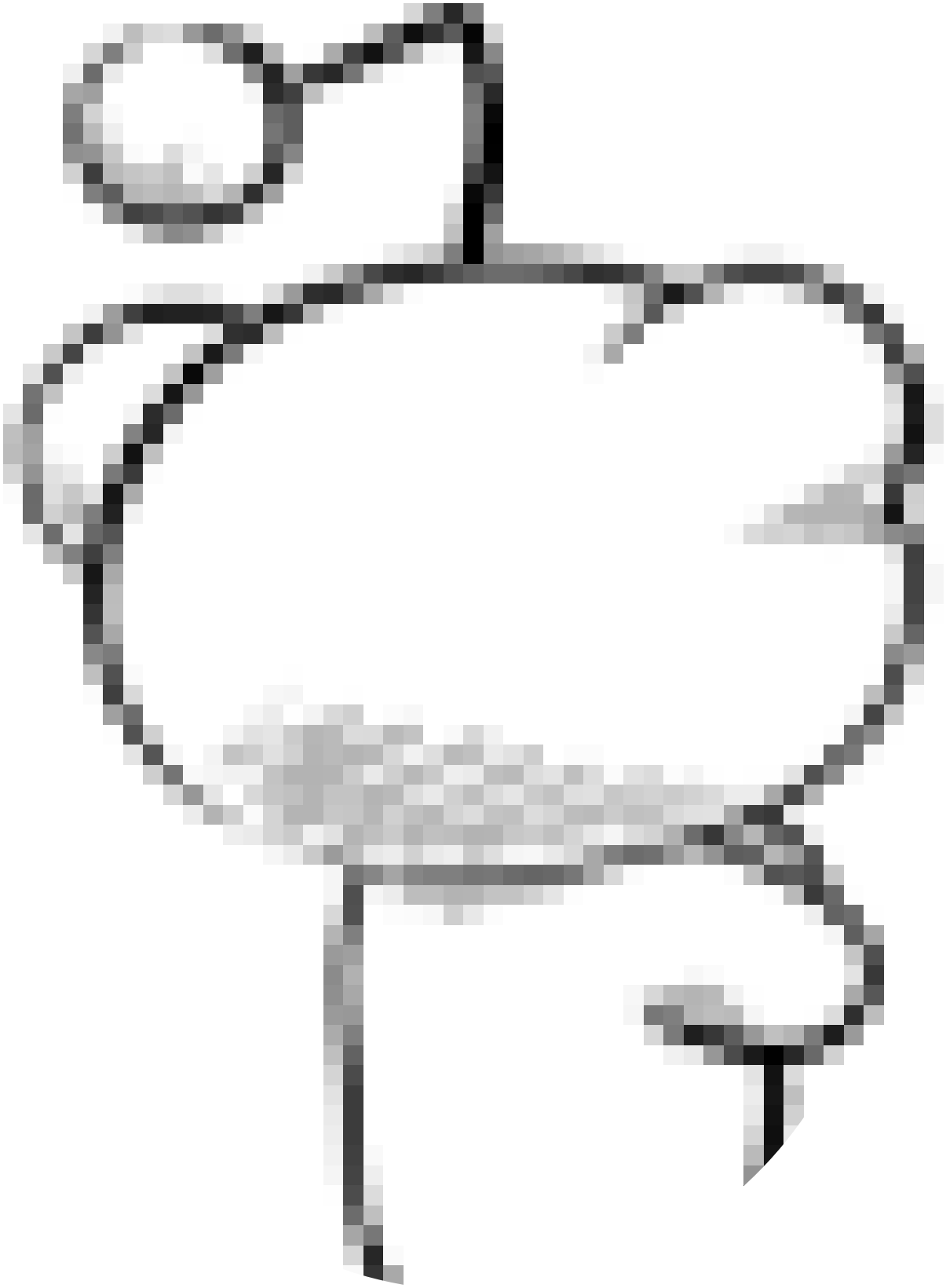

J973
• 13y ago

I'm pretty sure you saved yourselves from getting raped and murdered.

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ludnik
• 13y ago

This is creepy, at least I always thought it was. I was working in a big grocery warehouse, hundreds of people worked there, it was night shift, sitting in a breakroom at lunch with a couple of other guys trying to find something to talk about to stay awake. I started talking about the best jobs I'd ever had. After a minute or so this older guy who never ever said more than a word or two at a time starts telling us about this nursing home he used to work at. He was in his 60's and he'd already been at this current job for 30+ years at the time, so his story took place when he was a young man (I surmised). He was an attendant for this nursing home and he told us he used to have sex with many of the female residents. These were elderly ladies and handicapped people as well. He told us he'd usually get it on with at least one of them every night and they were all very grateful for his attention. He felt he was in heaven at the time. According to him some of the ladies he was involved with were in their 80's and all of them were very lonely. He said his favorite was a younger woman who had cerebral palsy or some nerve disorder. He said that although she couldn't talk, he could tell she loved his attentions by the way she'd squirm and wiggle during sex. He told us he'd eventually been "let go" from this dream job but not for what reason. When break was over and he left the breakroom me and the other guy sat there for a moment and I asked him if he'd ever heard that story before. He said "Hell no, I've never even heard him talk that long about anything before." The guy in question was always such a quiet guy and I switched back to day shift not long after that so I never talked about it with him again. But it really stuck in my mind in a creepy way. I think he BELIEVED what he said but were these women his lovers or his victims?

Reply Share

HI_McDonnough
• 13y ago

Yep, rape. Every damn time.

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alalal982
• 13y ago

This happened just a couple weeks ago on a friday. It was late at night, around midnight. I had two friends in my car, we were coming back from a restaurant to celebrate finishing up the school play. I just dropped the first friend off and was now making the four or five mile drive to my second friend's house. It's a narrow road in MA that cuts through some pretty dense woods. She was in the front seat and we were listening to ballads, just talking about life. Not a big deal.

I was behind a deep red pickup truck that had a motorcycle in the bed of it the entire way so far. I wasn't tailgating them, nothing, even though the driver was going a bit slow for my tastes and swerving around just a tad too much. When I'm just about to reach this intersection that's not even a block from my second friend's house, this guy pulls over. Seemingly no reason, he just pulled over to the side of the road about a car or two's length from the blinking red light. As I pass him to stop up ahead, I see his face. He has a pretty generic face, nothing unusual, but he's staring right at us with anger in his eyes. The hairs on the back of my neck stand up and I just sense something's...not quite right. My friend looks out the window and says; "What is he doing?" shakily. I look at my rearview mirror to see the guy getting out of the seat, pulling a ski-mask over his face and wielding a huge, I'd say 10 inch knife in his hand. He started sprinting at my car, almost reaching the passenger side. I screamed and slammed on the gas, driving around for a while, the man only chasing my car for a few blocks until he knew he wasn't going to catch us. When I got back at the intersection minutes later to drop my friend off, he was gone. My friend ran inside, locked her doors and everything and I sped away, but it. Was. Terrifying. I told the police and filled out a report last week. Never driving at that intersection again.

2 more replies

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Walden_swirl
• 13y ago

I was about 14-15 years old and living in my parents mobile home in southern california. We lived in a quiet beach town where everybody knew each other and nothing bad ever happened. Anyway, It was a school night about 11pm so I was laying in bed waiting to fall asleep. In those days I had a loft bed, which looks like a bunk bed except instead of a bottom bunk there was a desk which had my computer and tv and stuff on it. It was getting close to summer so I had my window open to let in the cool air. I was just about to fall asleep when my screen fell off my window sill and crashed onto my bedroom floor. Now this still isnt a strange occurence because I would often come home and leave through my bedroom window so the screen did not perfectly fit into place due to me taking it off so regularly, so it would periodically fall off but it did startle me and got my blood flowing. So i rolled over in bed and looked up at the ceiling and thought I would just put it back on in the morning. Then the pungent, sickly sweet odor wafted up into my face. I couldnt exactly put my finger on what that smell was but i thought it was very strange and I should maybe check it out... but slowly because I was tired and it was most likely a raccoon that had died under the house (wouldnt be the first time) So i rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, sat up in bed, and let my legs hang off the side. My heart jumped up into my throat as i saw a large tattooed arm reach through my window and feel around on the floor in my bedroom. The guy grabbed the screen and slowly, quietly pulled it out the window. At this point I was freaked the fuck out and my adrenaline had kicked in at levels my pre-pubescent body had never before experienced. My eyes started to water, I stopped breathing, and time stopped. I thought it could have been some crazy crack head coming to kill us and steal all our valuables. seconds ticked by and I sat there in my bed not two feet above the window the arm had just shot through. I thought maybe he will just go away. But of course he didnt. To my horror I watched as the mans arm grabbed my window frame once again then he pulled himself up slowly and a leg crept through next. It was silent and had I been asleep this mountain of a man would have come into my room without a sound and we never would have know he was there. But, I was not asleep. I grabbed the bowie knife I kept underneath my pillow (because I, just like every other teenage boy, was a badass) and I yelled at the top of my lungs "I HAVE A KNIFE GET THE HELL OUT OF MY ROOM!" and before the guy could completely pull himself up into my room from outside I scared him. He lost his footing and fell backwards out my window and into rosemary bushes outside cussing and spittin. I remember yelling out for my dad and saying something along the lines of "DAD SOMEBODYS BREAKING IN" and he was at my bedside faster then I could get the words out. He looking out the window, told me to stay there, and jumped out the window after this smelly fucking ogre. He never did find that guy but police came and looked and eventually they decided it was a drunk homeless guy who was desperate and looking for a place to sleep and maybe some free food and stuff to pawn. So we locked up the house fixed my window and went back to bed a couple hours later. I didnt sleep that night. That was an incredibly tramatic experience for me being that I was essentially the person who had to confront a home invader. But that isnt the scary part. Whats truly horrifying is, a couple days later we found a makeshift home underneath our house with a sleeping bag, water, extra clothes, and a big ass hatchet... This guy had been living underneath our house for god knows how long without anybody knowing he was there. I believe he chose to come in through my room because It was the only room in the house that was open to the outside that you could not see a person sleeping in it unless you where standing in the room (because the loft bed made it look like it was only a desk from the outside). I still think to this day the dude had planned on robbing us, cased the house, and chose my room as his entry point because he could get in quietly so he wouldnt wake anybody up. He then built his home under our house and waited for his opportunity. Then whenIi left my window open he decided to strike. Ive had tons of crazy scary shit happen to me in my life but that series of events that unfolded was easily one of the most fucked up things thats happened to me and it really opened my eyes to the fact that crazy fucked up things do happen to normal people and you should always hope for the best but plan for the worst.

TLDR; crazy tattooed ogre man tried to break into my bedroom when I was a kid

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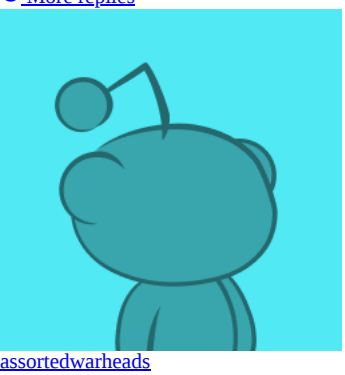

assortedwarheads
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

"The photo of you that will be used at your funeral has already been taken."

Edit: It's supposed to sound more threatening than creepy. Obviously it wouldn't be true unless your death is imminent.

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pure_satire
• 13y ago

Shit, all my recent photos are terrible.

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jedibassist
• 13y ago

I was either 16 or 17, and was staying over at a friend's house that was 50 miles from nowhere in upstate New York. He went by the name 'Raven' and lived with him mom on a skinny dirt road with only a few houses on it.

We decided to go for a walk to take a break from video games, and to smoke a few cigarettes where his mom wouldn't give us any shit, and while we're walking I start noticing some old stone walls up in the woods a bit, and a path that seems recently used. Intrigued, we followed the path up into the woods, hoping that we'd come across some pot plants or something good like that. Instead, after following the path along the stone wall for a bit, the woods opened up into a clearing that was obviously an old ass graveyard. There were maybe 20-30 headstones that were in various stages of decay, and an old wooden shack, all surrounded by a crumbling stone wall. There was a wooden entry arch at one point it seemed, but it had rotted away into nothingness quite some time ago.

So we start poking around a bit. My buddy walks off to the far end to check out one of the larger headstones, maybe to see if we could find one with a readable name, or something we could get a stone rubbing from. I walked over towards the shack to see what state of decay it was in. At this point I noticed that the shack had a lock on the front, and seemed pretty sturdy. I walked around to the back side, where there was a window. It only took a couple of seconds for me to realize that I was staring at a workbench that held a massive pile of human bones, complete with skulls, etc. All of them seemed bleach-clean, like something out of the movies. I turned to where my buddy had headed off to to see him running towards me. All he said was "dude, there's an open fucking grave over there." I pointed into the window at the bones and his eyes went wide.

Thoroughly creeped out at this point, we just took off back the way we came. When I asked about the open grave, he said that it looked like there was an old rotten casket down in the hole. So my best guess is that someone was excavating this old ass graveyard. For what purpose I'll never know, nor do I want to.

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Ashidoku
• 13y ago

Anasi's Goatman Story

As far as I know this has convinced me to never go camping again.

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laythepipe
• 13y ago

My boss had a coworker (single female) who had just moved into a brand new apartment complex, which was in a decent neighborhood and seemingly secure. She came home one day to find that she had not only been robbed of all her electronics, but the perpetrator had done a bunch of creepy stuff like eat her food, lay on her bed, and go through her tax documents. The police advised she move, as he was likely to come back as soon as she replaced her belongings. So she bought a house across town. When she moved she started getting these phone calls from random or blocked numbers. The guy would say things like "I saw you at work today walking to your car" or "I saw you at the grocery store", and she could *recognize* his voice but not place it. So I guess this chick was blind as a bat and would always take her glasses off right before bed and place them on her nightstand. One morning she woke up and her glasses were missing. She tore her house apart, and ended up going to the eye doctor to get a new pair. She came home from work the next day, and her glasses were laying neatly on her pillow. She got a new job and moved out of the state, never to have any issues again.

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suster525
• 13y ago

"I think I found your usename on Reddit."

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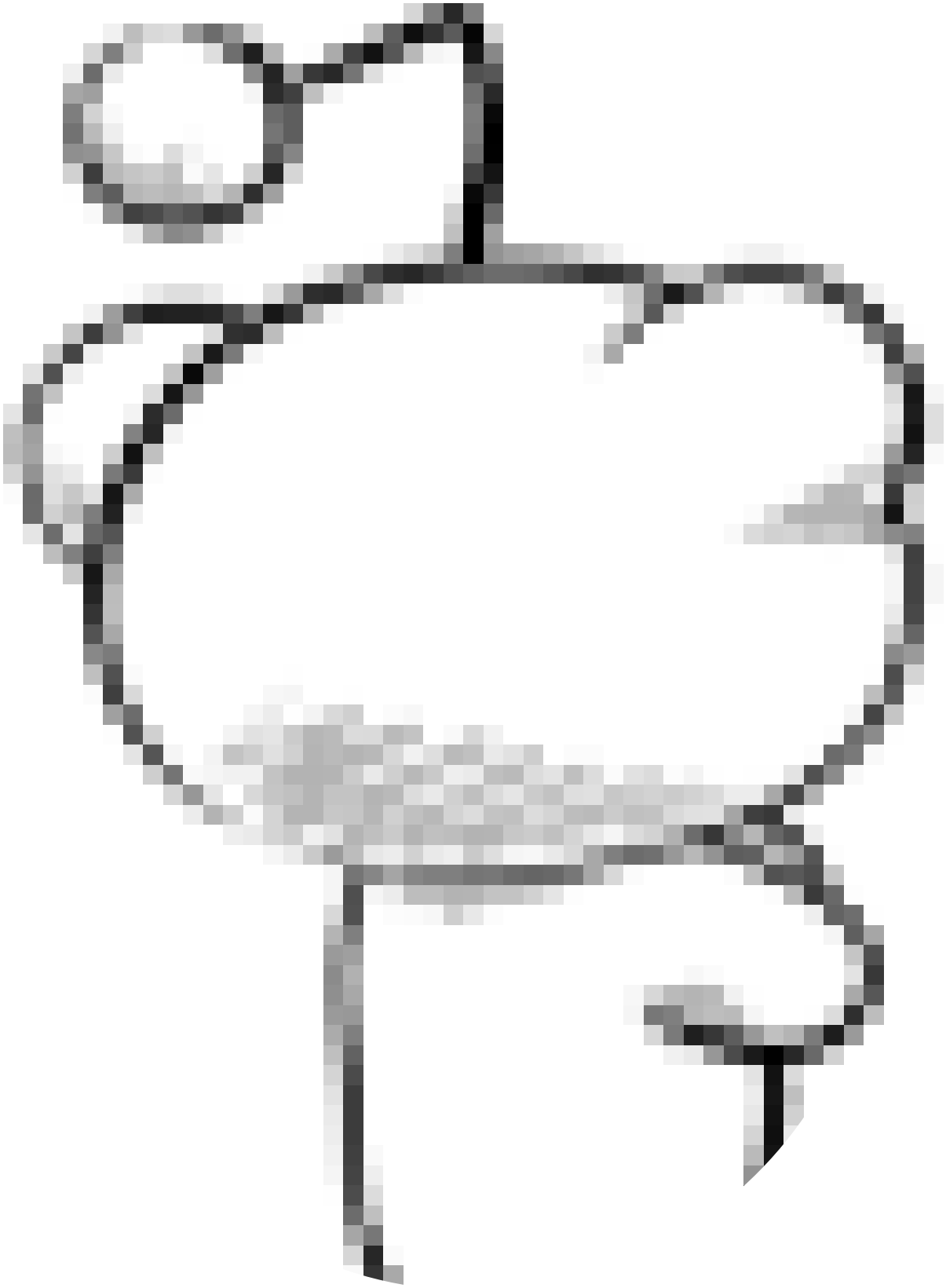

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• 13y ago

Famous last words.

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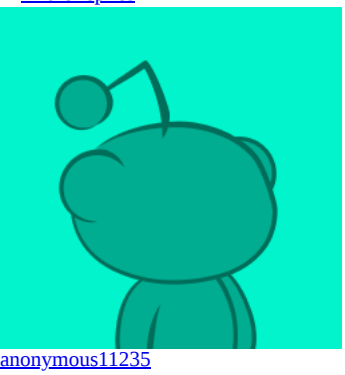

anonymous11235
• 13y ago

I don't know about creepiest ever, but recently I had a good scare... I was out camping and took an extra day at the campground so I was the only person left. Great big field, one tent. The park owner even offered to refund my money if I wanted to leave, but I was there on my own specifically to get away from the hustle and bustle, and I stayed the extra night.

I finished a novel I was working through and decided to finish the night playing call of Cthulhu on my iPad--not really scary but it sets a mood, you know. I fall asleep and wake up to something poking me *in the back*. I lie there : poke poke. It's in the middle of my back and I can here it scraping the bottom of my tent.

I look around without moving. My neighbors had told me about seeing some venomous snakes and I'm worried maybe something crawled in to get warm... I finally decided that it must be *under* the tent itself. Poke poke.

I sit up and the thing shimmies out from under the tent into the woods. For all I know it was a chipmunk or mole or something trying to keep warm, but it did give me a scare.

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Karbear_debonair
• 13y ago

You just reminded me of one of my creepy stories.

I grew up in a house that was creepy as hell. Everyone saw shadows move, everyone lost things, everyone heard voices in that house. People who had never heard the stories about it would come into the house for the first time and comment on strange things.

One night during the summer I'm laying awake on my bed trying to fall asleep. But I can't. It's too hot, and it feels weird in the room. I'm on my right side, then my left, then back again. This whole time my brother is singing and tapping in the bunk above me.

Finally, pissed, I reach up to push up on his bed. I would do that in retaliation when he was loud. As I roll onto my back I feel a hand *through* my mattress. It started at my neck and swept down my back, pushing the mattress as it went. Scared the ever-living fuck right out of me.

I never did figure out what the hell that was.

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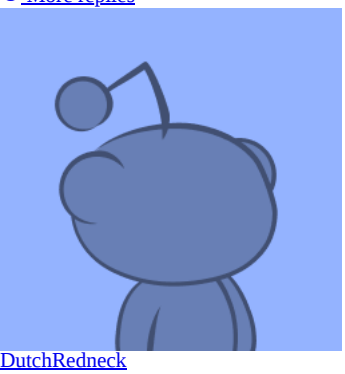

DutchRedneck
• 13y ago

Too late for the party i guess but still... Here is my creepiest moment. Worked as a security guard in a hospital when my coworkers received a call from a woman who found a note from her husband. In that note he wrote he was going to kill himself and he also noted the exact area of where he would do it. (Toilets)

We thought it was a prankcall but obviously we still had to check it out. Mens toilets where clear, next where the womens toilet. Fuck one door locked. Also no response to our yelling and knocking, so we yelled we where going to open the door. And unlocked the door with the side of the key and opened it.

What we saw there was absolutly horrific, not so much as in the gore but the way he took his own life. We found the man laying on the floor with a plastic bag taped around his head. Every item in his pocket was placed on the toilet, phone, cigarettes, lighter, wallet etc. My collegue checked his pulse, but he was already cold. So we where to late.

We contacted the police and my coworker had his wife on the phone the whole time trying to comfort her as she wasn't allowed to tell anything about the state of her husband. That was up to the police to tell.

Anyways police removed the tape and found another plastic bag under the the other one. When they removed the second plastic bag and tape we saw he also had put pieces of paper in his nose.

So yeah this guy was a patiant of the psych ward and decided to kill himself by suffocation. Anyway, never took a dump on that particular toilet again, neither did my coworkers.

TL;DR: found a guy who comitted suicide on the toilet.

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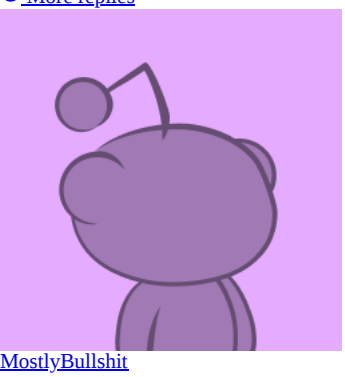
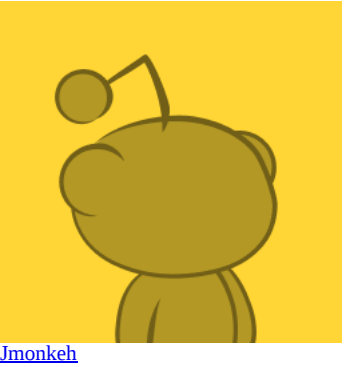


MostlyBullshit
• 13y ago

I was buying a house last year, and one of the places I decided to look at was a renovated farm house. The main building itself was pretty nice and I was considering it as an option, but then the realtor took me to check out the old barn that was on the property.

From the outside, it looked like it could be converted into a really nice workshop. I walked inside and almost immediately felt something fall on my head. I brushed it away and did the "get it off me" dance until it fell to the ground. It was a tiny spider.

Then another drop on my head. I repeated my freak-out and got another, larger spider out of my hair. Then I made the mistake of looking up. There was a huge black spot on the wall, which I realized after my eyes focused was the biggest fucking cluster of spiders I have ever seen in my life. In that moment, I was a faster sprinter than Usain Bolt.



Jmonkeh
• 13y ago

But think about all the space you'll have to work with after it stops smoldering and you clear away the ashes!

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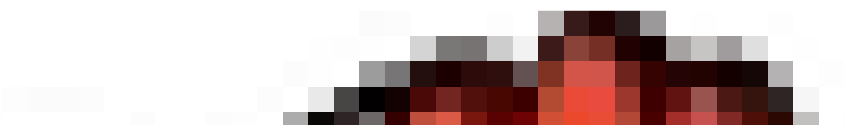

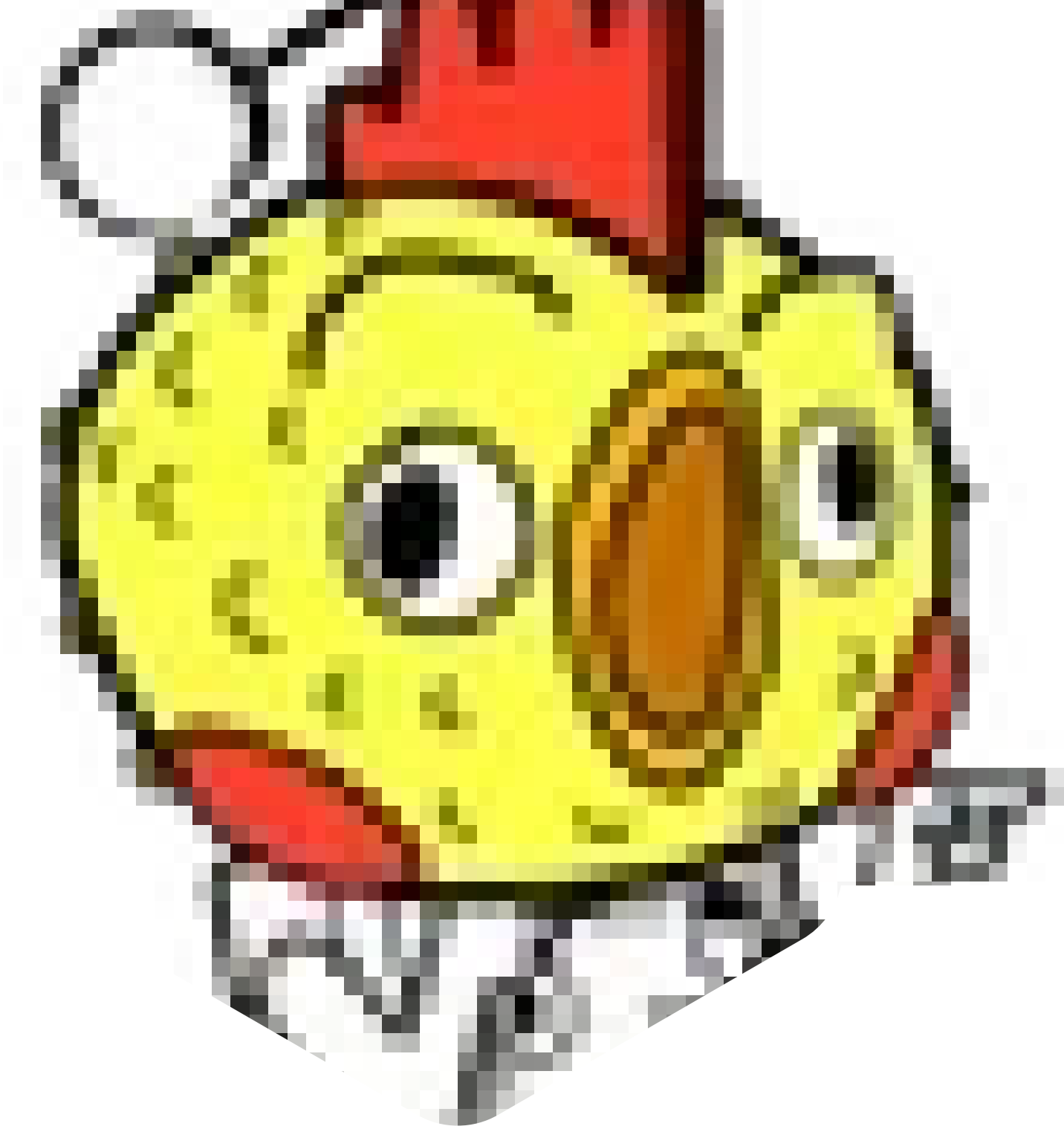

MisterPhip
• 13y ago

I was swimming in a creek with friends once in my youth when one of the guys goes over to the bank to pull himself up onto dry land. When he reaches up to grab this big tree to pull himself up I notice that all the bark on the tree trunk kind of... *moved*.

The whole trunk was covered in wolf spiders - as soon as he realized what he was holding on to he screamed and flopped back into the water. It was creepy/ hilarious.

5 more replies

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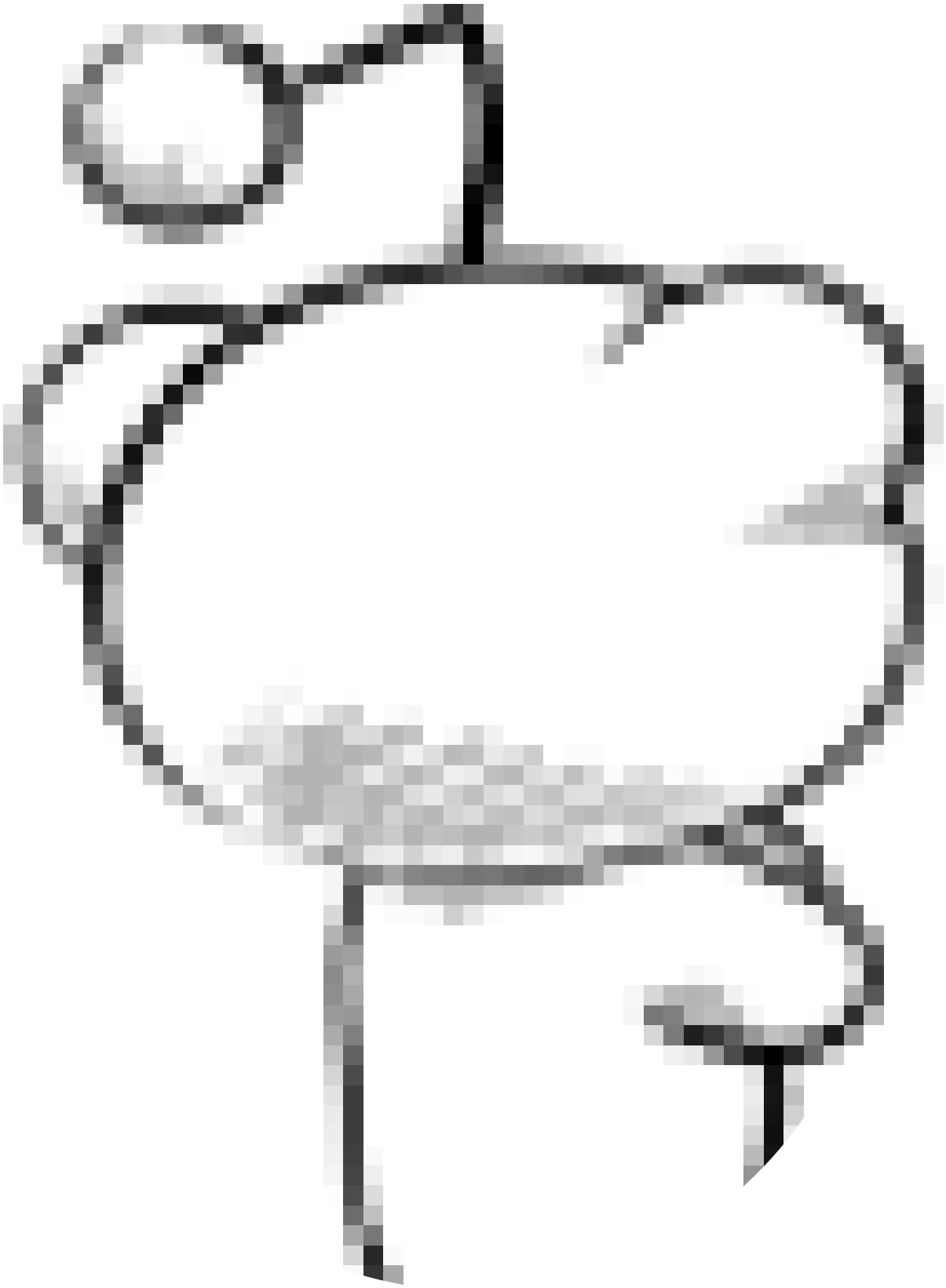

[deleted]
• 13y ago

...and every redditor just looked up to their own roof.

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oograh
• 13y ago

I've posted this before, but I was late to the party: When I was in high school (I'm nearly 40 now) my parents bought a good sized house, for what they paid. They were aware the house had a "history" but none of us were superstitious, so they bought it.

The history of the house, was that a man had killed himself there. The people who lived there in the early 80's had rented the basement of the house to their friend. His wife left him, and I guess the divorce was messy. He didn't die in the house, but in the driveway, he ran a hose from his exhaust into the window of his car.

My parents lived in the for over 10 years. We always joked about the place being haunted. The basement in particular, just had a creepy feel to it. I never got the whole "feels like you're being watched" feeling before then, and haven't since, but you just got that feeling. There were always small things going on (creaky floors, breezes, crap like that). Most were dismissable. Here's the stories that stand out.

My mother was reading a book in the living room late at night. Sometimes she had trouble sleeping, and was going read, until she got tired. This night was was sitting there, and heard a metal noise like a "ting", then the clack clack clack of something hitting the floor. She turned around to see the final skid of a fork, as it came to a stop beside her. Three fork was sitting on a table across the room. She said it sounded like someone had hit the tongs and sent it flying across the room. Everyone else was asleep at the time.

Well after my sister and I had moved out, my sister had a child. My parents bought an automated swing for the baby, for when they visited. The swing would randomly swing on its own. The swing would be turned off, it would just be like someone had lightly pused it. It happened enough, that my parents would just kind of mention it lightly, when it happened. They'd just say "oh hey look, the swing is moving again" and go about their day. One night I was staying over at my parents watching tv. It was about 2am, and I heard a tap tap tap. It was coming from the

fireplace. The swing was about 7 feet away from there for reference. The tapping was deliberate sounding, like a person, or animal had done it. I shrugged it off and kept watching tv. Five minutes later, tap tap tap. I'm intrigued now. I go to the fireplace expecting a trapped bird. Nothing, and no taps. I turn to sit down, and once I pass the swing, tap tap tap. I have a better hearing vantage now, and it sounded like someone tapping on the mantle. I walk up to it, and when I get to it, tap tap tap, loud this time. Nothing was there that could have caused it, and the hair in my arm is standing on edge. I, kinda spooked, turn around to go outside for a smoke (before I quit) then TAP TAP this time, instead of a third tap, the swing swung forward like someone pushed it full force. I had a couple cigarettes instead of one.

Last one. Back when I was just out of school, before moving out, I was up late. I was in the hall, when I hear my father yell "what the fuck!" i asked, though their door, if everything is okay. He exits the room. He is white as a sheet. He said he woke up, and saw two old ladies standing at the foot of their bed. They were just staring at him, and mouthing something, like talking to him. Said, there was no expression on their faces (happy, sad, scared...) and no sound. When he yelled, they disappeared.

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WhiskeyJack33
• 13y ago

I once happened upon an accident on the highway right as the first responders were getting there. The driver hadn't been wearing a seat belt and he went through the windshield and there were pieces of him splattered all over the road. It's odd how it doesn't really seem like a person when you first see it. Then after a second you realize how fucked up it is.

I wasn't there when it happened, but needless to say after that I wear my seat belt every time I'm in a car.

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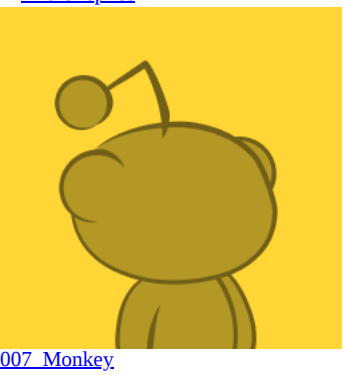

007_Monkey
• 13y ago

Guy lights himself on fire, runs through a parking garage and jumps from the eighth floor or so. Watching him fly through the air and hearing him scream is one of many memories I would love to forget. Hearing him hit the concrete made a sound that is hard to describe but is probably closest to the sound those kids jelly toy things make when you throw them on the ground and they flatten out. Any temporary relief I recieved from his screaming stopping was quickly replaced by confusion as I see what I thought was a greyish pinkish ball rolling along the ground about ten feet away from his head towards me. Brain pulls a total derp as I think thats an odd looking basketball, wonder what it's doing overe here nowhere near any outdoor courts. Snap back to reality, yup intact brain, instant out loud WTF. The sounds and smell of burning flesh are what is burned most into my soul. I guess not really scary, but these days I don't do heights or get close at all to fire.

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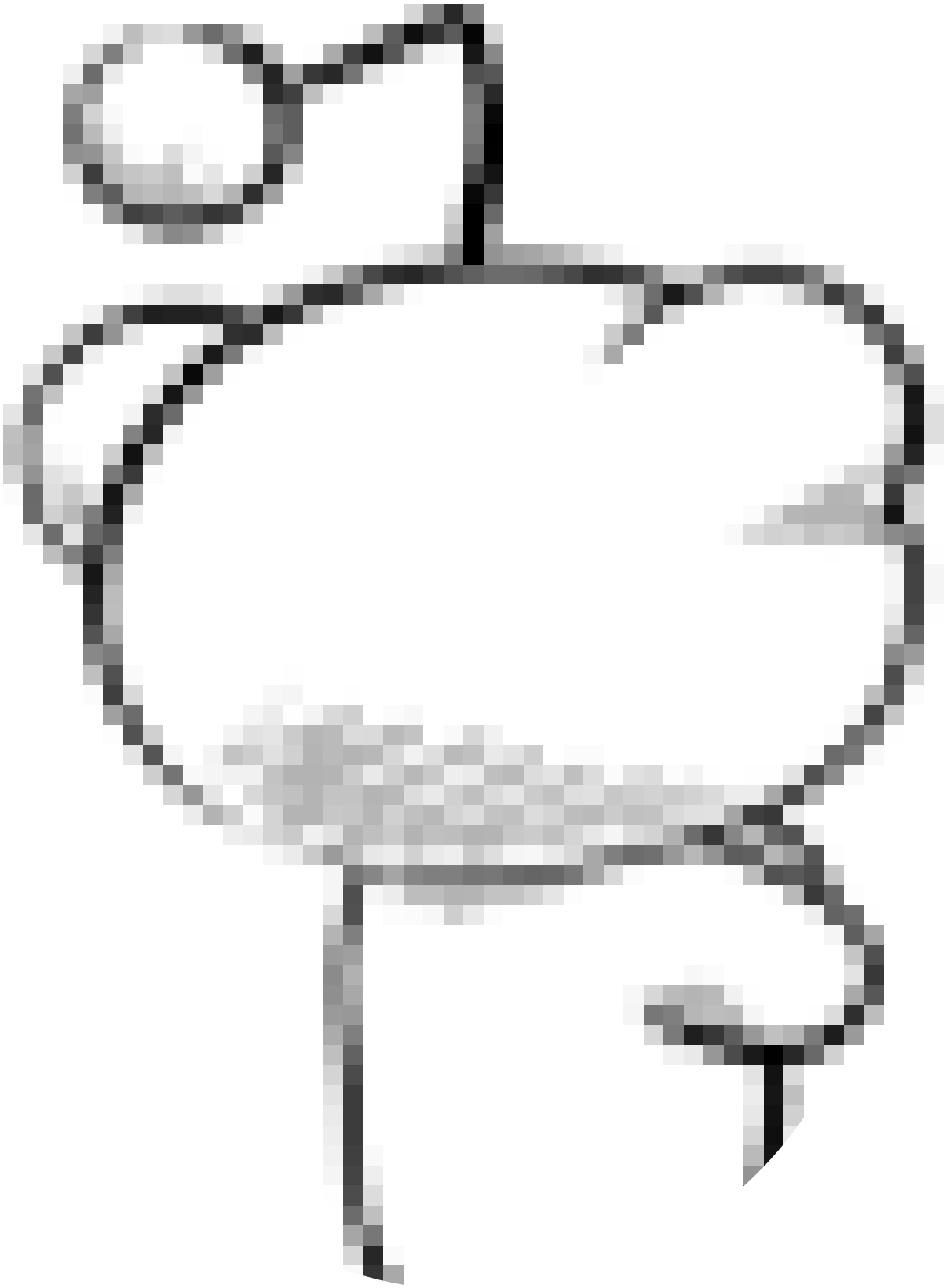

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• 13y ago

When I was a kid my bed faced the open doorway and I could see straight down the hall to my mom's bedroom. One evening when I was about 8 or 9 I woke up looked down the hall and saw a feminine figure leaning against the doorway of my mom's room. There were no distinct identifiable features, but I could tell it was a lady, and she was all white. I put the covers over my head and screamed for my mother.

The next day we were at the county fair when my mom and dad are talking, basically saying "we should tell her." They sat me down, and had explained that a lady was murdered in the house at the top of the stairs (where my mom's room was) back before they bought it. They never arrested anyone for the murder, but people speculated it was her husband. They shared some of the strange things that happened in the house right after they'd moved in. There were a LOT of strange things.

About 20 years later my boyfriend and I are staying the weekend in the house while we're in town. We got into a slight argument, and I told him "I'm going to bed." And as I'm walking away, I hear a very distinct voice (a female's one) saying "Where are you going?" and I stopped and said "I told you, I'm going upstairs." To which my boyfriend responded with confusion as to why I had repeated what I'd said. It hadn't registered right away that it had been a female voice, but it was definitely like someone was there asking me. The next day I had told him the history of the house, and then he shared some strange things he had noticed over the few days but didn't tell me because he was worried I'd think he was crazy.

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Kokir
• 13y ago

This was 2 weeks ago now. I live in a small apartment, safe one. But anyways, I live alone, and no one else has a key to my place. I had had some friends over for dinner. It was late. I said I would do the dishes in the morning. I give the cat some water and turn off the lights. Head to bed. Wake up at about five to go run. Flip on the lights. Throw on my gear. About to head out. Stop to feed the cat. Then I notice my trash can. Its about ten feet from its regular spot. Which I thought odd. I am ocd about its placement. So I put it back and then I notice the scariest thing. My dishes are all done. They are all put away. My kitchen is spotless. I know I didnt have that much to drink. So by now I am freaked out. I call the cops. The guys show up and ask whats wrong. I tell them everything. They are as shocked as I am. No signs of forced entry or anything. The only difference was my kitchen had been cleaned as I slept. And so I go to my best friends apartment while they investigate. They turn up nothing. Im shitting my pants upon returning to my apartment. I have no clue what to think. I dont believe in the supernatural. But when this happens, small thoughts become big ones. So I truly believed something otherworldy was just haunting me for shits and gigs. But an hour later, my neighbor knocks on the door. Asks why the cops showed up. I tell her the story. She laughs and tells me she got drunk and googled how to lockpick, then practiced on my door then did my dishes as compensation. I asked her how hard it was to lockpick the door, because it cant be easy. She tells me this the tenth time she has tried lockpicking my door and this is the first time she has been successful. But she was drunk every single time. I was haunted by a drunk woman who was bored

5 more replies
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Racid
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My boyfriend was in the army before I met him, this is by far the creepiest story he's told me. It gave me goosebumps.

He lived in a two story townhouse (on-base housing) in Ft. Hood for about six months. Tenants always came and went because of deployments. Weird stuff would happen both at night and during the day; mainly thuds in his bedroom on the second floor and shuffling. He felt uneasy being in his room so he always slept on the living room couch on the first floor.

On the weekends he would be up late playing Xbox Live, being the achievement hunter he is and due to insomnia. he wouldn't fall asleep until 5AM.

One night, he was up late on his Xbox dashboard, sitting on a sofa chair, smoking a cigarette. His Kinect was plugged in. As many of you know, there's a screen on the bottom right corner that shows an infrared version of what the Kinect camera can see. This lets you know what its detecting. It's really sensitive and although at times frustrating to use, surprisingly accurate.

This was when the hair behind his neck stood up. He noticed the infrared screen. Standing to the right of him, alongside him, was a solid female figure.

He wanted me to add that he has never EVER used his Kinect after this. Even after moving back home to Chicago. I can attest to that. Haha

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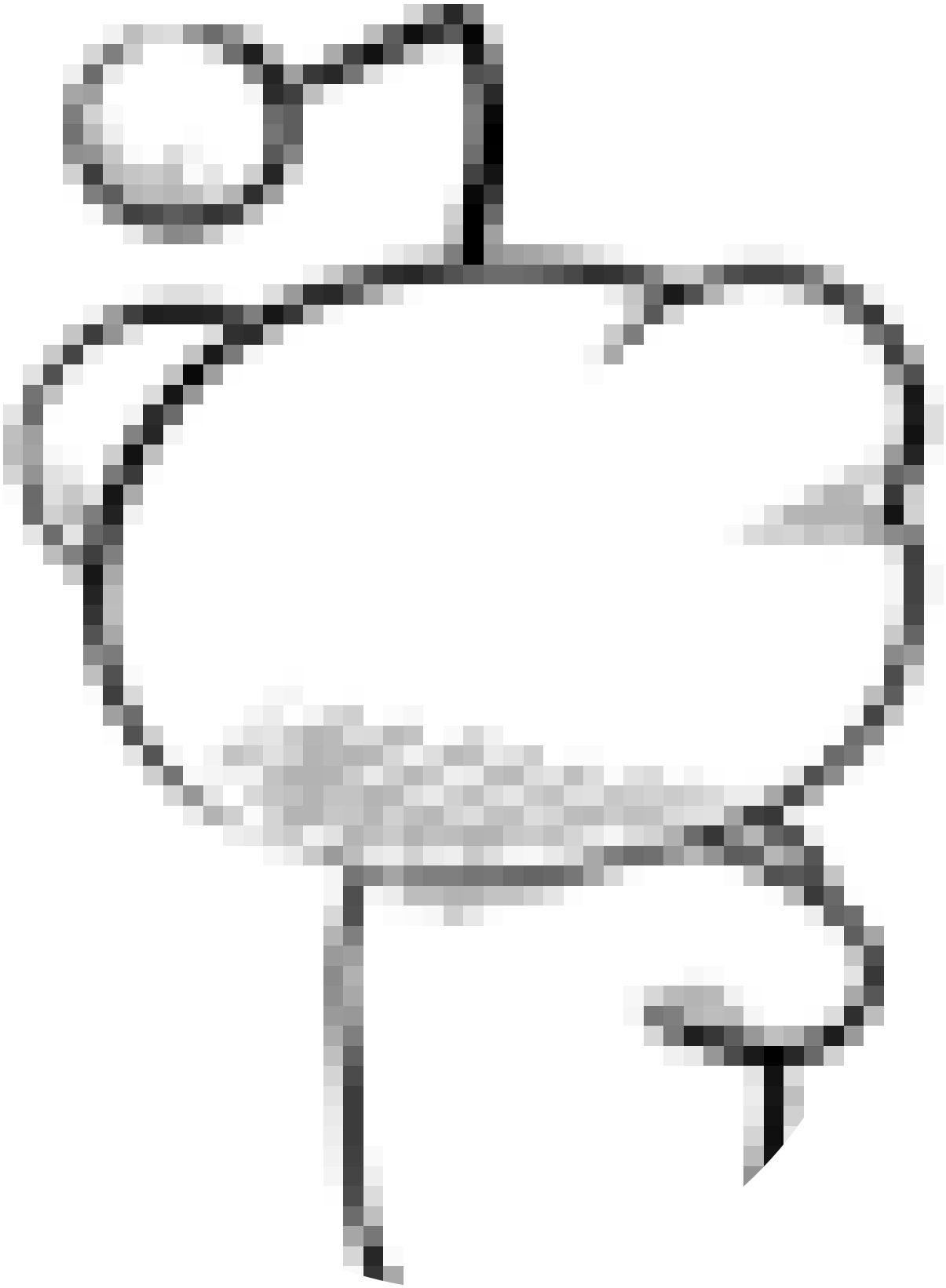

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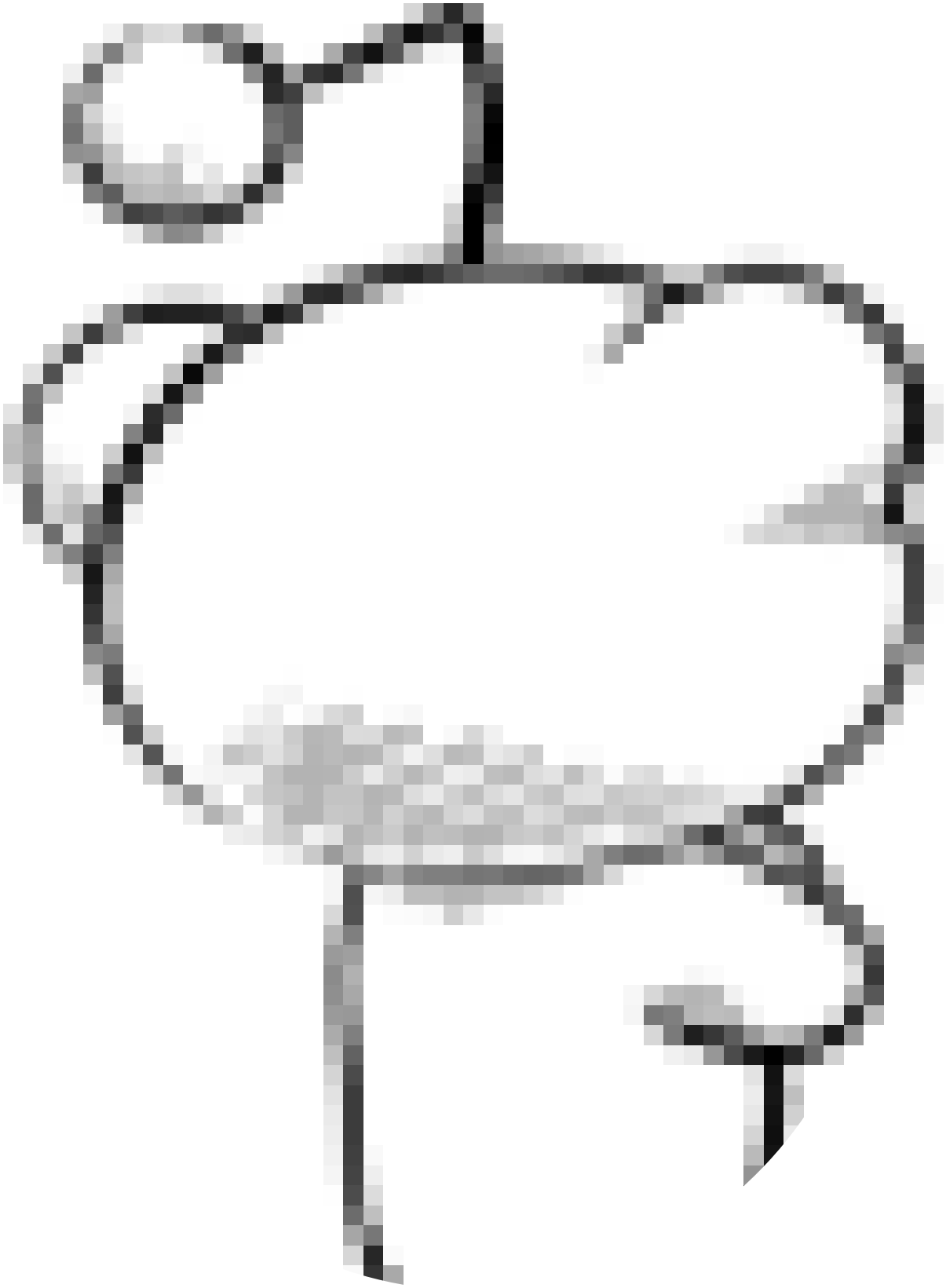
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Hearing my grandfather call my name when I was alone in my apartment and he had been dead for seven years. Mind you, he died in (and had never been outside of) the States and I was in my apartment in north France. Still gives me the chills.

Edit: Thanks for the suggestions on its origin! The only thing is that I thought I've heard people call my name or say something to me before when they haven't or when no one is around, but this was much different. It was crystal-clear when I heard him, usually if I think I hear something of the sort, it's not as readily distinguishable in what is "being said." I had also finished posting a status for my family sharing pictures of him and my also deceased grandma and how it was about seven years ago. Maybe that had something to do with it, but I still peered into the hallway expecting to see him there. I didn't respond because I didn't want to egg myself on into lunacy.



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• 13y ago

Auditory hallucinations are more commonplace in perfectly healthy minds than you'd think. The most frequently reported one is hearing your name being called by someone you know.

It's only happened to me once, but it was eery as hell (it was my dad calling my name. I'd just dropped him off at the airport, and his plane had just taken off. I seriously thought his plane had crashed for a while).

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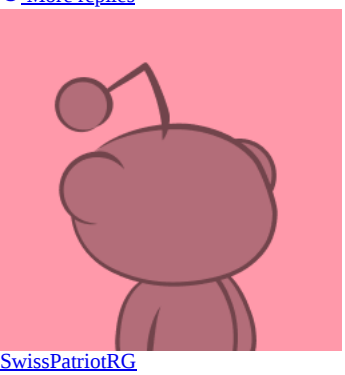

SwissPatriotRG
• 13y ago

In middle school, class was letting out and my best friend and I were walking to our buses. He had to stop by the music room to pick up his instrument to take home, so I told him "goodbye".

I kept walking, turned around the corner and he popped out of another door with his instrument and startled me on purpose. We walked and talked for another minute and as I was walking away from him to get on my bus I told him "goodbye for good this time".

That weekend he was killed in a car crash in front of his house, he was ejected and his family's car rolled over him.

Now I relive that last interaction I had with him every once in a while. Definitely creepy.

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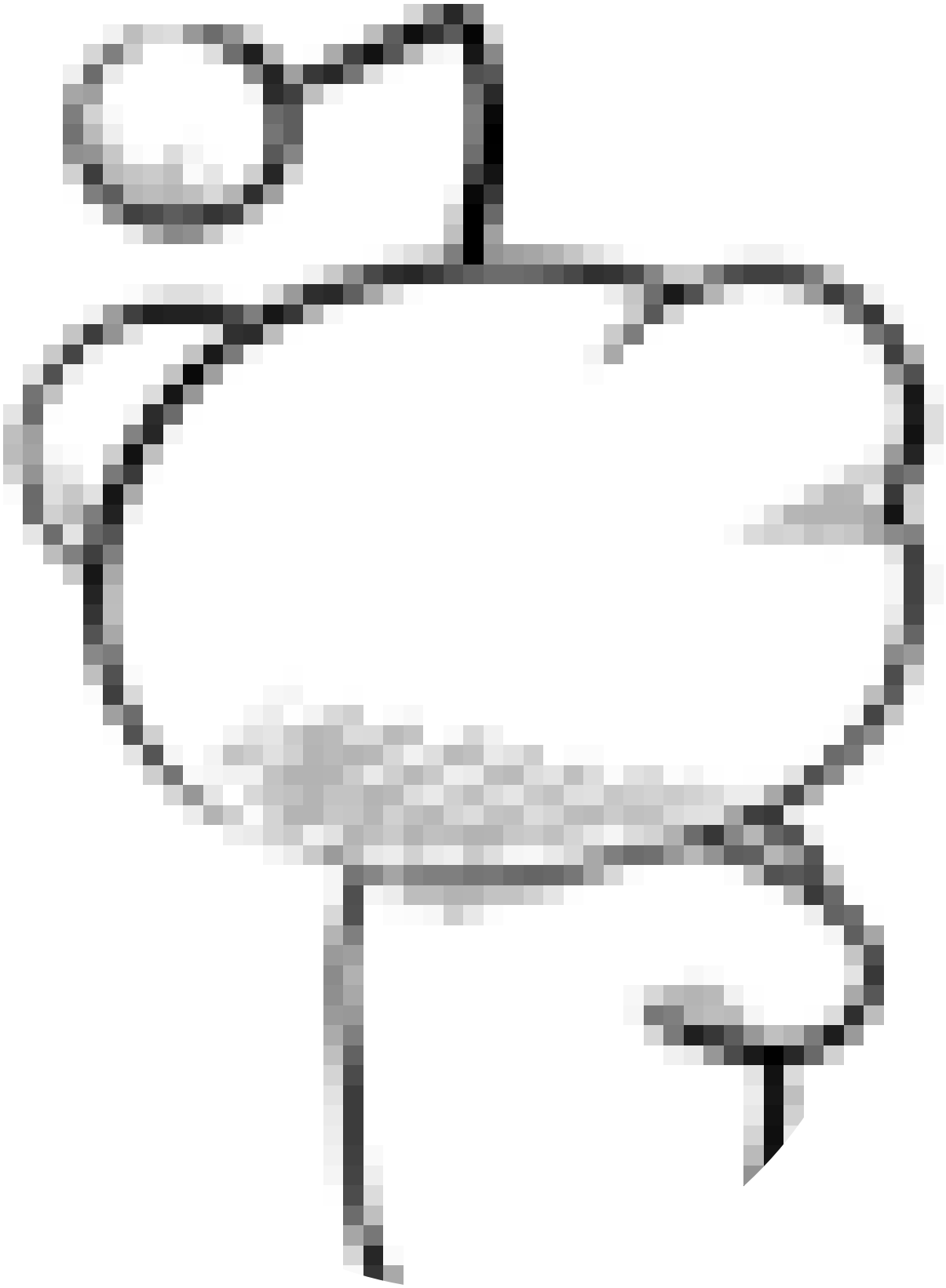

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• 13y ago

About five years ago on Valentines Day I was with my fiance (now wife). We had just finished dinner and it was about 11PM. She lived pretty close to a cemetery and was always talking about how many deer she'd see out there at night and she wanted to show me, so we drive out there.

Here's the Google Maps link: https://maps.google.com/maps?q=40.323121,-111.676456&num=1&t=h&z=17

So we pull in and immediately see a huge black object about 30ft from the car directly in front of us. It was a good 7 feet tall and had this black robe on (Grim Reaper style) moving across the road. I say moving because there wasn't a noticeable "step". It wasn't going up and down. It was like floating across the road like it was on a skateboard or something.

So we were pretty scared then but we couldn't turn around because the road was pretty narrow, so I drove a little farther until there was a fork I could start heading back (See linked image). So we get back around and it had just made it's way across on the shorter road and by the time we saw it again it was just standing in the road looking at us.

Right before this we were pretty freaked, but when it was just standing looking at us it was the most scared I've ever been. Our lights were shining right on it and there was nothing in the face. The light wasn't reflecting or anything, just black.

It looked at us for about 30 seconds and then just turned and kept going the way it was originally. I gunned it and went as fast as I could out of there. I would have thought I was crazy if my fiance hadn't been there to see it too.

Routes: http://i.imgur.com/uzvL2gt.png Our car is the yellow line and the red dots where it's position where we saw it.

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kamajo8991
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I have 2:

I was laying in bed with both kids (baby and preschooler, they're not 16 year olds lol) and my husband.

It seemed like I was in a half-awake kind of state. I was cuddled with the baby. The bedroom door was wide open, with the bathroom light on for child-comfort.

All of a sudden, I see a very tall figure, taller than the door frame, reaches it's long arm in under the door and wraps around the inside wall. It was wearing red. I couldn't see it's face, just the right side of it's body, as it's head would be higher than the frame on the other side.

As he slowly crept in the room, I couldn't move. I felt my heart race faster and faster. I'm trying so very hard to scream, to wake my husband. He was laying behind me.

All I could do was try to scream, watching this figure come into my room, in the middle of the night. I couldn't hide my baby from it. I was losing my mind. I started to shake, trying to yell.

Eventually, I "woke up", screaming my husbands name and shaking around.

He shot up, thinking the world must be coming to an end or something (I felt so bad for scaring the shit out of him).

Eventually, after staring out of the room for a solid 20 minutes, I fell back asleep, exhausted.

TL;DR: I've only experienced sleep paralysis once in my life, just a couple weeks back. I've never felt such fear ever before in my life.

The Other:

About 3 years ago, my husband worked 3rd shift (gone at night). We just had our son a few months ago, so it was just me and the baby at night. This was fine, until one night.

It was 2:20 AM on a hot summer night (alright, technically morning). I had the bedroom window open, I had the fan on and the T.V. as well- to fall asleep to.

All of a sudden, the bedroom door is busted open.

For a split second, I thought "he's home early?" until I heard- in an unfamiliar voice- "ARE YOU IN HERE?!"

I froze. With my back to the door, I could see the silhouette reflection of this man in the glass of the window (which I was facing). This wasn't my husband.

I didn't say anything, too afraid. I just lay frozen, eyes wide, panicking.

Then he shouted "FINE. WHATEVER!" and slammed my door shut.

I quickly, but gently- not to wake the baby- covered my son up with the blanket. Instantly thinking I was about to be murdered, I didn't want him to get the baby.

I frantically tried to think of where to hide my son, but I couldn't leave the bed because the floor creaked, he'd be able to hear me. I thought about the dresser drawer, or the closet- but he'd hear me moving, so I just covered him.

I conveniently slept with my cellphone, to occasionally text my husband at night.

The first person I called was my own mother. Why? I guess you instinctually go to whoever has provided you the most comfort over the years.

She didn't answer.

So I called my mother in law. She did happen to answer, I -in a terrified voice- told her what was happening. She yells at me to call the police, to which I do.

I get the dispatcher. She asks the usual, with me crying "Someone's in my house! Why are they in my house?!". The police are on the way, and get there fairly soon.

I hear them come in downstairs, and up to my room. Nobody was in the house anymore.

They asked me a few questions, I answered. Until they asked the one question that scared the ever loving piss out of me...

"Who's been living in your basement?"

What?

"There's some stuff under your basement stairs. Anybody else live here besides you three?"

No. At least...not that I ever knew about...

TL;DR: An unexpected room-mate.

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moiraq

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When I was sixteen I was sitting at a table with my mom talking about life, musing on the afterlife and reincarnation.. The usual. I began to laugh and say "you know, I'm pretty sure I remember my past life". This was about the time her face went pale. I asked her why.

That's when she began to list all of the details of my silly past life which I always felt was just a recurring dream I must have. She told me how I was the youngest child in a family of poor travelers. How my crib was the top drawer of any dresser where we would sleep and my mother was a tall, boney, angry looking woman with her hair pulled high, always wearing a long dress. All the details I was about to tell her, for what I thought was the first time.

"How did you know all of that? I've never told you before!" I said.

"Because that isn't the first time you've told me", she said, "you told me that story many times when you were a baby, after you first learned to talk."

"I don't believe it!"

"And the worst thing..." she said with a dark brow, "was when I would come to play with you...and you would tell me your other mother was behind me."

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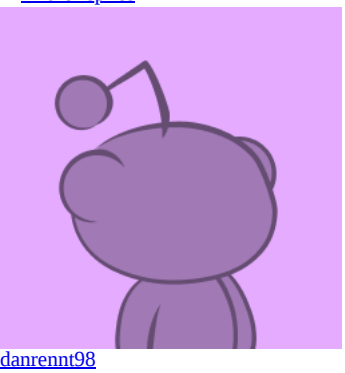

danrennt98
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The Enigma of Amigara Fault

tip: read right to left

thanks gold giver!!!!

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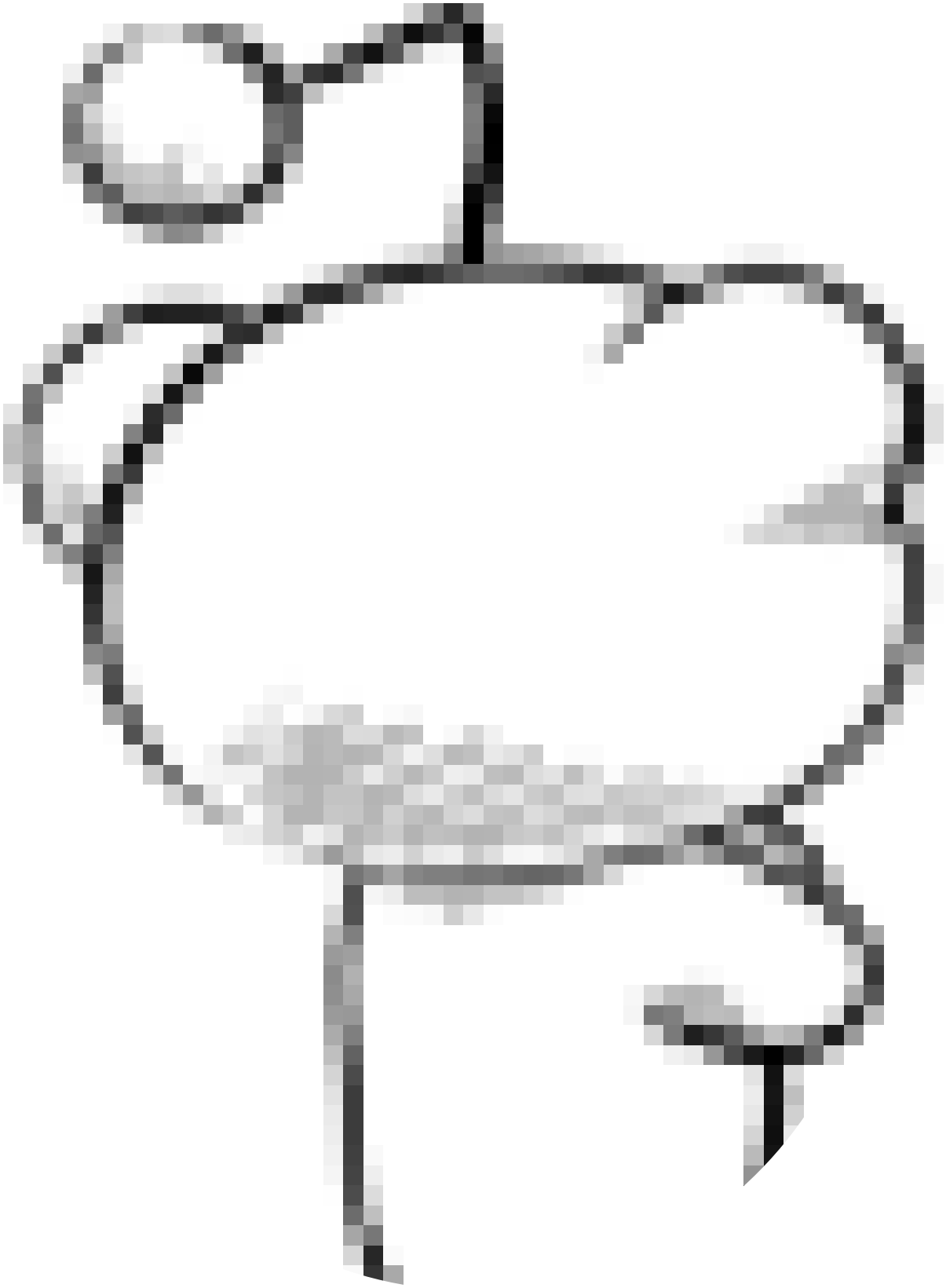

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• 13y ago

DDR... DDR...

Also for any people who are wanting more/longer from the same Writer, his name is Junji Ito and you can check out The Spiral Obsession/Uzumaki and Gyo

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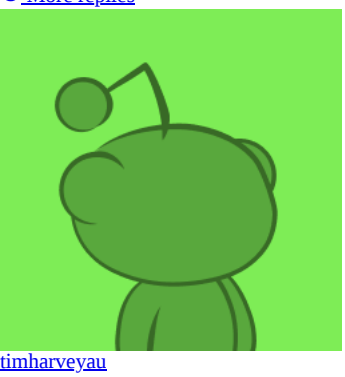

timharveyau
• 13y ago

Read all of that. Was awesome.

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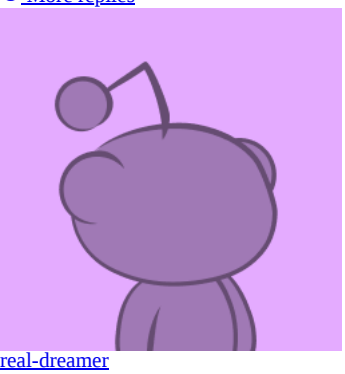

real-dreamer
• 13y ago

When I was in the military I saw someone try to hang themselves outside their Window. They tied themselves to an ac unit and the unit fell they fell onto the ground. The ac unit landed on their head.

It was sad.

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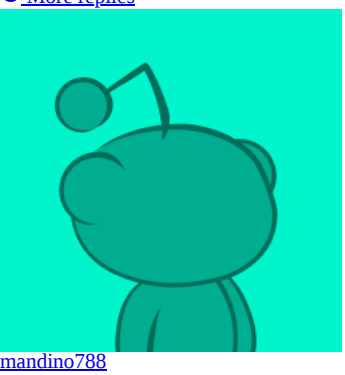

mandino788
• 13y ago

Probably not creepy/scary in the way that you mean but for me the first thing that popped into my head is the night that I called the police for the first time. **Additionally, this story could be a bit triggering for some**

I was 18, it was the fall after I had graduated from high school. I had been pining after these snow boots from Target for a few weeks and finally had enough to buy them (I'm weird). I got them, then went over to my friends house with them on to show her. She lives directly across the street from me so it's *maybe* a 30 second walk from door to door. I hung out over there for a while, then around 10:30 decided to go home since I had to take the bus to class early the next morning.

It was trash night so I went inside, grabbed a full bag, went out the garage door and took it to the curb. I heard some crunching in the leaves in my yard but it was dark and I just figured it was an animal. I went back in for the recycling bin and when I put that at the curb a man approached me. He asked for directions to a nearby street so I told him. He then leaned in and whispered in my ear "I'm going to rape you."

I took off running towards the house, tripped on my snow boots and fell in the garage. He was behind me but I got inside and locked the interior garage door before he got to me. I heard him messing around in the garage. I ran upstairs and told my mom what happened, we called 911 and I spoke to the dispatcher while my mom found something that could be used as a weapon and went to see if he was still in the garage. He wasn't so she closed the garage door then we waited for the police.

The officers drove around looking for him for a bit, then came to the house to talk to me. They didn't find him :(

About a week later I was on the bus and saw him. He looked right at me but the way he acted was like he didn't recognize me. I called my friend to come meet me at the bus stop by the house and we walked back to her house and called the police again. They came out but still didn't find him.

Probably one of the shittiest times of my life. Oh, and I threw the boots away. I couldn't wear them after that :(

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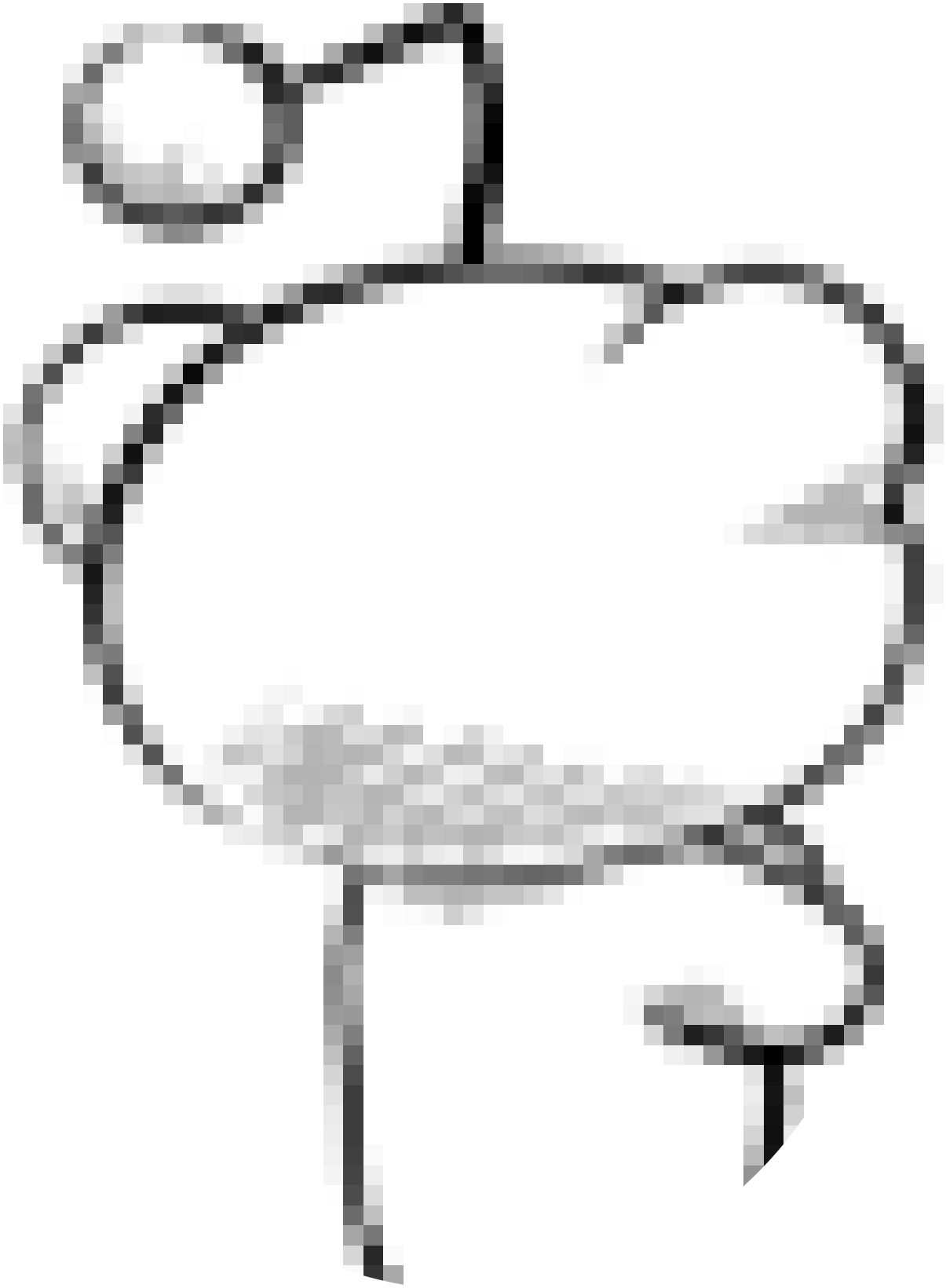

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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MrUncreativeMan
• 13y ago

Since this is going to get buried, this one is for you, guy who hits new.

In the middle of the summer two summers ago, I was sleeping in my bed peacefully when I heard the loudest thunder I've ever heard in my life. Normally I am not afraid of thunder but this time my entire house shook as if it was a huge earthquake. I shake it off and go back to sleep. No big deal. Next thing I knew, I was jolted awake by a flash of bright purple lightning and the loudest fucking thunder that zeus could possibly create. Then i start to hear the screams. It had seemed as if outside my window was a choir of demented hell spawn screeching in cries of agony. As I laid in bed terrified I thought to myself "*This is actually happening. I can hear them. This is how it ends*" Later I found out that the screams were just a pack of foxes that were scared by the intense lightning, but still that was some scary shit right there. TL;DR Thor trys to smite some demon foxes and they eat me.

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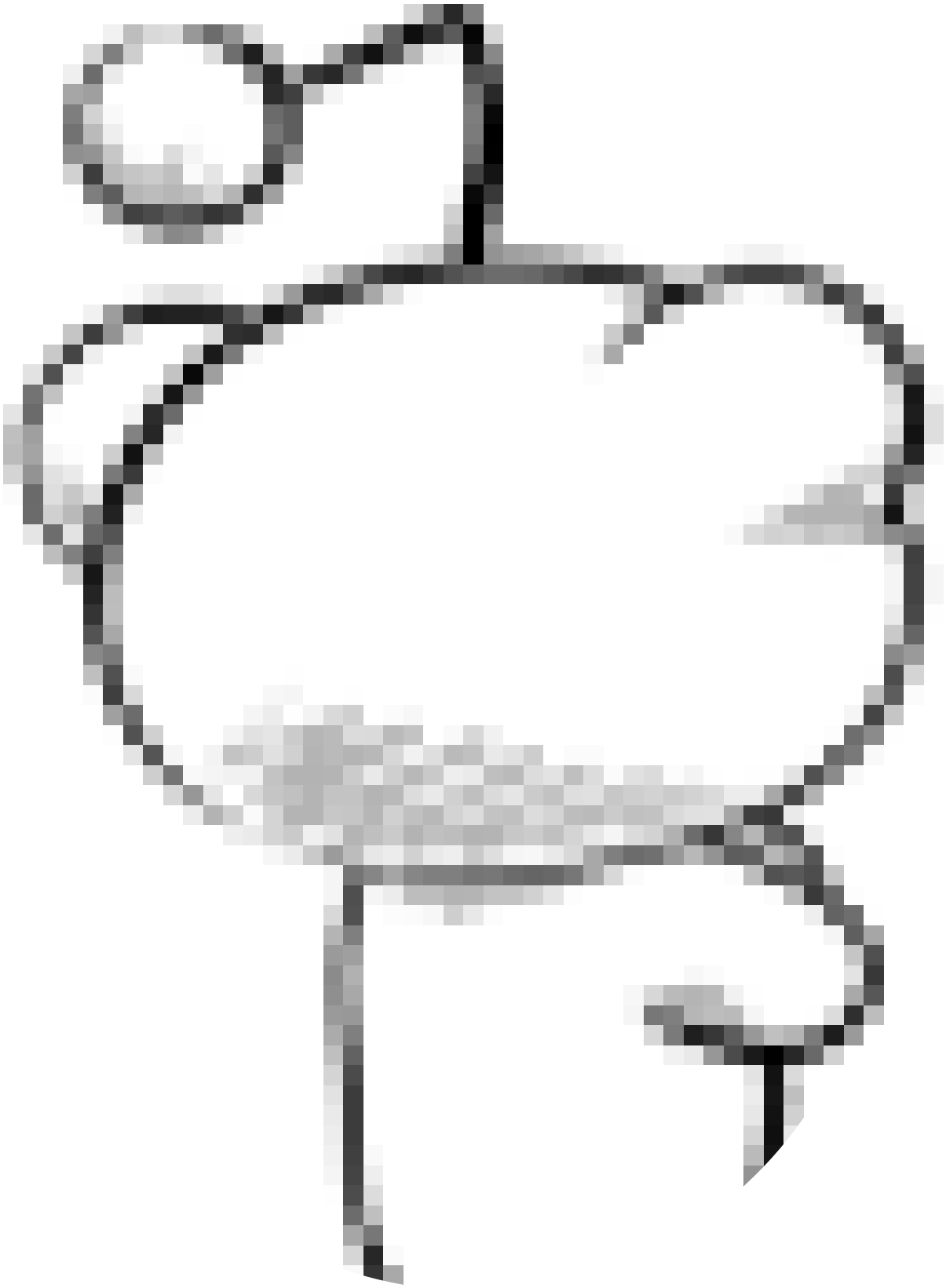

nmoline
• 13y ago

I nearly forgot this story, short but creepy.

I was about 16 years old and was heading back to Central Indiana from King's Island (theme park in Cincinnati). Somewhere along the highway we saw a man walk out of the woods about a quarter mile up. As we get closer I noticed it is a middle aged man completely naked; other than a latex mask (think BDSM) and a chain around his neck. There was nobody else visible from the road.

Being that I was 16 I just looked at the strange naked man and kept driving. Thinking back I always wished I had called the police, who knows what he was doing in the woods along the highway.

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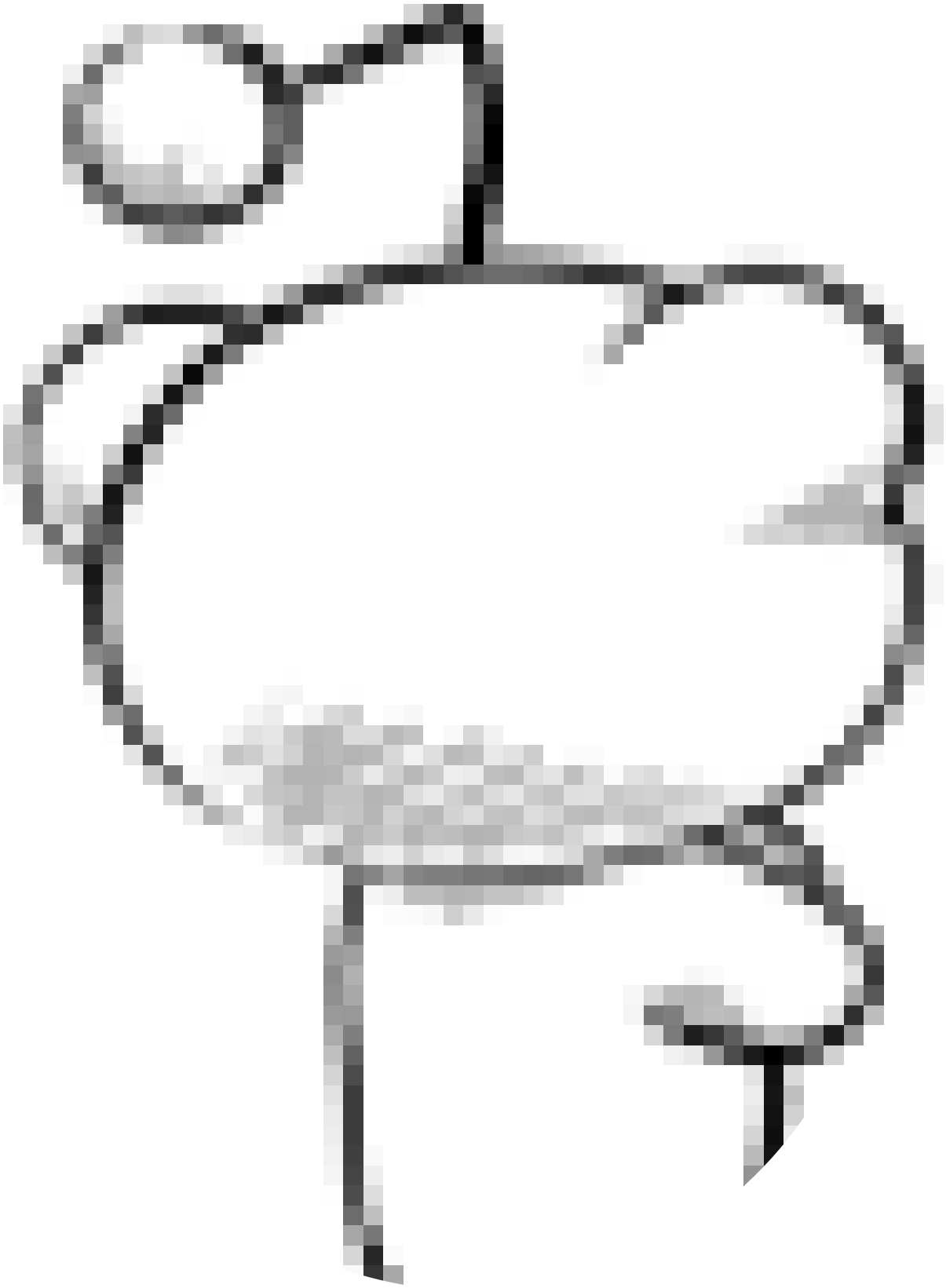

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• 13y ago

One night my father was at the door making death threats, he was drunk and probably on some kind of medication. Felt like I was going to die that night. Didn't.

2 more replies

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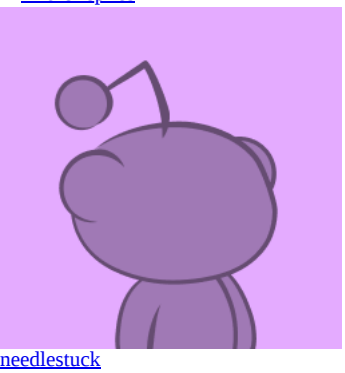

needlestuck
• 13y ago

So, this is a day late and will totally get lost, but here goes.

I work nights at a residential treatment program for teenage girls recovering from drug addiction. The program is housed in an old duplex that they have opened up so both sides are in use. The program houses 15 girls max and there are two staff on 3rd shift, me and a coworker. We split the shift into four hour increments--one staff is upstairs on the floor with the bedrooms monitoring the clients and the other is on the main floor doing whatever. We switch halfway through the night and it's easy money like nothing else. The way the house is laid out, since it's an old duplex, is that there are two living rooms--one on each side of the house, kind of mirrored in location, and two main stairwells that are side by side.

Creepy shit doesn't really happen there--the most that you get is some girl running off in the middle of the night or catching girls having sex with each other or whatever. Normal teenage shit.

Well, I come into work on Thursday night and I putz around for a minute and then head up one of the flights of stairs. I notice the one of the doors to the living room on the side of the house I will be on is partially closed, which is a little odd--the door is a massive, heavy wooden sliding door that most people don't want to fuck with. Weird, but whatever.

I go upstairs and take my seat and fuck around on my laptop and whatever. All the clients are sleeping and I check their rooms about every half hour like I'm supposed to. Around 1AM, I decide to go downstairs to grab a drink. The door to that living room is completely closed, which is very weird but I figure my coworker decided to take a nap in there and closed the door against the light. Except that I didn't hear the door close, which is impossible. Those doors creak and groan and scrape on the floor and bang when you open/close them. But, whatever. I'm not going to chance waking up my co-worker because she's fucking cranky in the middle of the night. I grab my drink and go back upstairs.

Around 1:30, there's this massive crash on the first floor. I call out to my coworker and ask her if that was her. She responds--from the other side of the house--that it was not, and gets up to check the first floor. I get up and check on all the clients, figuring that one of them got up when I wasn't paying attention and is sneaking down for some food or trying to get out or whatever. All the kids are in their beds and my coworker says that there's nothing out of place. She checks all the doors [we have four--two front, two back] and they are all locked. I'm a little freaked, but, still, whatever. I decide, just in case one of the kids is fucking with us and has learned the schedule that we check rooms on, to do random checks so, I'm up maybe every ten to fifteen minutes to check rooms.

While I'm on one side of the house, I hear footsteps on the other so I jet over there to see who is out of bed and fucking around. They all appear to be asleep and they are all actually in their beds. I'm getting pissed.

This continues until 3AM, when we switch places. I go downstairs and my coworker is in the office and asks me if I locked the cabinet with all the snacks in it and the staff fridge. I had not. She gives me the weirdest look and tells me she had left them all open because she goes in and out to get food/drinks during the night. I then ask her if she had been sleeping in the living room under me and she says no. I am thoroughly freaked out and ask her if she heard the door close to that room and she once again tells me no. I could fucking feel the blood drain out of my face.

Our program is in the middle of a city with lots of homeless folks so, at this point, I thought maybe one had somehow gotten into the house. I am nervous as fuck and run around and check all the doors again--that I had checked at the beginning of the shift and that my co-worker had checks after the big crash. One of the front doors is unlocked.

So, I gather my fucking courage together and, while my co-worker hides in the office, I go to the living room and began to push the door open. I was fully expecting a crazy person with a knife to be curled up on one of the couches or a former client to have crawled through a window and be passed out on the floor, but it was empty..and the light was on, where it had been turned off before. None of the windows were open, nothing.

I am freaked out to the nth degree and am convinced that someone is in the house. I search the first floor while my co-worker goes up to the second floor and checks all the beds again, where all the girls are sleeping and accounted for. Co-worker is a very religious Spanish woman and she begins praying and talking about putting scissors in the bible to ward off the devil and all kinds of shit.

I sit on the couch in one of the living rooms and am wide awake where I am usually taking a nap. I keep hearing shit moving around upstairs and my co-worker keeps checking the beds and all the kids are asleep. I walk the inside perimeter of the house again and, as I cross over the landing at the bottom of the sets of stairs, I see a man standing on the landing above me out of the corner of my eye and I jump a foot. I look fully and, of course, there's nothing there.

Around 5:30AM, one of the day shifters comes in and settles down to watch a movie in the other room. I let her get settled and fuck around on my phone a little more and go in to talk to her around 6:30AM. Before I can tell her about all the night's craziness, she asks me which client is awake and crying and processing/talking with my coworker at the top of the stairs.

No client is awake, no one is crying, and my coworker is not talking. I tell her this and then tell her about all the crazy shit that happened and she flips the fuck out and tells me how the half of the house that everything kept happening on is haunted and how all kinds of stuff has happened to her there. Co-worker comes downstairs and we are all comparing notes and we hear someone walking in the kitchen.

All three of us head out. One of my co-workers runs upstairs to check beds and me and the other one check the kitchen--we go from opposite sides, as there are two entrances. We meet in the middle and...nothing.

By that time, it's 7AM and it is time for me to get the fuck out of there and, boy, was I happy to go. Told a bunch of my other co-workers what happened and they apparently think of me as the calm and logical one, and they are freaked out. I work for the next week on high alert and nothing else, thankfully, happens.

I am still convinced that someone snuck into the house--either one of the girls had a boyfriend or dealer come in or someone broke in or whatever. We have zero security beyond the locks on our doors and it is entirely plausible that someone could have gotten in. Fucking crazy shit. I have never been so freaked out at a job as I was then.

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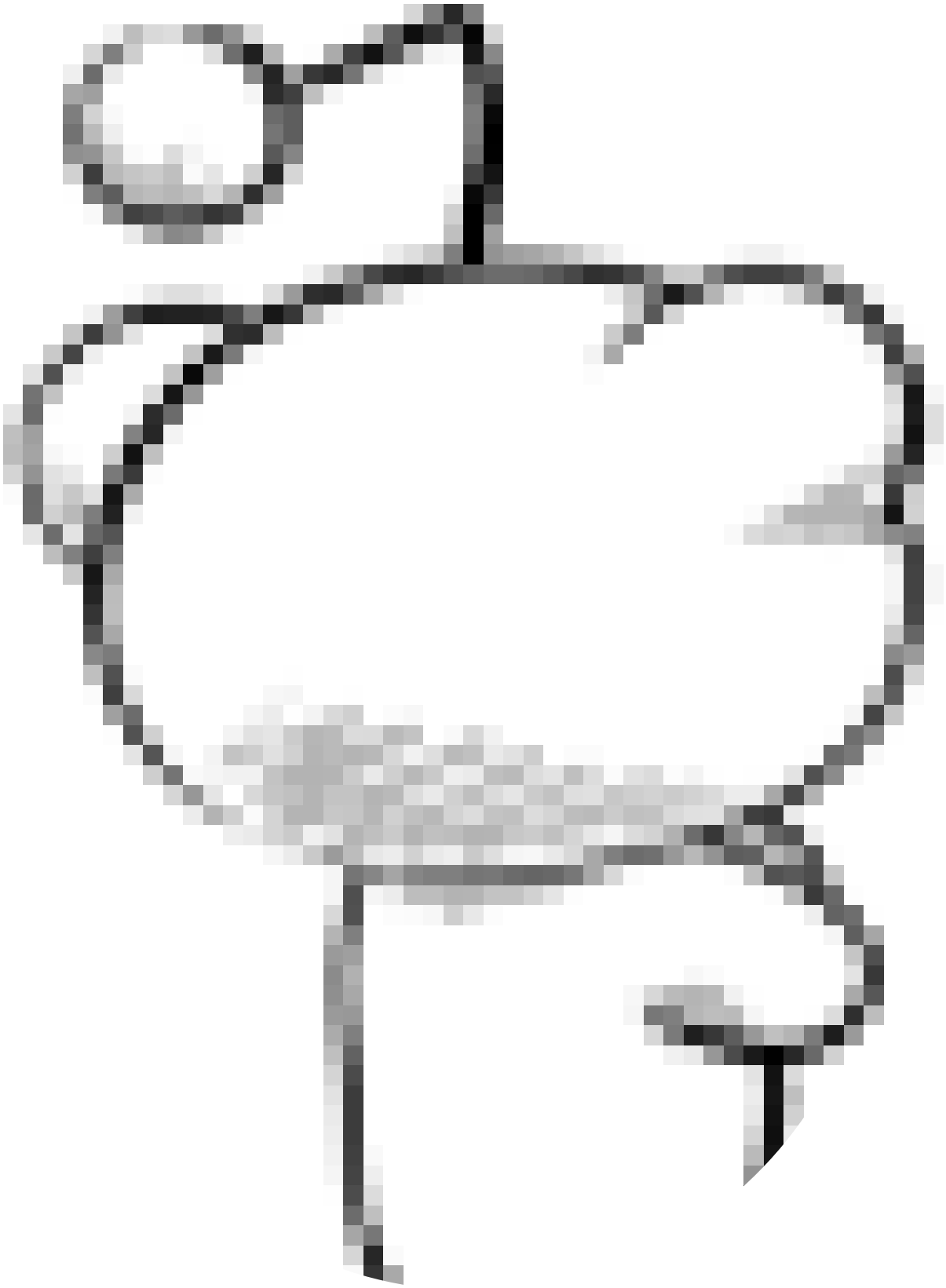

Pajamathief
• 13y ago

The first week of July, 2011 was the creepiest, scariest week of my life. On the first night I went into my bedroom and noticed my closet door was open, and a foul odor (like cat piss, but stronger) was coming out of it. I febreezed it, shut the door, and fell asleep. Next night, before going to sleep a really heavy presence settled in the room, and the stench returned out of nowhere. A hot uncomfortable static in the air. Movement drew my eye to the corner of the room and I saw a dark shape, darker than the shadow around it crouched down. It seemed like it was staring at me a few seconds, and then disappeared. Freaked me the fuck out. The third night, 5 minutes after I layed down in bed that same presence and smell settled in the room. I could hear scratching from the closet, and occasionally a sort of low noise between a growl and laugh. I turned on the light, opened the closet; nothing there. Went back to bed and fell asleep pretty quick, though I woke up at some point half asleep and heard a metal squeaking sound. When I woke up next morning I realized what the sound was. The metal chair I keep in my closet had been propped up next to my bed. This is what really got to me... because it gave me the idea that something was watching me while I slept. I put the chair back, and left my room. That night I didn't even try to sleep. I left the lights on and messed around on a laptop. At 3:13AM I heard one loud, eerie bang on my door. I heard my dog in the next room start barking immediately, so I know she heard it too. Opened the door, no one was in the hallway. I could hear everyone snoring down the hall. On the fifth day I crashed on my couch, and had a really vivid nightmare about this owl outside the window just staring at me, and I couldn't look away. Woke up in a sweat etc. Anyways I was in the den later that night, maybe 10:30 pm, parents are asleep. I got up from the computer to go downstairs and smoke. I stepped outside the room and from my left I heard the distinct sound of someone walking across the 2nd floor landing (it always creaks and makes a popping noise at the spot closest to the den) I looked over expecting to see my mom walking from her bedroom. Instead it was the shadow I had seen in my room, much darker than all the shadows around it, coming at me extremely fast. Adrenaline took over, I swung at it... and hit nothing. This scared me so much I ran downstairs and grabbed a knife, and just stood in the kitchen waiting and listening. Eventually the heavy presence went away and I went to the couch to sleep. On the 6th day my mom woke me up before going to work, it was still pretty dark in the house. My brother had slept over at a friends, so I was home alone. I poured cereal, sat down and watched TV. Not twenty minutes had gone by since my mom left and the

presence and the stench settled into the living room, much stronger than in my bedroom or closet. I was so fed up and angry I jumped up and turned to the darkest corner of the room it seemed to permeate from and yelled at the top of my lungs "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!" And it must've because after that I never had another experience. I didn't tell anyone until about a week later when my friends suggested ghost hunting at Bachelor's Grove (we still haven't gone) and I told them my story. My brother was there and while hearing my story stopped me and told me about seeing the same dark black shadow in his bathroom straight across from his bed. He said it seemed to stare at him, and he would become paralyzed. He also mentioned the weird piss-like smell.

Moral of the story... intense rage seems to get weird shit out of your house pretty quickly.

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LadySmylee
• 13y ago

True story.

My grandmother once lived in an old, three story house. It was set in the woods and slightly run down. It needed new paint, some of the floorboards would creak and the doorways were no longer straight from where the house had settled over the years.

The house itself always gave me a slightly uneasy feeling. However, I have an over-active imagination and at the time of this event I was heavily into my Stephen King horror phase (I was about ten).

The third floor of the house contained three bedrooms. One bedroom belonged to my aunt Beth, who was eight years older than me and wanted very little to do with my brother or myself. Since we stayed at Granny's during the day while Mom and Dad worked, I think it was a jealousy thing. Beth was my Mom's youngest sister and the baby of the family, while I was the first grandchild.

About three months after they moved into this house, Beth started complaining about noises coming from the walls in her room that kept her up at night. Granny and Papaw dismissed her complaints, but when my other aunt who lived there began to echo her concerns, they decided to investigate.

I was there when Granny took Beth upstairs and began searching her room, just to prove there was nothing there. The rat traps they'd sat hadn't worked and they owned three cats, so mice were not likely the culprit. Anyway, while moving a big dresser away from the wall, they discovered a piece of plywood nailed to the wall. It wasn't even painted. (I should mention the dresser had come with the house, as had a lot of the furniture). Granny, being Granny, immediately took a hammer and crow bar and tore off the plywood.

Behind it was a small door.

I'm not kidding when I say small. It was about three feet high and narrow. An adult man would have to really squeeze to get in there. The door was locked but Granny got it open anyhow.

Inside was a little hallway, very dusty, that opened into a tiny room. I could walk in the hallway if I hunkered over. An adult would have to crawl, and could only sit in the little room.

There was a small chair, doll sized, in that room. Nothing else. The walls had been covered in wallpaper that was now very yellowed with age. Dust and cobwebs everywhere, I sneezed for days after this little adventure.

What we finally noticed, and what still haunts me to this day, was the fresh looking scratches on the walls of the tiny room and the little hallway. Nt scratches, really...more like gouges in the wall. These gouges were in groups of three, as if whatever clawed hand responsible had only three fingers.

There was no dust in the gouges. They looked fresh.

We backtracked out of that little room, not saying a word. Granny nailed the plywood back in place and moved the dresser back against the wall. And that was that.

Two night later Beth moved into her sister's room and they kept that room locked until they moved out a year later.

The house was eventually abandoned. I went back with a group of my friends in high school to show them the little room, but the stairs were in really bad shape and rotten. The house was torn down not long after.

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kiefercalyx
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was about 6 years old when our washer broke and we had to go to the laundromat at little shopping center to do our laundry for a little while. I remember it was a warm June afternoon just before dusk I was sitting on the back of my Mom's car eating some candy when I heard the roar of engines coming down the boulevard in front of me. I could see down the road it was two vehicles, a primer colored hot rod and a van racing at top speed side by side, as they neared the intersection where I was at the road rose ever so slightly and they were going so fast both vehicles rose and collided sides in mid air. The van kept going but the car rolled twice fast and hopped on the third roll and as the car rose the guy was coming out ever so much and he his head was chopped clean off when the car landed.

The real freaky part is the head rolled into the gutter about 6 feet directly in front of where I was sitting.

KarthusWins
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was standing in front of my house wth my dad on a spring day when I was 7. We were looking across the street at the neighbor's house, making casual conversation to pass the time. Suddenly, we see about 3 crows start to circle around the house. Then, one of the crows dives into our neighbor's yard and starts to pull apart their storm drain (the water spout that catches roof water and sends it to the ground). It appeared that a family of finches had built a nest in the drain, and the crows wanted to eat the eggs. They succeeded. But that was not all. The crows then caught one of the finches, ripped its head off, and started to eat it. The other finch darted off in fright, abandoning its home.

About 3 minutes later, I shit you not, the finch returns with about 50 other finches, and they start to attack the crows. The crows took down a couple more of the finches, but they were covered in a massive swarm of angry feathers. Two of the crows were ripped to shreds within minutes, and the other one got away but fell to the ground after making it to a nearby hill (probably due to a damaged wing). It was very scary for my young mind, and I had just seen the horror movie "The Birds".

After everything was done, my dad turns to me and says, "What the fuck." That was the first time I heard him swear.

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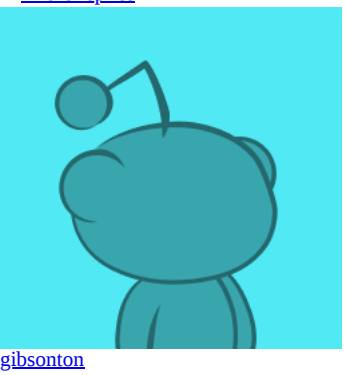

gibsonton
• 13y ago

Buried but it's worth a try... Didn't happen to me, but someone I know.

Friend in her second year of college away from home living in a 1 bedroom apartment by herself. Living alone she was always super conscious of locking her doors and everything. Comes back from class one day and notices that her stuff was not how it was when she left, clothes on the floor, papers rustled, etc and there was a picture on her floor of a little black boy (whom she had never seen before). Enough was out of place that she was way weirded out and she called the police.

Police come to investigate cant find any evidence of breaking and entering and they ask if they can take her computer. They take it, she's freaked but she tries not to worry about it.

Next day police show up, bring her the computer and tell her that they found something on it. They open her Microsoft Word and find 100's of letters to her. Weird ass love letters talking about her. Every single one ended the same way, "If you don't believe me just look under your bed..."

No joke, they look under her bed, lift up her mattress to find 100's of used condoms...

Needless to say she noped right outta there and moved back home the next day.

Never found out who it was. Assumed it was someone working maintenance considering doors were always locked and she came home to them locked when the incident occurred.

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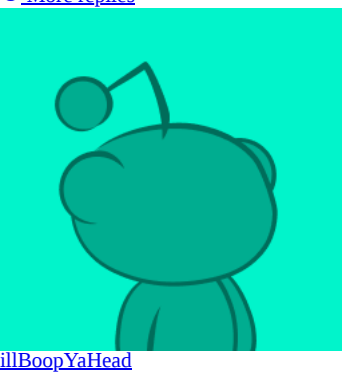

illBoopYaHead
• 13y ago

After living in my house alone for 8 years, I came to the realization that I had closed a lot more doors than I had opened.

ChickenMclittle
• 13y ago

I'm still not sure if this is about being a failure in life or spooky ghosts.

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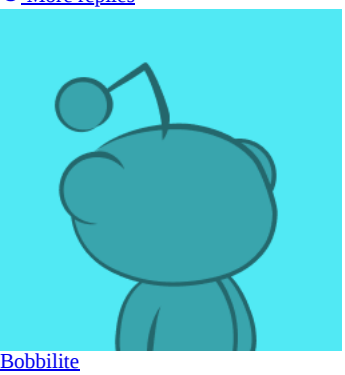

Bobbilite
• 13y ago

Your house is crooked.

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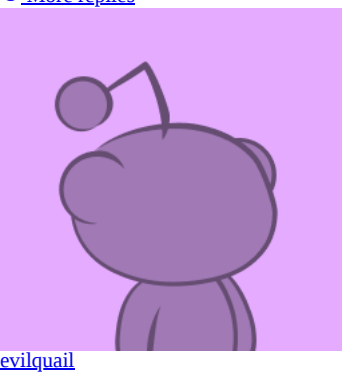

evilquail
• 13y ago

Weird, I've got the similar thing going on but opposite. I seem to be opening more doors than I close.

http://i.imgur.com/voZUFC4.jpg

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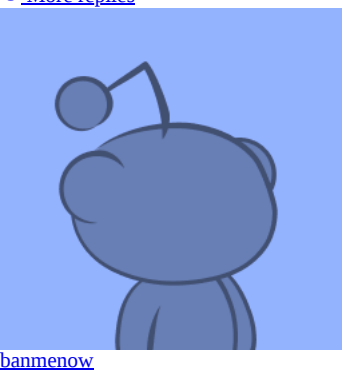

banmenow
• 13y ago

Schizophrenia scares the crap out of me. Can't even imagine..

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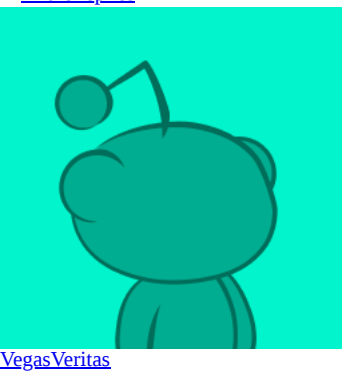

VegasVeritas
• 13y ago

I had a beautiful cat named Oreo who we had to put down due to terminal cancer of the jaw in early-mid 2011. During that time I was away in Anaheim doing an internship, so I never really got to say good bye or be with her when she passed, and that was really hard on me since I had been her caretaker for about 15 years. I returned home from the program drained and depressed.

Two days after moving back, I was laying in bed, watching a movie, when I heard a distinct, questioning meow. I automatically got up to check the cat food and water and fetch a treat. I stopped myself, stunned.

I didn't own any cats.

I was entirely alone in our tiny condo.

I recognized that meow. It was Oreo. It was the meow she made when she was asking for attention. I stood dumbfounded for a minute, perfectly still, hoping for the sound again. Nothing.

7 more replies
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sortathrow
• 13y ago

A few months ago I had lung surgery. Anesthesia really fucked me up, and I would have nightmares, which made it hard to sleep, and then I would start seeing shit.

One night when I couldn't sleep, I was watching tv, and I saw the most horrifyingly real wolf walk in front of my TV. It was huge too. Size of a large bear. It looked at me, and snarled. I quickly pulled the sheets over my head, then I passed out.

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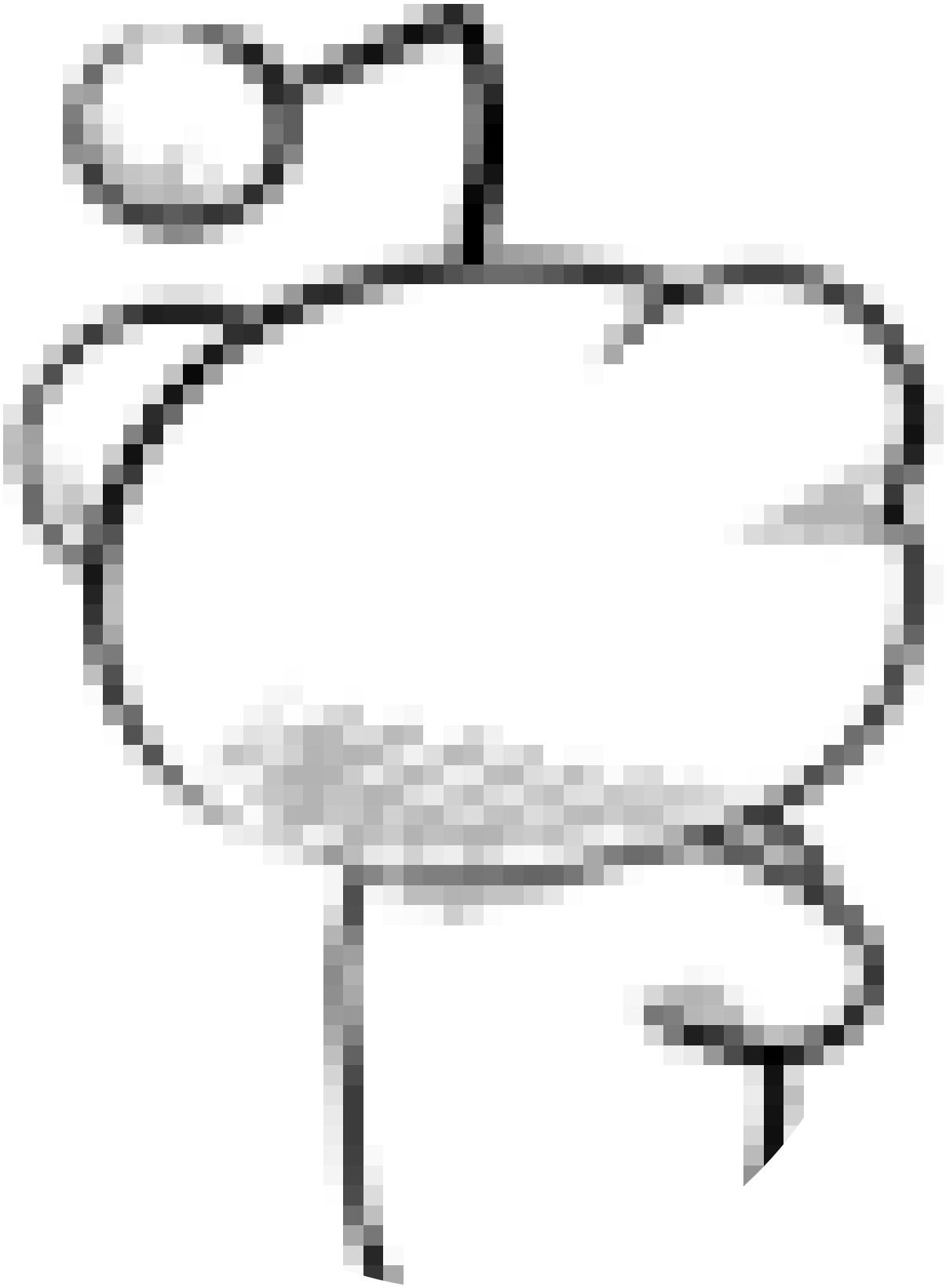

[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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Mikeheathen
• 13y ago

I grew up in the south in the late 70's and early 80's. My grandmother lived on a cotton farm in SC, and my cousin and I would go visit her during the summer. We'd help out on the farm, but during the heat of the day we'd go swimming in the river to cool off. Our favorite spot was fairly isolated, so we never really saw anyone else, but there was an old dirt road that ran from the gravel road back to an abandoned farmhouse in the woods.

My cousin and I were in the river when we saw a cloud of dust in the distance. We thought maybe our uncle was coming to take us back to the farm, but we always swam for an hour or so after lunch, and he never drove the tractor to come get us. We'd heard stories about some backwoods family who'd gone all Deliverance on some kids a few summers ago, but we figured it had to just be our uncle trying to freak us out. Regardless, we snuck up to the river bank so we could see the dirt road, but we'd still be hidden in the trees.

We saw a ratty Oldsmobile Delta 88 with blacked out windows creeping down the dirt road. The car didn't belong to anyone we knew. I only remember the make and model because I knew it was the Evil Dead car...and because of what happened next. After it passed by our hiding spot, we noticed it didn't have a license plate. It drove another 30 yards or so and then stopped. A black garbage bag flew out of the passenger window and into the field. It was about the size of a football. Then the car made a slow and methodical 3 point turn, taking great pains not to let the tires venture too far into the cotton field. It made its way back the direction it came, until it disappeared out of sight.

My cousin and I had remained silent throughout the event, and with the car gone we looked at each other. I wish we would have just ignored it. I wish we would have headed back to farm. I wish we would have told our uncle or our grandmother what we had seen and had them come investigate. But we were 13. Curiosity was killing us.

We had to look in that bag.

As we left our hiding place and headed down the road, we looked around nervously, hoping the Delt wouldn't show up again. As we got close to the drop zone, we could see blood on some of the cotton directly above the bag's resting place. We looked at each other one last time, and then we opened the bag.

There, in the bottom of the bag, wrapped in a bloody washcloth, was a tiny baby girl. She looked like she might have just been asleep, but she wasn't. The image of her lying there, naked, bloody, and discarded, has haunted me ever since.

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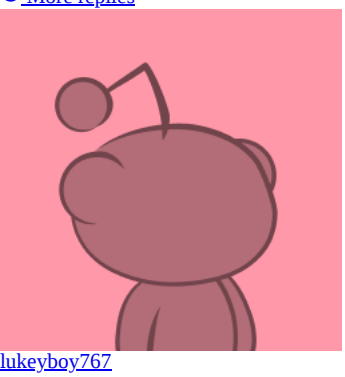

lukeyboy767
• 13y ago

I posted this before, but:

My wife and I just moved into a brand new house this past July. There are definitely creaks and weird nosies from the house settling. However, I had a buddy over one night. We all had got a little drunk and as we were going to bed, my buddy jokingly knocks on our bedroom door and asks if he can sleep in our bed because "there is a ghost in his room!". "Go to bed Rodney!" I say.

The next day, after he went home, he told me his girlfriend asked him, "So, you called me last night?" He didn't remember calling her, so he checked his phone and there was no record of any new outgoing calls. He told her that he didn't call her, and she said, "That's interesting, because I had a missed call last night from you, and a voicemail. Listen to this." What came next was the weirdest thing ever.

It was this loud droning noise with lots of feedback and interferrance. Her phone would translate any voicemail into text, so while you heard this weird growling sound, the text message read, "HELP ME. HELP ME. ARE YOU THERE? HELP ME PLEASE!"

Creeped out.

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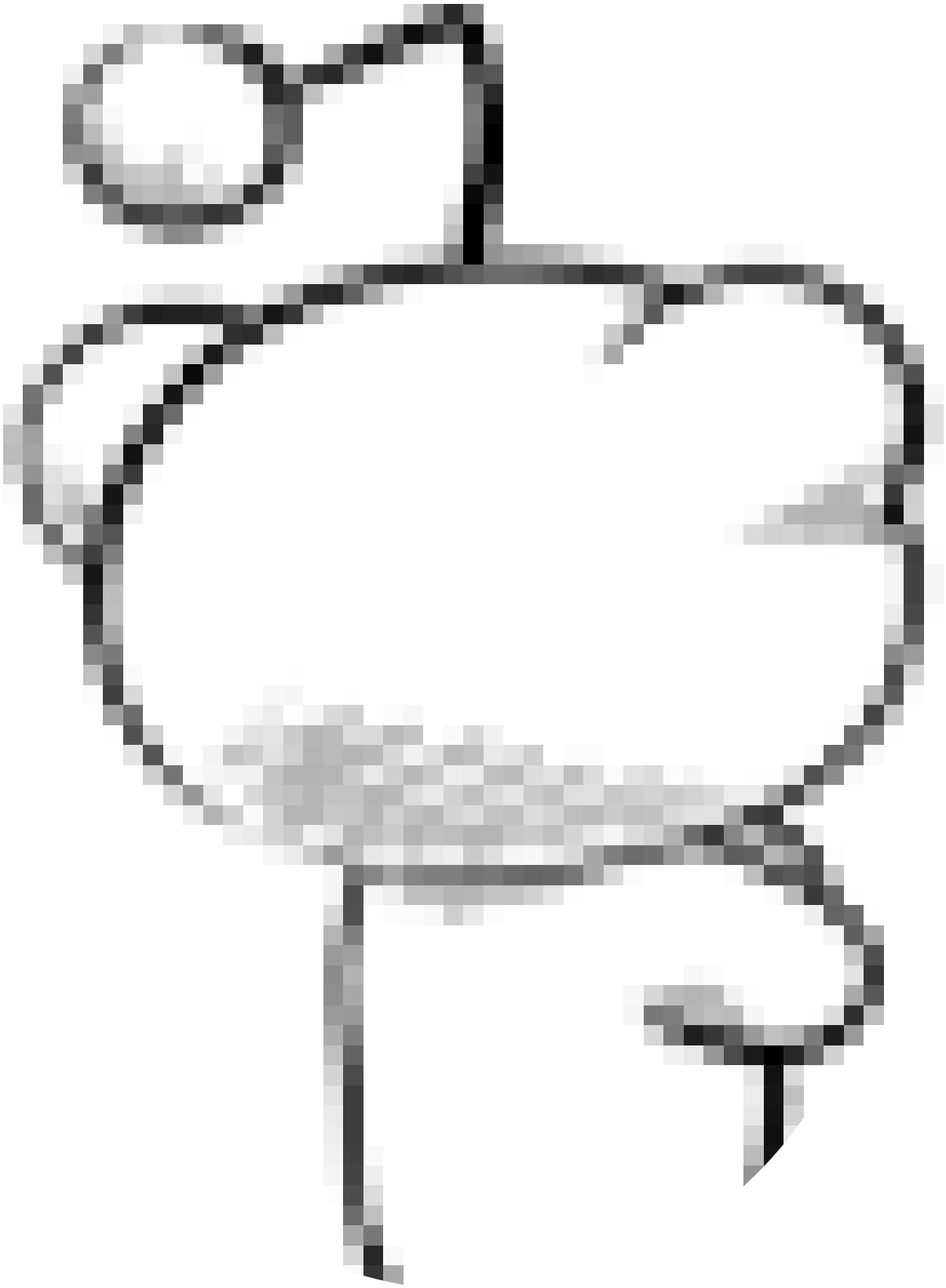

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Ok, I still get chills when I think about this but here goes.

It was a weekend night, a Saturday I think. I was home alone that night since my wife was out of town. So, I had the whole house to myself. I was cleaning up after a quick dinner I made and something outside the window above the sink caught my attention. I saw what appeared to be movement out of the corner of my eye. It startled me and I immediately stopped what I was doing and looked out the window, scanning for anything in the pitch-black backyard.

After a minute or two of trying to see anything through the dirty window, I cautiously went back to cleaning up. I honestly thought it might have been a big bird or something that flew past the window.

No more than a minute or two later, the motion-sensor light about my back patio turned on. Now this will only turn on if a large object passes in front of it. A bird will not trigger the light. I instantly grab the closest, largest knife I see and move slowly to the back door. I could still see the light from the motion-sensor floodlight bleeding through the closed patio door curtains. I remember thinking at this point about whether I should quickly jerk the curtains completely open or try and peek through a slit. I chose the latter.

So, without moving too fast or making a lot of noise I peeked outside and initially I didn't see anything. However, after a moment I noticed something just out of reach of the floodlight. I couldn't completely make it out but the color was gray-ish and had a curved shape. It was also moving slightly. The movement was almost like a rocking motion. I remember struggling to

make sense of what it was. I was going through everything I could think of trying to explain it. I just couldn't make it out, I had never seen anything like it.

As I'm standing there, peeking through the curtain at this thing, it stands up! What I was looking at the whole time appeared to have been it's back as it was hunched over and squatting down on the ground.

Ok, so at this point I'm ready to defend myself. I thought for sure this was some freak in my back yard and he's going to try and break in. Right then, with it's back still to me, it slowly turns it's head to look back in my direction. When I saw its face, I jumped back from the door in fear while making a not-so-manly sound.

I couldn't believe what I had just seen. The split-second I saw it's face felt like 10 minutes. It had huge, dark-reddish eyes. I mean huge. The eyes were way too big for it's face, which was pretty much featureless and expressionless.

As I backed away from the door trembling with the knife in my hand, I could now see a shadow through the curtains. This thing had come up to the door and was standing there! This thing was tall! It had to be at least as tall as me (6'4") and it was still rocking back and forth which very much unnerved me.
At this point my heart was beating so hard that I actually thought a heart attack was imminent. I clutched the knife and yelled at the figure. I don't remember exactly what I said but I know it involved some threats and some cussing.

Right then, the floodlight cut off. This in itself startled me for a second. I was still holding the knife but had stopped yelling. Everything was silent, except for my heart beating in my ears. However, it couldn't have been more than 10 seconds later when the floodlight turned back on. Which made me jump again.

When I looked at the door, the shadow was no longer there so I knew whatever it was had moved. I had a feeling it was still out there though. So, I crept up to the door again completely expecting this thing to jump out of the shadows. I peeked through the curtains and into the backyard. I saw nothing in the light and couldn't make out anything beyond that. I remember staring for what seemed like hours, but was only a few minutes until the floodlight timer made the light turn off.

After a little while of just standing in my kitchen holding a knife I mustered a little courage and went outside with a flashlight to make sure it was gone. A few sweeps of the flashlight was all I could do before I slammed the door shut and locked it.

I still don't know what I saw and honestly don't like thinking about it too much as it just freaks me out. I suppose some would say it was a gray alien, but who knows. All I know is that I don't ever want to see it again - especially in my backyard.

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Uhhhhlisha
• 13y ago

When I was in high school we moved into a new house. Very quickly my older sister and I learned that there was no way of sneaking out of the house, as my moms room was by the front door, the sliding glass doors were too loud, and the door leading into the garage, no matter how slowly, gently, you could ALWAYS hear it open/shut. And with all tile floor and being as "heavy footed" as I am, you could always hear me walk. Well one night, I am laying in bed and just as I am about to fall asleep, I hear what sounds like someone running barefoot on the tile floor from the garage door, to my hallway, back to the garage door. But I never ONCE heard the door open. I was frozen, like you see in the movies. It was so loud. It was a school night. And why would anyone be running? It's 12:30 at night. Then I thought maybe it was my little sister. But...that's not like her. Still frozen. Can't move. After about 15 minutes, I got up. And grabbed the nearest weapon of choice. My hair brush.

My older sisters room was next to mine at the end of the hallway and I figured that would be the safest option, because I would have to cross over to get to my moms room. And with the open layout, there was no "sneaking" if there was a murderer! Well I went full force into my sisters door with the plan of barging it but it was locked. After that recovery, I asked her why she was running in the hallway. She opened the door and said, "I thought that was you". She convinced me to run into my moms room, where I found her and my little sister DEAD asleep.

I finally got my mom to wake up. She called the cops because she thought it was one of the teenagers in the area. When they showed up, we went out the front door and were standing on the patio talking to the cop. The door was still open. In the midst of the conversation, someone..or thing, rings the doorbell. Then again, then a few times in a row, pauses, then multiple times in a row. Pauses. Then one more time. All of us stood there, half turned around with a "WTF" look on our face. The cop legitimately said, "I don't deal with paranormal shit". I thought he was joking but when I turned around he was already getting into his car. I am forever convinced our house was haunted (other incidents occurred, too, which makes me think this).

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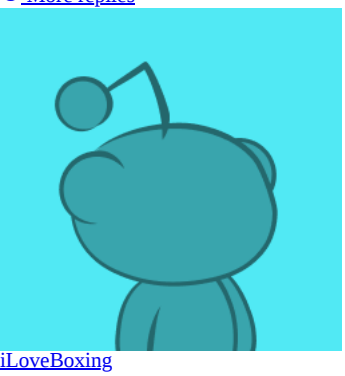

iLoveBoxing

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Could not resist posting on this epic thread! I'm fairly new to reddit. This is a true story, very creepy/scary and not paranormal. The cops got involved ha. It happened to a friend, I know the place really well so I feel I can give a good retelling of it.

So we all live around this park in Michigan that just has paved paths going through a prairie type of woodland with many varying but mostly thin Michigan trees thickly and thinly rowed along it. A great dog walking route which ends at a dam outlet which is also a decent spot for fishing. One summer the 5 of us or so, probably rode our bikes up and down and past that trail every day, day and night. It was practically an ear shot from our friends house. He had the no rules place with an awesome view overlooking the Huron river. We felt safe, we felt like we owned that area. It was always relaxing and never eventful, with the exception of more than a few bike races. Off of this trail was another trail. Only this was a boardwalk that mazes through a flood plane. It was beautiful and once you entered you felt encapsulated in this richly scented miniature lush forest. Needless to say we used to tear ass through there on bikes, kind of risky because many of the turns were awkward and slippery. The boardwalk makes two loops, offering a short walk or a longer one. The latter had a dead end that has a roofed bench area resembling a sort of shanty but open. Someone scribbled "The Crib" on the wall and as silly as it was that became it's name. "Hey guys, wanna ride out to the crib? Let's take this beer out to the crib." Ahh those were good times...

Anyway, it had been a few years since we gallivanted around there, but on many occasion one of us will have just come from walking through there. We all found the place to be a nice memory and very peaceful. One night, my friend found himself walking the board walk, no big deal I think he just left our 'no rules' friend's place and decided to go for a walk before heading home. Knowing the boardwalk trail blindfolded he had no issue navigating the dark forest. Not much moonlight creeps through the many canopies, still an enchanting place nonetheless. He stops at 'the crib', decides it's time to pack up and puts his backpack on heading out. Well as he reaches the end of the one-way leading from the crib connecting to the loop he hears footsteps on the boardwalk 20 ft or so behind him. His eyes were fairly adjusted but still it was not easy to make out an image where the sound was. He stops dead still, listening to be sure he isn't imagining it. Through the silence he hears the steps continue, only now getting closer to him. At this point he decides to call out, "Hello?" he says concerned but calmly. No answer though the footsteps stop for a moment then continue. "Fuck that." He thinks to himself and begins walking the trail away from the footsteps.

He made sure not to run but kept walking, only a little quicker. The trail winds a bit creating blind corners and through the curves he can hear the footsteps still approaching but never quite right behind him. He can't see through the foliage and physical confrontation was not a plan, this was scary. He stops again, knowing there is someone nearby and now confronts it verbally. "What do you want?! Look, I don't know who you are but you better stop following me or I'm going to call the police!" The footsteps continue, my friend won't give him or her or whatever a chance to get too close. He power walks ahead wishing he wasn't alone in the dark woods with somebody, apparently ignoring him, apparently following him. At one point in the trail it crosses a large creek that has a beautiful stone bridge that you walk under, it holds up railroad tracks that pass over. My friend quickly thinks to take the path we sometimes use to skip the trail and take the tracks back to our nearby friend's place. 20 ft or so ahead, he quickly makes a move up the hill to the top of the bridge and makes it to the tracks.

At this point he calls 911 and starts explaining what's happening, that there is someone following him, creeping him out and not responding to anything he says. It's 150 yards or so to the dam and the edge of the park, but the police tell him a car is very nearby and is heading to meet him. My friend explains he may have lost the person but as soon as he thinks he can relax a bit, a guy comes ambling up the hill, awkwardly catching his balance as he sees my friend and continues his medium gate towards him. It's a guy in a hoody with the hood up, head slightly down, walking abnormally slow and calculated. Bad vibes oozing off this guy, my friend starts to run. Just as his feet crash on the rocks laid around the tracks he hears the same noises coming from behind. The guy began chasing my friend. Running full speed at him, arms bent but no swing at the elbow, he looked like T-1000 running. My friend said he about shit himself, but no sooner he sees a squad car pull up in the parking lot straight ahead about 70 yards away. My friend waves his cell phone at the cop, who quickly jumps out and jogs towards my friend, seeing the guy chasing behind. My friend still running, is told to stop and just as the cop shouts this, the guy goes back to his odd medium gate. After my friend affirms it's he who called, the cop walks past him to confront the guy. He tells the guy to stop, gun drawn. The guy DOESN'T STOP. He just keeps walking towards the cop at this point, no hesitation at all. Lucky for this guy though, the cop was a badass and decided not to kill him right then (IMO). The cop bravely walks up and just grabs the guy who at this point we find out is a pretty young scrawny kid, maybe mid 20s, probably younger. The cop questions him as he walks with the psycho back to his car, the guy never answers a single question. No name given, no answers, no reasoning. It was like he didn't know what he was doing before and doesn't know what he's doing now or why he's there. His only compliance was physical, nonresistance.

Never got a follow up except that the guy was busted for drugs a good number of times in the past and is now doing time for warrants. I always tell my friend I would have run up and socked the little asshole, especially after finding out he wasn't a bug guy. But... I try to honestly place myself there and not only did he do the right thing I'm not sure I would have done better, forget confronting a creepy person in the dark!

Edit: Sorry it's so long :/

TL;DR: Friend goes for a night walk through a wooded park, gets followed by a silent menace. Cops are called, guy gets arrested, friend still gets shook up when asked about it.

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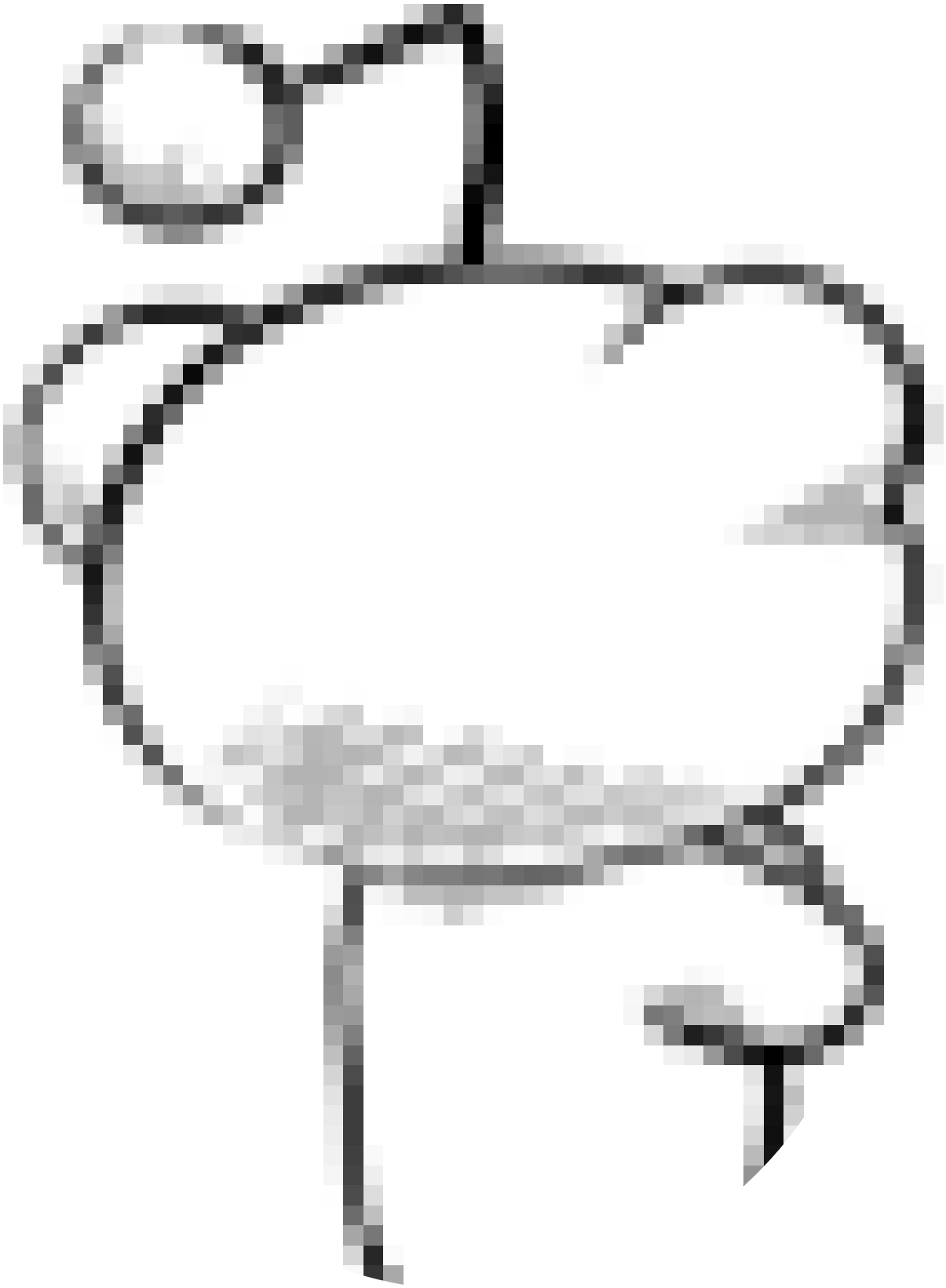

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• 13y ago

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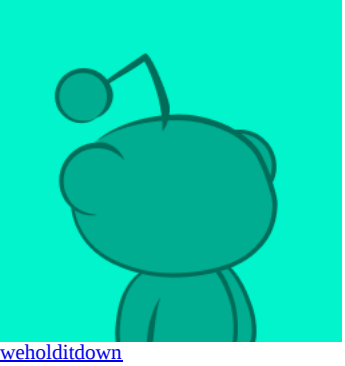

weholditdown
• 13y ago

The scariest thing that has ever happened to me happened on a Friday morning. My boyfriend had left for work and I was making breakfast and getting ready to leave myself. He left the door unlocked, but as we live in an apartment complex where you need to either know the code for the main door or buzz the flat you want from outside, this wasn't as irresponsible as it might sound - besides, I was still in the house and would be leaving soon.

I was just checking all of my essentials were in my bag, when I realised my phone wasn't in there, nor was it in the living room/kitchen. I realised it must be in the spare room, where I'd previously got dressed (the only full length mirror is in that room), so I went in there.

I quickly realised something was amiss when I saw that some clean clothes I'd folded and placed on the bed that morning were now strewn across the floor. It also seemed like there was a lump under the duvet. Heart pounding, I tentatively lifted up the duvet and found a man who I had never seen before lying under it. His eyes were open.

Without thinking, I said 'Excuse me?' in a loud, but shaking voice. The guy stood up then. He was massive and being a 5'3, 125lb girl alone in the house with this complete stranger, I became even more frightened. I genuinely thought this guy was going to attack me. However, again without really thinking about it, I told him I didn't know who he was, but he needed to get the fuck out of my flat right now. He looked confused and seemingly right through me and I assumed he must be on drugs or something. He asked if he could collect his stuff and I replied that there was no stuff to collect, as this was not his home and he needed to get out right now before I called the police.

Thankfully, he did get out and I quickly locked the door and made a series of phone calls. One was to the non-emergency police number telling them that a man I did not know had somehow got into my flat and that while I had got him to leave, I didn't feel safe leaving for work until I knew he wasn't around. They promised to send someone around right away after I gave a description of him. I also called my boyfriend to tell him what had happened, but not to come home, as the situation was/had been taken care of. I also called work to tell them I was going to be late and why, then sat patiently and waited for the police to arrive.

Then someone started knocking on my front door and not just any old knock. They were pounding their fist against it aggressively.

I looked outside my living room window and there was no police car yet. Sure enough, when I peered through the spy hole in my front door, I could see the man from earlier. At this point, I promptly lost my shit. I'd surprised myself with how calm I'd been before, but now I was sat on my living room floor, crying, hyperventilating and telling the police that they needed to try and get here quicker. I also called my boyfriend, who said he was coming straight home.

I sat on the floor for what probably amounted to 5/10 minutes, but felt like hours, listening to the man hammering on my door. I heard a car pull up outside and to my great relief, a policewoman got out. Shortly after, I heard voices outside my door. The woman was asking the man who he was and what he was doing here. She told him she was coming inside to speak to me and that he should under no circumstances follow her in. She came in, asked me for my side of the story and then told me she was going to get the man away and then come back and talk to me. Back outside, I heard her berating him for terrifying a woman 'half your size and nearly half your age'. She took him in her car and drove off.

A while later, she came back and told me what had happened. The man had been contracted to do some work in my city. On the last day, he had gone on a huge bender with some colleagues and got so wasted that he walked into my flat, mistaking it for his hotel room, hence why he asked for his 'stuff'. I had music playing that morning and - as mentioned above - was making breakfast, so he must have walked in unheard while my back was turned. After I ordered him to leave, he continued hammering on the door because he was still convinced this was his hotel room and that he needed his stuff (no idea who the hell he thought I was in that case). How he got in was explained by the policewoman, who said that she'd been able to get in and out easily without punching in a code or my flat number. The lock on the main door must have been broken.

So while this turned out to be a relatively harmless guy, it still holds up as the scariest thing to happen to me in a while.

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Rockford1888
• 13y ago

The day my great grandma died she kept looking up in the corner and asking "Am I going home?" To no one in particular. No matter how many times we answered her she wouldn't stop asking that question. When her time finally came she raised her fist into the air and yelled "on ward" and then fell back peacefully. That was her last word on her death bed.

Later found out that her mother (my great great grandma) did the exact same thing when she died. Asking over and over again if she was going home.

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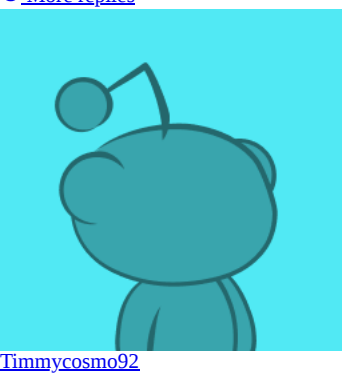

Timmycosmo92
• 13y ago

It's not the 'Creepiest' thing I've ever seen but whenever I am driving at night time I always seem to think I see something/someone in the back of my car when I glance at the rear view mirror. Scares the shit out of me every time!

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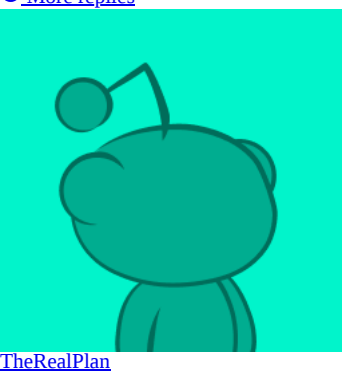

TheRealPlan
• 13y ago

Hearing a child screaming in the woods at night. You know they are lost but you can't find them. Very unsettling, still gives me nightmares.

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Eatsoap
• 13y ago

Not the creepiest thing I've seen, but I noticed that an old man was filming me while I was about to sleep on the train.

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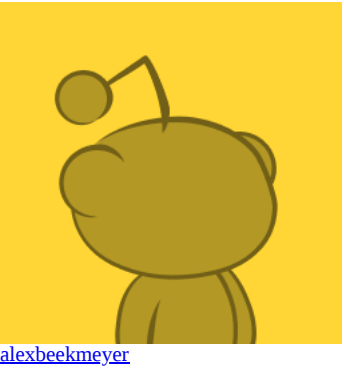

alexbeekmeyer
• 13y ago

Once I was on holiday in Portugal with my family. I was 16 and my brother and sister were both 4. This was a few years ago and so a few years after Madeleine McCann had been abducted. We were on a beach on the South Coast, near where she had been taken. Suddenly we heard a man shouting at the top of his voice looking for his daughter. He was running around the beach with his wife, searching desperately. My dad and I, and a few other people decided to help him look. We got to the end of the beach and saw a cave, still shouting her name. Our search party entered the cave and saw her there sitting down. I heard the dad ask her what she was doing (she looked about 5 or 6) and she said, in these exact words: "The man was taking me to get an ice cream." At the opposite side, there was a small hollow, just big enough for a man to crouch and fit through, leading back towards the town. To think what could have happened if we were several minutes later is horrifying, and we didn't let my brother or sister out of our sight for the rest of the holiday.

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LeoJohnsonsSacrifice
• 13y ago

I have a couple of random stories, but this one still creeps me out the most:

When I was about 12 years old, I woke up in the middle of the night to my cat meowing at my open door. I got up and followed her into the living room - the whole time she kept looking back at me to make sure I was following her. When we got to the living room, she jumped up on the piano which was directly under a large picture window that looked out onto our front

yard. As I looked out the window, I watched a round object, about the size of a basketball, slowly float down my driveway about 4 feet off the ground. It got to the end of our fence and went toward our neighbor's house.

It had a couple of tiny lights on it. It was dark gray. I stood there for a minute with goosebumps on my arms, then walked back to bed. I know this was not a dream, and my 12 year old mind definitely did not make this up. It has been burned into my mind for 18 years, and I have no idea what the hell I saw.

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pdross1

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My girlfriend and I don’t talk about this ever because it scares us so much to remember. We’re still scared of the area by our bedroom door, and we sleep with the lights on.

The Incident

2am. We are slammed awake by an alarm coming from inside our bedroom that is so loud, that it hurts to hear. Going from deep sleep to heart-pounding-adrenaline-dump, and the noise so loud, I am experiencing complete disorientation and panic.

Someone is standing in the bedroom door. Child sized. Very long hair. “WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?!” I scream.

“WHERE?!!!!! WHERE?!” my girlfriend screams.

I’m yell-crying at this point. “WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT????!!!!”

It doesn’t move. The light switch is right next to the door, right by the child. I force myself to jump up (our mattress is on the ground) and flip the light switch.

Instantly, the child is revealed to be a towel hanging on the doorknob. I don’t care what anyone says, I will never forget being that scared and feeling that unsure of what to do. Even though I know nothing supernatural was going on, it still gives me the willies just to think about.

Edit: The loud alarm was the smoke detector. We had just moved in so we had no clue what it sounded like. We couldn't figure out what had set it off. Very WTF.

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claymier2
• 13y ago

In my last apartment, every morning, 3 a.m. I would hear this woman screaming "help" in this loud, clear, blood-curdling shriek.

I tried asking my landlord about it and he got real quiet and wide-eyed and never said a damned thing about it.

None of the other tenants would talk to me.

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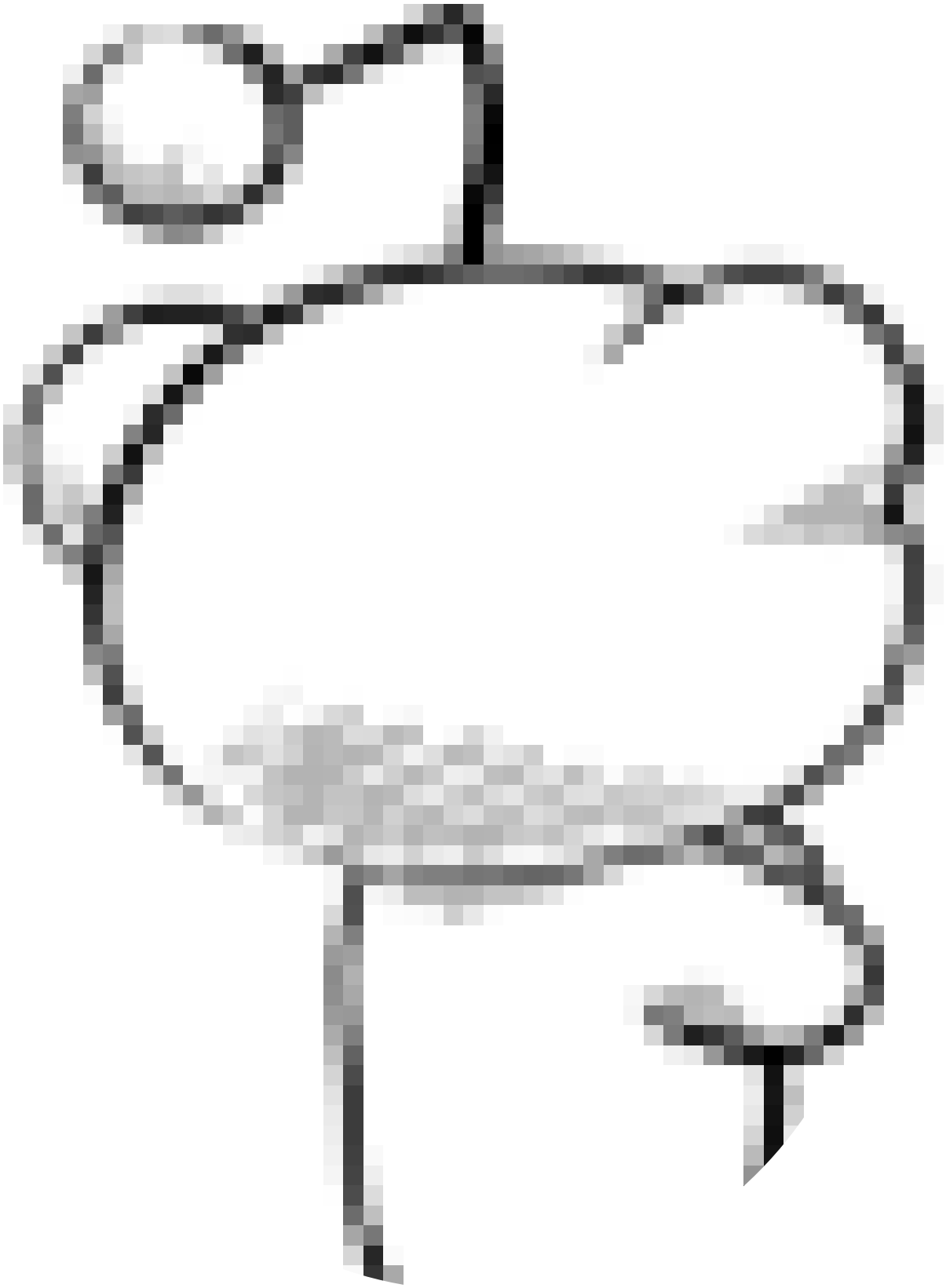

[deleted]
• 13y ago

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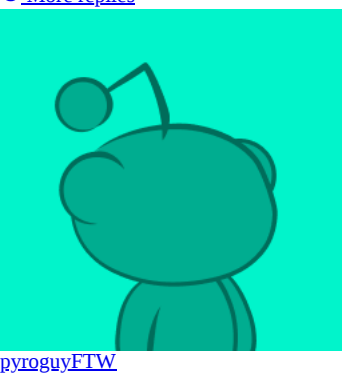

pyroguyFTW
• 13y ago

Damn. I should never have looked at this thread. Forever shall I regReddit.

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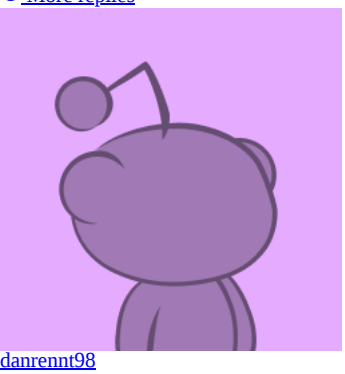

danrennt98
• 13y ago

The man at the window:

http://www.reddit.com/r/LetsNotMeet/comments/yffma/the_man_at_the_window/

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ILikeMyBlueEyes
• 13y ago

This is my personal r/LetsNotMeet story.

> 20 years ago, when I was eight and living in San Diego, CA at the time (my dad was in the navy and we lived in military housing.), I had an experience that has since made me develop a phobia of windows with no curtains or blinds of any sort shut at night.
>
> It was roughly 2 AM (I was having a friend sleep over) and my friend and I were playing with our Barbie's in the living room. Now, the dining room and living room are basically just one big room. And on the wall in the dining room section, there were 3, floor to ceiling windows that had no blinds or curtains whatsoever. So anyone standing outside those dining room windows could easily watch whoever may be in the living room. And I felt like someone was watching us.
>
> I turned my head to the right was greeted by a sight that I will always remember. It may not sound gruesome in description, but to an 8 year old....There stood a man, a white man. I know this because he was wearing a dark blue, short-sleeved t-shirt that had a pocket on one side of the chest. So I was able to see his bare forearms, which were also quite hairy. He wore a black ski mask and black gloves. He had his face pressed up to the window with his hands on either side of his face to block out any glare from the street lights, watching us with such intent.

I screamed my little eight year old head off and curled into a ball. My friend doing the same. Sobbing, she asked what were we to do. I said that we were going to count to 3 and run upstairs to get my dad. We began counting, but I only made it to '2' and I was hightailing it up those stairs. My friend was hot on my tail. We burst into my dad's room in hysterics, screaming about a man staring at us through the window. He didn't hesitate to jump out of bed and race out to the backyard (where the man would be standing). Of course by the time my dad got there, the man was gone.

Years later I am retelling this account to my mom. My parents were divorced, but she lived in the area and remembers hearing about a rapist on the loose right about that time in that area. To this day I am convinced that man was that rapist.

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SmackySmack
• 13y ago

When I moved into my first apartment in Los Angeles, I kept getting the feeling I was being watched. I didn't like sleeping with my back to the door and didn't know why.

I felt safe when I was on the phone with someone or had company but I never felt totally secure when I was by myself. I tried to let it go but I couldn't -- I just got lots of weird vibes.

One night, middle of the night, I saw a kind old man with glasses on, a little stooped over walk into my bedroom; he was a bit surprised I was there and I just said "It's fine, everything's fine." He said "Oh, O.K." and looked apologetic and backed away. When I woke up, I thought it was the most bizarre dream. Got up, went about my day.

I ran into my landlord the following week and asked him who had lived in my apartment before me. He told me some girl lived there for four months before me, but before that it was empty for a long time. I asked him why and he mentioned the previous owner of the building had lived in that apartment before going to the nursing home where he died.

I asked him to describe the guy...and he did and I turned white.

TL;DR Ghost of the previous occupant of my apartment visited me; I thought it was a dream.

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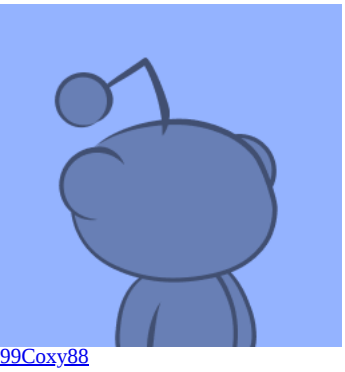
Zurukea
• 13y ago

A little late to the game, but when I was going to high school and living at home my dad was a volunteer fire fighter of the ruralish' area we lived in. We had a pager in the house so that if somebody called in an emergency to the fire department/ambulance bay it would be transmitted to all the fire fighters and paramedics.

My bedroom was downstairs and often when up late at night gaming, I would run to the top of the stairs and listen to an incoming page. One night I just made it to the top of the stairs when the message started. It was an elderly lady just screaming "NO!!! NOOOOO!!!! OH NO OH NO NOOO!!" There was so much despair in her voice. Needless to say I didn't sleep well that night.



99Coxy88
• 13y ago

About three years I ago I saw something that to this day I cannot explain. A mate and I had been drinking in our local pub. After closing time he invited me back to his place to stay the night. Where I grew up is on the coast and quite rural so it was about a 40-minute walk to his house but only a 20-minute walk if we cut through a wooded area about 70 acres across. It was about 1 am but we always crossed the woods at night so even without flashlights we new our way perfectly. It was summer and pretty warm so about half way across we stopped in a clearing and shared a joint. The clearing sloped quite steeply down a hill and we were stood at the top edge looking down and out to sea, with the far edge less than about 100 yards away.

The view from there is amazing, it was a lovely clear night and it is a place we knew very well but for some reason something did not feel right, neither of us had spoken for about five minutes and I felt very uneasy. I sensed he felt the same, but being guys, neither of us was about to admit to feeling scared so we just stood there peering into the trees and smoking in silence.

That is when I saw it. A dim shape was moving through the trees on the other side of the clearing. It looked to be about 4-5 feet high, it did not seem to have a solid shape and gave off a dim silvery light that cast shadows across the clearing. The best way I can describe it is as a kind of glowing blob. It moved slowly towards us from inside the wood but as it got to the edge of the tress it started to move around the edge of the clearing, all the time casting shadows and weaving in and out of the trees. I watched this, not breathing and frozen to the fucking spot for a good 20 seconds. I glanced over to my mate, and could see he was staring at the thing too, I could even see the shadows this thing was casting move across his face! After about another ten seconds the thing just stopped, gave of a bright white flash and just fucking shot up into the tree canopy crazy fast and just vanished. The whole thing had lasted about 30 seconds and the only noise was the wind in the trees.

We stood in silence for another minute until I tugged on my mates sleeve gesturing for us to move on. We carried on our journey in silence not speaking a word to each other. I think neither of us wanted to acknowledge what we saw while still in the dark wood. We crept on, I was shitting my fucking pants, constantly listening and looking all around me. I had no idea what I had just seen, where it had gone or even if I had really seen it. After a tense and silent 10 minute walk we had reached the other side and as soon as we were back on the well-lit road we looked at each other's pale faces and tried to figure out what the fuck we had just seen. My mate told me he had seen exactly the same thing but had not been able to tell if I had seen it too. Both of us had felt horribly uncomfortable the second we arrived in the clearing, a place we had been hundreds of times before and never felt anything out of the ordinary.

We did not sleep that night. We sat up trying to explain what we had seen. To this day neither us can even guess what it was we saw and I no longer cut through the woods at night.

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me_z
• 13y ago

I actually had the most frightening nightmare the other day. I was coming home from work, and it was dark out. As I walked up the steps to my front door, I saw little children playing on the lawn but couldn't make out if they were neighbors or not. I walked up close to them and they were adults with kids masks on. Woke up in a cold sweat. It sucked.

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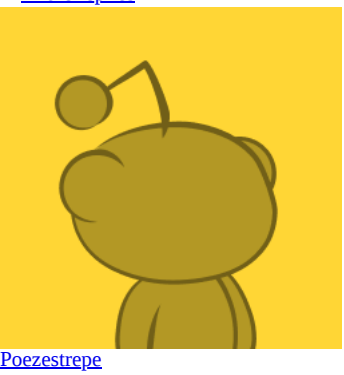

Poezestrepe
• 13y ago

Told this one before on here, but here you go:

I live in a house that was built in 1816. Our bedroom is on the top floor, with a solid stone staircase leading up to it from the door on the first floor directly into the room.

One night, I woke up to my husband quietly closing the door and sneaking back up the stairs (trying to avoid waking me). Since I was awake now, I turned to tell him to just come up.

... only to realize he was right there beside me in bed.

Reply Share

Crippled2
• 13y ago

My college roommate went camping up in the rural areas of Mississippi like in the sticks, he said this area was so remote it was decently far from any major stuff. They parked their truck in a clear area and walked to their campsite. The camping area was fairly known to the "locals" which at the time he thought nothing of. As the night progressed he heard what sounded like men talking to each other, he heard rumbling of the leaves and grass in their general area and communication. He grabbed his side arm motions to his friend, he knew something wasn't right. He heard the movement grow closer, they were in a fairly wooded area and with as dark as it was he assumed whoever was out there couldn't see them yet, as the men for some reason weren't carrying lights. He decided to sneak out of their tent. He saw men in the distance armed, he said he then heard sounds from the left and the right as well which led him to believe they were trying to move around him. At this point they decided to abandon their gear and take the food and water and make a run for it. They weren't too far off train tracks and while going back to their truck trying to be as silent as possible my friend glanced at the tracks and saw a heavy-set man with a shotgun. This man glared at him with no reaction while tapping the end of the barrel on the tracks. He told me the sound of the metal tapping and the stare of that man sunk into him like a knife. My friend decided the time for trying to be silent was over and yelled to his friend to run as fast as possible. They got back to the truck and drove all night till they hit a larger town. He later looked up that area and found out there have been murders and a rape. He also found out after they got back to a town that kids in that area break your windows of your car while your off camping and then push your vehicle off cliffs. (This guy was a Eagle Scout, all about nature and hunting) he said from his experience these men weren't out looking for animals, they were out there for something else but he didn't want to find out what that something was.

This is why i don't go camping, fuck nature I'll stay inside. He has yet to go back to Mississippi.

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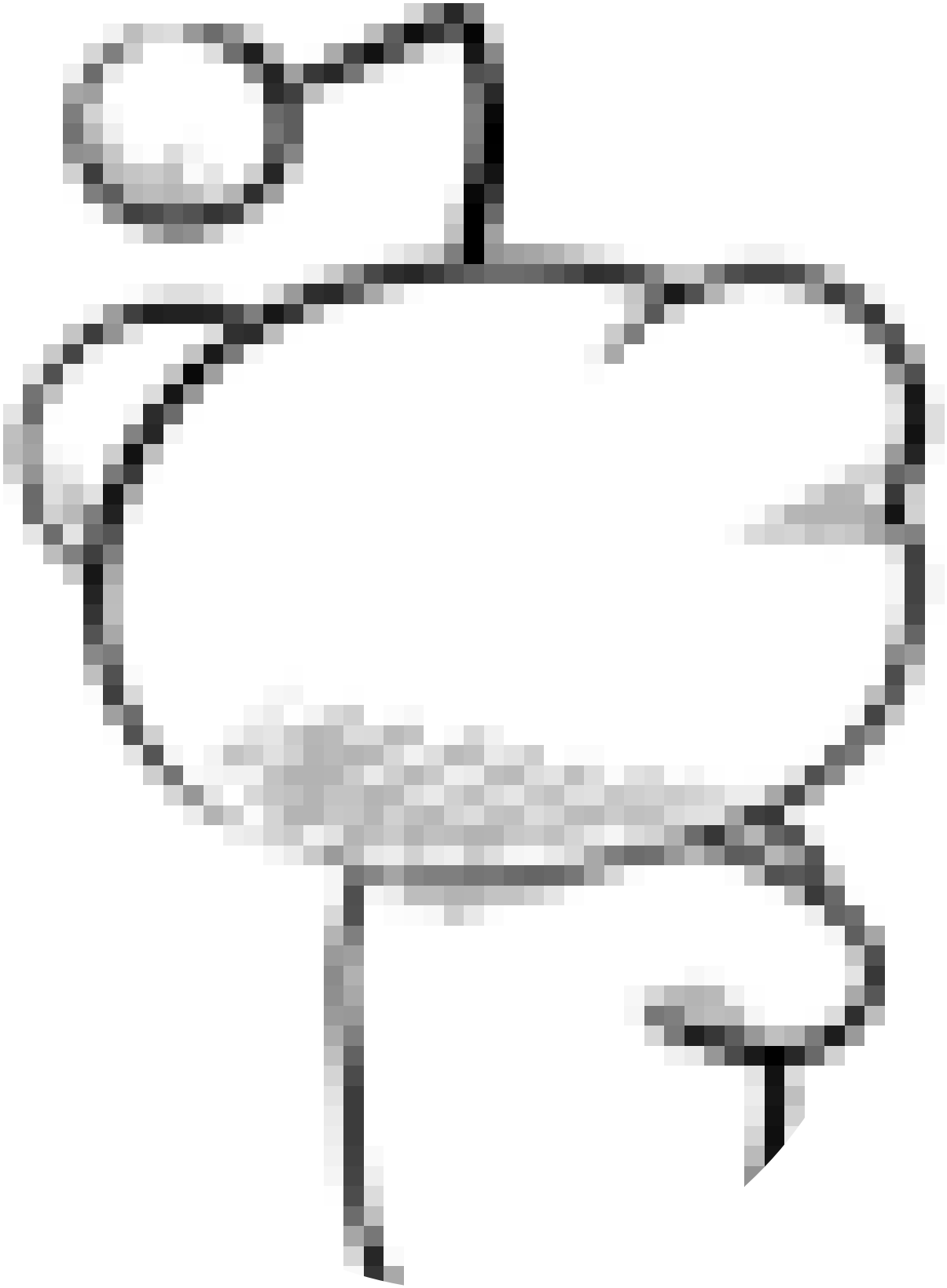

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

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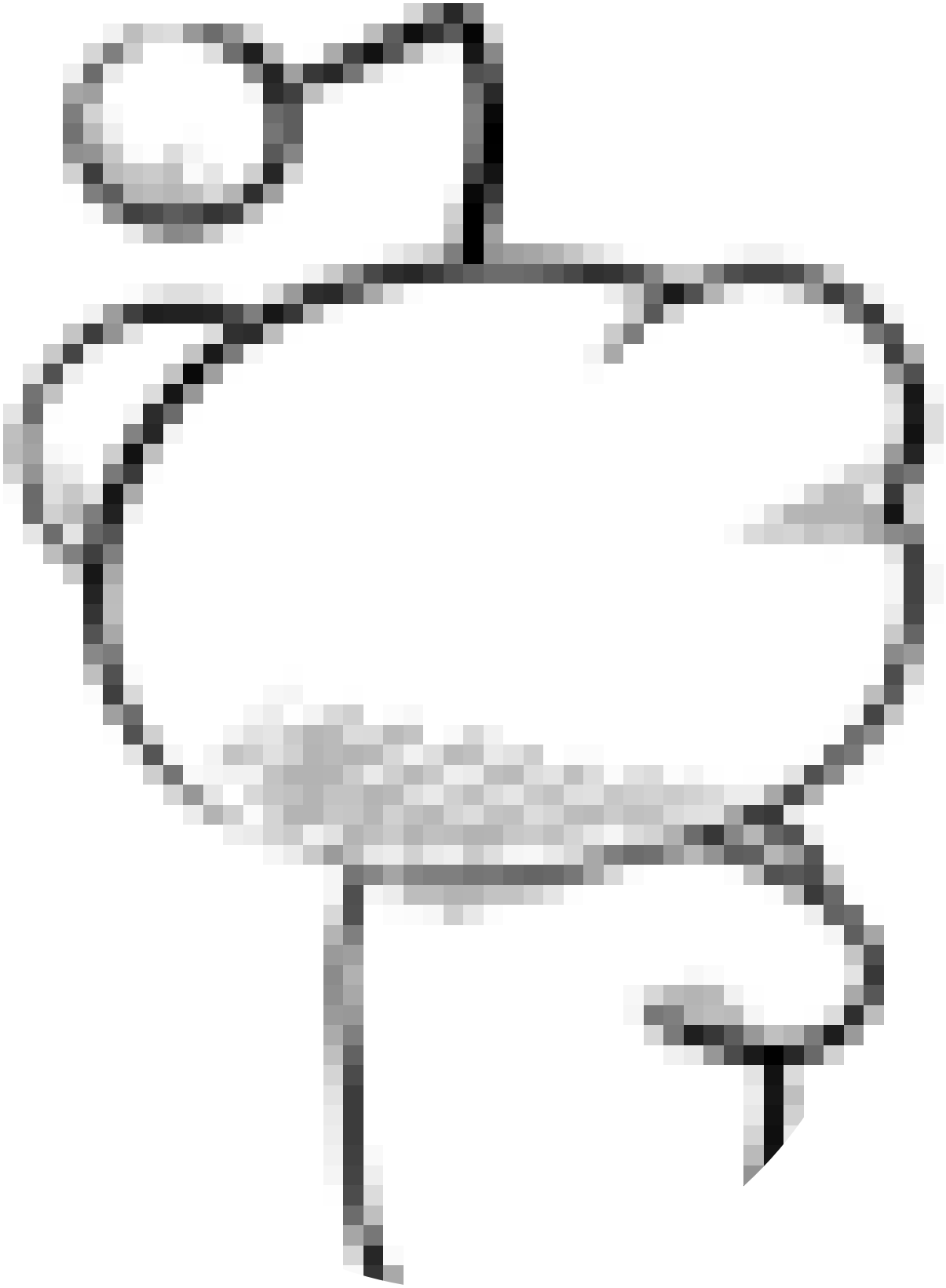
3 more replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I don't know if this can be classified as paranormal or mysterious but just weird. My boyfriends mother decided to buy a house in the small town we were living in at the time and we would rent it off of her. This was an old Ukrainian town with several abandoned buildings including an old theater and an old hospital that was apparently haunted. Anyway, we go looking at houses and there is one that a guy use to live in. His parents owned the house and he was quite mentally unstable from what my boyfriend tells me. We go into the house, it's really old. There are affirmations on every door in paint.. "You are beautiful" "Life is what you make it" "Love unconditionally". The house is moderately well lit but is in totally shambles. My boyfriend, Jack, says he wants to see the downstairs. I'm spooked easily so I didn't go with him. I'm wandering around the house when I hear Jack yell at me that I have to come downstairs and see "this". I walk downstairs, the entire basement is dirt, there are piles of dirt all over the place, a shovel in one of them, there are a couple free standing shelves with jars of lord knows what on it, there is a wooden fence basically that has created a path to the end of the house. This fence is basically just plywood dug into the dirt. I walk all the way down the pathway to where Jack is standing and he's pointing into this little room, it has no door but a red sheet hanging from the ceiling and it's been pulled open and nailed to the wall (which is cement by the way), I look into the room and there was just a bed on the floor, a side table with some crumpled up paper on it and a light that was on (was not turned on but was left on) with a red bulb and it was swinging aggressively back and forth. It looked like a place where you would probably keep someone if you abducted them. I started crying, I was so scared. I went back upstairs, walked out of the house and refused to go back inside.

That night I have issues falling asleep, ultimately it was not up to me where we moved, it was up to his mother and I was terrified. I am not even remotely spiritual but I went and bought all these candle and rocks and smudge bundles to clear the house of whatever energy had followed me out of there. I finally fall asleep and I am in the house again. I walk into the living room and there is a little girl in the prettiest little red dress reaching her hand out to me. I grab onto it, she pulls me down, I kneel and she says "You cannot move into this house, do not move into this house". I woke up, woke Jack up and said this relationship would end before I'd move in that house...

4 more replies

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BalthazarBadia
• 13y ago

I worked as an art teacher, one time I asked the kids in kindergarten to draw whatever they were scared of, then we would talk about it, anyway, there were a lot of spiders, and horror movie monsters. But there was this little girl who really got to me. She shows me a drawing, made form crayon, of a creepy face, and I ask her (like I did everybody else) tell me about your drawing, and she says, this visits me at night, over my bed, I tell my parents but they don't believe me!!

So this is either, her little brain turning a very horrible experience in to a "monster" or its a bloody actual MONSTER, either way its creepy and scary, still have the drawing.

3 more replies

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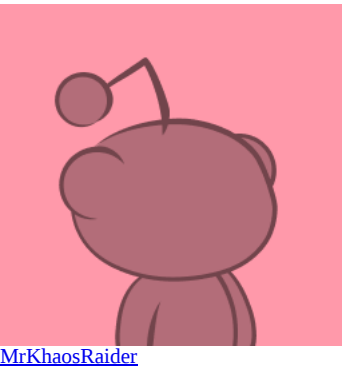
r_quez
• 13y ago

I work in a call center.

One day I heard from across the office a girl who got really upset to the point of tears and then I saw the supervisor pick up the phone and shortly after he hung up. I thought nothing of it. Probably just a really rude customer. The next day a different supervisor call me over to listen to the call.

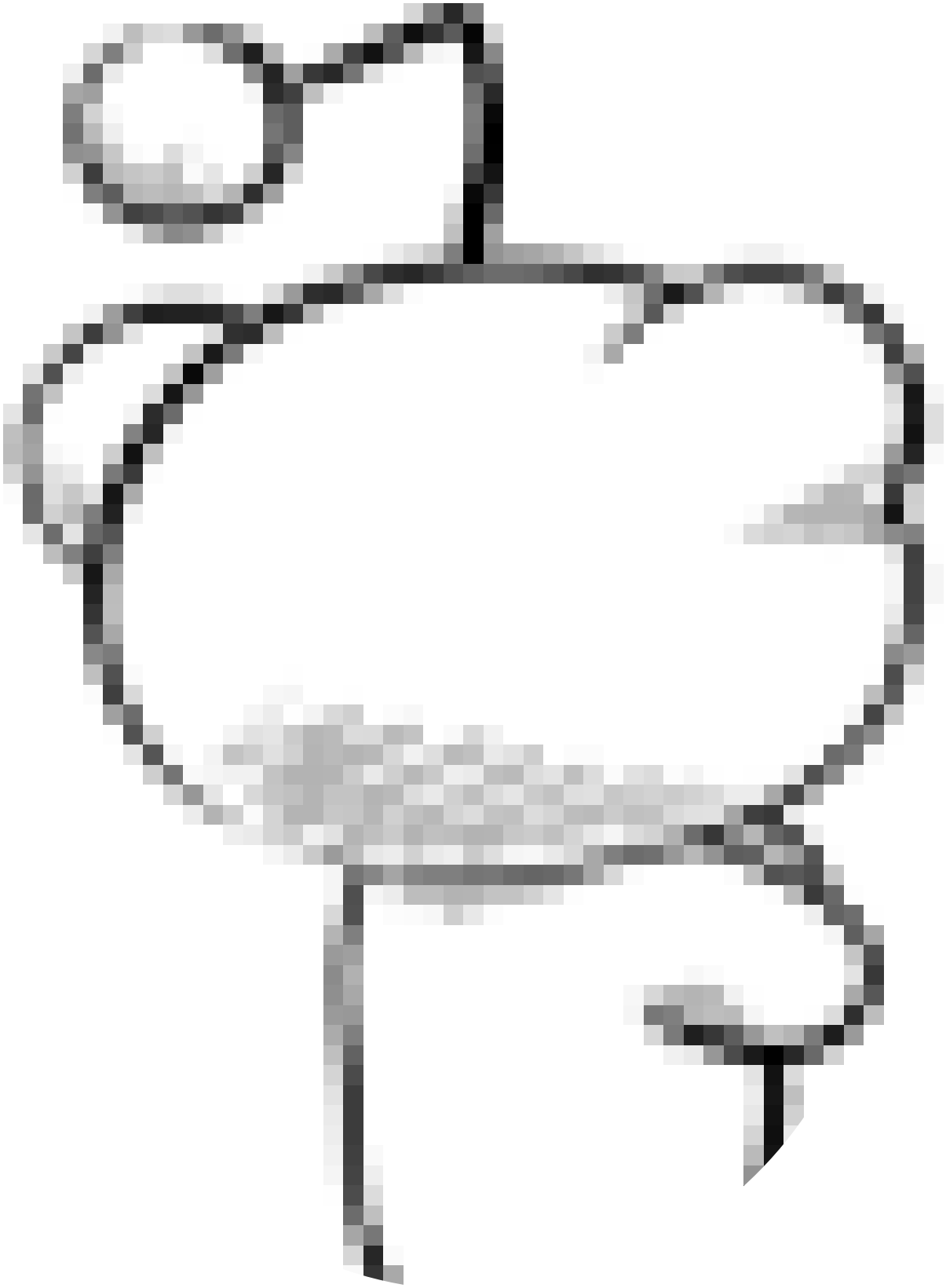
Everything sounded normal until the agent came back from a brief hold to speak with the customer and all you could hear were growls. It didn't sound like growls that can be produced by a human. Sounded like a demon straight out of a horror movie. The agent kept trying to get a response and the growls started to sound angrier and louder. It sounded as if the more the agent spoke the more agitated the "creature" got. This continued for about 5 minutes until the girl freaked out and had her supervisor take the call. The supervisor said he was going to disconnect the call and he called her back. The customer picked up the call and spoke is if nothing happened.



MrKhaosRaider
• 13y ago

When my older sister was about 4 she used to have a "closet monster". She would say that there was a scary old man (she described him as wrinkly and wore old clothes) by her window. It used to keep her up at night and she would say that he did all sorts of things to/with her. A few months later my mother discovered that a 65 year old man had hung himself in that room 10 years earlier.

I also had a dream once where I was shot in the head and I woke up with a head ache. The entire thing (the dream that is) was extremely realistic and I remember every detail. There was excruciating pain and I was twitching on the floor, trying to scream for help but the wrong muscles were moving, my vision was fading and I slowly felt all feeling leave me, starting from my legs and eventually my neck. When I finally blacked out I woke up and couldn't stop shaking for hours.



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• 13y ago

When it comes to ghosts or hauntings, I am very skeptical to say the least, so I have a bit of trouble trying to understand what I experienced a few years ago at a previous job.

I used to work for a rental car company in the wash bay detailing cars. I would work the night shift by myself a lot. There was nothing peculiar or remarkable at all about the building I was working in. It was an office/wash bay that was about 20 years old located near the airport.

Anyway, one night I'm working by myself, lying in the back of a car vacuuming out the carpets, when I see someone walk past me. I get up to see who's there, but I was alone. I go in the office thinking my boss stopped by, but that was empty too. I assume I imagined it and go back to work.

Another night, I'm by myself, this time I'm in the bathroom when I hear the door slam and footsteps in the wash bay walking through the water on the floor. I wash up quickly thinking Its my boss again. I come out and look around and the place is empty. I get a bit unnerved but like I said, I don't believe in ghosts, so the feeling passes quickly and I get to work.Then again there was what I thought was someone walking past the car while I was in cleaning up, and again I couldn't find anyone. A few days later i'm out with a friend who also works there (he actually got me the job) and he asks me how I'm doing with it so far. So I say how its ok, the work is pretty easy, but.... and he chimes in "seeing weird stuff in the night?" I'm like, "WTF! How do you know that?" He then tells me about his other friend who used to work nights who quit just before I started working there. He used to complain about weird stuff going on when he was there by himself and had to switch to days before he quite for another job. So, that has me a little uneasy but that feeling passes again because I'm sure there is nothing paranormal going on.

About a month later, I get another higher paying job so I'm training in my replacement before I leave. One evening while working together, I get out of a car after cleaning the inside, hear someone behind me talking. It's just audible to know its someone talking, but not laud enough to hear what they are saying. I don't even turn around,there is a phone in the corner which is a direct line to the rental counter at the airport so I just assume its the new guy talking with the agent to get a list of cars they need for the morning. However, when I do look up, new guy is in the back of the parking lot about 50 feet away, locking up all of the cars before we close up. I turn around to see who's talking on the phone but I'm alone in the wash bay. I still don't understand it.

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rammalammadingdong

• 13y ago

I chased a guy around our old house and he ran up the stairs, into my father's room, and slammed the door shut. I grabbed a gun, walked in to the room and searched it head to toe. There was no one to be found. I clearly saw a man in a white t-shirt with jeans and a brown ponytail. Years later, I moved back to Texas, and went to see my half-brother. My now ex-step sister was there as well as my ex-step mother. I told them that I thought the place was haunted. My sister asked me to whisper the description of the person I saw in the house into her ear. After I did, she told her mom to describe the man she saw standing over their bed while they were asleep. She gave the same description I had.

Side note: I made a room in the basement and between my dad and I was the first floor. I could hear when my dad would get up, I knew the squeaks and creaks from his bed. Sometimes in the middle of the night, I could hear walking on the floor in between us, knowing full on that my dad was in his bed. It was certainly some creepy shit.

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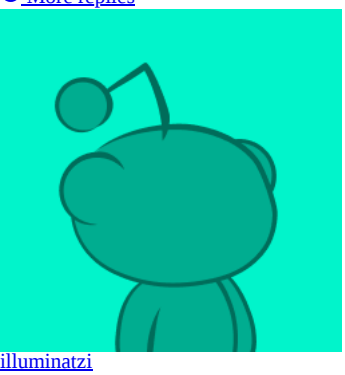

illuminatzi

• 13y ago

Heading to my then-boyfriends house one night, we took this back road as a short cut. It was dark- I don't remember being able to see the moon at all, and very few other cars were on this road, so all we really had were our headlights as far as sources of light. I was talking to him, and turned my head back look down the road when I saw this old man crossing, wearing a plaid shirt and moving rather quickly. I remember the plaid vividly, and he seemed to really stand out in the dark. Before I had time to react properly, my boyfriend drove through the man. I watched him pass through the hood, the dashboard, down the middle of the car and vanish. It was like time had suddenly slowed down then caught back up with itself. Boyfriend saw nothing, but I insisted we never take that road again after.

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glasscut
• 13y ago

When my son was a little over a year and a half old, he started to notice day/night cycles explicitly but he recognized them as "light and dark". One night, at dusk, I saw him standing by the window, pressing his hands against the glass, looking out into the night. It was a gloomy night with very dark purple skies and silhouetted black branches waving in a heavy wind.

I asked him what he was looking at. He turned to me and smiled as he said, "Dark is here."

The shudder that ran through me still make me look over my shoulder whenever I remember this as night falls and I find myself alone in a room.

1 more reply
1 more reply

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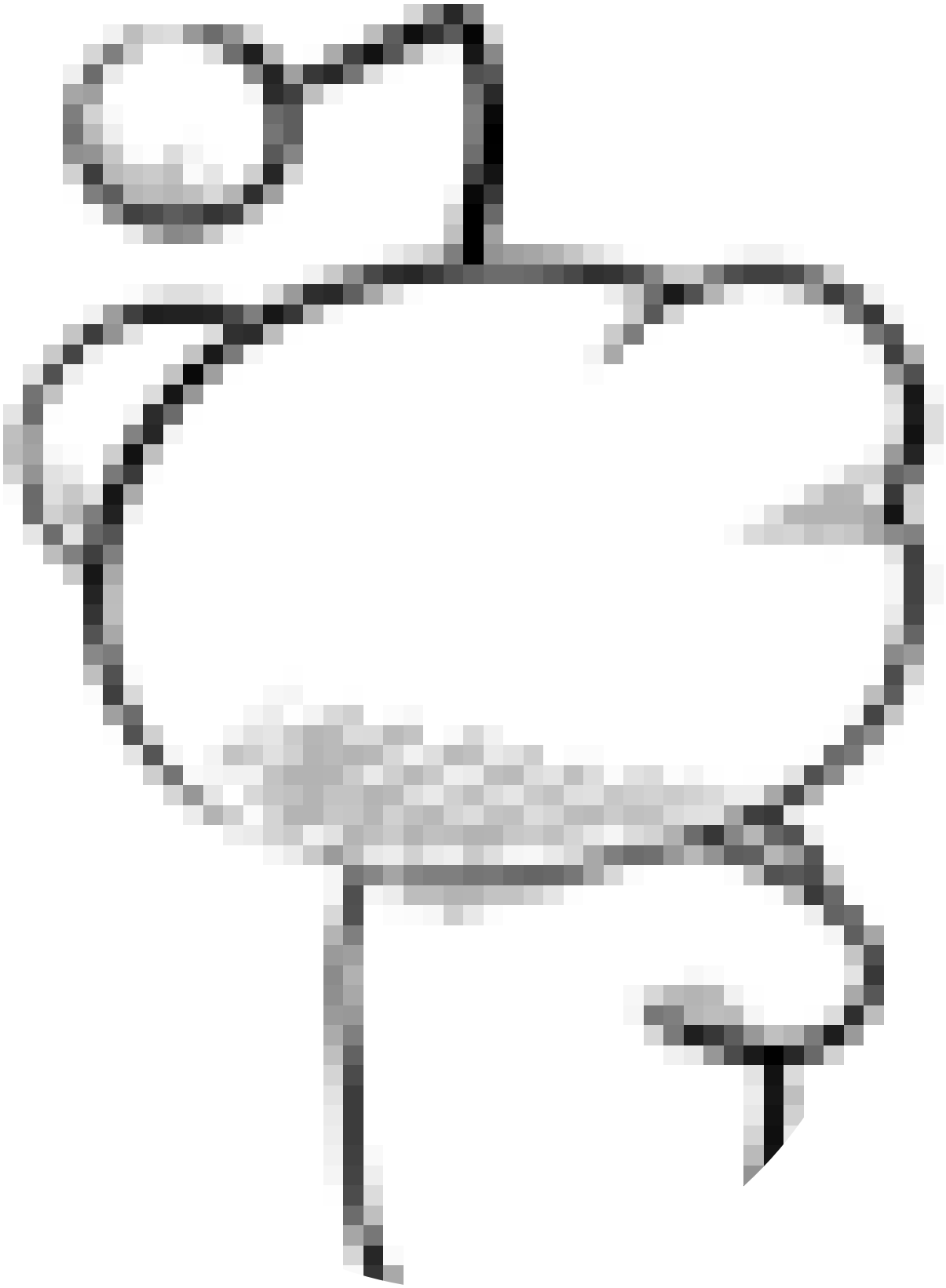

[deleted]
• 13y ago

My grandmother passed away in March of 2009. Her visitation was an open casket, so she was dressed in a sea foam green pantsuit and her hair was lightly colored gold, just as we remembered her. After the visitation, I said my goodbyes and made my way back to Ohio so I could go back to school and whatnot. Weeks later, I visited my grandpa to check up on him and the family, see how things were after her passing, etc. I went into my grandpa's room and all around him, staring up at his TV (he had it about eight feet from the ground on the top shelf of his closet), was my family: dad, uncle, aunt, everyone. They all have straight, almost terrified faces. I looked up at the TV, on which my grandpa had his DVR paused on EWTN, a Catholic television station -- he was very, very religious. Almost simultaneously everyone in the room said "WATCH" and my grandpa hit play. EWTN must have been discussing modern Israel or something because all I saw was a mass of people walking through what looked like ancient ruins. They were all dressed in drab, plain clothing. Nothing too colorful. It's just this mad rush of people, none of whom are particularly interested in the camera, which seems to be above them pointing diagonally down. Out of the corner of my eye I see my aunt brace herself and cover her mouth with her hand. Just as everyone in the room gasped, I saw it: a figure in the center of the crowd, wearing a sea foam green pantsuit and with golden hair, staring directly at the camera. For a good three seconds she stares, emotionless, before disappearing in the crowd. Everyone in the room lost it, including me.

I'm not religious at all, nor am I very superstitious, but this still makes my spine tingle.

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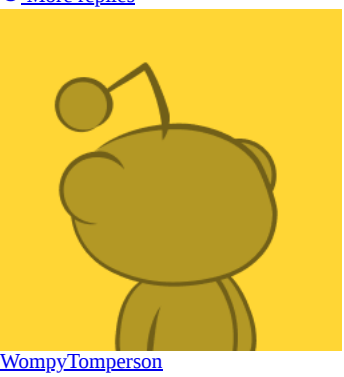

WompyTomperson
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Most likely the whole "Max Headroom" and "Vrillon" broadcast intrusion

EDIT: http://wibx950.com/ground-zero-with-clyde-lewis-wkcr-signal-hijacking/

That had also felt creepy to me.

maverick715
• 13y ago

Link

Thats creepy as hell. There was a guy on reddit not to long ago who claims he knows who did it. According to him, it was an autistic guy with the help of several hackers in Chicago. How they did it is still unknown.

9 more replies

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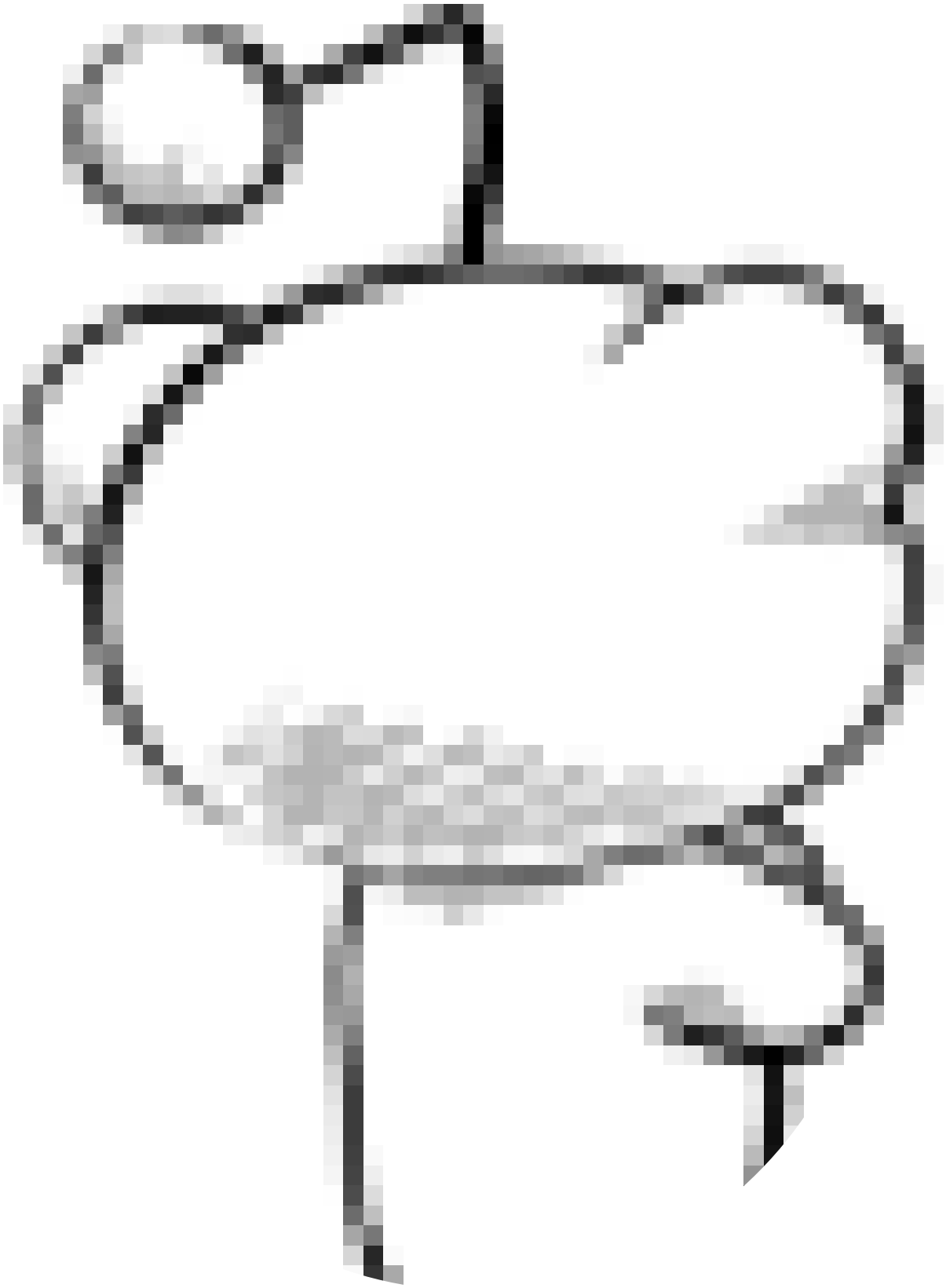

[deleted]
• 13y ago

I can not imagine what it would've been like to be up that night alone and to have seen the Max Headroom incident live. With no one else around who would believe your story?

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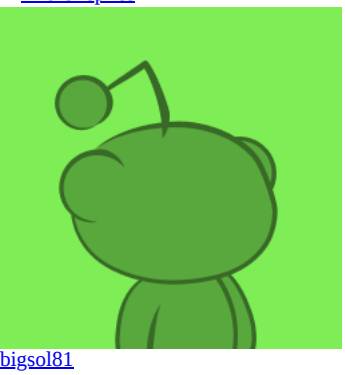

bigsol81
• 13y ago

I never thought the Max Headroom broadcast intrusion was that scary, really, just weird as fuck. I guess it's because the source is obvious (a dude with a mask). I guess if it had been purely audio, that would have made it a lot creepier to me.

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mothfukle
• 13y ago

When I was young I would get sleep paralysis. I remember one time I was lying in the living room by myself and started to fall asleep, and the sleep paralysis started. I couldn't move or open my eyes when I started hearing this weird buzzing noise and then a really creepy voice started saying my name. Kept saying it, slightly louder each time as if it was getting closer. I finally snapped out of it. It was really freaky, messed me up for a few days as a kid.

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Vitilago
• 13y ago

Thank god I'm seeing this at 8 in the morning this time

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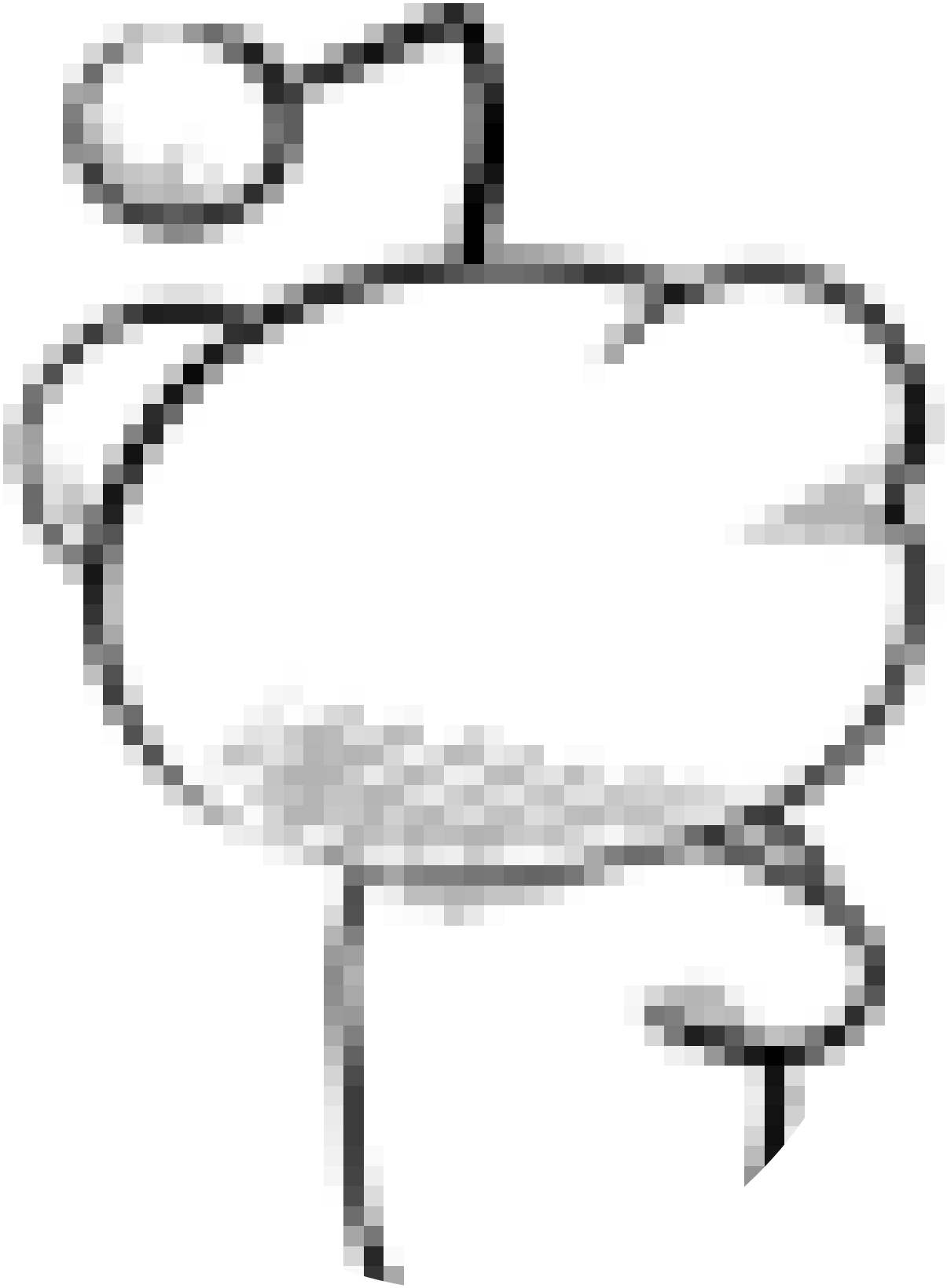

[deleted]
• 13y ago

Gunshots outside my bedroom window at 4:00am. Close enough to see the flash. Scared the piss out of me and my wife.

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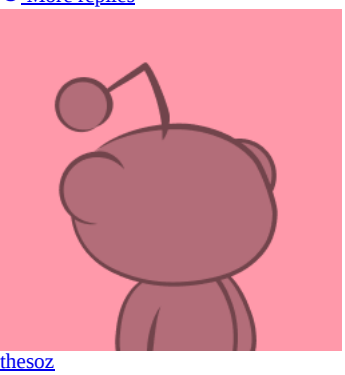

thesoz
• 13y ago

I live near San Francisco, across the bridge, and its quite beautiful and all, but it is pretty foggy sometimes. Like foggy to the point that I can't see my car in the driveway, 20 feet in front of me. Anyway, I'm coming home from school one day about two years ago, and its pretty foggy already in the town my school is in (about a 10 minute drive) and I get to my hill and drive all the way up (my house is at the top of the hill). I've lived in this house most of my life, about 14 years now, and nothing odd has ever happened. So I get to my house, pull up in the driveway, and i can barely make out my dog in the window, wagging his tail and everything. I get out of the car, and immediately the howling wind that blows down from the higher hills blows my car door shut, and continues to ravage the foliage around my house, yet the wind never does this when its foggy, otherwise there is no fog. So I'm feeling a bit skeptical as I open my door and go in, I call for my parents but no one is home but my dog. It's really cold in the house, and I'm thinking okay well what's going on, I'm spooked. I go upstairs to my parents room on the top (third) floor and find that both of their windows are slid all the way open, letting in all the wind and thus making the house a fucking igloo. I close the windows, turn on the heat, and go downstairs to my room on the bottom floor and feeling pretty cold and tired, I crawl into my bed with my laptop where my dog crawls in with me. I'm typing some essay for homework that I've been working on for a long time, when suddenly I realize my room is fucking freezing, and when I look, the windows ACROSS FROM MY FUCKING BED ARE WIDE OPEN. All the windows in my house are like sliding doors, and their a bit old so they make a huge noise when being opened. I swear, these were not open when I went into my room. So now I'm shitting my pants, and close the windows. One of them fogs over a bit, and the word "NO" has already been written out in the glass. I literally ran to the bathroom to avoid shitting myself, my dog knew something was up so he scurried along with me. As I'm in there, I hear knocking at the door, and at this point I'm getting pretty fucking scared out of my mind. I sneak out of the bathroom, literally sneaking around like a fucking cartoon character. I go to check the front door, nothing in the peephole, and I sink down to the floor. The couch next to me blocks my view of the huge sliding glass doors (like 15 ft wide by 25 feet tall) across the big room. I stand up again, see that one of the doors has fogged over as well, and "WHO AM I" is written on the glass. I grab my laptop, dog, and car keys, and stayed the night at my grandpas house 50 miles away. To this day, I have no explanation for what happened, there has never been any other sense of a ghost or other thing in or around my house, but I have never been more scared in my life. My mom believes me, I don't know why, but we have no idea what it was or if it'll ever happen again.

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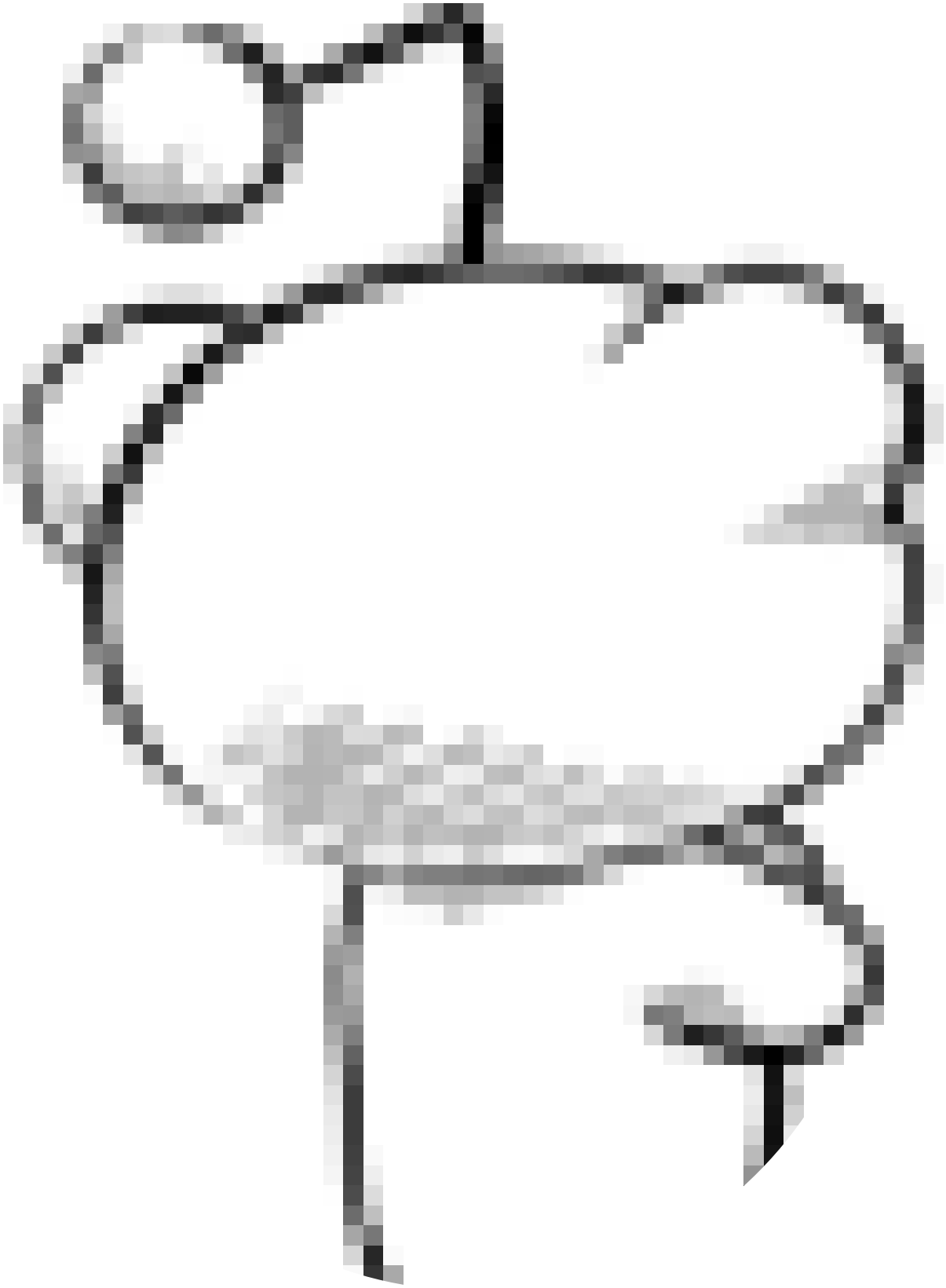

garrettrl1
• 13y ago

When I was in 8th grade, my family lived in a gate guarded community that had houses pretty close together. There was about 10 feet that separated us from the neighbors house. No fence or anything. I had the only room downstairs and one night I was woken for whatever reason. Almost as soon as i opened my eyes, I caught a glimpse of something moving out the window. It was a person who stopped moving instantly. Terrified, I just continued to stare out the window while the figure also didn't move. Being dark, I wasn't sure if they could see my eyes open or not. After a minute or two, I slowly snuck out of bed and snuck upstairs to get my dad. We came back down quietly to only see the person was gone. He called the security guard who arrived pretty quickly. I will never forget... Standing at the front door with my dad and the security guard explaining what had happened when all of the sudden the person goes jogging (cant describe the persons creepy stroll) by and slowly turns his head and makes eye contact and has a little grin. The security guard bolts after him with no luck. Probably darted between two other houses. 14 years old, and slept on the floor of my parents room for a week after that. :/

Reply Share

hydrazi
• 13y ago

I was about 11 years old and my family lived in a 100 year old, sprawling farmhouse in Upstate NY. Our nearest neighbor was 6 miles away. I was rarely in the house alone, but this night I was.

I was getting ready to watch the 2 hour premiere of the TV movie "V", yeah in the 80's. Aliens that look human but turn out to be lizard people who eat humans.

I am watching it near the large picture window that looks out onto one of the hayfields beside the house. Just after the first guy gets his fake human face torn off to reveal lizard beneath, my dogs both started to growl.

It was dark out, but it seemed a little lighter out. The hair on the back of my neck stood up. Both dogs quick growling and just huddled behind the couch (NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE OR SINCE). And then I saw a growing light that blasted overhead and disappeared behind the hill. Winked out. I lost it. Aliens.... coming to eat me....!

I grabbed my .22 rifle and ran down cellar with the dogs. I stayed there until my parents got home. I pretended to be cool. Then my parents told me about how they were at another farm visiting, and all of the animals got totally silent and they saw a bright light and came home fast.... because they were scared.

gothoops3
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

One of the few (and last) times I ever babysat, someone called the house. The girl was allowed to answer the phone as she was about 11 or 12. It was a very brief conversation and I asked her what they had said. She said they asked if get parents were home and she had said no. When I asked her what he said, she told me all he responded with was "good." And hung up. I freaked out and still get shivers about it to this day. Luckily, the parents came home about a half hour later and I had to explain to them why the curtains were all closed and we had shut ourselves in the basement.

TL;DR don't let the kid you're babysitting answer the phone. Ever.

vi1987
• 13y ago

Shouldn't an 11/12 year old be old enough to know that you shouldn't A) Talk to strangers and B) Let strangers know your parents aren't home??

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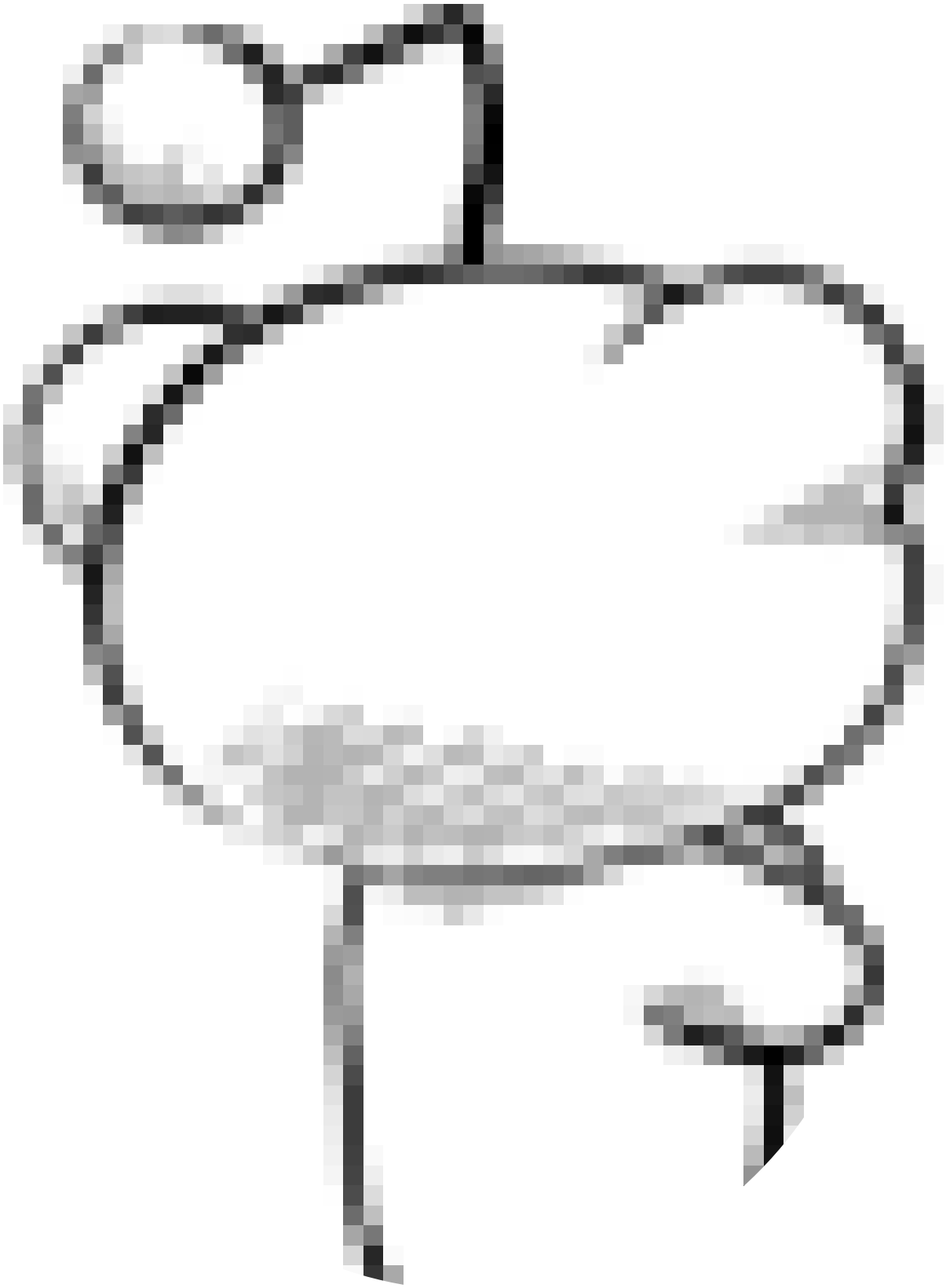

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• 13y ago

I posted this in a few other threads, so some of you might have read this before.

I worked at a campground on night shift. 12a - 8a, every night. It wasn't bad. I would bring in my PS2 and game a good portion of the night, only having to deal with 1 or 2 people on busy nights. It was just me in this little 8' x 8' shack, with nothing around but dark, all night. My first week there, the other third shift guy who was quitting told me about this payphone a few feet from the shack where I worked. He said it rang every night at 4:17a, just once. It was probably just an automated test call, he guessed. He's never answered it himself. I go for a few months with the job. It was the middle of summer so most nights I had the windows closed so I couldn't hear the payphone go off.

Mid-August I started leaving the windows open during the night. Sure enough, at 4:17a every morning the phone would ring once. The ring even sounded creepy, like the payphone was submerged in water then put where it sat.

One night I got up the nerve to answer it. I set an alarm at 4:15 and would go wait at the phone until it rang. When it did, I answered it. But there was no sound. Just dead air like the someone was on the other line but wasn't answering. I said hello a few times, and hung up. I did this every night for a week with the same results. I didn't think anything of it and left it alone after that for about a month. The first week of October, I decided to answer the phone once again. I set my alarm and when the time came, I answered the phone.

"Hello? Hello?"

Then I heard what sounded like someone inhaling through clenched teeth. The voice that sounded was rough and sounded like he had gargled gravel. The best comparison I can give is Horace P. Gauge from The Suffering.

He said my name. My complete name. First, middle, and last. It was a voice I'd never heard. My voice caught in my throat and I hung up. I rattled some change into the payphone and hit *69.

The number had come from California. I live in Indiana.

omnivorewhore
• 13y ago

Where in Indiana? My guess is the guy who quit was pulling an elaborate prank on you...yeah that's it.

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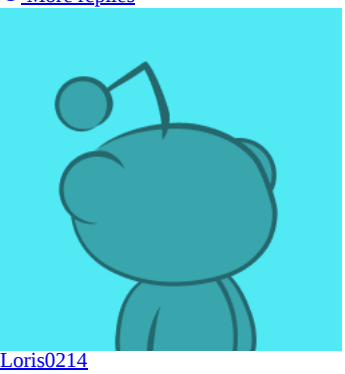

Loris0214
• 13y ago

Creepiest: (but proves I have some kind of good energy watching my back) I was about 16 and home alone in my house at night. This was back in the day when MSN messenger was the thing to do. So I was chatting away on there with some friends and my internet kept cutting out. So I would be signed out of MSN and then signed back in. This went on for a while and kept cutting out quicker and quicker. Eventually I couldn't stay online for more than 30 seconds. So I was like fuck this and get up from my computer chair to leave the room. The moment I was at the door way turning the corner to go up the stairs, the light fixture falls off the ceiling and shatters where I had been sitting on the computer chair. I ran upstairs and proceeded to hide under my blankets until my parents got home. TL; DR - Almost got injured, but some good ghost saved my ass

Karbear_debonair
• 13y ago

Alternate: something was trying to kill you and the computer interfered with the energy expenditure. Your computer saved your life.

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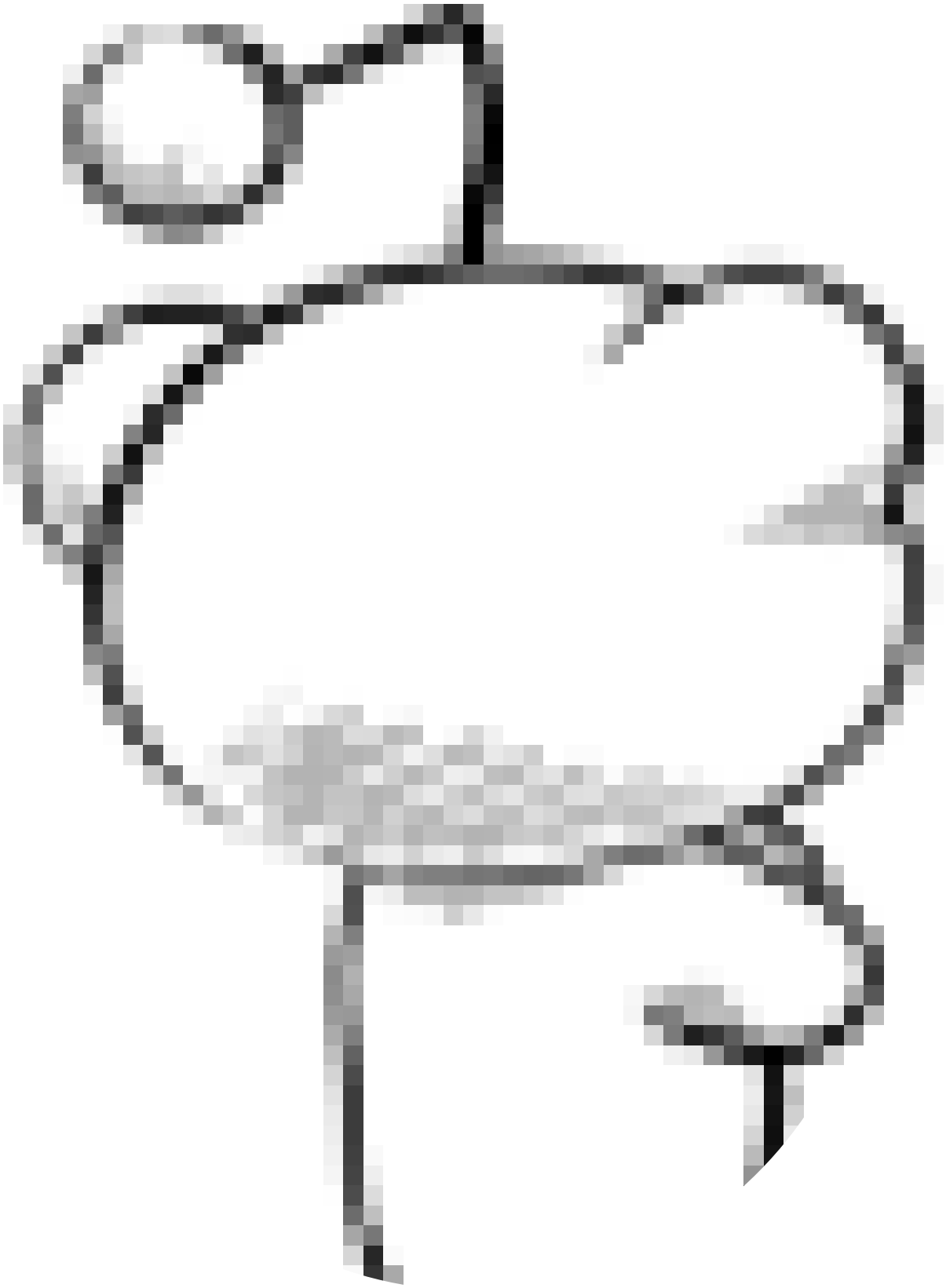

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• 13y ago

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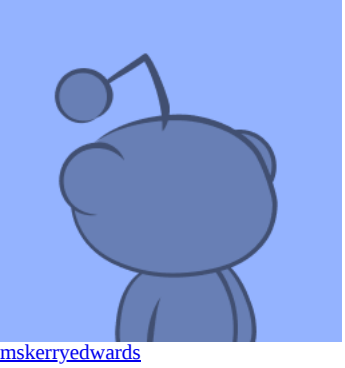

mskerryedwards
• 13y ago

I really hope you called the police?

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vargas
• 13y ago

No.

5 more replies
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xubax
• 13y ago

She's a psychopath. Psychopaths don't have emotions (with the exception of things that directly affect them) and do weird shit just to see what it's like.

If you still have any contact with her, stop.

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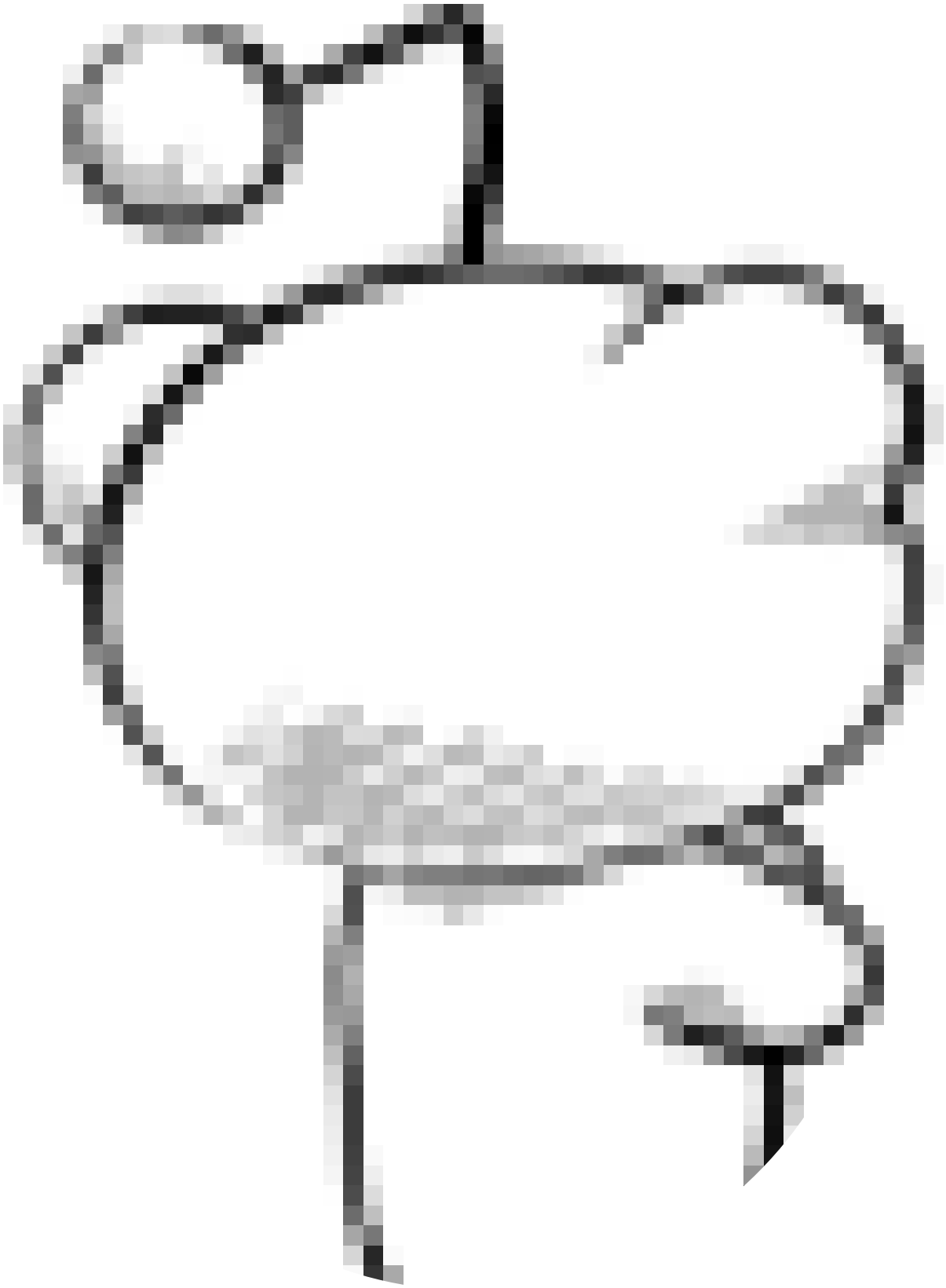

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• 13y ago

I WOULD FUCKING KNOCK ALL HER TEETH OUT IF SHE SAID THAT TO ME WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCKING FUCK

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Preachy
• 13y ago

That's probably the most fucked up thing regarding animal cruelty that I have ever read.

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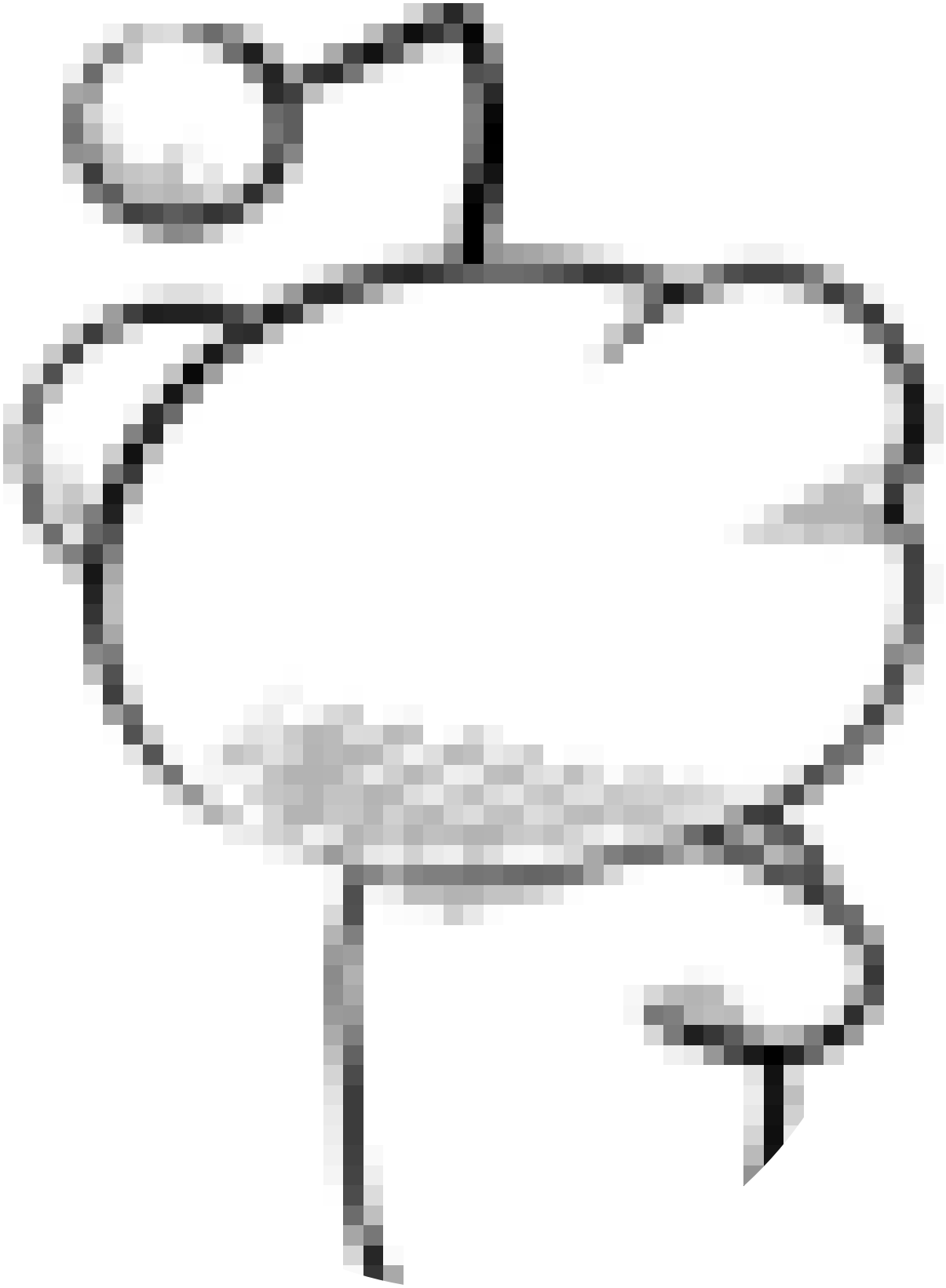

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Home alone one night in my apartment. I always locked and dead bolted the door when my husband was out, so when I heard a knock on the door around 10 or 11 I ran to let him in. With my hand on the dead bolt, something told me to stop and look through the peephole. A man in a ball cap stood there--with his hand over his face. So awful to think what might have happened if I had simply opened the door.

Edit: Sorry guys, didn't realize anyone wanted details. Blatantly hiding his face. His whole head was turned to the side and down, flat palm up against the side of his head. No clipboard, pizza, uniform or anything like that. I backed away from the door (ugh, I can still feel what it was like to be separated from him by only a few inches) and yes, he eventually left with no further trouble. In retrospect, should have told management about the shadiness.

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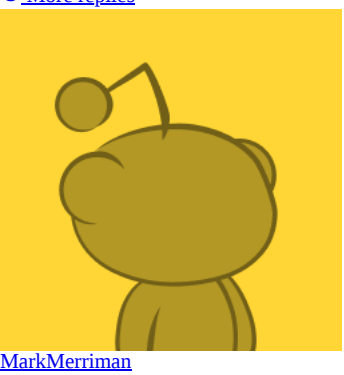

MarkMerriman
• 13y ago

One time I had a weird thing happen to me when I woke up.

I had literally just woken up and I was in that half awake half asleep state. I woke up to see a face, silhouetted by the light in my hallway, right in front of mine. Right in fucking front of my face. I couldn't see who it was but I knew it was my best friend. So I was like 'Hey man, what are you doing?' and as I sat up and moved my head, his head moved with mine but stayed the same distance from my face. I blinked and then... the face was gone. I do not live with or near my friend and he was not there that day or night. I only realised about 2 minutes later when I woke up that I just experienced something fucking terrifying. Apparently it is a form of sleep paralysis where you can see hallucinations but still move while experiencing them. Pretty weird night...

Reply Share

LICKS_CAT_BUTTS
• 13y ago

Props for posting on a 5 month old thread. I am re reading this creepy story threads sorting by new :)

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wrong-hole
• 13y ago

Forgot this one.

My parents when first married used to hop in the car with their 3 dogs and a tent and drive somewhere and camp a few days. You can camp virtually anywhere in Scotland and it's legal btw. They wouldn't have a map and would just drive until they found a nice spot.

So they came to a country road and a guy in a tractor said "you can't go up there. Your car won't make it. I can barely get up in a tractor". My dad takes it as a challenge and battled up this road. Pot holes and mud galore but somehow they made it. At the top of the road there was a stream and a meadow. Then at the end of the meadow was a new forest, all the newly planted saplings in neat rows until you hit the old forest about 800 metres away.

My dad claimed it was like heaven. This perfect camping spot that they couldn't believe they had found randomly. They got out the car and it was eerily silent. The stream was bubbling away but there was no wind and no birds. My mother said "this feels weird" but my dad just laughed it off and they started setting up the tent. They set the tent up and realised the dogs (who they used for hunting) had wandered off.

They found them stood in a row facing in to the new trees with their hackles up growling. There was nothing there. It wasnt an animal or they would have just chased and tried to kill. My dad tried to get them away but everytime he got them back to the tent they would slowly stalk their way back to the edge of the trees.

It was starting to get dark and the dogs would not stop growling and being really anxious. They had never been like that before and never ignored my dad's commands. They were highly trained hunting dogs so it was weird that they were so frightened and angry that they would ignore him.

As it got darker my dad said they couldn't stay. Somethig was out there and they couldn't see it but the dogs could. They took the tent down (not even putting it away properly) and jumped back in the car. They drove to the nearest village. Found where they were and drove to the nearest family (about an hour away) because they couldn't camp that night even in a different place.

They described the place , the road and everything about it and my mothers uncle (who they were staying with) got out the map and asked if that's where they were. My dad checked it out and realised it was. The area was where they had been finding bits of bodies from the lochabie bombings which had just happened not that long before my parents accidentally ended up there.

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StickleyMan
• 13y ago

This scene from Spongebob. I was watching with my kids and saw that and nearly shat my pants. They thought it was hysterical. What the fuck kind of kids show does that?

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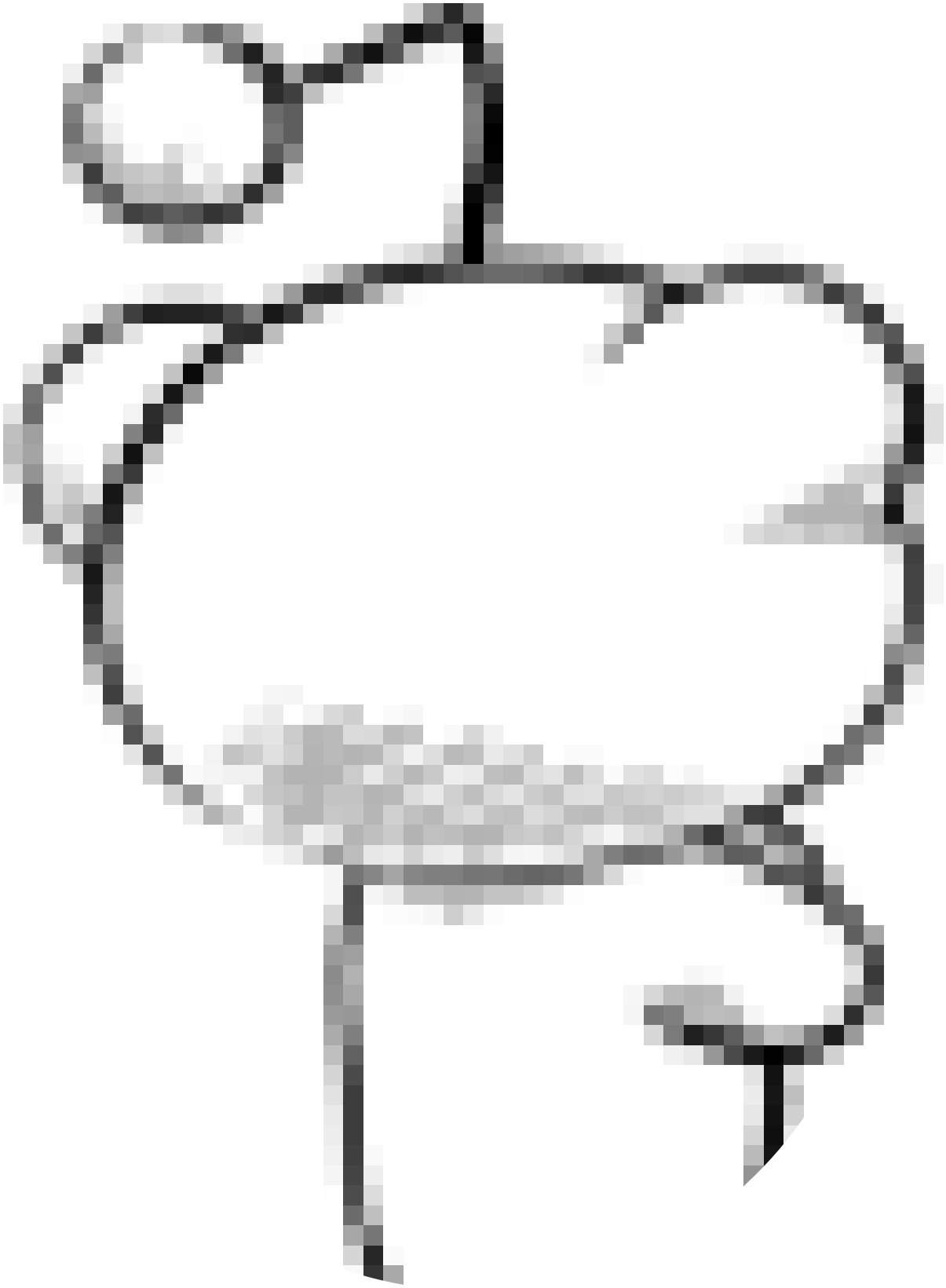

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• 13y ago

All we had as kids was Large Marge.

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SuspiciousOfEveryone
• 13y ago

You must not have watched Ren n Stimpy as a kid. Every time I look back at that show now, I can't believe I thought I was funny, and also that anyone thought it was appropriate for kids.

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splattypus
• 13y ago

I'm sure you know about r/creepy, r/nosleep, and r/fearme (probably a few more, as well).

Here's that Korean Jump-Scare comic

And here's the reddit thread(of mostly creepy-pasta) that got me to join reddit, and is still my favorite thread ever.

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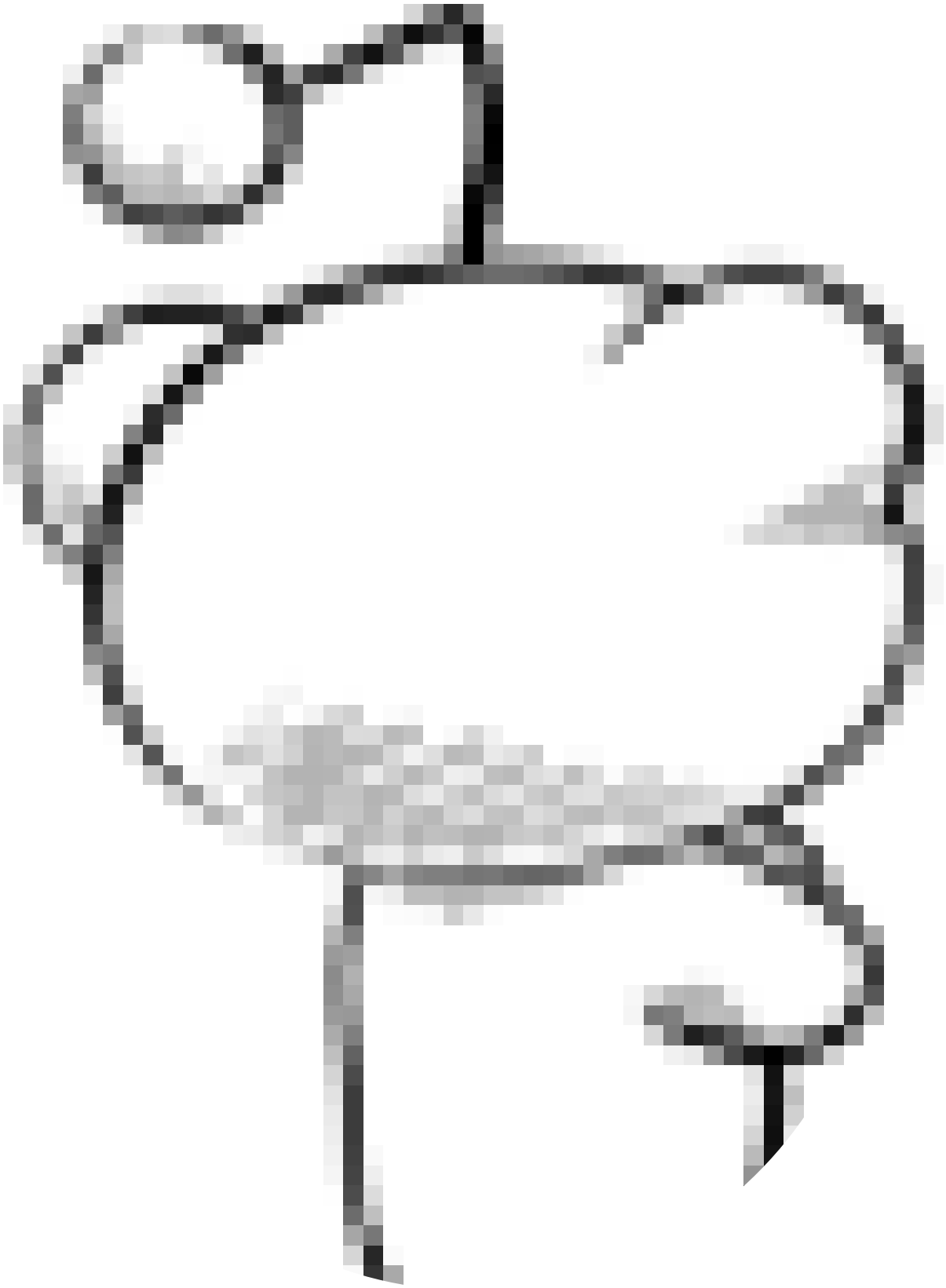

Astral_Fox
• 13y ago

A couple of years ago, I was driving back to my house in downtown D.C. This was around 3-4 in the morning, not a soul on the street or anything like, bar some idle police cars. When I reached an intersection on the south side of the Capitol, I stopped at a red light. Of course, I could have blown through it as it was 4 in the morning with no other human presence in sight, yet I felt compelled to stop.

I was looking saround, bored, waiting for thr light to change. That's when I saw, on my right, what looked to be a man. Only, this wasn't your average man. He was wearing full late-1800s Bowery Bhoy-type garb: three piece black suit, cane, foot-tall top hat. I couldnt make out his face in the dark. I was utterly thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of this man. It was as if he had appeared out of no where.

The light turned green. I slowly eeked by him; I was transfixed on this man. I couldn't drive any faster than I did. As I drove by, he took off his cap revealing a perfectly parted hair, matted down by an extreme amount of gel. He tipped his hat to me as I drove by. And this, my friends, is what really shook me to my bone. When I drove past, I looked in my rear-view to see which way he was going.

He was gone.

Maybe not as scary or creepy as some of these other stories but that was a moment where time seemed to stop. I didn't sleep at all that night.

2 more replies

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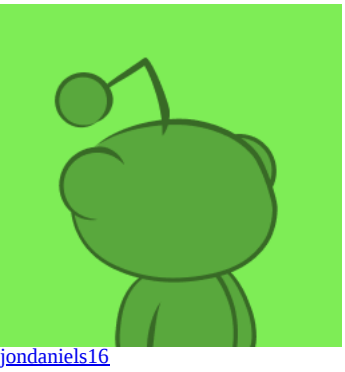
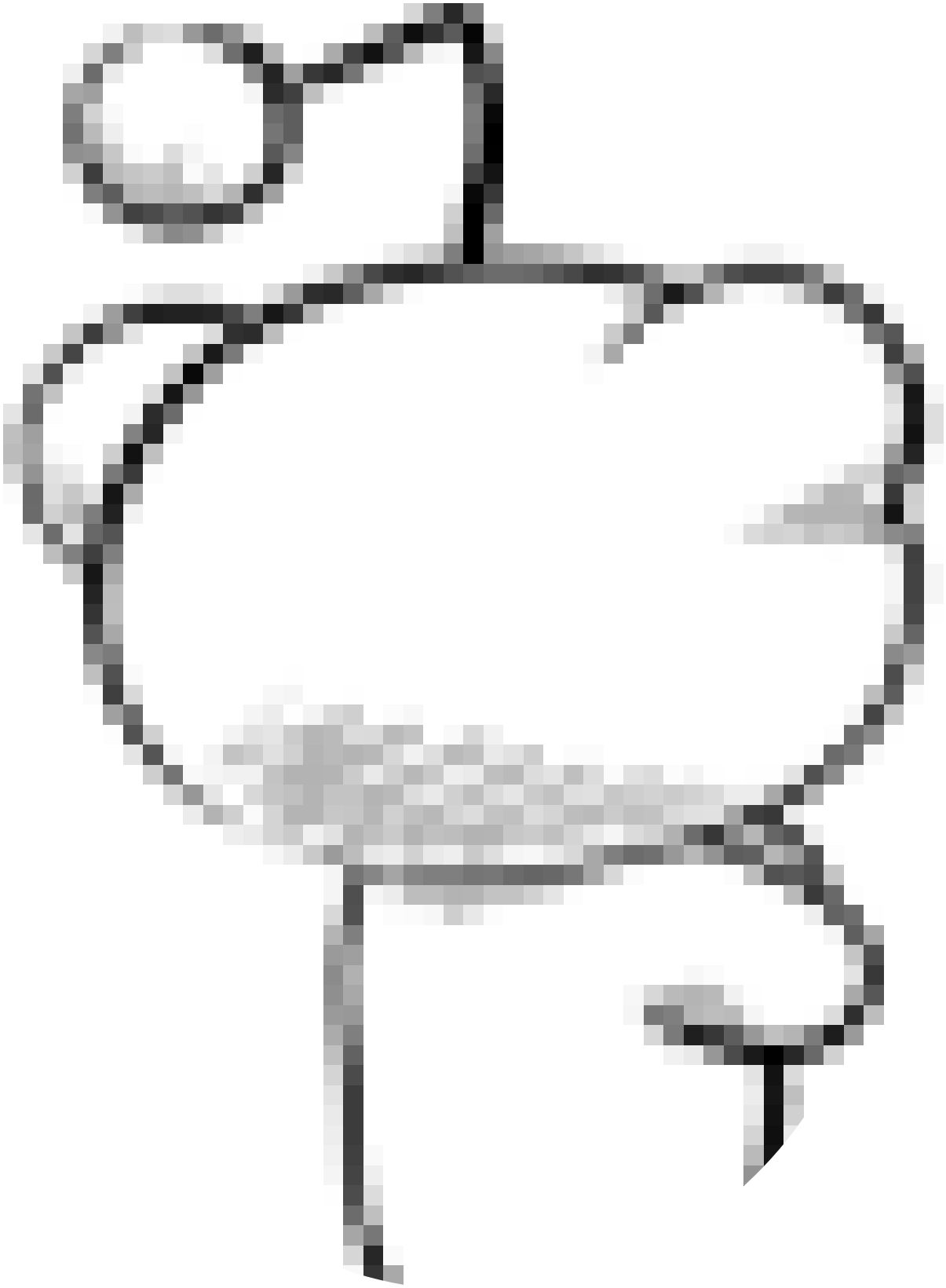
dgreenz21
• 13y ago

apparently when I was about 4 years old, I went into my moms room at 3am and said "mommy, theres a little boy at the end of my bed. he wants to play with me"



jondaniels16
• 13y ago

I saw a man getting gang beaten outside of a 7-11. They were taking running kicks at his head. I called the police but there had already been several calls about the incident. I checked the newspapers for three days and didn't hear anything about it so I assume that he lived. Still it was the darkest most disgusting thing I've ever seen.



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• 13y ago

I awakened to smoke in the house I rented with 2 roommates. One of the roommates actually woke me. We were all outside watching the house burn. The same roommate that woke me ran back inside for some unknown reason. I was put in the back of a police car where it was warm. As I looked through the back window, I saw her lying in the driveway where CPR was being performed. She died. When we went inside to look at the damage, we saw her handprints on the wall. They led to the bathroom with a final smear to the bathtub where the she was found by firefighters and taken outside. I will never forget those handprints of lost desperation.

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MrWit

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I practice Qi Gong which is a form of meditation originating from China.

During meditation practice, I would routinely hear odd noises coming from my television. Almost like someone was flicking the plastic portion of the back of my TV with their finger. I meditate with my eyes closed and every time I would hear one of these noises it would cause a "jolt" and I would see a flash of odd discordant colors on the inside of my eyelids.

At first I didn't think anything of it, I have a large plasma screen television, and maybe that's just the noise it makes while cooling down. Also, during meditation, you in theory, create an electromagnetic field. I thought perhaps this somehow was interfering with the T.V. itself, and I would usually meditate after watching T.V.

One night I decided to keep my T.V. off for an entire day, then meditate. The same exact noises started coming from my computer monitor on the other side of the room. I unplugged both monitor and television, and the "tapping" noises started coming from both television and monitor intermittently. This makes no logical sense, if there is no current running through the television, it shouldn't be making any noise. This noise only occurred while meditating, and only at night.

At this point I'm beginning to doubt my sanity for a bit, so the next time I meditate, I turn on the voice recorder on my phone, and place it directly in front of my television. I meditate for around 20 minutes, then check the recording. You can clearly hear the sound of tapping on glass(the screen is glass). I play this for my GF to make sure I am not insane, she hears it too.

So I start researching this and according to Qigong books, performing QiGong can actually attract malevolent entities (demons) due to (Long story, it just does).

Since both my television and my computer monitor are in the basement, I decide to start meditating in my living room. My living room has a couch located directly in front of a bay window, which is where I choose to sit and meditate.

Everything was fine for about 5 minutes, and I think I am in the clear when all of a sudden I hear the same freaking "tap tap tap" LOUDLY on the glass window located directly behind my head. I freak right the F**k out and turn around, turn on the outside lights, there is nothing there. Nothing at all. At this point I "know" there is something living in my house.

So for the following weeks, I tried my best to just ignore the noises and sounds. Somehow, knowing there's something there somehow made it worse. While meditating I sometimes could feel some awful presence directly in front of my face. I would open my eyes and would see nothing. It is incredibly alarming I would hear weird noises coming from the laundry room connected to my basement. I would hear someone using the bathroom, and the toilet flushing when there is no one left in the house.

This has persisted for over 3 months now. I still don't know how to get rid of it.

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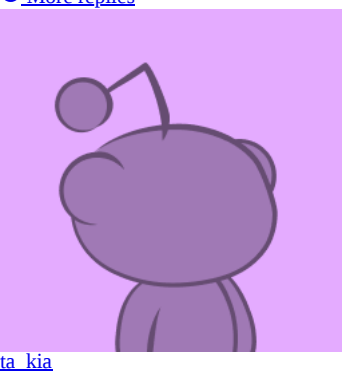
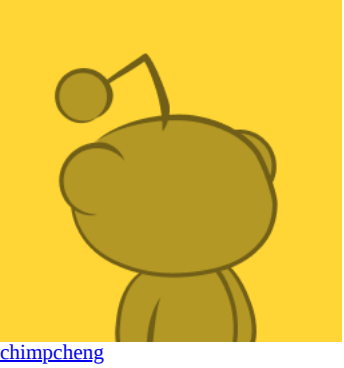


ta_kia

• 13y ago

When i was a fresher at university i moved into this block of flats which used to be a prison but had been renovated and converted into student accommodation. the place had been nicely done up, 7 bedrooms. There were only 5 of us so two of the bedrooms were not in use. my flatmate came into my room late one night all panicky. she'd left her room to use the bathroom and with the corridor light switched off noticed a light coming from under the door of one of the unoccupied bedrooms. my other flatmates had gone home for the weekend so it didn't make sense for the light to be on. we decided to check it out. we walked up to the door and tried the handle. it was locked, as it always is. i tried it again just to make sure...definitely locked. so we stood around contemplating the fact that maybe the light had always been on and we'd just never noticed. i didn't realise i had been leaning on the door until it started opening. we were both soo freaked out we immediately ran out of the flat and called security. but whoever or whatever was in that room had left by the time security came. the only thing in the room was a pair of my flatmates flip-flops she had lost a few weeks ago. we had the locks changed the morning after.



chimpcheng
• 13y ago

I've always been a 'fan' of creepy/spooky/ghosty stories, but, being a man of science, I never put too much stock in it, despite experiencing some strange occurrences.

For example, I used to work in a hospital, and would often go down to the basement to the freezer room, which was were my specimens were kept. Anyway, whilst picking my tubes one day, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, a kid looking at me. Now, a kid had no business being there, especially as the department required keypad access and the freezer room was off-limit to most staff. I put it down to 'trick of the light' or 'imagination', but it was some time later that I learnt that the freezer room used to be where they carried out autopsies...

Like I said, I put some logic to it, but, from that day, I would always wedge the door to the freezer room open, to hasten my escape if needed. However, I never saw anything in that room again...

It wasn't until a trip to Hong Kong that more or less convinced me that ghosts might exist, having said that, a big part of me is still very sceptical.

Back in 2007, we went on a trip to Hong Kong and China, and one of my hotels was The Shamrock Hotel on Nathan Road in Kowloon, Hong Kong.

After a session out on the town, we all went back, played rock, paper, scissors as to who was going to get the beds and sleep on the floor and soon passed out. Part way during the night, in that half awake/half asleep phase I could swear that was someone standing by the window. Despite slowly getting round to being hungover, I reasoned that I was still drunk and that the figure by the window was merely the curtains all bunched up.

Later in the night, I was having a conversation with my friend, who, sadly, for him, lost out and had to sleep on the floor. During our conversation, my friend in the other bed turned over and asked "who are you speaking to?". It turned out that our friend on the floor had left the room sometime ago, yet, somehow I'd been having a full conversation with him or, as it turned out, "something"...

The next morning, I was on the hotel phone to friends in a different room asking what the plan for the day was, meanwhile my friends who I was sharing the room with were chatting. Overhearing snippets, my blood ran cold. I hung up, and we began to dissect the night.

It turned out, that we had all "seen" the figure by the window and the reason that my friend had left the room was because he "felt" something climb over him, hold him down and stare at him. Once he was "free" he had left the room to sit in the lobby the rest of the night. So the person I was speaking to in the night wasn't him...

We told the leader of my group, who had a word with reception, who rang us to confirm that we wanted to change rooms. I tried to explain why we wanted to switch, but the receptionist said "don't worry, I understand why" and that they will get a different room ready as soon as we packed up.

Cue the fastest clearing out of a room known to man. One of the guys left toiletries behind, but we refused to go back to the room to help him retrieve them.

According to local tradition, hotels which experience "problems", sometimes get a priest to bless the room and in order to rid spirits, ghosts, or whatever, they "chase" them into the end rooms with a view to expelling them out of the building. We happened to be staying in an end room...

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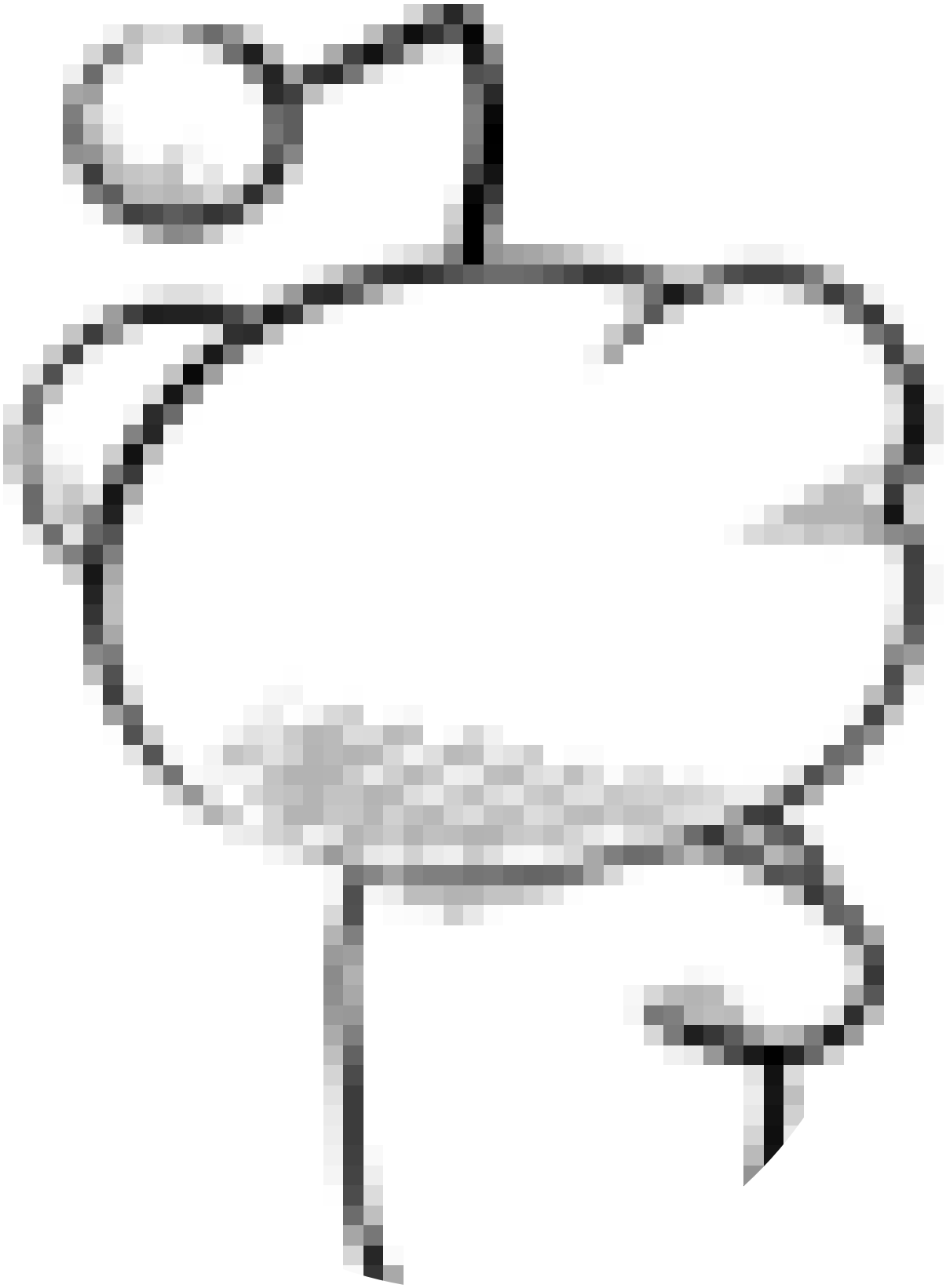

nyky21
• 13y ago

I met these 2 Canadian girls a few summers ago that I hung out with with and shared an RV in the forest with in Cali for a while. They traveled around a bunch and I also did so us gals would chat for hours exchanging stories. I once asked them what the scariest thing that has ever happened to them while traveling, they have gone all around the world together. They are both blonde, pretty and really sweet girls in their mid 20's so they have had some interesting experiences. I am the same age and I have had quite a few scary times, but this story was freaky to me. They said the scariest thing that has ever happened to them was in rural Australia. I don't remember where they said specifically, but they had rented a car and were driving to some place to camp and they said it was quite desolate where they were driving through. It was maybe 2 in the afternoon and they wanted to find a bar to have a drink and some food. They pulled off the road into some old bar that they thought looked good. They said they walked in and all of the people in there were kind of rough looking old guys, and when they walked in, of course all of these 10 or 15 dudes that seemed to know each other all turned and stared at them. They said the bartender didn't seem as scary so they sat with him at the bar. They got some food and beers and chatted with the bartender for about an hour and a half and he started to talk about how he closes his bar at 4pm. He said he was getting ready to go soon and that they should think about leaving. They jokingly said back something like "Aww you're kicking us out?" and he lowered his voice and said "No, I don't want to but you are not safe here. I am going to buy these guys a round of pitchers to keep them here and you two ladies should leave, soon. These guys will follow you and hurt you." or he somehow implied that they will definitely get raped if they stayed. So they said goodbye and left and they said camping that whole night they were super uneasy, but nothing happened to them. Good thing that bartender was there and that they decided to sit with him right? Wild.

1 more reply

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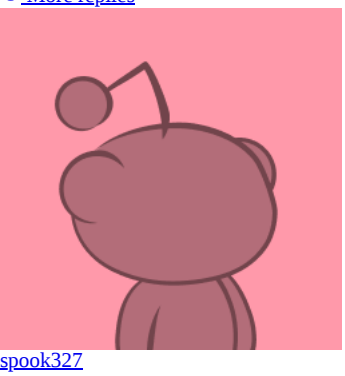

spook327
• 13y ago

I've never told this story because I don't entirely believe that it happened and have even rationalized most of it away as a child's overactive imagination, and the inherent faultiness of memory.

When we went anywhere for a vacation, we always drove. It was cheap, and as kids the three of us were pretty well-behaved in the car. Inevitably we'd be wide awake at night and insist that Dad tell us a ghost story (much to Mom's irritation.) Years later of course, I recognized the source materials for his stories as fragments from popular slasher flicks and common urban myths that we'd have been too young to hear.

One time, he told us a story about a local myth that creeped me the hell out because it sounded pretty plausible. Sometime just before the civil war, an escaped slave had managed to flee north to the copper country and managed to get a job working in one of the mines. He got on well with everybody there and soon got the nickname "Black Jack" on account of his given name and his heritage.

When rumors surfaced that he had violated someone's wife, a gang of four took it upon themselves to do something about him. Late on a full-moon night, he was ambushed on the road and beaten to within an inch of his life by the four men, wearing all white in a prototyical KKK outfit. He laid dying in the ditch, and swore revenge upon those who had attacked him, offering his soul to the devil in exchange for revenge.

Each month after for the next four months, one of the men who attacked him was found smashed into a nearly unidentifiable pulp by a massive hammer. Each time, a large, limping figure dragging a hammer behind him has been seen somewhere near the murder. Thing is, Jack was rather uneducated and never stopped killing after the first four, as he didn't know how many men attacked him. And so he rises each month to slay the first person he finds wearing all white...

So the story goes, anyway. Like all ghost stories, it was pretty much designed to scare us stupid kids, and we kept trying to make it worse by pointing out white clothing we each were wearing at the time. By the next day, we'd largely forgotten about it.

Several months later, we were on another trip and stopped at a motel for the night. I remember my Dad not getting along with the guy behind the desk; some argument about price or something. Anyhow, I just recall that he was a bigger guy, balding, with a thick black beard. Most of all, I remember that he was wearing a stained white wife-beater.

Late that night, my parents were sleeping as was my youngest sister. The older of my two siblings and I were quietly playing cards by the window when I heard the sound of metal dragging against concrete. I shushed my sister and asked if she heard anything and she said to stop trying to mess with her. Well, we wound up arguing and waking up Dad, who yelled at us to get back in our sleeping bags. We did, and everyone went back to sleep.

That morning while we were packing, Dad went to pay the bill and came back looking actually scared -- something I'd never seen before. He took Mom out of the room quietly and then she stayed in there with us while he went to a payphone out in the parking lot. I didn't know what happened at the time, but that when we left there were police cars and an ambulance in the parking lot, and Dad spent a lot of time talking to the police. Neither Mom or Dad would tell us anything, and still don't like to talk about it at all.

mskerryedwards
• 13y ago

That's why you never wear white after labour day!

10 more replies

10 more replies

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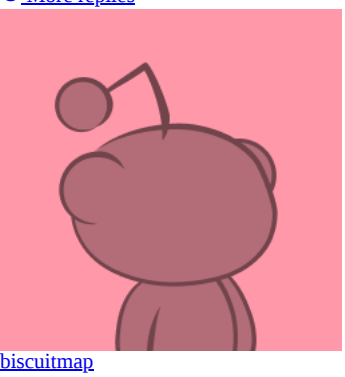

biscuitmap
• 13y ago

When I was about 13 I was in Mission Beach in San Diego, and I really wanted to buy a hat with the little money that I had. After looking at all the shops they had on the boardwalk, I couldn't find any that I really wanted so I just forgot about it an moved on. About a half hour later, I was walking on the street with my dad and we pass by a homeless guy who, I shit you not, said "Sorry you couldn't find a hat kid." There was no way he could've known unless he was following me or was a psychic. Both of which are creepy.

17 more replies

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HillaB
• 13y ago

This happened to my grandmother while she was living in Northern Michigan with her sister. The husbands (my grandpa and great-uncle) were off fighting in WWII and their cousin, who was pregnant with her first baby, came to visit as her due date approached because her husband was also fighting. One evening, my grandmother was laying in bed when she heard a blood curdling scream. She and her sister rushed down the hall to see their cousin standing completely motionless, staring into the dining room. She asked them if they saw them on the table. When my grandma looked, she didn't see a thing. The cousin told her she'd seen two coffins, one normal sized, and one the size of a baby coffin, sitting on the dining room table. Six days later, my grandma's cousin died in childbirth, as did the baby.

5 more replies

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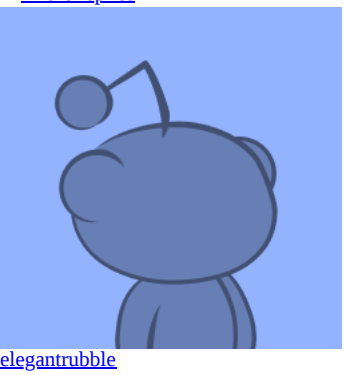
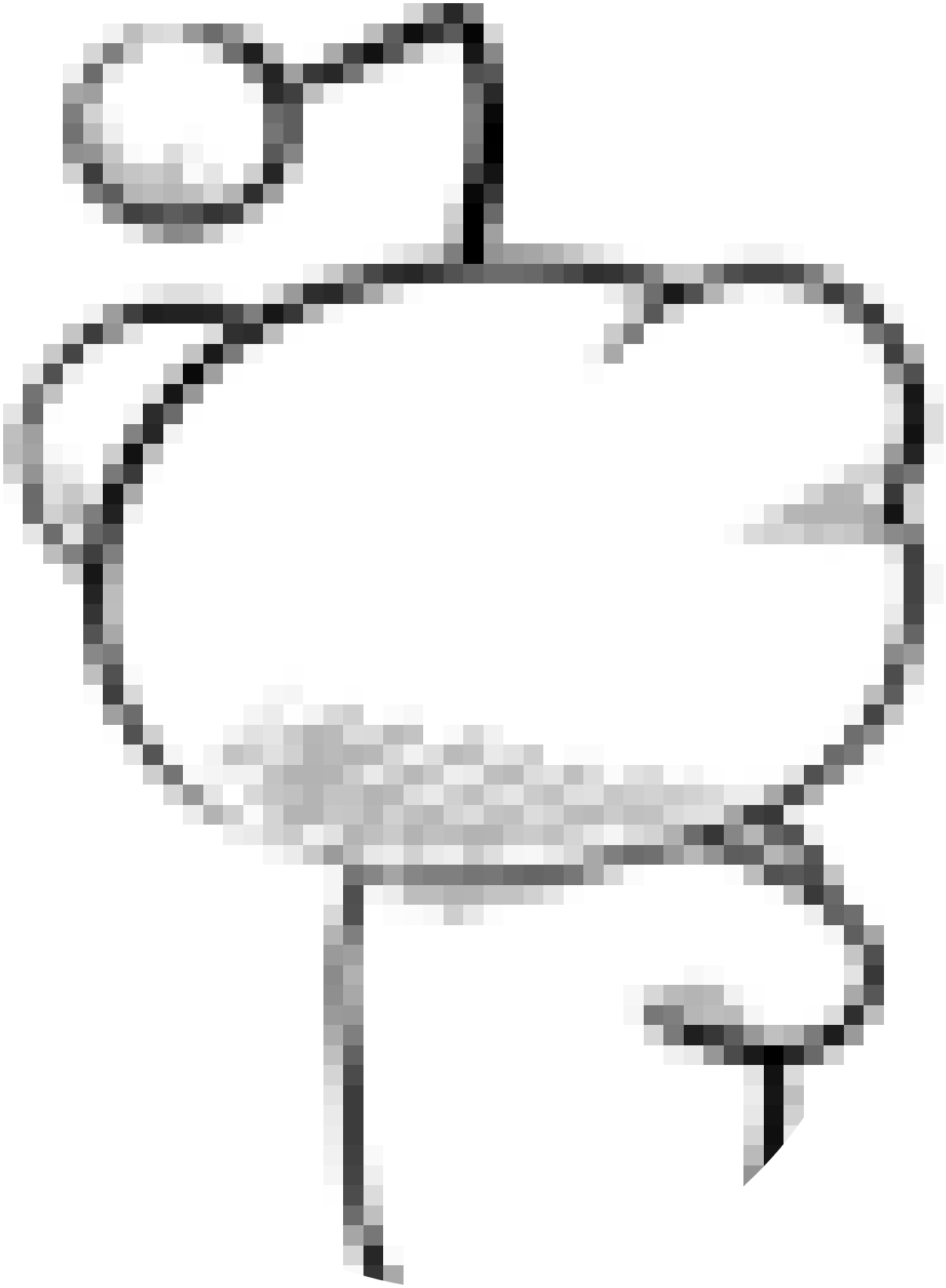


elegantrubble
• 13y ago

I used to volunteer at my church (mostly to get out of sitting through service) which was a creepy building unto itself, 100+ years old, lots of creaks and unidentifiable noises constantly. Anyway, I was in the house part of the church, getting supplies from a closet when in walks the gardener, who always gave me the creeps as well. He just stood there by the door looking at me then said something along the lines of I shoudn't be creeping about by myself, I'll scare someone to death. I got out of there straight away with the excuse people were waiting for the stuff I was getting, the guy was just so weird, so unsettling.

A few months after that they found a body buried in the church grounds (had no graveyard) of this girl that had gone missing and guess who the killer was. Soon after that they linked the gardener to 3 other murders and suspected him of more.

TL;DR: was alone with a serial killer



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I was up camping on private property (my friends owned it) approximately 11 and a half miles from the nearest paved road/building, when we heard laughing in the distance which my friend responded with a pump of his 12 gauge and we went to check out what was happening. After 15 minutes of walking we come across a clearing with a burnt out campfire with embers still red. When we returned the next morning to clean up their shit, we found one of those motion capture hunting camera things strapped to a tree. We took the little card thingy out and put it in a laptop and saw pictures of us hiking, entering the property, and then a variation of nine other people within about 700 pictures.

1 more reply
1 more reply

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shiftymojo
• 13y ago

i live in rural nsw Australia and always hear stories of big cats that people see from time to time. i never really believed it until i was out shooting one night just on foot with a 243 in the middle of a paddock ages away from my ute at dusk. i see a big mob and start aiming for a bigger one. something spooks them and most start to run so i take a shot to try and get one. what i didn't know was i didn't spook them the giant fucking panther about 50m away from me that attacked one of the kanagroos was what scared them.

there was a moment when we both realized the other was there and i sat there looking into those big yellow eyes for what seemed like a good 5 seconds before it took off into the bush. i have never run so fast holding a gun in my life after that. i was sure it wouldn't come back because they are from what i hear afraid of people especially after i shot the gun.

older zoos circuses and traveling shows use to have panthers and if they couldn't take care of it they would release it or escaped. cougars use to also come on the WW2 battle ships from what i heard. i don't really know about the cougars but definitely there are panthers in australia

3 more replies
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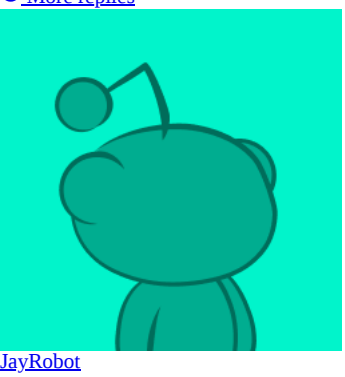

JayRobot
• 13y ago

The first day of school in 8th grade our science teacher told us a story. She turned off all of the lights and asked us to close our eyes and imagine what she was saying. It went (kind of) like this.

"You are playing in a field of flowers by yourself. It is one of those days where the sun is shining but it's not hot. All of your favorite colors of flowers are in the field. You play for a little while longer, then you realize you are really thirsty. You begin to walk down a dirt path with trees on either side, someone has been taking care of them. The dirt road seems to go on forever, until you spot an old house in the distance. You approach the house and it seems abandoned. There are cats and dogs running around everywhere. You come up to the porch, you step up and the floorboards creek. You peek through a window, from what you can tell the house is dark. You can tell someone lives there. You knock on the door. "Anybody home?" You say. Nothing responds. You try a few more times but still no response. You are really thirsty, so you turn the handle, hear a click, and the door squeaks open. You step inside, and you are immediately cold. It is deathly quiet in the house. You walk around the one-story house, kitchen, living room, bedroom, but you find no water. You come upon a mysteriously out of place door in the back of the house. You slowly open the door to find that it is the door to the basement. You take a few painfully slow steps down. It is even colder in here than it was in the house. Your feet reach the floor. You put your hand on the right side wall to guide you because there is no light at all in the basement. You feel the walls peelings. You ease ever so slowly along the wall. You hear a faint noise. You reach your trembling hand in front of you, until...

The teacher then screamed at the top of her lungs. The whole class fell out of their seat. A couple kids ran out of the classroom. I know a table was flipped from fear. That was the scariest story I'd ever heard. It was how she delivered it, gradually getting more frantic and dark. She tied this to science somehow but I forget. Dick move. Dick move.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

mulls
• 13y ago

I guess for the guy that hits the "new" button...long post.

My parents got divorced the year I was graduating from college, and my mom moved into another house about 5 minutes from the one I grew up in. I spent the summer at my dads house before moving back up to the Bay Area (this all went down in LA and I was going to school in the Bay Area). I was 1 day away from driving back up, and I took an entire duffle bag of laundry over to my moms to see the new house (and an excuse use the laundry facilities).

It was late afternoon when I showed up and no one was home - there was a note left saying they all went out to grab an early dinner and to hang out and they'd be back soon. My little brother was still living with my mom and he had a new tricked out PC with Quake on it (this was mid nineties, and divorce victims get lots of gifts).

So I started doing the laundry, fire up the wash. 20 minutes of Quake, swap wash to dryer, new load in wash, etc. and repeat. There was a little bathroom that I walked by between the laundry room and my brothers, and every time I walked by the light was on. Being a recent college grad, I was obsessed with turning off lights in rooms unused. But by the third or fourth trip I thought "WTF?" and then just blew it off - old house but new occupant, clearly they are still screwing with the electrical, and not a big deal. It was in between the walk from the laundry to the bedroom, I heard the jangling of the gym equipment in a room at the back of the house. Not working out noises, but the weights shifting around, support bars lightly jangling.

I was in the house alone and now it was dusk. I yelled "Hello? Hello? You guys home?" No one answered and it stopped. My skin all of a sudden TOTALLY CRAWLED (like it is now actually), and I turned around in my tracks, went into the laundry room to start packing all my folded cloths into the duffle and just get the fuck out, and I had my back to the door - all of a sudden that feeling that someone is about to hit you, or is rushing right up behind you, took over and I spun in my tracks bracing myself, terrified - no one there. But I could vividly feel it.

I got OUT and didn't come back for about 1 month when I was back in LA. I was speaking to an older woman who was a friend of my mom and was living in the house as emotional support. I told her the story and she just smiled and said "The spirit comes to those who are troubled to let you know that it's there and knows. Has happened to your mom twice and she was told about it in a dream." I guess I was having a tough time processing my parents being divorced after 25 years of marriage. My sisters friend had an encounter in the house when she lived there for 2 months (baskets flew off the wall) bc she was bummed her nutty professor parents moved to Europe and left her in LA alone, and my brother in law woke up with the guest room doors banging because he was stressed out about studying for the bar. I now fully believe in ghosts - or weird spirit energy anyway.

tl;dr - my parents got divorced and my mom moved into a haunted house.

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aareyes12

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

A fucking owl screeched at my window and woke me up at the devils hour. Now, I'm not one to believe any folklore, but my Mexican culture has deemed owls as witches. That night, I believed...

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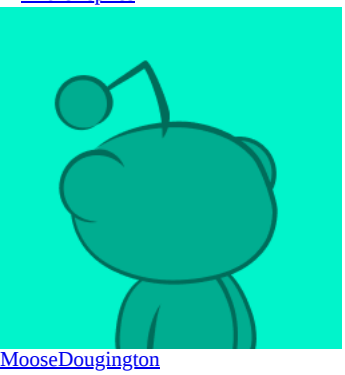

MooseDougington

• 13y ago

I was laying in bed around 6pm after work, trying to take a quick power nap. I hear a door open and shut, thinking my roommate had just come home.

I then hear someone yell, "Hello! Hello!" I shrug it off thinking it's coming from outside my window. It gets louder, "Hello.. Hello! Hello!" This now sounds like it's coming from downstairs so I get up to see what the deal is. I walk out of my room saying my roommates name. I make it halfway down the stairs when I come face to face with a 55 year old Filipino woman, holding a plastic grocery bag filled with clothes.

We make direct eye contact, so I ask her if I can help her. She looks straight at me and screams, "I'm a lost 7 year old girl can you please help me get home?" I could only muster up an "Excuse me?"

Again, "I'm a lost little girl can you please help me get home". At this point I'm terrified so I slowly start to back up the stairs and ask her if she can leave my apartment. She puts a twisted grin on her face and says okay while turning around to walk out. She reaches the door, turns her head and winks at me, then proceeds to slam the door shut and leave. I'm still greatly haunted by her..

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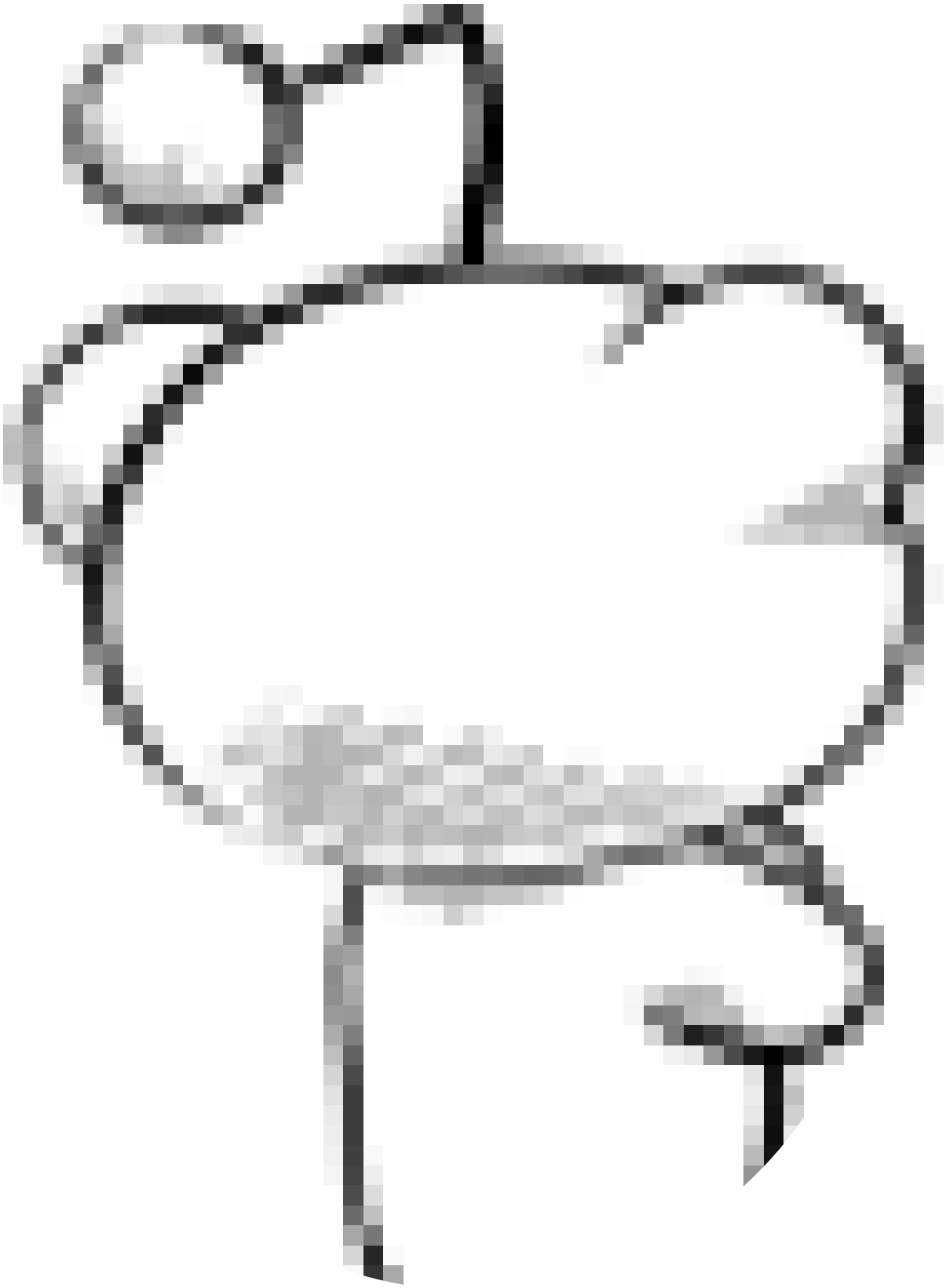

[deleted]
• 13y ago

My scary experience occurred at my Dad's girlfriend, Susan's, house. To paint you a better mental picture of things, she lived on a nice piece of land and didn't have any neighbors too close by.

We had a bonfire one night, which I spent some of the time leaned up against a tree listening to my iPod, but got up to get closer to the fire. After we all came inside and went to bed, I awoke suddenly at about 2 am and realized I left my iPod against the tree. I decided to go retrieve it. The bonfire pit is about a 5 minute walk from the house, and Susan's dog, Shadow, stays in a huge cage next to it. When I reached the tree, I could barely see anything because it was so dark, so, I started crawling around and feeling for my iPod. Shadow started to growl. I figured he didn't know it was me so I started talking to him and he quit. I finally found it, stood up, and checked to see if it was still working. Shadow started growling again, and I looked up to see a man standing by the tree, only an arm's length away, smiling at me. I fell backwards in shock. He's still smiling and says in a low whisper, "Hi." I jumped up, sprinted back to the house, too afraid to look behind me, but I could hear Shadow start barking and growling like crazy. I burst inside, ran into my Dad's room, and frantically told him what happened. He went outside to investigate and found no one. We called the police, but they didn't do much. I always wonder what would have happened if Shadow hadn't warned me.

PurpleLego
• 13y ago

I AINT CLICKN A GOD DAMN SINGLE LINK FROM THIS THREAD!

9 more replies
9 more replies
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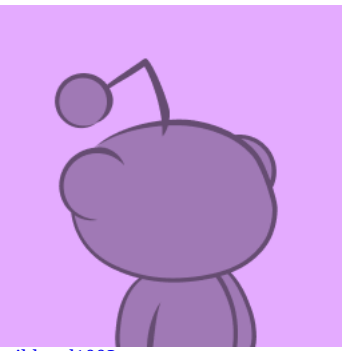
NekoLuna
• 13y ago

I once have read about this Internetstory where someone put a quiz in the internet where the answer would lead to a treasure which is hidden with a lot of money and nobody could have solved this quiz but one guy managed to get the answer but there wasn't a treasure at the location..but an another quiz. This would go for like 2-3 times with one quiz after another and this guy put the solutions to the quiz on youtube after he managed to solve it (sometimes it took him weeks) which you can see even nowadays (can't find it though) and how he traveled to the locations. So finally he managed to solve the last puzzle which lead to an open field (he posted the coordinations) and he put a mobileupload with him in a train and a showel to dig finally the treasure on youtube. The next day there was a text in a newspaper that some guy was killed in an open field...the coordinations even matched. After month of solving the puzzles to get the money he get killed by the Riddler.

tl;dr - A Guy solves a Puzzle on the internet, gets killed by the Riddler at the end

ps: if someone has the links to the story please link it.



wildcard1002
• 13y ago

http://vimeo.com/13780892

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More replies
10 more replies
10 more replies

More replies

IKinectWithUrGF
• 13y ago

A few days ago I was sitting on my couch just doing Facebook/reddit things. Now mind you, the day before I had already had 3 spider run-ins and 2 centipede sightings, and as an arachnophobic... Just freaking nope.

So I'm sitting at my computer and I see my cat waltz by. He jumps up to the back of the couch, like he always does, and sits himself down behind me. I don't really look back where because, well, reddit. Then I see some movement to my left.

"Don't worry" I think to myself "that's just my cat's tail swishing back and-

Meow.

My cat makes a cute adorable meow... to my *right*.

Whatever is moving to my left is not my cat.

I slowly horror-movie-reveal turn my head and look down, and there is a centipede about 3 inches long crawling its way across my chest. I start making "NNGGGHAAARghhaababaAAAAHHNOOONONONO" noises as this disgusting little critter crawls to the center of my chest, stops, looks up as if to indicate a speed dash TOWARDS MY FACE, and then continues across my chest. It then crawls under my armpit to my back.

WHERE I CAN'T SEE IT.

Thankfully I was wearing a dress shirt, which I literally ripped off and sacrificed to save myself, leaving it and the centipede on the couch. I haven't sat on that couch in about half a week, and I go around the living room when I can.

EDIT: TLDR Centipede crawled across a very distressed arachnophobic.

20 more replies
20 more replies
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sweetsweetm
• 13y ago

This happened to my horseback riding teacher's sister, Nancy (I think her name was), when I was like 9. It didn't freak me out so much at the time, but my mom reminded me of the story a few years ago and it's so creepy. So Nancy went to the mall one day to run an errand- when she came out she had trouble finding her car bc 2 trucks had parked on either side of it obscuring the view. So she finally finds it and a well dressed man (wearing a long dress coat, leather gloves and holding a briefcase) comes up to her and asks for her help. His car broke down and he needs to get to meeting and was hoping Nancy could drop him off at the train or bus stop about a mile from the mall. Nancy says yes and they get into her car. As soon as the doors close she knows something is wrong. She starts sweating and internally freaking out. All she knows is that she wants him out of her car. She did some very quick thinking and asked him to help guide her our of her parking spot (since the trucks on either side of her made it hard to see the rest of the traffic in the parking lot). As soon as he got out she locked the doors and sped away. Once safely on the freeway Nancy starts to feel extremely guilty and wondering if she was just being paranoid. She looks to her passenger seat and sees the man's briefcase. Relieved that she has a way to track him down and apologize she pulls over and opens it. The briefcase is empty except for a roll of duck tape and rope.... This has kept me awake many nights over the past few years.

2 more replies
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Sylvanas_Windrunner
• 13y ago

The scariest thing I personally had the misfortune to witness witness was a man in my bedroom that didn't belong there when I was a teenager. I woke up to him beside my bed, and he then went on to attempt to murder and rape me. That has left me with a lasting case of insomnia and serious issues about trusting empty houses to this day.

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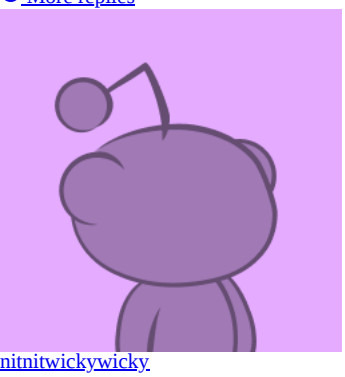

nitnitwickywicky
• 13y ago

Its 10pm, I'm lying in bed, I should not be in this thread.

14 more replies
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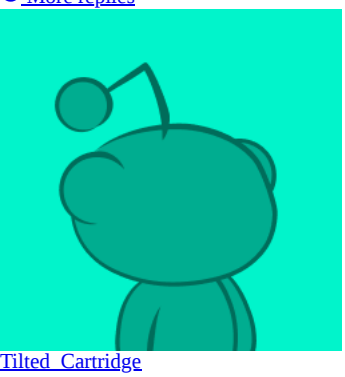

Tilted_Cartridge
• 13y ago

Ok, so The first moon landing. There was a big chance that Buzz Aldrin and Neil Armstrong wouldnt be able to get back to the shuttle. William Safire prepared a speech in case of that event. Its rather chilling when you think about it. They would have been left on the moon to die. Either starve to death or commit suicide. No chance for rescue. http://watergate.info/1969/07/20/an-undelivered-nixon-speech.html

4 more replies
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Artemissimetra
• 13y ago

A guy that owns some cows on the levee of the Mississippi River told me a story of a wild woman he had seen back there. The cows normally don't let anyone get real close to them, but this guy would see her milking the cows that had newborns. She would run off when she saw his vehicle. It's creepy to think of "wild" people living in the woods with no other human contact

Kaytala
• 13y ago

When my brother was little, he used to have an imaginary friend that he would play with. My parents didn't really think much of it until one day they realized that he hadn't talked or played with his imaginary friend for awhile so they asked him about him and he said that they weren't friends anymore and refused to say any more about it. My parents left it alone figuring he'd probably just grown out of it and that was his way of saying it. Not long after, my brother would get terrible night terrors. Something about the man in the black hat was coming to hurt him and me (I was really little at the time. My brother is older than me). My brother had described his imaginary friend as a man in a black hat. A few months after this started, my brother started getting terrible migraines. My dad's brother died of brain cancer at age 5 so my dad didn't want to take any risks with my brother and started bringing him to the doctor. He got all sorts of MRI's and CT scans and stuff but everything was normal and he eventually stopped getting both night terrors and migraines and nothing bad ever happened to me.

Fast forward a few years, we got a dog. My dog would frequently stand at the top of the stairs looking into my room, hackles raised and growling menacingly at apparently nothing. My mom distinctly remembers this happening on several occasions. It was around the same time appliances in our house would randomly turn on and off. The toilet would flush, the microwave would turn on, the radio wouldn't turn off, etc. It was also around this time that I developed sleeping problems that I've had ever since I was little. I don't remember this since I was still pretty little but my parents told me that I would wake up in the middle of the night and they would hear me crying so they would come to check on me and I would tell them there were people in my room. There was no one there. It got so bad an so frequent that my dad would sleep outside my bedroom in case there was someone coming into the house at night. The nights that he did that, I never woke up, but the dog would start barking in the middle of the night so he would check out the windows and check on the dog and never saw anyone outside or anything. Eventually, this stopped too and everything went back to normal again.

Fast forward again to my pre-teen years and my friend got a ouija board. We played around on it and decided to ask it if there was a ghost in my house. It said there was and his name was Christopher. We did the typical ask how he died and how old he was and what did he look like, etc. He was an older man and had died at home. He liked to wear a black hat. I hadn't told any of my friends about my brother's imaginary friend so that really freaked me out and I told my friend to take her ouija board out of my house and not bring it back ever. I later asked my parents about the man in the black hat and they also got pretty freaked out. Once again, the dog would bark at night and growl at nothing. I had nightmares for about a month straight after that but eventually everything went back to normal again.

Fast forward to shortly after I graduated high school. My parents had gone away on a trip to Peru and my brother had long since moved away from home. I was home with the dog for about 2 months by myself and my insomnia got really bad. I averaged about two hours of sleep per night for most of the time my parents were away. I started seeing things out of the corners of my eyes like little shadows that weren't there and what looked like demons or imps or something hiding in dark corners. I let my dog sleep in my room with me at night because it was freaking me out. Several times, my dog would wake up and stand at my door, hackles up, snarling at the door. I was too afraid to ever go and look on the other side of the door, but eventually, my dog would calm down and lie down again as though nothing had happened.

A few days before my parents got home, I was in the kitchen and noticed my dog was standing in the hallway looking like she was ready to attack something. She was snarling pretty ferociously so I picked up a big knife and walked into the hallway to see what was going on. There, standing at the end of the hallway, clear as I could see my dog, was an old man in a black top hat. I ran back into the kitchen, picked up the phone and called my best friend to come over. I went back into the hallway and the man was gone. My dog was calm as well so I put the knife away and hung out with my friend for awhile. When my parents got back, I started sleeping more normal hours and stopped having hallucinations. Nothing really strange has happened since then, but that was probably the creepiest thing I've ever experienced.

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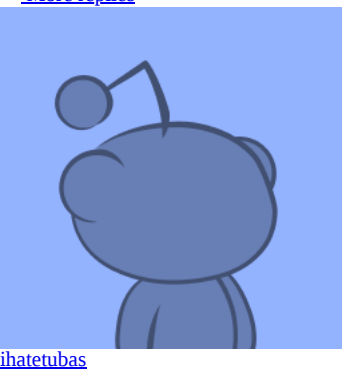


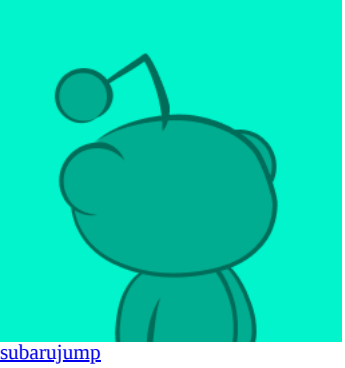
ihatetubas
• 13y ago

Ok so i made a throw away account because i only browse reddit and never comment, but I couldnt resist telling the story of my possessed brass instrument so here we go.

So i'm part of my school band, and I play an old rusty tuba which i get to keep at home for practice, i keep it in the corner of my room standing on its bell which is HUGE so its very stable. So one night im lying in my one mattress bunk bed trying to sleep when i hear this huge smash. Too scared to investigate I clamp my eyes shut and wait out the night, to scared to sleep. When i wake up I am shocked to see my tuba on its side, I also have an old wardrobe in my room which I always close the doors of before sleep because it creeps me out, the doors were wide open.

The very next night i'm alone in the house (for sure) and i'm in my room studying. I hear someone downstairs call me name, i did not just mistaken, I properly felt it like someone really wanted to speak to me. So forgetting i was alone I rush down stairs to see what up. Not a soul about but as i began walking up the stair i heard another crash in my room. fuck. Bursting into my room knife in hand, heart in mouth i come upon my tuba on the floor and the wardrobe doors swinging.

This was the last i ever encountered of my encounter with instrumental terror but still to this day I knot my wardrobe doors together with string and tuba on its side. I also never played it again because I have one at school and one at home. Sorry if the story was to long as well.



subarujump
• 13y ago

My story pales in comparison to many of the posts here, but on the other hand I'm thankful I haven't had too many scary or creepy things happen to me.

Near my old house is the abandoned parking lot of a golf course that was closed in the early 90s. It's a secluded parking lot and of course that is a magnet for teenagers getting into all sorts of mischief.

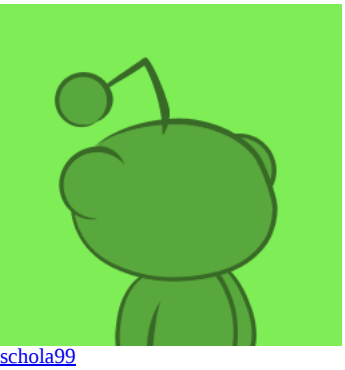
One night in my early 20s, some friends and I were reminiscing about the place and decided to hop in my car and go for a late night visit, maybe scare some kids who were making out in their parents car or something like that. We got there and aside from the lot being in even worse shape than it had been in my own teens, it wasn't much different. There was also trash laying everywhere, so perhaps people were now using it as a dumping ground.

After a few minutes of more laughs about the good old days, we decided to leave. Among all the trash there was a larger than usual pile of it located near the center of the lot, and being young and stupid I thought it would be funny to get a bit of speed and drive my car through the trash pile before we left. I rolled the car into position and just before I moved my foot to the accelerator I was overcome with a really weird feeling and switched on my fog lights instead.

At that moment, a very disheveled looking man raised his head out of the trash pile and looked at us. From the look of him he was probably sleeping off a large quantity of booze, but aside from looking like a hobo there wasn't anything out of the ordinary about him. Still, his appearance was so abrupt and unexpected that we all started screaming and I turned around and drove out of there as fast as I could.

It wasn't until about a mile down the road that I realized how close I had come to running over and likely killing someone. Still haunts me to this day how I got that weird feeling and what would have happened if I hadn't heeded it.

tl;dr: Almost ran over a bum who was sleeping, concealed in a pile of trash.



schola99
• 13y ago

Made an account strictly to post in this thread. Bear with me as this will take some set up. This was in 2008 in Wisconsin. Me and a few friends were driving up north to stay at a buddy's cabin for Memorial day weekend, about a four hour drive from Milwaukee to Merrill. We left the city late because one of my friends coming with had to stay late for a rugby game, meaning we didn't actually get on the road until 10 p.m.

It's a fairly relaxing drive, not a lot to look at - mostly through farmland on four lane highways. I'd done this trip a few times but never at night and with the lack of city or highway lights it's essentially pitch black the whole way aside from the occasional light from car traffic, which was few and far between.

So, we're about three hours into the drive (about 1 a.m.) and me and my friends are keeping busy reading signs on the side of the highway because that's all there really is to look at. Then one of my friends reads one aloud that says "watch for school buses." Almost immediately about four car lanes in front of me, two red brake lights pop up out of the dark and we see a school bus completely surrounded by fog.

So now the whole car of guys is screaming. I have one friend telling me to pull off the highway, one saying drive past it and another saying slow down. I opted to try to pass it as my friend wanted to take some pictures. This proved to be difficult as the bus was going a generous 85 mph on a 65. After we finally got ahead of it, the bus drifted back into the dark and we couldn't see it again. Later looked up to see if there were any bus crashes on that stretch of highway (highway 29) and didn't turn anything up, but did find that it was nicknamed Bloody 29 because of all the awful wrecks that have happened since it was built. Could maybe be easily explainable as the photos don't really look all that paranormal but it's truly one of the scariest things that has happened to me. Here are the pics we got:

http://share.pho.to/2VwGA

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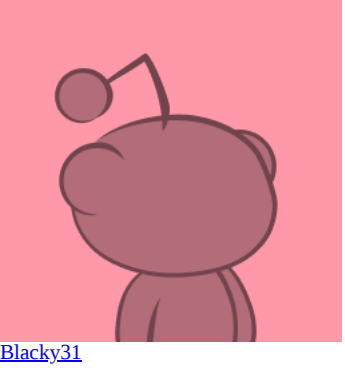
SpellthiefLux
• 13y ago

The scariest thing to happen to me? This was back in the late nineties, when I was still living in the Philippines. Well, when I was around four or five, my uncle brought me a little porcelain jester doll he had found from a flea market overseas. I forgot what I named him. His face was painted to look like a jester's, with a white face and red streaks of paint running from atop his eyebrows down to his cheeks. I had a strange affinity to the doll and would constantly bring it up to my room because I considered it a pretty toy or something. However, each time that doll entered my room, I would come down with a fever or some other sickness, so my mom told me never to bring it in my room anymore (she's very superstitious). Somehow, the doll kept appearing in my room without anyone bringing it up there, but my mom wouldn't believe me. Who would believe a five year old girl, anyway? The last straw was when the doll popped up in my room yet again, and I got a bad case of the measles. My mother ended up burning it and burying it near a mango tree in our yard. Since then, we moved to the US and up to now, I still have no idea if that cursed doll is buried in our old yard.



Blacky31
• 13y ago

Certainly one of the creepiest in my opinion is this recording of the last known castrato singing.

Very eerie

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dcpohe48
• 13y ago

The dad of a friend told me this story:

He and his cousin were 8 or 7 years old, they were walking through the woods near their house when they saw a dwarf walking around he describe "just like the ones in snowhite, whit their hats and clothe" he kept satring at them and for some reason they though it was a good idea to throw rocks at him, but he started to run just to stop again and stare at them again, everytime they got closer to range the dwarf laughed at them and ran further, they kept doing that for some time until the dwarf got through a river and stood on the other side of it, that time the dwarf kept making a sign with his hand and saying "vengan, vengan (its spanish for: come here, come here)" they kept throwing rocks but he was out of reach, it was getting late and they were tired so decided to go back home and the dwarf just ran into the forest on the other side of the river. When they got home they told the story to their grandmother who started to yell at them the reason the grandmother was so hysterical was beacuse that river was well known beacuse a lot of kids had died there.

A few years later an aunt of him were walking along with them when suddenly she just driffted away and started to walk into the woods, his mother started talking to her but she didnt respond until she catch up with her and shook her and asked her what was wrong with her and she replied "beacuse that little man was calling me, didnt you see him? it was so funny looking and he kept calling me" his mother just called her crazy and kept walking.

(english is not my first lenguage so excuse me if i have some mistakes)

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Dave-C
• 13y ago

I was in the 2nd grade, it was near the end of the year. Many of the teachers where inside the school for a going away party for the students while a few remained outside to watch the kids that wanted to play. I was a little young to remember this completely but I guess some of the teachers didn't feel like standing around to watch children play. This left a large area outside of the school with no one watching it.

I came outside and was walking in that direction and rounded a corner(not knowing there was no teachers). Somehow a rock fight (imagine a food fight with rocks) broke out. It was ending around the same time that I was rounding the corner and I watched as a child ran past me with the side of its skull missing. Blood and bits of matter was on the ground. The child ran around the corner that I just passed and I could hear the teachers start to yell.

Maybe not the worst thing to see but it really haunted me. Btw, the kid lived and is still doing fine. (big metal plate and some skin graphing.

2 more replies
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YouGladBro
• 13y ago

I remember watching the beginning of an *X-Files* episode when I was probably just a little bit too young for it. It kicked off by showing this group of young kids (my age or a touch younger) in a playground during recess when a swarm of bees descended on everything. Everybody but one kid had managed to run inside (where, miraculously, no bees decided to follow). This kid had succumbed to the stinging swarm and fallen to the ground trying to ward them off. Everyone, now inside, watched in horror and made no move to help.

That was the first time I found out that people don't have an innate desire to help someone who's suffering when they themselves will be put at risk. And for my tiny little self, it scared me to know that I had already been living in that world and always would be.

1 more reply
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paradoxikal
• 13y ago

I've been reading these entries for hours before realizing I had a creepy story of my own! I can't remember if I've shared it on reddit before or not, but here goes.

This takes place in the house I lived in from the time I was 3 months old up until I was 15/16. It was a two-bedroom home built in the early 1900's, but my parents had remodeled and made it all nice. I shared a tiny bedroom with my younger sister. I had a tendency in this house to wake up every single night at random, in the middle of the night. I have no idea why. I also always felt like someone was there with me...I'd have to peek out of the shower curtain every so often while I was showering because I felt like I wasn't alone.

I think I was 11 or 12 when this particular incident occurred. I had woken up in the middle of the night as usual, and laid in my top bunk waiting to go back to sleep. I happened to look over towards the closet and saw a figure standing there. I used to describe the figure as a 'monk' because it was tall, thin and seemed to be wearing a dark cloak that covered its whole body. I realize now that I am older that what I saw could've possibly been better described as a shadow figure. It stood about 3 feet away, and raised an arm to point towards the single bedroom window. It repeated this motion a few times, and then fled through the open door into the living room, where my mom was sleeping. I went back to sleep and didn't think much of it.

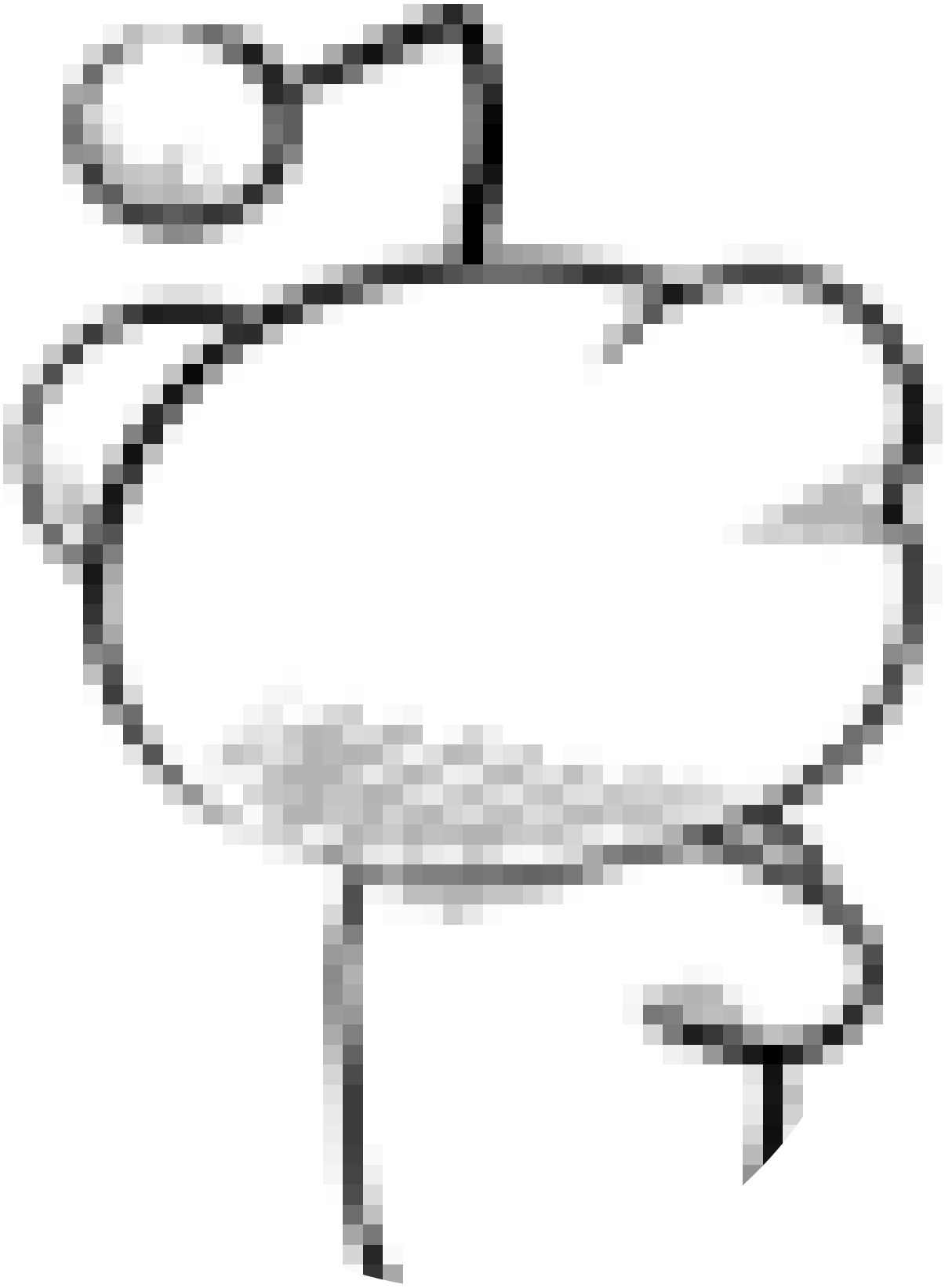
The next night, the same exact scenario happened. Except this time, the figure ran through the closed bedroom door. I never saw it again other than those two nights in a row.

Other things that used to happen in the house...our computer was in the basement, and the basement door would shut and lock very easily so I often would find myself locked down there accidentally. On one such occasion, I went up the stairs and found the door locked, so I waited patiently on the landing for someone to open the door. As I waited, I heard footsteps approaching from the bottom of the basement stairs. No one was down there but me, and I couldn't see anybody.

Tons of stories from that house.

Before we moved to the house we're in now, we found out from a family acquaintance that his aunt and uncle used to live in our house, and his uncle had died in the living room. Not sure if that's relevant to the figure I had seen, but still an eerie coincidence anyway.

EDIT: It's worth mentioning that since we moved out of that house, I never feel like I'm being watched and I never wake up in the middle of the night anymore. I also never have experienced any unusual occurrences since moving from that other house.



KrazyFUBAR
• 13y ago

I took my now ex-girlfriend to the lake with a bunch of other friends for the weekend. We spent the day cliff diving, barbecuing, just dicking around. We left for the lake Friday morning pretty early, the drive was about 4 hours away (Texas). This was my first time to visit this lake and I wasn't aware it was in the middle of absolute nowhere.

The lake is surrounded with camp area. On one side of the lake has no electricity (no lights and pretty much outhouses). We decided to stay on that side.

The sun went down and later that night 2 of my friends decided they wanted to have sex in their tent. Me and my girlfriend leave and walk to the other side of the lake. She had to use the restroom. The restrooms on this side of the lake were lighted and had actual stalls and sinks.

I kept thinking it looked scary as hell. The walls were faded white brick that looked as if it was melting and the only light came from the flickering florescent light from the women's bathroom (men's bathroom was on the other side of the little square building).

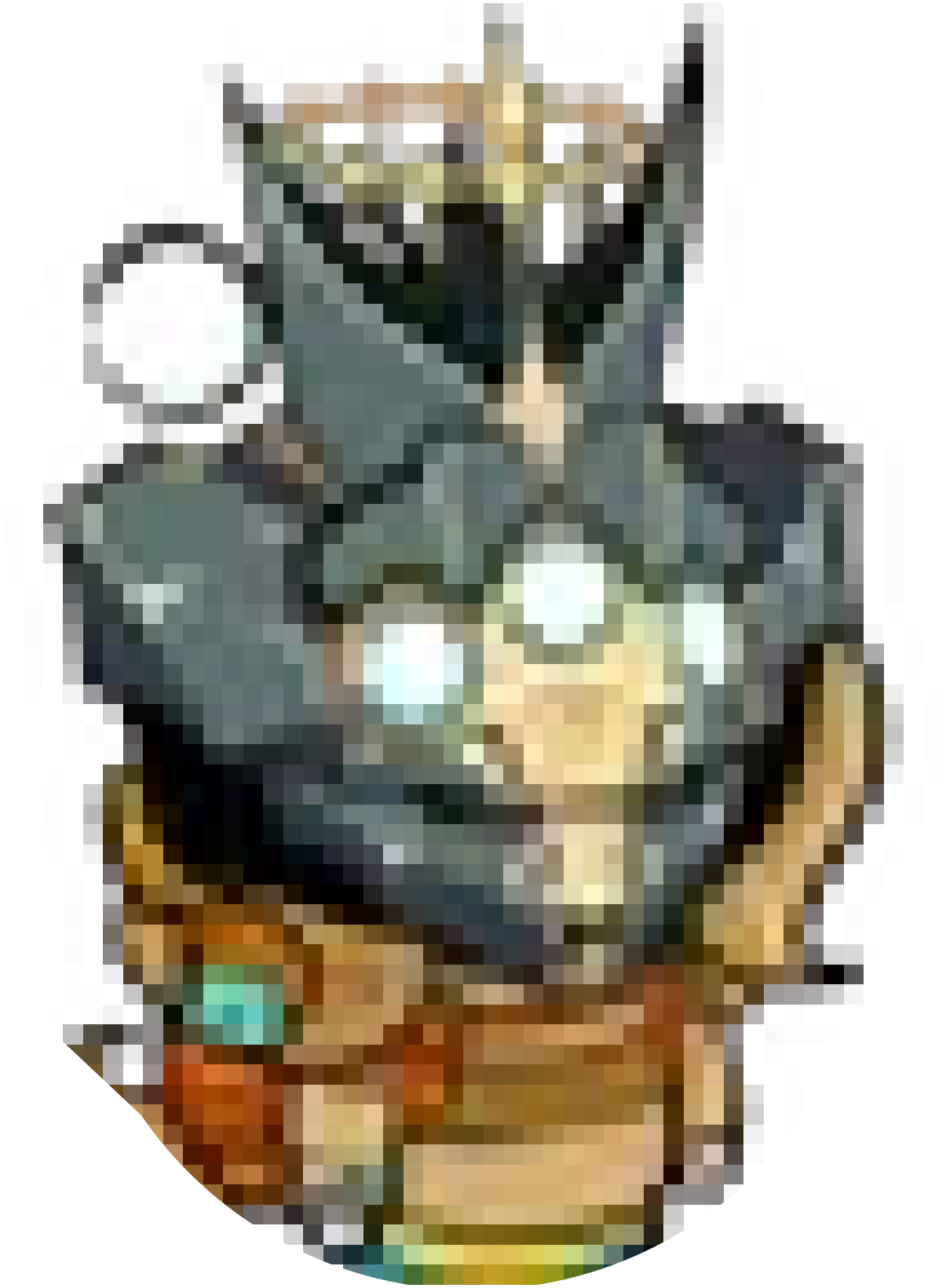
It was dark and quiet so I peered in to make sure it was empty. It was. At least that's what I thought.

As soon as she crosses into the bathroom she comes right back out saying she heard something inside. She backs out and I bend over to look under the walls of the stalls.

First thing I see is a pair of huge muddy men's work boots. Now normally I wouldn't think much about it, maybe the men's bathroom wasn't working, but the boots were facing the wrong way and beside the toilet instead of in front of it. At that moment whoever was in there slammed the stall door open screaming in tongues or some shit. I never saw him and I've never run so fast.

rustlecrowe
• 13y ago

http://creepypasta.wikia.com/wiki/The_Russian_Sleep_Experiment



CyborgWalrus
• 13y ago

The beginning is ok but once it gets to the part about "you go to sleep to keep us from coming out" shit the story hops onto an express train to absurdville.

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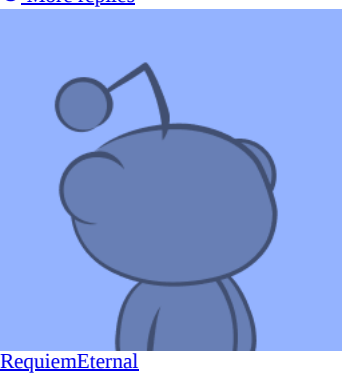

RequiemEternal
• 13y ago

This one is good right up until the ending. It's the same old creepypasta cop-out monologue.

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Karbear_debonair
• 13y ago

That was a fun read.

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tedwin223
• 13y ago

The scariest moment of my life was after the first plane hit the north tower on 9/11 before we knew it was terrorism. I was afraid it was my dad because We (my family) thought he was flying a private jet from Boston to New York for business. But to our relief his secertary informed us that he was flying American Airlines that day. It was a wave of relief...until we were informed that they were both American Airline planes after the second plane hit. To make matters worse my dad's phone did not connect because it was off while he was in the airport. We waited for what felt like an hour and half watching the towers and everything that went on that day until my Dad called my mom and asked what was going on. My Mom told him through a flurry of relieved tears what had happened, because he didn't know! He dropped his shit and ran to a HERTZ car rental and said something along the lines of "i'm renting this car and it's going all the way to Ohio. I have to go to my family." And apparently the car rental guy just looked at him and said "just give me a contact number so we can bill you for carrying it across a few states." Apparently that's not allowed? Anyway, my dad drove all day and night from boston to cincinatti. It was the scariest day of 5 year old me's life. I fucking love my Dad.

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JMFargo
• 13y ago

In my early teen years I had a party and my friends stayed the night. We decided that we would do "Bloody Mary" but with two people at a time for two reasons:

a) We were all pussies.

b) We all figured that some of us would lie if we went in alone. This way we had confirmation from two people, not just one.

John and I stepped into the bathroom and recited slowly over the candle that was held between us and the large mirror.

"Blood Mary."

"Bloody Mary."

"Bloody Mary."

We waited, watching the mirror, looking around the edges of our own reflections for any hint of movement or a brutal murder about to happen to the two of us. Disappointment set in and I shrugged, looking at my own reflection.

It was smiling. I wasn't.

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Jagaloon91
• 13y ago

When my parents were younger they stayed in a family friends house in Baltimore for a few days while visiting some friends. When they got to the house the power was off so my dad had to go into the basement and turn on the power. The basement was unfinished and gave him a weird vibe so after he turned the power on he went upstairs and locked the basement door. Throughout their stay creepy things kept happening to them like the window shades would roll up on their own, they would receive phone calls with faint noises on the other end but no voices, and noises coming from the basement. My mom wanted to leave early because she was scared but my dad said it was just and old house so a lot of the stuff was falling apart and making noises. The house also had a long hallway leading to the room they were staying with at the end. One night my mom had a dream that they was a tall man at the end of the hallway standing there scraping the wall with a knife. When she came out of the room the man charged her and when he got close to her she woke up. She woke up sweating and scared shitless. She woke my dad up and made him pack their stuff up and left. My dad had to go back into the basement to turn on the power but the lightbulb at the bottom of the steps burnt out so he grabbed a flashlight. He went down the steps turned off the power and turned around to leave. When he was about 10 feet from the steps the flashlight bulb exploded and shattered the glass. He stumbled through the dark, ran up the steps and left. While they were driving home my mom explained the dream she had to my dad and why she wanted to leave so badly. My dad freaked out because he had the same dream the night before.

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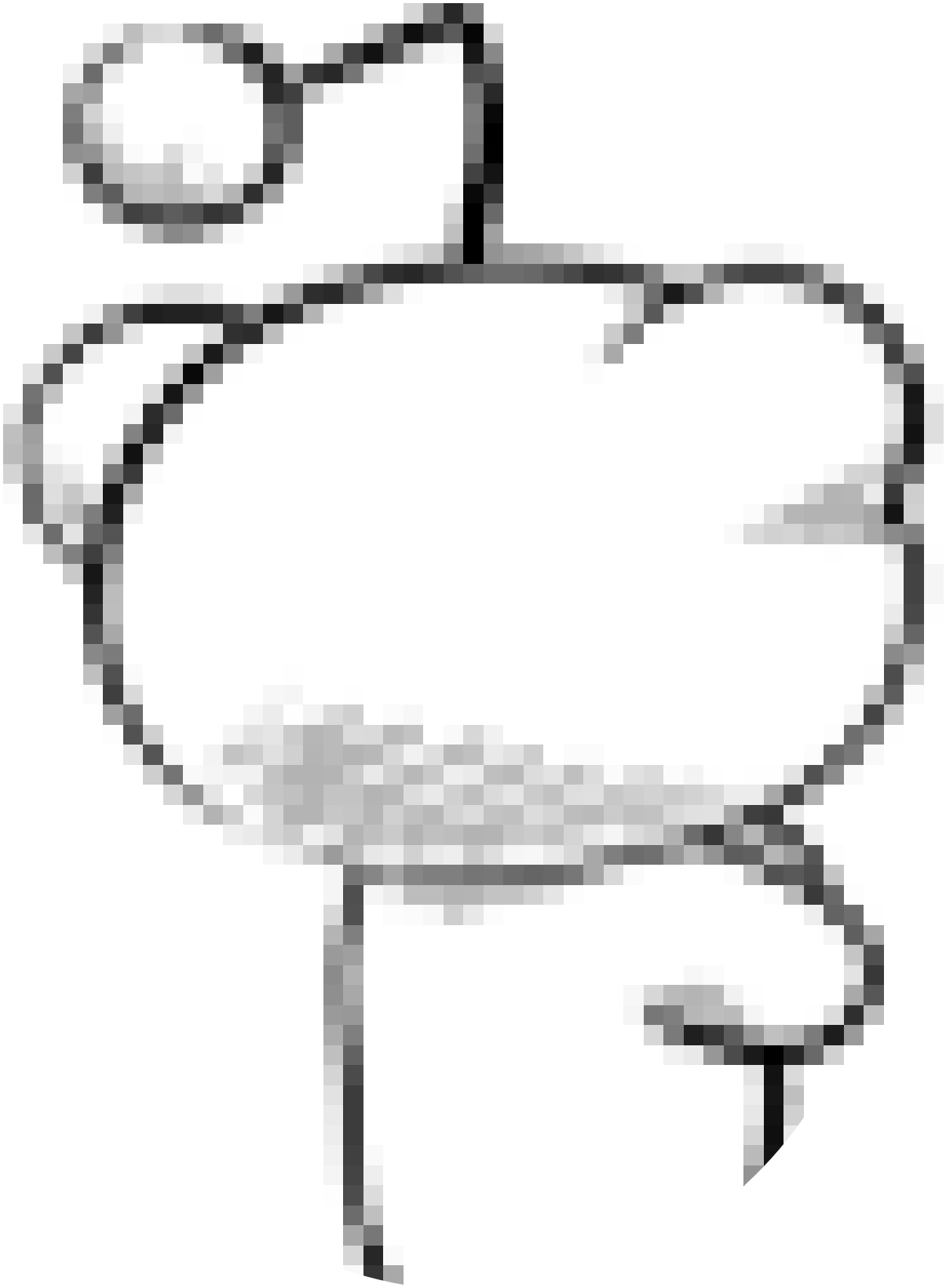

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• 13y ago

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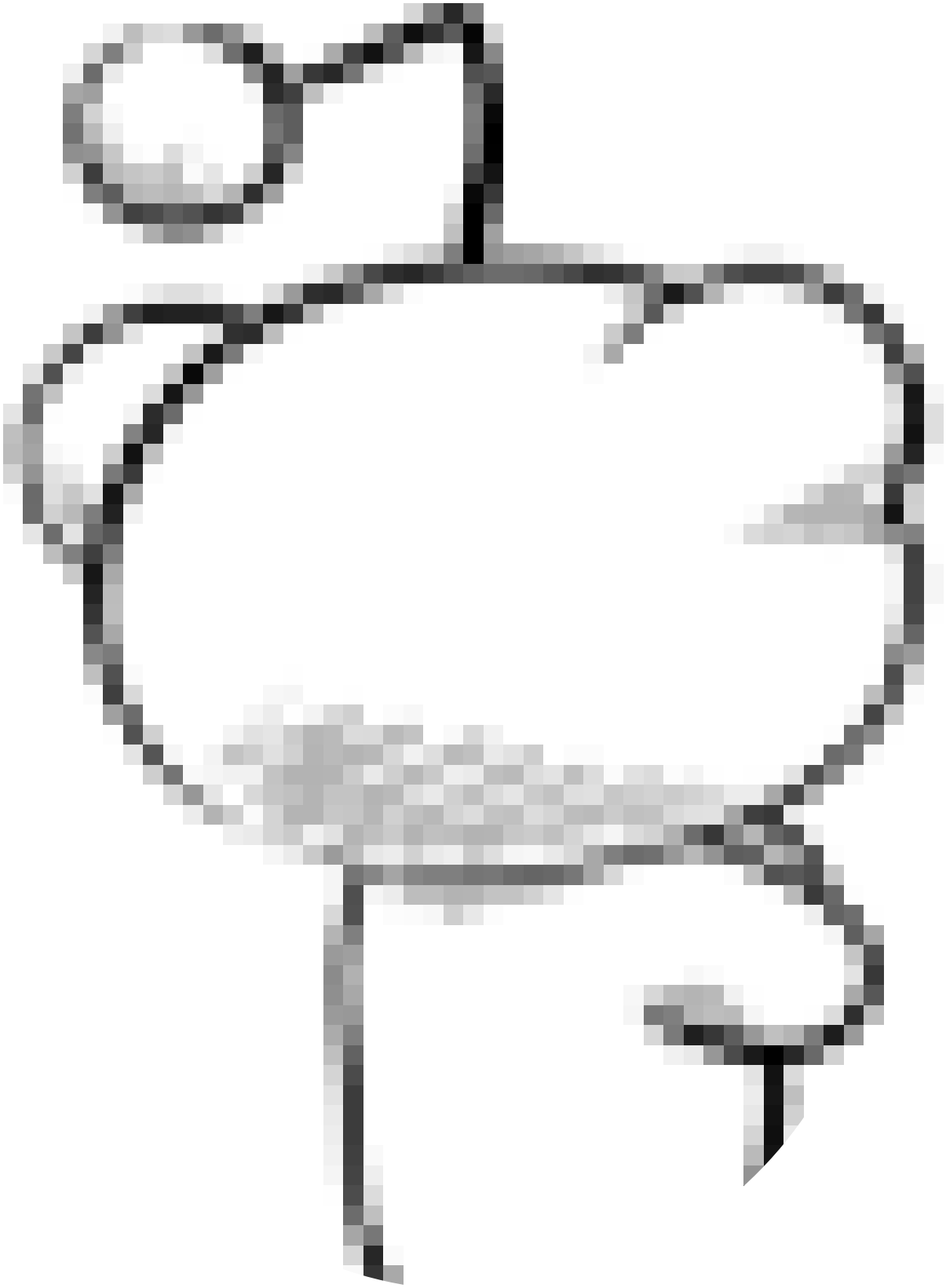

PrayForTheTroops
• 13y ago

I once woke up in the middle of the night to what sounded like an intruder tripping and falling in my bedroom bathroom. I ran to the kitchen and got a knife, I saw my doors were still locked. I ran back and tried to open the bathroom door slowly and immediately there was some pushback...like somebody was trying really hard to keep it closed. I tried again and I could barely open it an inch before it was pushing towards me more...as if the intruder was leaning against the other side of the door. Fortunately, it was just the shower curtain that had fell and become jammed in between the door and the shower...I was still freaked out trying to figure out how to get in the bathroom because I didn't know why it happened.

Reply Share

Saganic
• 13y ago

I used to work at a restaurant, late night Janitor shifts. I would start 2am and get off around 6am. One night I had finished up early, so like usual, I poured a draft beer (the job had it's perks) and went to take a nap in one of the booths. The booth had a window, so you could see the empty parking lot of the neighbouring business. I finished my beer and dozed off. Shortly thereafter, I jumped up, startled from a loud screeching noise. I look outside, and see a shiny black van screech to a halt. The back doors open, 4 guys step out... I shit you not, wearing black suits and ties, like a scene from men in black. The driver stepped out and seemed to stand guard by the back doors of the van. Two of the suits walked around the front of the restaurant, the others went around back. I felt they were surrounding me, I was literally freaking out, I had no idea what to make of it, I remember feeling really confused. I grabbed a giant kitchen knife, and hid in a different booth with a better view, trying to catch a glimpse of what they were doing. I could only see two of them, they just seemed to be looking around intently, like they were searching for something. Then, I shit you not, the guy back at the van started making weird birds calls or some shit... the four suits came running, jumped in the back of the van, and sped off. It was so fucking weird. I'll never know who these men were, or what they were doing.

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reticentbias
• 13y ago

Probably too late to see much exposure in this thread, but I thought I'd share. I went to Vegas for my 21st birthday with my best friend, and when we landed in Vegas, we both had to piss bad. We'd been drinking the entire day (in the previous airport and on our plane flight, first class seats!) so we had to go BAD.

We made a mad dash to the bathroom and stopped at the 2 closest open urinals. Big mistake. Next to the one I stopped at, there was a short, stocky mexican gentlemen standing very close to me with both hands on his junk. I could tell this from the periphery of my vision without even turning my eyes. It gave me the heebiest of the jeebies for some reason, and THEN, this motherfucker finishes, shakes his shit a couple times, and ruins my life forever. He turned toward me with his junk out, still cradling it in both hands as though it were the most important sausage in the meat shop, he began to shake it at me violently. He shook and shook and shook. I don't know if he was crazy, and he was trying to spray me with urine droplets, or if he was crazy, and he was just having a one man all hands on deck beat off session right in front of an audience.

I stumbled over to the sink and splashed water in my face, unable to believe what had just happened to me. I will never forget that man's junk, nor his face as he grunted angrily and furiously whipped it toward me repeatedly until I stumbled away, defeated.

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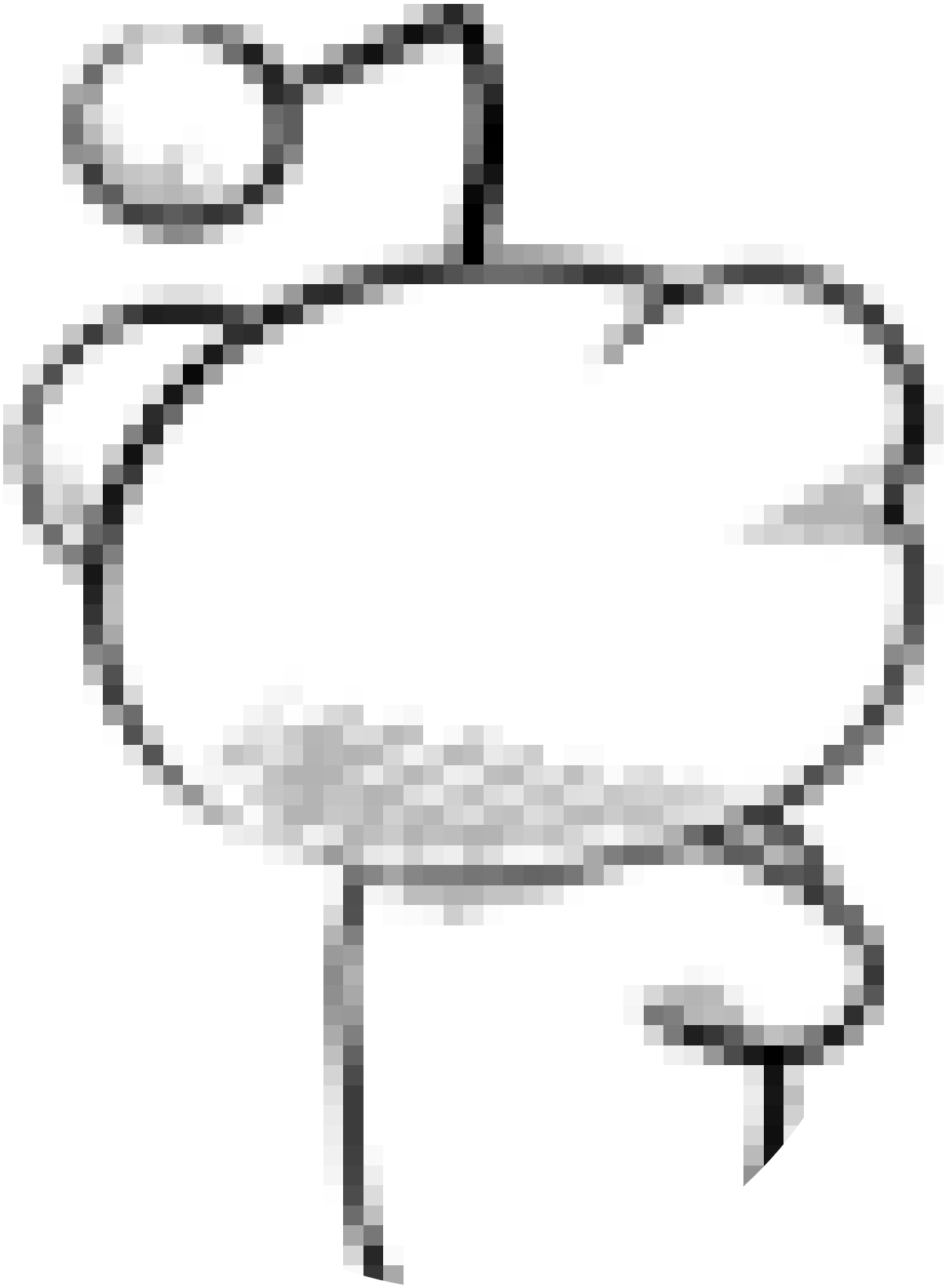

uhuhshesaid
• 13y ago

Some back story is necessary here: I live in Kampala, Uganda. Despite being E. Africa it actually has a reputation for being fairly safe. People walk on streets at night, in well lit areas with very few problems. There is good social control and if someone steals your purse or harasses you, generally you can yell and scream and some shop owner will pop out and tackle them. One time a police officer was just nearby when a man tried to snatch my purse, and I had to ask the officer to stop beating him. Thieves caught in the act are a big deal here.

So one night my boyfriend and I are having some drinks at a nearby bar. We decide that it's a beautiful evening and to take the 15 minute walk home. Everything is normal and fine until we turn onto a main street near our home. Now, this being Uganda, the norm is for there to be a main paved street and then the dirt side roads. The side roads are where most homes, including ours, was --we've since moved to a main road. Dirt roads are not well lit, but we hadn't heard of any crimes at all in the neighbourhood (and word spreads fast here) so we felt reasonably safe.

As we are nearing our turn off from the main road a boda man drives by (bodas are basically motorcycle taxis) and he says, '"Careful it's...." and then as he is driving away, we miss what he's saying. As we get closer we see a mob of bodas come up about 100 ft behind us and we can clearly hear the word 'police' more than once. They quickly zoom off.

I'm fucking freaked out. My boyfriend has spent more time around these parts, and seemed fairly blasé. He had gotten too comfortable. He seemed completely unworried walking and joking and sometimes stopping to hug me. I'm in full fucking nope mood and pushing him off me and walking quickly to where our compound is. My safety trumps his feelings. We had a guard there and I knew I'd feel safe inside the gates.

Shit is dead quiet on these side roads (rare) and alarms are going off in my head. We get to the fence, I already have my keys out (oblivious boyfriend is still digging for his) and get inside as quickly as possible.

Turns out, one of our neighbours and friends, Lawrence, had been out walking around the same exact time and was horribly beaten by two men. His neck was so swollen it looked like he had a goiter and he had cuts and scrapes all over him. They even tried to cut off his leg with a machete. Luckily they came down on his leg with the wrong side of the weapon and caused fairly shallow cut. These events caused a huge stir in the area because these crimes were actually extremely rare in the area.

Lawrence heals. Meanwhile these crimes continue. One Ugandan girl gets beaten to a bloody pulp in front of a primary school. Multiple sightings show they are 2 guys on unregistered bodas. They go around with pangas robbing anyone and everyone. White, Ugandan, Indian, they don't care. One of my friend gets held up by the 2 men...they just stole her bag. Another friend wasn't so lucky and she was sexually assaulted. Another boda drive was also attacked, but the only thing we found of him was some blood and pieces of his motorcycle. Fucking awful shit.

These crimes are still happening in my area and the police are doing jack shit. Hard to make the police do anything here. But the other night I was home alone as my boyfriend was on a business trip. We moved to a more well lit area on a main road and hadn't gotten a guard yet. Just two amazing dogs.

Around 2am he wakes me up calling to say goodnight. As we're chatting I hear some bodas pull up to my (now) guard-less gate. I get off the phone and get very quiet, turning off everything in my house. My 2 dogs start going crazy. The girl dog is a barker when stray dogs go by our gate, but she is growling and absolutely losing her shit. I'd never heard her like that before. I grab my own machete and thank god every window in my house has bars on it. I position myself at a vantage point and wait.

Besides the dog, nothing was moving. Then I see my dogs go tearing off across the compound. A few moments later I hear the bodas rev back up and drive away down the street. I stayed up until it was light that night. Nothing has happened lately, but I do love my fucking guard dogs. Also my new guard.

TL;DR: I live in a now-dangerous area of the city and I think my 2 dogs saved my ass.

hereticjones
• 13y ago

Growing up in Albuquerque, I used to walk to elementary school every day with some friends along the same route. Along this route was a vacant lot behind some houses. It had some tall trees along one end and an arroyo (a dirt irrigation ditch) along the other.

We'd often cut across this lot to shorten our route. There was always trash and sometimes larger items dumped here; old washing machines and the like. An old weight bench, that sort of thing. One day we found an old couch and we stood it up so we could sit on it. From then on we'd stop at The Couch and hang out for a bit on the way home. We'd shoot the shit and share some snacks if we had any left over from lunch. One time a friend of mine tried a half cigarette he found. He coughed and said it tasted terrible (no shit, right?).

Eventually we'd drag other shit over and started making a dirt lot living room to hang out in.

One morning I was a bit late and had to run to catch up to my friends. I'm chasing them down and see them cut into the lot (we had to cut through the trees and go under a tumble-down chainlink fence). As I came into the lot I look ahead and I see my friends standing around where The Couch is.

They're not passing it or sitting on it waiting for me like I thought they might be, just standing around it. I can't see the couch.

I run up to them, wondering what the fuss is about when WHAM!

The smell hits me in the mouth and I just pull up short, standing there with my brain kinda vapor locked, not knowing what to do. Just like my friends were; "gobsmacked" I think is the term.

Our couch was gone, and instead there was a blackened circle and the charred remains of the couch. On said charred remains were the burnt to a crisp remains of a person.

One arm was sticking up, the wrist curled back, the fingers flexed into a claw-like hook. All the hair was burned off and there was some melted... stuff all around it. Synthetic clothes and probably body fat, looking back, probably. The jaw was wholly exposed, and open impossibly wide.

One of my friends suddenly blarfed down the front of his shirt, and we all burst into tears and ran off to our respective homes.

We never cut across that lot again. We never talked about it, and I never asked what the aftermath was. I know our parents all called the police, but that's it.

2 more replies

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chumia40
• 13y ago

So this one time, I got home at night, but before my roommate. I watched tv for a bit and went to sleep.

My room is down the hallway and to the left and my roommate's room is at the end of it. I left my door open that night and around 3 am I wake up and in the darkness I notice that a person the size of my roommate was tiredly walking towards his room dragging what looked like a bag full of clothes... I remember thinking, "why the hell is this guy doing laundry in the middle of the night?" and go back to sleep without giving it a second thought.

Fast forward to the next morning. I wake up get ready for work and I see that my roommate's room is closed and left for work. In the evening when I came back I noticed my roommate was not home yet and around 7 pm he walks in the apartment with a hamper full of clean clothes and I asked him how he his day had been.

He then proceeds to tell me how he had gone to visit his mom after work the day before and took some laundry and ended up spending the night over there. He never even set foot in our apartment until the next day.

tashhepstir
• 13y ago

The creepiest thing about this story, is the fact that it's true and isn't unrealistic in the slightest.

Happened about half a year ago to a friend. He'd been out partying, and then too much alcohol and he blacks out.

He woke up on a bare mattress in a room he doesn't recognise, completely naked on the bottom half, missing his wallet and mobile phone. He's also absolutely covered in scratches and bite marks.

Understandably, he freaked out but decided he has to get out as quickly as possible. So whilst trying to find a way out, he found the front door. It was blocked by metal bars.

By this point he realised he is in *deep* shit. He went back to the room he was in, climbed out the window and had to scale the building to the next apartment with an open window; which he sneaks into, steals trousers and get's the fuck out of.

According to the people he was out with, the last time they'd seen him that night, he'd been speaking to a *really* old man. Strange.

1 more reply

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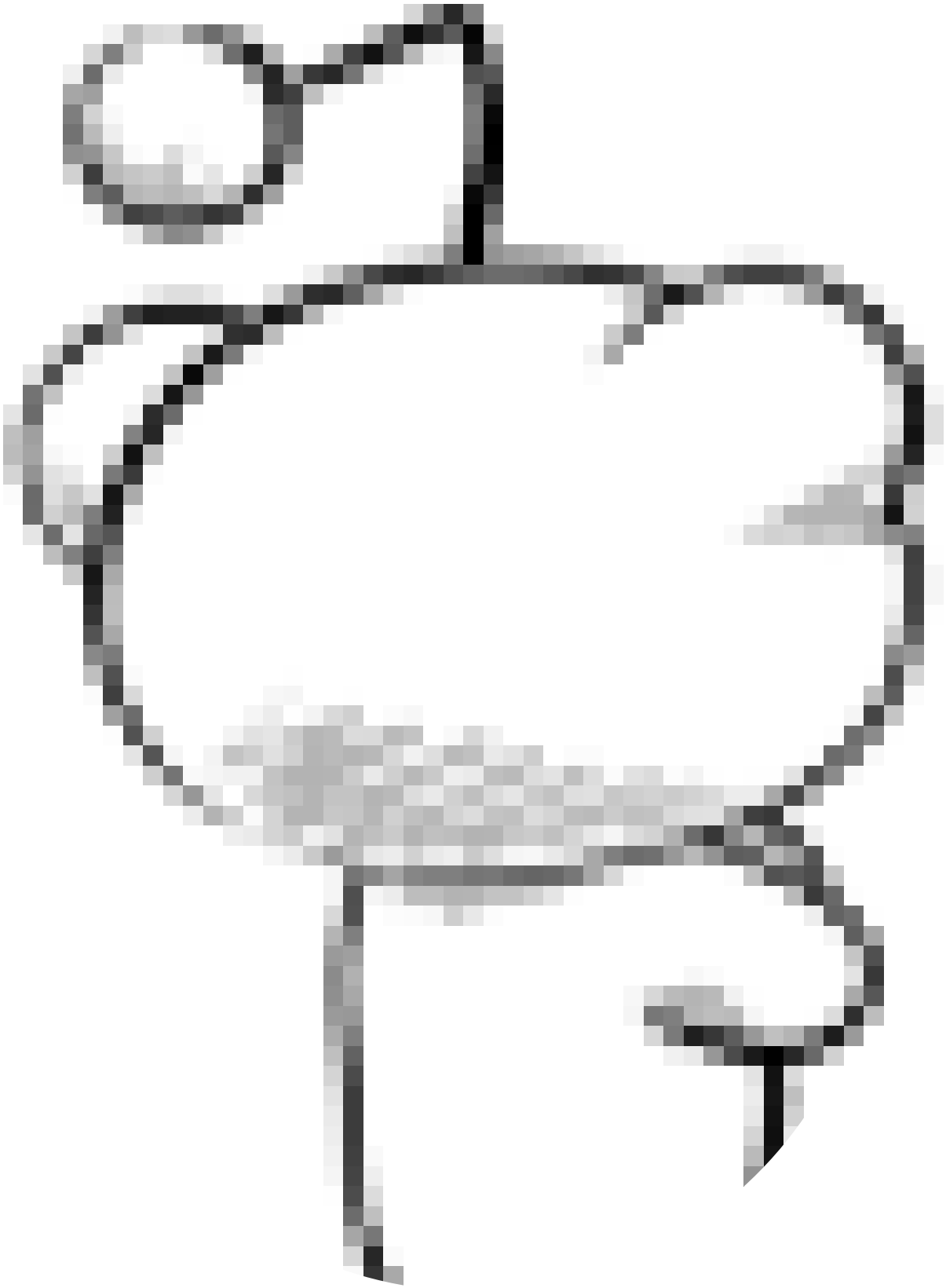

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• 13y ago

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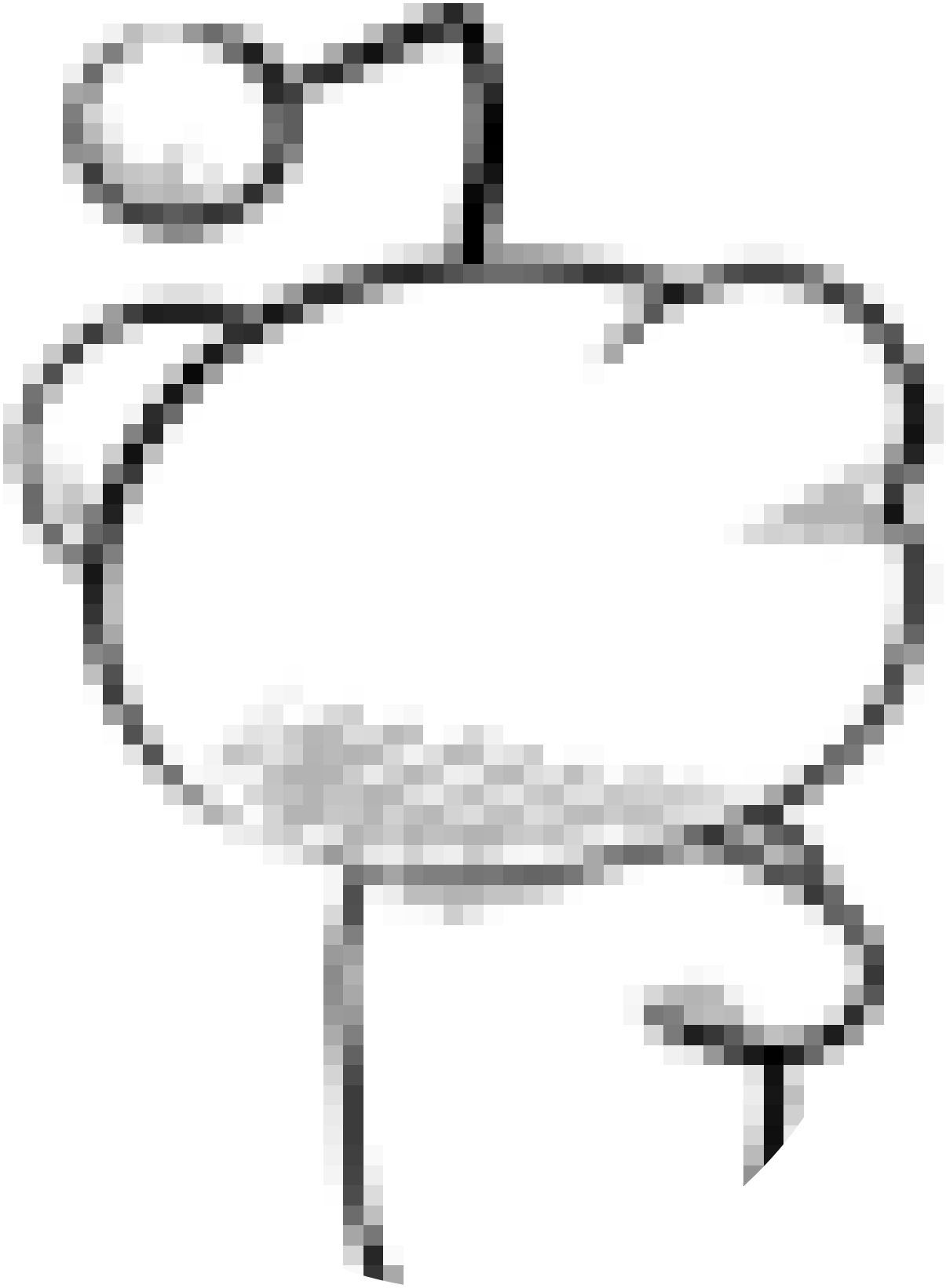

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• 13y ago

The scariest thing that has happened to me was when I was in high school. Probably grade 10 back in 2007. One weekend I was at my friends house who lives a block away. To get to his house I go through the park that is in the middle of the block instead of all the way around. That night we were having a big poker game which lasted a very long time. About 3am my dad calls me saying to come home. I was already out of the game at this time. Anyways, I left his house and headed through the park. As I'm walking I hear a scream that sounds like a little girl. Oddly enough I look at the swing set and see a little girl in a white dress on the swings. At first it didn't seem creepy to me until I realize this girl is alone and it's 3am. I stop walking and I start staring at this girl on this swings, thinking should I go help her. When suddenly she gets of the swings, turns and faces me and yells. Come push me. This freaked me out. The girl looked to be about four years of age. I turned and started to walk home when I hear her scream " I SAID COME PUSH ME!" Then this girl starts running toward me! I fucking ran! I got onto my street and hid at the side of my house. Now in the pitch dark I'm crouched at the side of my house and this little girl is on my street. I can see her standing in the middle of the road when she yells. "READY OR NOT HERE I COME!" At this point I was about to shit myself when put of no were I see another little girl come out of no where. Grabs her hand, and they start skipping back to the park. I quickly ran to my door. Unlocked it and went to bed. I haven't gone through the park at night ever again. And now that I drive I don't ever need to. Fuck that park. Fuck it! Anyways I never thought a little girl can scare the shit out me.

3 more replies
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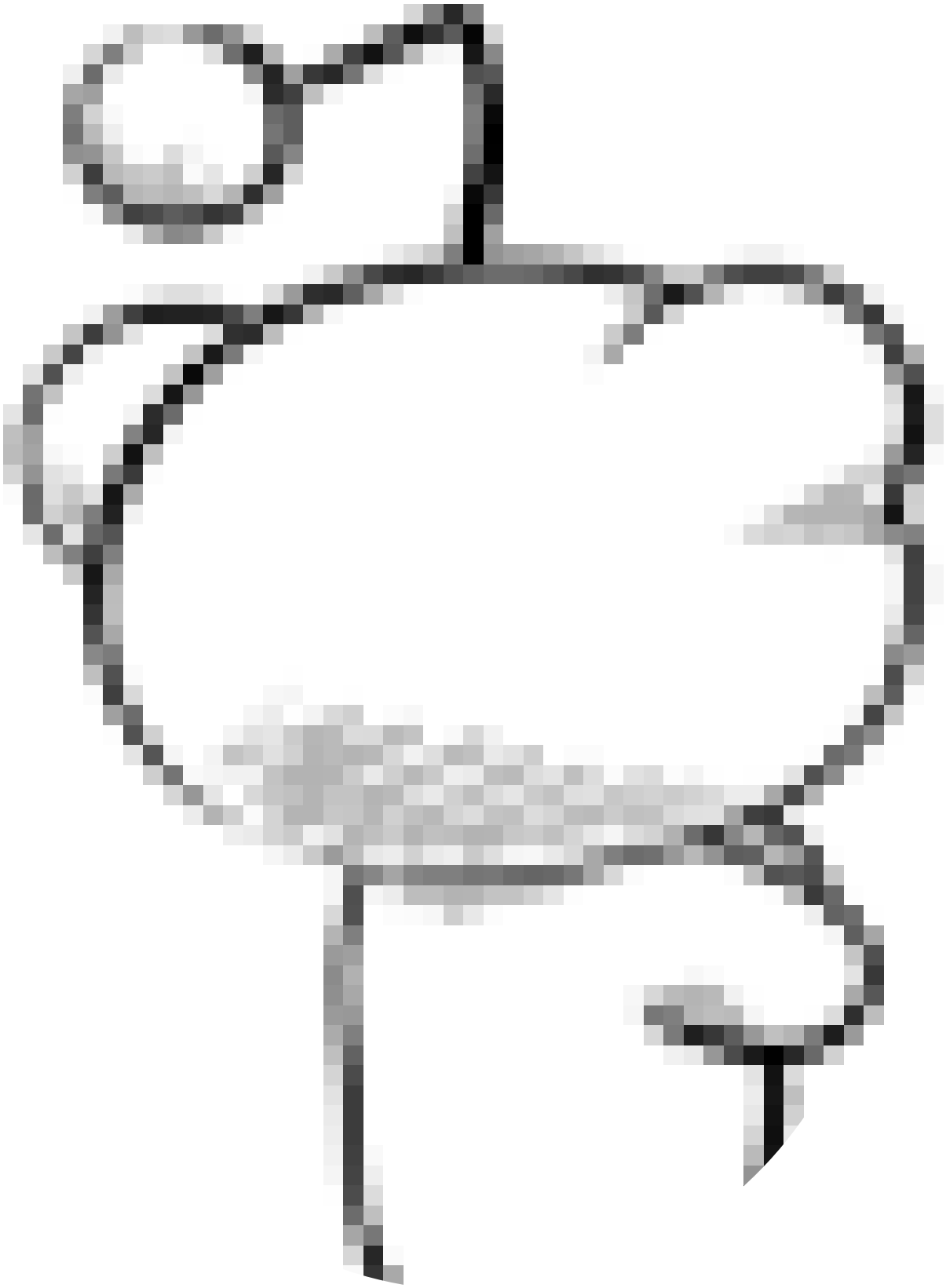

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• 13y ago

This will get buried in here but it's been bugging me so here goes. I was walking my son back to his mother's apt after playing at the park. My son is in a stroller, and as usual, he's pointing out any birds, or squirrels, or dogs, you know. It's always fun. We're walking along in front of these apartments and I see a man sitting in a wheel chair, but it's a special needs wheel chair, it has a board across the lap so this man can put things down. The street is to my left, and he's got his back to the street. So he has to turn his head to the right to see me. He doesn't look good- he didn't quite look "special", but I couldn't help notice him. He was bald, very pasty, and squat. If you want to know exactly what he looked like- he looked like that baby/dwarf that Satan carries while Jesus is being whipped in The Passion of the Christ. I'm usually one to say hello, and he notices me so I smile to say hi as I'm walking. I get closer and this man is moving his lips. He 's saying something to me. I crane my neck in, and he raises very short stubbly fingers. The middle finger raises and he whispers- "fuckyou..fuckyou..fuckyou." He's giving me the finger. And he's sort of nodding as if it's a response. Very casually. So he's very troubled, right? I can understand that- but I don't want my son hearing that. The weird thing is, I look at my son, and not only does he not hear him, he's not looking at him either. He doesn't see him. So instead of saying, "Could you not curse around a little one?" I looked around for his caretaker. Nothing. No car door opened, no front door opened, no one coming out saying "sorry". Still, I was pretty understanding so while walking bye I keep looking at him. When I get to his left I notice two streaks of blood on his left cheek. Like scratching too hard. "Fuckyou...fuckyou..." So I kind of picked up the pace and got my son home. I went back out, because I was intrigued by what I saw, and nothing. Maybe five minutes went by, no one there. I've never seem anyone like him, and I can't believe if someone was that troubled they'd just be left alone out on the street. Pretty freaky, it felt like seeing a ghost or something. Can't get it outta my head.

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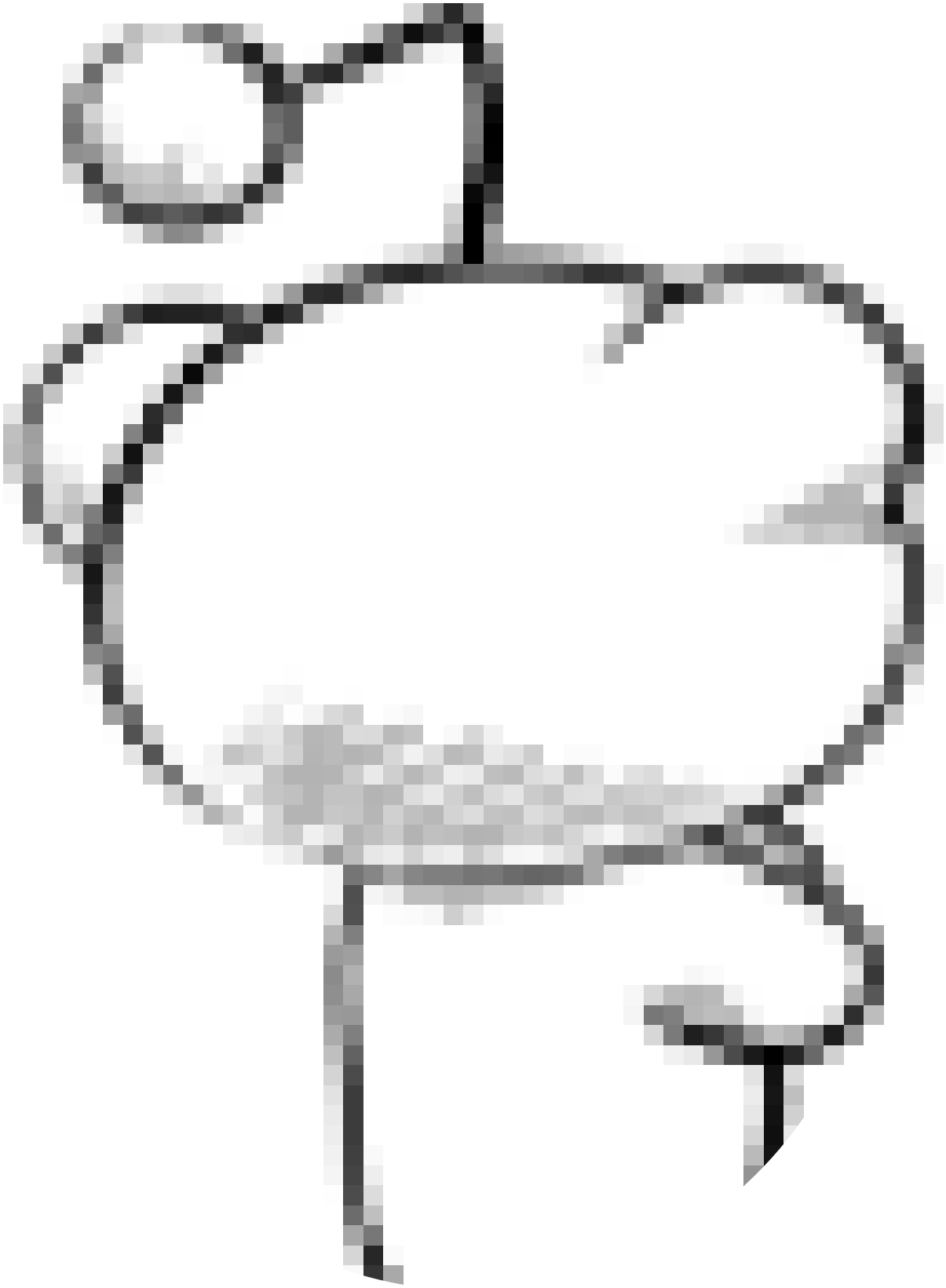

random_cat_generator
• 13y ago

I work in healthcare IT, so when something goes down at work, I pretty much stay there until it's fixed.

I was working late one night last summer. Probably mid to late July. I was there alone, just sitting at my desk fixing whatever was wrong with the system at the time. At the time, this was only my second time there after-hours and the first time there past midnight. The building itself is kind of creepy at night. The HVAC system makes all sorts of weird squealing, hissing and banging sounds. You can feel it in the floor. The walls make a cracking sound as the air flow changes. On top of that, the office is located in a somewhat secluded area, so if there was say, a murderer, he or she would probably be able to break into the building without any witnesses at this time of night. You can probably imagine how jumpy I was.

Amidst the fucking creepy noises this place makes at night, I hear talking outside my window. Of course, the blinds are down as to not draw attention to the building after hours. I just assumed there were people going for a late night walk or something. But as I listen, the talking just doesn't sound normal to me. It just sounded like 'noise' if that makes any sense. Almost as if it were talking in a foreign language. I remember having to consciously make the choice to look outside, or to turn the lights off and pretend like I wasn't there. Well, being as close as I was to pissing my pants I just sat there and did nothing. But now in addition to the voice which I still cannot understand, it sounds like someone is moving the landscaping rocks just outside the window. So I do the only thing that was logical to me at the moment - which was to turn off the lights and then slowly and carefully peek outside between the blinds. I almost shit myself. A toddler's face was pressed up against the window, staring back at me. What the fuck? I can't move. I don't know if he saw me or not. Not sure if I was really seeing this for real or not, I somehow got the balls to open the blinds up. Keep in mind the lights are still off, so due to the light outside of the office, he probably wasn't able to see inside that well. I just stand there, a few feet away from the window...no idea what I should be doing. Then, just like his mom or dad called his name out or something, he ran away and down into the parking lot. I looked outside but couldn't see him anywhere. Still too scared to go outside, I called 911 and reported having found a possible missing child. Minutes later, my phone rings and it's a restricted number.

Thankfully, it's just the police department. They inform me that there have been no reports of missing children and that an officer would be sent out to the area to have a look around - no action on my end was required.

Well being shook up and whatnot, I decided to just call it a night. It was probably close to 1:00am now. I drove home, slept and went to work the next morning. Later that day, I check the news websites for reports of missing children. Nothing. I even check the 30-day police log online for any signs of child abuse or missing children. Nothing. The kid that I saw that night was completely unaccounted for.

I still don't know what the hell I saw that night.

Reply Share

Ehhks
• 13y ago

Definitely this. It's what a person with schizophrenia hears all day everyday. I can't imagine going a day like this. Video

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alcide170
• 13y ago

I'm coming in a little late but I have a pretty good addition.

This is a story about a trailer my sister and her husband at the time bought. So basically my sister met a guy, had kids (ages around 3-7 at the time of the story), and bought a trailer to put on my mom's land. Weird things kept happening in this trailer. These were the strangest:

1st Count

The husband was playing video games in the bedroom and he kept hearing laughing coming from the front room. The kids were at my mom's house. After he had enough of the laughter, he decided to go see what was so funny. He comes to the living room to find my sister dead asleep taking a nap. He wakes her and asks her if she was laughing, she is adamant that she was sleeping and was mega groggy from being woken up.

2nd count

It's bed time for the kids. My sister puts her son, the youngest around age 2 or 3, to sleep. She then puts the older child to sleep but as she's doing the nightly routine, she hears this blood curdling scream from the other room. She runs into the room to find her son kneeling on the ground with his arms out staring at a picture of the Virgin Mary. He's not responding to anything but cannot stop crying bloody murder. She picks him up and takes her to their room and he falls asleep sobbing. In the morning, he has zero recollection of the event and when asked why he was crying, he doesn't remember doing it.

Final Count

Now fast forward about year. The marriage isn't working out and they end up filling bankruptcy and lose the trailer. The trailer sits on my parents' lot while it goes through the bankruptcy process and winds up being owned by a real estate company. It's been pretty much abandoned for months with no one having access but the RE company. However, since it's my parents' land they continue to maintain the lawn. So one day my mom is cutting the grass and decides to take a smoke break. She pops a squat on the stairs that lead to the front door lights a cig and then mid drag hears something from the trailer. Keep in mind, it's been abandoned for a while. She puts her ear closer and it's fucking laughing again!! She heard goddamn laughing. She drops the cigarette and hauls ass back to her house to tell everyone.

We still aren't sure if the trailer itself was haunted (weird right) or if the land is. Prior to having a trailer on it, it was a crop field.

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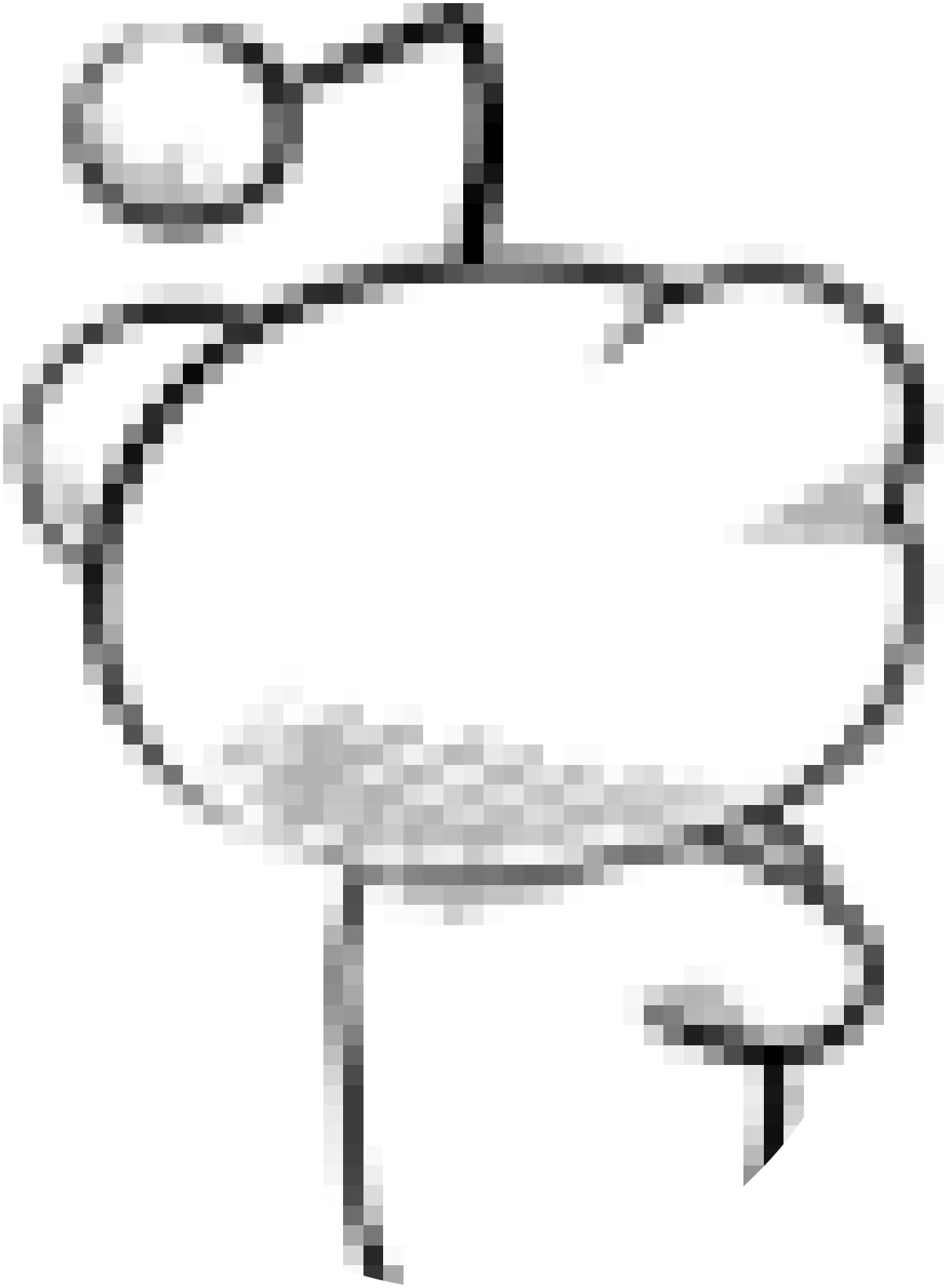
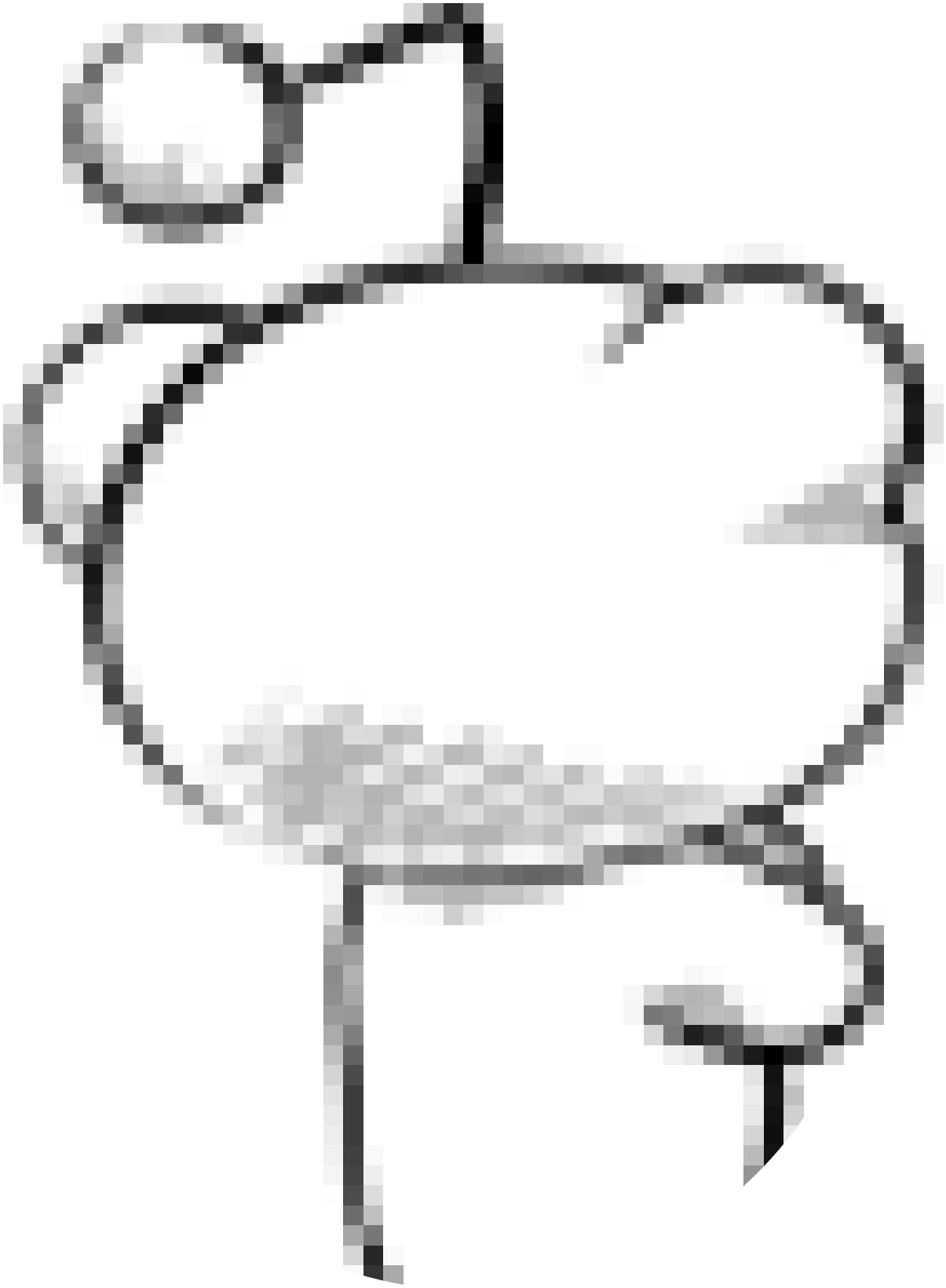


BenjiGriffin
• 13y ago

When I was about 15 I was staying over at my best friends house, a house I had been staying at since I was 7 years old. His house always gave me the creeps during the night so I was hesitant to sleep in the spare room by myself for the first time (they had recently renovated and the spare room was his parents old bedroom hence why I had never stayed in it before). Sleeping wasn't a drama, a few noises here & there. At about 6am I was woken by the sound of his dad leaving for work & fell back to sleep, at about 8am my friend came and woke me up, we could hear his mum running the shower upstairs. We were joking around and waking ourselves up a bit when out of nowhere as if it was right next to us a deep & dark manly voice said "No worries" we froze and stared at each other, we looked around and no one was there, looked out the window to see his dads car was gone (he is the only child that lives at home so it's just him and his parents). We told his parents that afternoon and the said they hear and see things from the corners of their eyes, a dark shadow that moves throughout the house, touches things and makes noises whilst everyone is asleep, even slammed open a few doors. We have no idea what it meant by "no worries" does it mean not to worry in life? About him? Was he saying he is not a threat and not to worry? I'm 23 now activity is pretty strong in the house still, always an adventure when I go back there

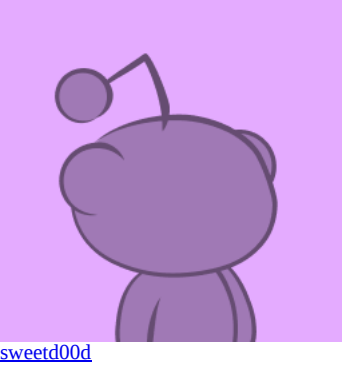


StephanGucci
• 13y ago

My son is a year a half old. He has never been a great sleeper. Lately My wife or I have to settle him into his crib, turn the lights out and then stand beside the crib and encourage him for a while(some nights longer than others). When he seems like he's going under we retreat to a rocking chair on the other side of the room. At this point we don't say anything, just sit quietly and let him work it out until hes asleep. If he gets restless at this point we'll just say "Shhhh" quietly a few times, so he knows were still there.

A few nights ago I run through this process and I'm sitting in the chair. It's been a tough battle tonight and I've had a long day, so after Shushing him a few times he goes quiet. Victory. I relax lean my head back in the rocking chair and close my eyes. As I'm about to get up and make my escape I hear from the closet about a foot from where I'm sitting "Shhhh"

There's a night-light in there now. I told my wife I think it may be calming for him, but its completely for me.



sweetd00d
• 13y ago

Preeeeeetty sure you should get your child out of there.

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ludothegreat
• 13y ago

A couple years ago my wife and I were driving home and took a back road that lead us right into the side of town that we live on, just a couple blocks from our house. The back road isn't too secluded, it’s just off the highway and there are a couple farms and houses along the way, but it’s usually pretty empty. You might see one or two cars passing you ever other time you take the road. Over all it was a pretty normal situation, especially weather wise. I don’t remember what season it was or if it was morning, midday, or evening, but it was daylight and there were no clouds or fog anywhere in site. That part I do remember.

About midway down the back road I noticed a low cloud that was floating across the road. It’s Wisconsin, this isn't that unusual honestly. We got closer and I started to look around for other clouds or fog rolling in. There was nothing, still not that unusual.

As I kept getting closer I didn't think anything of it, until I got to the point that I might actually drive through it if I continued. It was at that point that two sets of eyes turned and looked at both me and my wife. Both of us gasped at the same time. I made eye contact with whatever it was that was closest to me and slammed on the breaks.

As we were stopped in the middle of the road, I realized that it wasn’t a low flying cloud, but two living creatures of some sort, resembling fog or a cloud that were walking across the road. They were maybe six or seven foot tall and one was a bit taller than the other. They were actually touching the road and followed the contour of the ground. They did not actual float across, simply looked as if they were. When they hit the shoulder of the road, they went downhill. They didn't float evenly like fog or a cloud would, they actually moved while touching the ground.

A good overall description is hard. I honestly have no really good way to explain, but the creatures were cylindrical and stood upright, like a tube standing on the ground vertically. For those of you who have seen Donnie Darko, the weird blobby thing that comes out of people and lead them to where they need to go, imagine that, but standing up right and looking more like a cloud or fog than metallic goo.

Something else to note is that there was definitely two creatures, but they were connected. It was as if there was a thinner “cloud” between them, connecting them together. My best way to describe this is to imagine how an ancient scroll looks if you were to prop it up on its side and you separated the two ends a bit. You have the two ends, which would be the two creatures, and then the paper in the middle, connecting the two. The “paper” in the middle was thinner and more transparent that the two creatures. This is another reason I believe we saw some sort of living creatures.

Right as I slammed on my breaks, after they turned to look at us, the “cloud” that connected the two creatures seemed to grow and start to hug or grab around the creature further from us and they both sped up to get out of our way. Like a mother grabbing a child to keep them safe or a husband doing the same to his wife, so they could safely cross the road.

I don’t know what we actually saw, but I definitely saw what I just explained. It was the most surreal experience of my life. I literally felt like I was in a movie and was meeting face to face with a creature from another world for the very first time. I've never been able to find another story similar or anything describing creatures like what we saw. I don’t know what it was, but it was absolutely the creepiest experience of my life.

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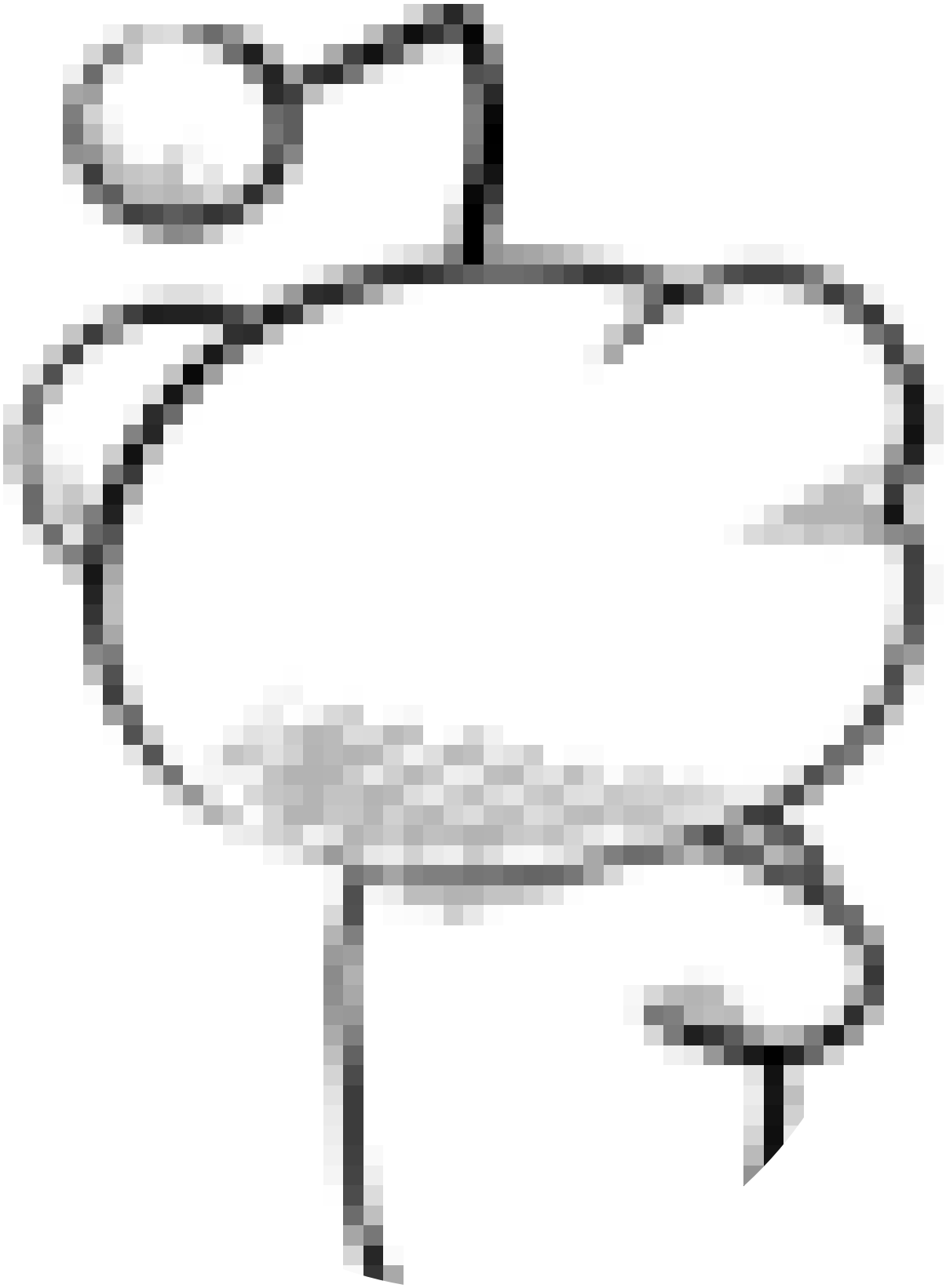

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• 13y ago

I was sitting in the living room reading a magazine once, with the balcony windows opened to let some breeze in. All of a sudden my glass of water on the coffee table started to slowly shake, some magazines fell onto the floor. There was a very vibrant whoosh coming from the sky that was getting louder and louder. The whole house was shaking and car alarms was going off in the neighbourhood! I was scared for my life! I ran to my bed and went under the blankets, all curled up, thinking the world is ending and the sky is falling. My cat ran up to me and hid under the bed. The whoosh came and went really loudly, almost deafening me.

After a while of silence, I stood up and went over to the balcony. Some neighbours were outside their houses, wondering what just happened. There was some broken pottery and spilled drinks, but that was all the damage. And then the house started to shake again. Curious, I decided to stay on the balcony and hold on.

All of a sudden, two army jets flew past really low. Two Russian Sukhois made a low flyby and then disappeared behind the mountains. Turned out they were practising for some parade.

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irockmysock
• 13y ago

I was walking by myself in a deserted parking lot when a 50 year old homeless man said to me "Do you want a blowjob for 15 bucks"

You can imagine my terror.

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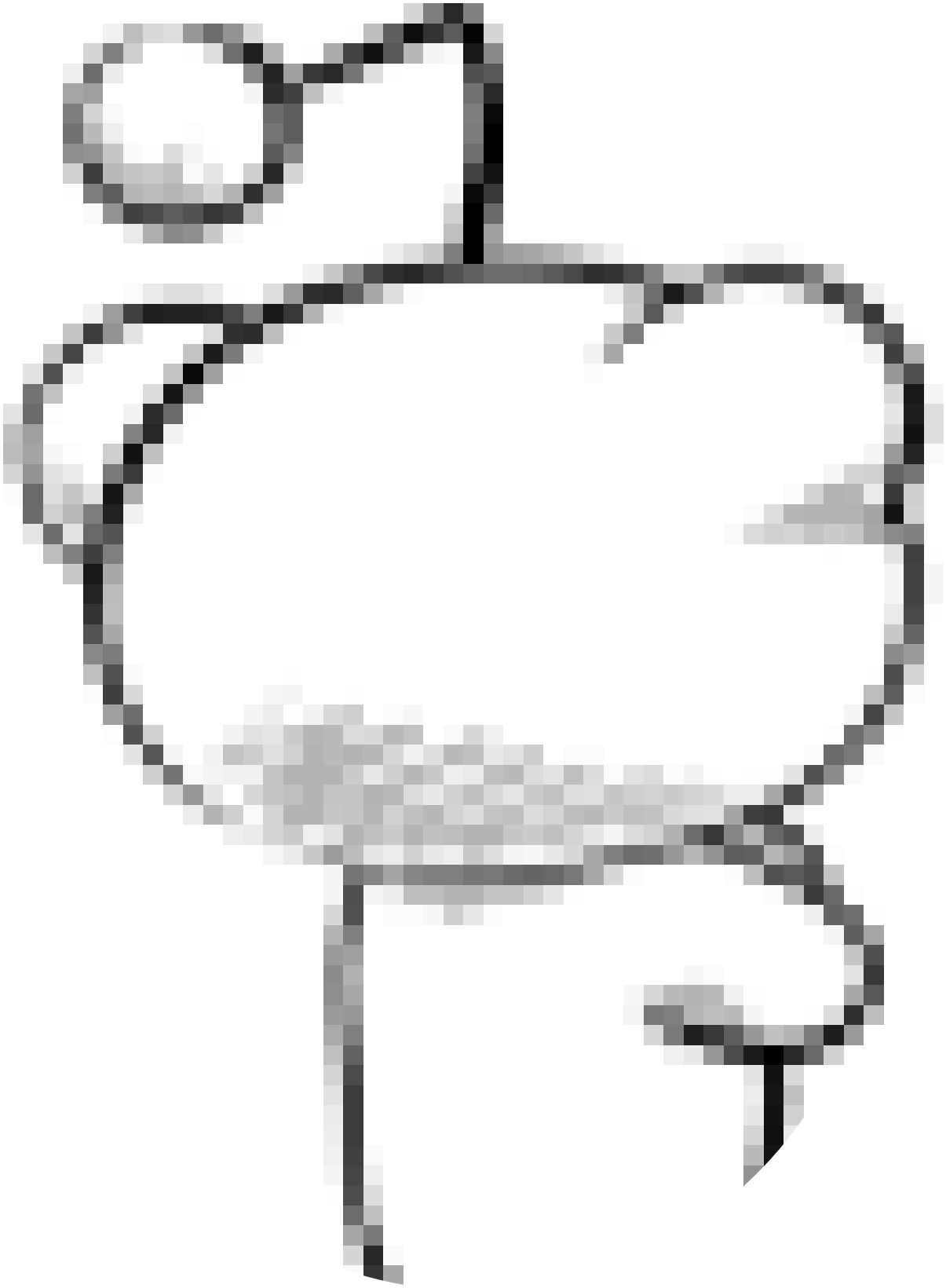

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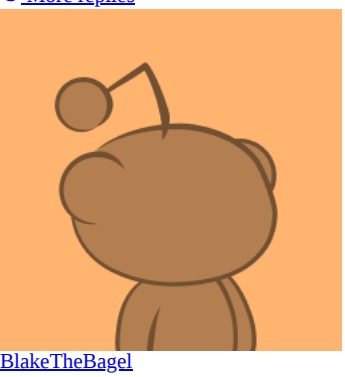

BlakeTheBagel
• 13y ago

Oh, I've got a great one.

When I was about 6 or so, I had been upstairs in my house watching TV. Apparently I'd fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew, it was night, and *absolutely nobody* was in the house. I walked cautiously downstairs to get the phone and called my mom.

Fortunately, she answered. She told me they thought that they could go eat while I was sleeping. (Yeah, I was kinda pissed.) Well, once I hung up the phone. I got a cup of water and sat down on the couch.

At this point in my life, I was irrationally afraid of the dark, so after sitting there for about 2 minutes I got up and ran around the house turning on every single light I could find, even in the garage and the pantry. I went to the foyer and was going to turn that on when I saw what appeared to be the silhouette of a person in our yard. My heart jumped. I ran and jumped on the couch, screaming.

I hurriedly called my mother back and told her what I saw. She obviously didn't see this as a very pressing matter, so she told me to calm down and get something to drink. This didn't satisfy me at all.

After hanging up, I went back to the fridge with my already half-full cup of water and got some more.

That's when I saw it. Clearly through the back door window. A freaking midget goblin with glowing, yellow eyes.

I dropped my water and ran for my life. I ran out of the house and to my next-door neighbors, hoping the goblin wasn't following behind me. The neighbors let me in and called my parents, telling them to come get me.

Eventually they came and got me, my mother with the most exasperated expression on her face.

Reply Share

Katarinaspussycat
• 13y ago

As a mom I can say with authority that your mother acted like an asshole. I'm sorry :(

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10 more replies
More replies

ice00100
• 13y ago

Ok. Ive read through all the horror stories here and some are definetly freaky as fuck. As I type this on my smartphone late at night ive got my bedroom lights on still.

I definetly believe in jinns (ghosts) and have more then one story of em. However the scariest story I can not share. Its just too scary to recall and freaks me out still, even though I was 8/9 yrs old and am 30+ now.

Anyhow.... Family of 6 living in a not so old townhouse in Saudi Arabia. I shared a room with my older bro and it was situated in the front of the house. U could look out our window and almost see the front door directly underneath it.

It was late. 3/4 am. Everyone's asleep. I wake up for some reason and here someone turning a door handle and some weird creaking sounds. I wake up my bro. He hears it too. We confirm its not in our room. We step out of our room and hear this noise coming from the staircase. Im already scared at this point and tell my brother to wake up our parents. He says we shouldn't bother them with this until we know whats making the sounds.

We start walking down the stairs and hear it louder and louder. Its as if someone forgot to unlock a door but r still twisting the handle and pushing against the door to open it. So like a creaky kind of sound and a thud.

We get downstairs, him in front, me right behind. He turns the light on at the bottom of the stairs, from where we have an unobtrusive view of our front door. The door handle is moving up and down as if someone's trying to open the door.

My brother insists on getting a closer look. Hes only a year and a half older then me. Im still insisting we go wake mom and dad. He isnt listening. Curiousity has got the better of him. We walk right up to the front door and peer through the peep hole.... no ones outside. The handle has stopped moving. My bro says it was nothing and we turn around. As soon as we round our heels, the handle starts moving again and someone is clearly pushing the door trying to get it open.

My bother the brave holds the handle to keep it still and can definitely feel resistance. He unlocks the door and quickly opens the door!!!! There is no one outside?! He walks out and looks left and right and sees no one.

He tells me it must've been a prank and it's probably kids from the neighborhood. Im not buying it because no one can hold the handle one second and dissappear the next.

We lock up and get to the stairs. This time someone or something starts heaving against the door and the handle's moving out of control. I freeze in horror as my brother turns around and goes to the door. He looks out the peep hole and doesnt see anything. He was about to unlock the door and go out again when the door shakes like mad and someone now starts knocking on it.

I freak out and plead for him to come back upstairs with me. He doesn't hesitate this time and we ran upstairs straight into our room. I slide under the covers with him and cover my face with the blanket and try to hold my breath and stay as still as possible still hearing the handle move. Dont know when I drifted to sleep but glad I did.

Next day we tell our parents and I dont think they believe us. They never heard anything. They told us we are to stay in our room atnight no matter what.

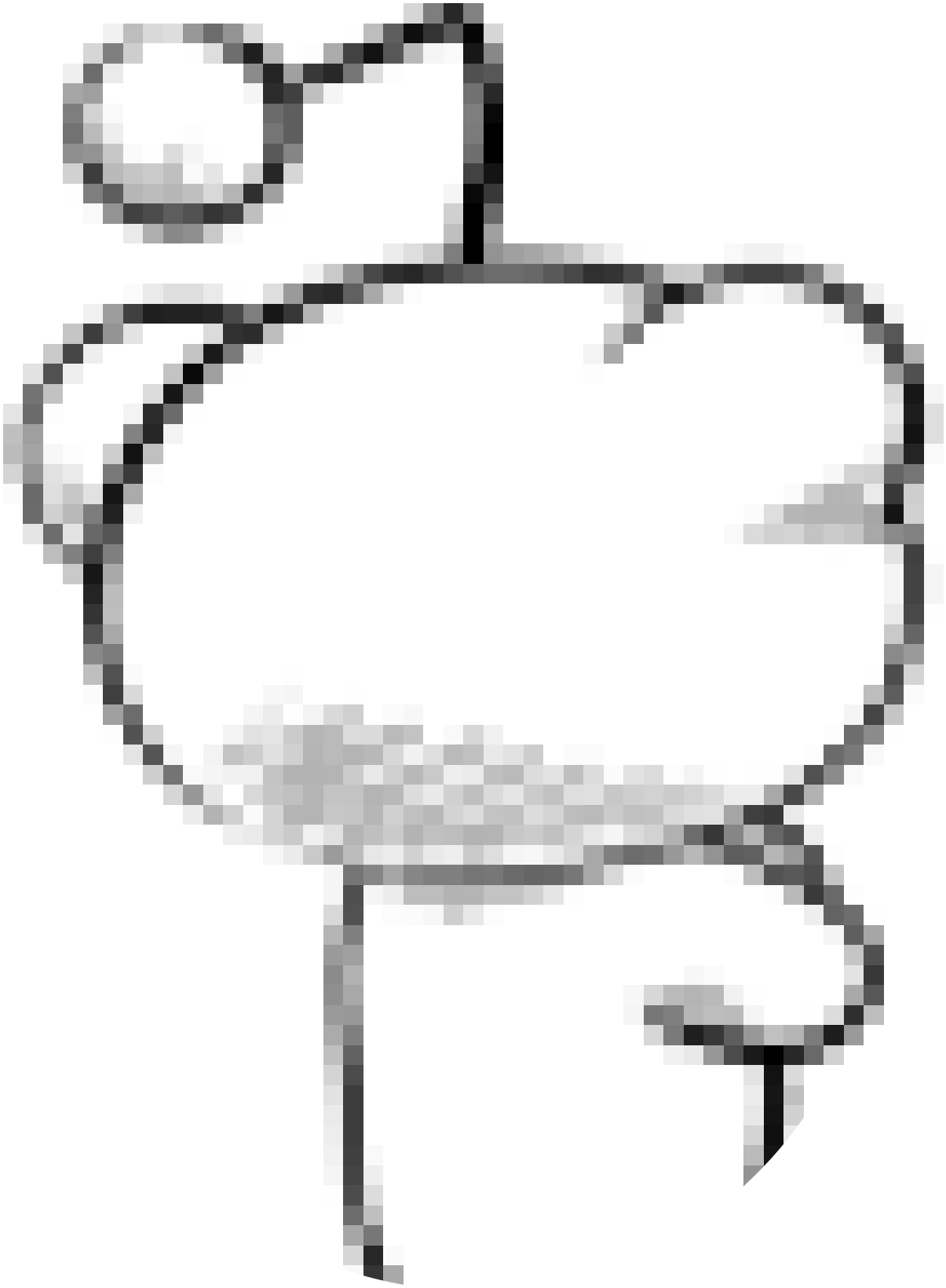
From that day on a lot more freakier shit has happened. Maybe ill relay it some other time.

4 more replies
4 more replies

More replies

don_vamer
• 13y ago

Three black spheres , in a triangle formation , flying by my home at night, no sound, no lights i saw them because i was lying on my back at the roof of my house looking at the sky, thinking about some problem or something i had at the time, they were flying very low and about maybe 60-80 MPH to the south.



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• 13y ago

I wish I had a roof to lie on. That is like my all time number one fantasy. Rooftop seat, amateur telescope, couple of beers.

Man.

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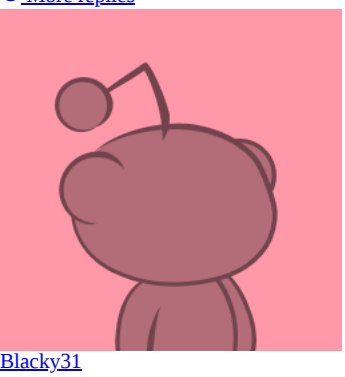

Blacky31
• 13y ago

This is fucked up too

recording of the east area rapist

5 more replies

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towo
• 13y ago

Hiding in the bushes while those older kids from the playground went past, hunting for the victim they wanted to test out their knife on.

2 more replies

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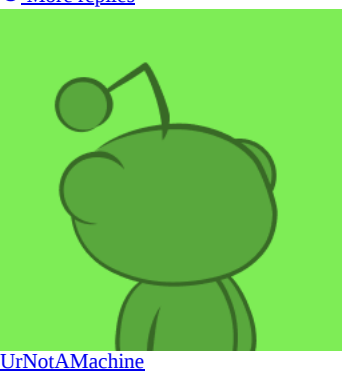

UrNotAMachine

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This will be completely buried but I was working as a counselor at a sleep-away camp and there was this small ginger camper that hadn't said one word to me. I woke up in the middle of the night to him standing over my bed. I asked him what was wrong and he replied. "When I die in my dreams I don't wake up." He had *no* recollection of it the next morning!

PRGrl718

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

So many creepy things have happened in my family. My mom believes it is because my grandmother (mom's mom) used to do black magic and curse at the devil. She's "saved" (Christian) now - but shit still happens. Where to start:

1. One of my oldest brothers when he was younger (about 14/15) used to get in a lot of trouble. He was always hanging out with the wrong kids, shoplifting, drinking, fighting, etc. One day he was walking about to meet with his so-called "friends" when he saw a coffin float above his head and it lowered enough so he could see it. He saw himself in that coffin. He ran straight to my grandmother's apartment and prayed the rest of the afternoon with her. He refused to let anyone in our family know what he was about to do that day, so I wouldn't know - sorry.

2. My puny, little four-foot-two grandmother has been exorcised (around 62 years old at the time). This happened a while after she got a call that one of her sons (my uncle) had gotten arrested and was in jail. I wasn't born yet but two of my brothers, my (at the time) baby cousin, my uncle's wife, my aunt, and my mother were there. My mom said as they were beginning to exorcise her, she started speaking English (she only speaks Spanish, minus a couple English words like "hello" and such) and started to speak in tongues but in a very manly and deep voice and that it just didn't sound like something that should be coming out of such a small woman. They started to forcefully hold her down onto the chair and they said she was stronger than anything they could imagine. She's 87 now and has a sense of humor about it. Heck, one time at a family outing I had to share a room with her and this was right after I was told about this story. She thought it would be hilarious if she just sat up in her bed staring at me for five minutes but what felt like eternity and fall back down to sleep. Next day she's laughing about it with everyone in our family about how I almost shit my pants.

3. YEARSSSSSSS ago, back when my family used to live in Puerto Rico and my mom and her brothers and sisters were kids, before my grandmother became Christian, she gambled a lot and would curse at the devil when she didn't win. I don't remember what exactly the "game" or whatever it was was called, but it wasn't exactly a lottery. I'm not sure, I'll check with my mom later. But anywho, so one day she lost at this thing and she threw pennies out the window and said something to the extent of "If this won't bring me any luck, then I'll take the devil's." They lived in a small house which was raised a couple feet off the ground. That night, my mom said she heard about ten or fifteen cats underneath the floorboards, scratching and meowing. And when they meowed, it sounded like "MaRIaaaaaaa, tienes MIIIEEEEDDDooooooooo?" (Maria, are you scared?)

4. Last summer we had this huge family reunion. All of the older cousins slept in the same room, and the youngest cousin (eight at the time and the only young one - he has a history of sleep talking and night terrors) felt left out if he slept in his room 'cause he wanted to be with the older kids. So we're talking all night and it's about three in the morning and we decide it's time to hit the hay. About a half hour later, the lights flickered on and off, and we heard a scratching noise on the floor outside the door which irked everyone in a fucking unsettling way. This kid rises from his bed and says "I dare not speak of what I hear" and falls back into his slumber ... AN EIGHT YEAR OLD.

5. A couple years ago, I was left home alone (I have a phobia of the dark so I always sleep with a small lamp on 'cause nightlights don't so SHIT). My dad was working the graveyard shift, brother was staying at his girlfriend's house, mom was staying overnight at the hospital to keep my grandfather company. So I'm about to hit the hay, laying in bed still wide awake, lamp on. My cat absolutely lovessssss to sleep right next to me and I know what I experienced was real because she woke up and started hissing before anything started to happen. I heard footsteps, but saw nothing. They got closer to me and my bed and got louder. All of a sudden I felt a shiver on my neck, this thing started to breathe into my ear. Then, what it sounded like, was this thing just took a whole bunch of glass and metal and threw it forcefully onto the ground right next to me which startled me so much I couldn't even fucking scream. I was so fucking petrified. My cat's going ballistics right now. I don't think I had an inch of sleep that night. The next day when it was finally bright outside, I check the kitchen to see if maybe I was just imagining things and maybe some dishes had fallen or something. Nothing.

6. Now to just lighten up the mood after all these stories: my brother's a prankster. If he says to go along with something devious, I'll do it. A couple years ago, I was doing my chores and it was time to clean the bathroom. I hate chores, decided to have some fun before I windexed the mirror. So I put some lotion on my hands and made a footprint on the bathroom mirror (you can make them by closing your hand into a fist and then using your thumb and fingers my making the big toe and all the other ones). I showed my brother 'cause I thought it was pretty cool. He said to make a couple more and not to clean the mirror this time to see if my mom would notice. A couple days go by and my brother picks me up from a fun-run event. He says in the car that our mom finally noticed the prints and that I shouldn't say anything, just go along with the plan. At the time, there were some kittens who were born in the shed in our backyard. When they meowed, it sounded like a baby crying. **EPIPHANY** So my brother decided to say that we heard babies crying the other night, but we just played it off 'cause we thought it was the kittens. Her mind is playing tricks on her and all this other mumbojumbo so right away, she agrees and she's all "you know what, I think I heard those too." She calls my dad at work and tells him and he's all skeptical, "Wife, you know they're always playing pranks. It's probably nothing." "BUT YOU'RE NOT HERE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE SEEING." My aunt is here with us too and she's even wayyyyy more spiritual and Christian than my mother and right away she says we need to call the pastor. My mom brushes it off and says to wait. If this keeps happening the next couple days, then she'll call. So my aunt and mom go to the grocery store, do some errands, enough time for my brother to come up with something even more devious. He finds an audio recording of a baby crying, hooks it up to the surround sound in our living room, and puts it on a loop - just audible enough. So they come back about an hour or two later. We're helping them bring in the groceries - after about fifteen minutes, my aunt's all "Shhhhhhh, ques eso?" (Shhhhhhh, what is that?). Myyyyyy motherrrrrrr started balling her eyes out and rannnnnn the fuck out of that house faster than fucking Usain Bolt himself. She asked our neighbors if anyone was babysitting. Nope. Call the fucking pastor. This was when my brother had to yank the phone out of my mom's hands and explain to her it was all just a prank. Then some beatings ensued.

Edit - If you guys want more of these, my brain is packed with a million more. I'll try to recall some more things that have happened.

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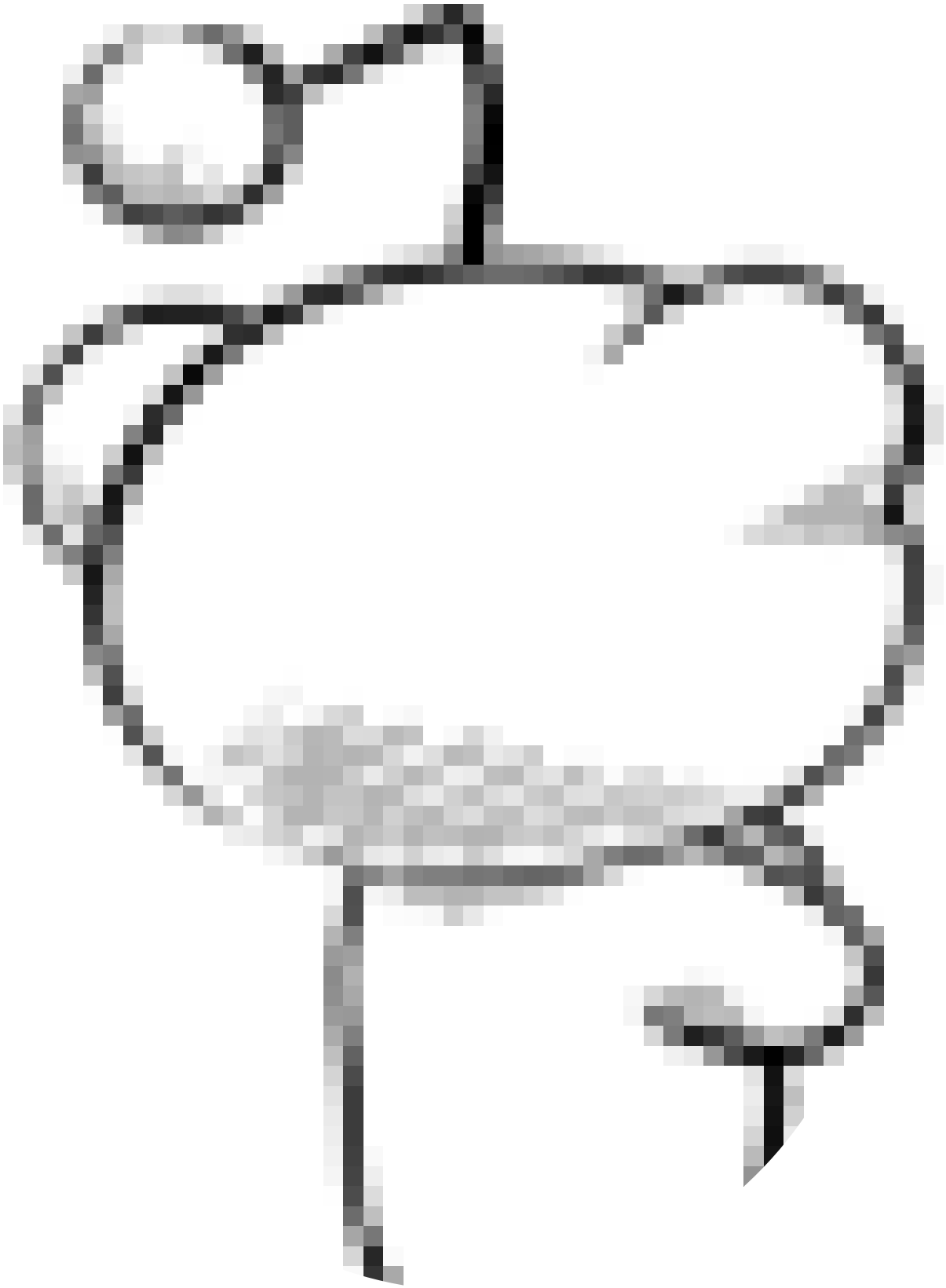

[deleted]
• 13y ago

I wouldn't say this is scary or creepy, but it certainly was haunting, and has stuck with me my entire life. Back when I was in high school, a student who was a few years older than I died very suddenly. He was about 19 years old. This kid was the the type of person that everyone loved. He had severe (juvenile) diabetes, so much so that there were a few times that ambulances had to be dispatched to the high school because he was going into shock. He was one of the sincerest and most genuine kids I've ever met. No matter who you were, you knew this kid to be the nicest of people. Nobody fucked with him. So when he passed, it sent a shockwave through the students, teachers, and parents of our small school community. My Dad, in particular, took it hard. He was one of this kid's teachers at the high school, and had him in his class. My Dad and this kid had become good friends over the years. Flash forward to his funeral, and we're all there. There was a huge crowd at the funeral and later at the cemetery. But, I'll never forget... When we had arrived at the cemetery, as his casket was being lowered into the ground, his mother (who was already in tears and sobbing) began screaming: "I WANT MY BOY BACK! I WANT MY BOY BACK! GIVE HIM BACK!" Everyone heard her, turned to look, and an audible cry of sorrow and sympathy rose up from everyone there. The mother was sobbing and screaming this, as her husband helped her back to the car. She was devastated. Up until that point, I had never seen that much pain in another person. I have never forgotten that experience, and I reckon I never will.

EDIT: Grammar et al

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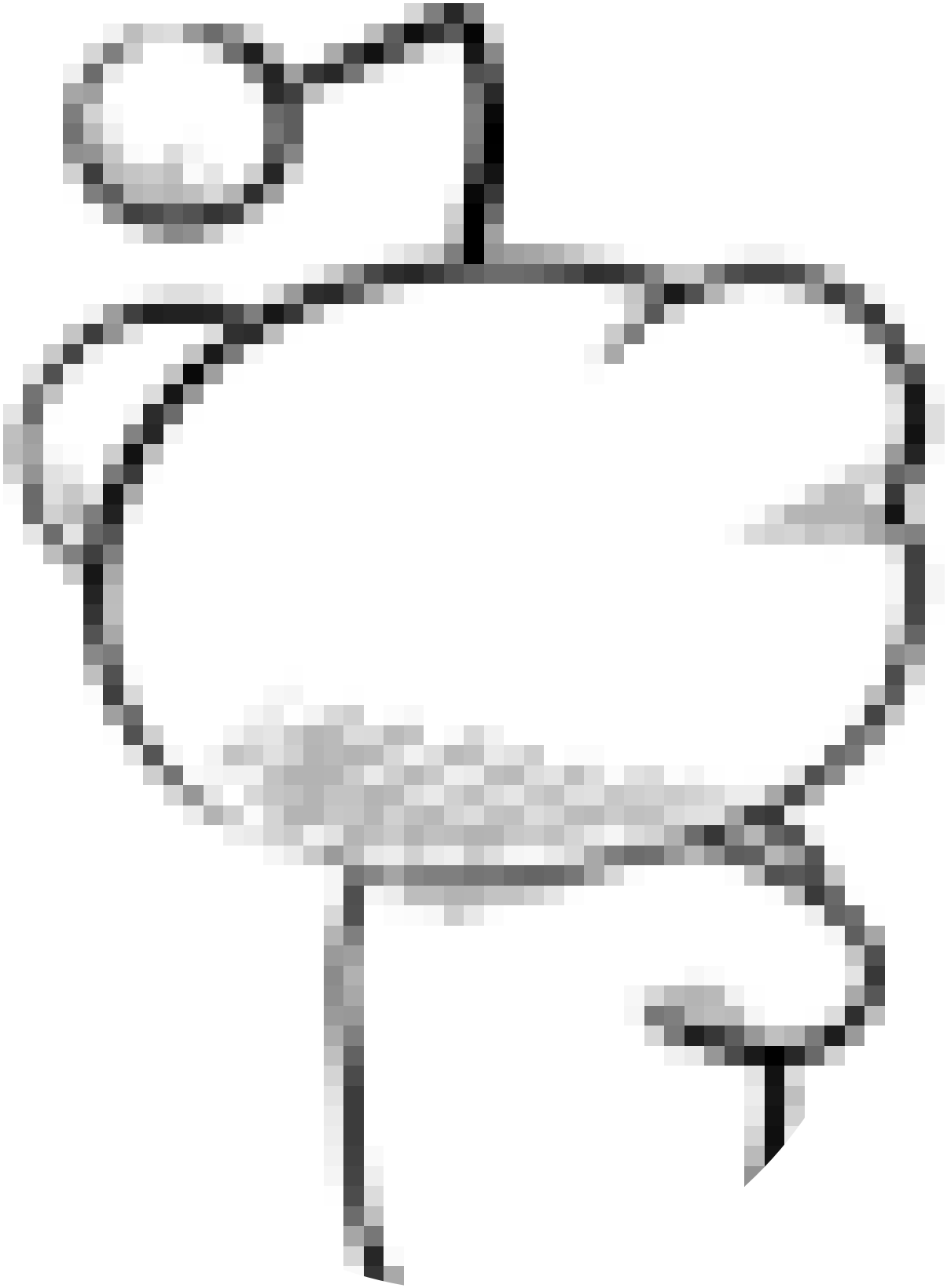

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• 13y ago

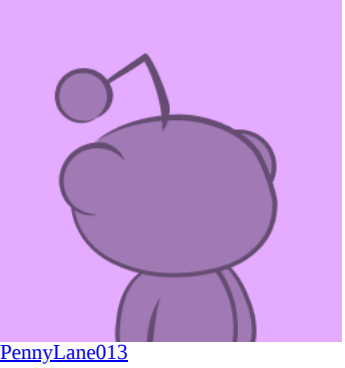
One time, a few years ago, this old man was burning the ditch behind our house. We didn't think much of it until the fire got out of control, and the old man was nowhere to be seen.

The fire department arrived and put out the fire, but the old man was still nowhere to be seen. My brother and I were looking out the window watching all of this.

Then the sheriff arrived, and he and the firefighters were huddled around in the same area. I went to go give an update to my mom (who was in another room, on the phone with my dad) and when I got back, they were pulling a charred corpse out of the burned up landscape.

He was completely 100% burnt to a crisp. It was the most terrifying thing I've ever seen in my entire life, and The look on his face still haunts me to this day.

TL;DR I saw a man burn to death and now I cant sleep at night.



PennyLane013
• 13y ago

I was in a terrible car accident about ten years ago with my brother and some of our friends. We went 50 mph straight into a tree. I remember waking up in the car, hearing lots of screaming, and seeing a lot of blood.

Next thing I remember is waking up outside the car, hearing my brother crying my name. We were all laying on the ground. The front end of the car was wrapped around the tree. The alarm was going off and the headlights lights were flashing directly on the tree. I had a concussion and was obviously confused, and I asked one of my friends what was happening. He said, "The car is dying."

I still can distinctly picture the lights flashing on the tree and hear the screams of all my friends, and especially my brother calling out my name. It haunts me to this day. I have chills just thinking about it. Worse thing is, this was right by my house, and I have to drive past where the tree was almost every day (they eventually cut the tree down).

The night when this happened, my parents were at a friend's house. They told us that the music that they had on randomly shut itself off, and at the same time they heard tons of sirens close by. They had a bad feeling, so they left and went home. They walked into our house to find my brother's video game paused like he was going to be right back. There was a voicemail from the hospital on our phone.

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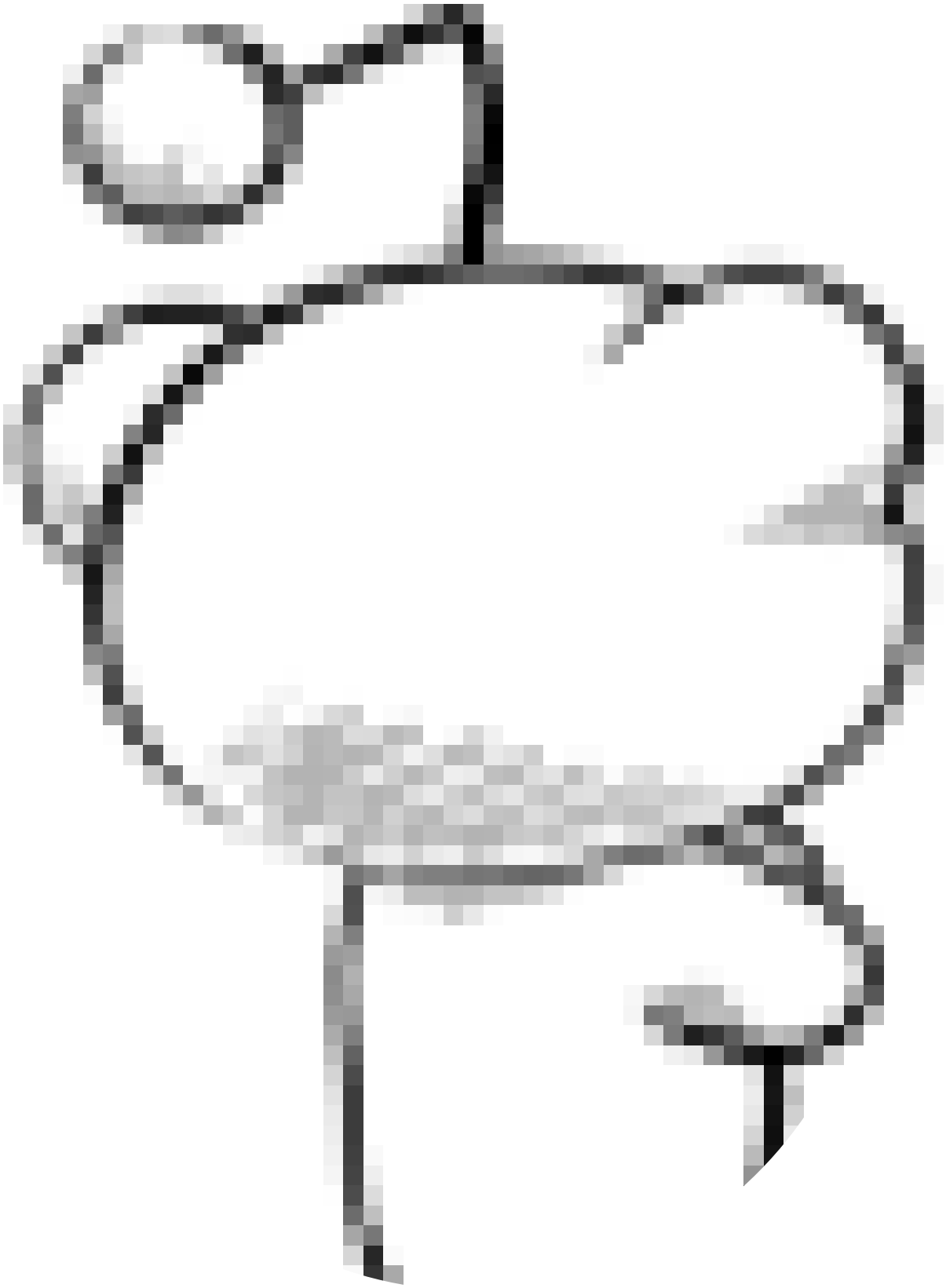
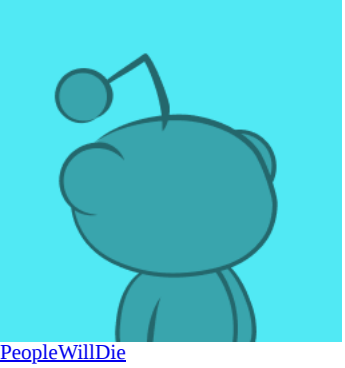


divdan
• 13y ago

One night I was playing solitary on my moms laptop while she was asleep on the couch. All of a sudden the lights switch off four a split second. At that moment my mom jumped up (she is a very heavy sleeper) saying that "death just passed through our house." I thought she just had a nightmare but we found out the next morning that our neighbor had died in his sleep.



PeopleWillDie
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Kevin Cosgrove calls 911 during 9/11

I've listened to it once and have never had the courage to listen to it again. The "Oh God!" at the end will be forever burned in my memory.

3 more replies
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More replies

cumaboardladies
• 13y ago

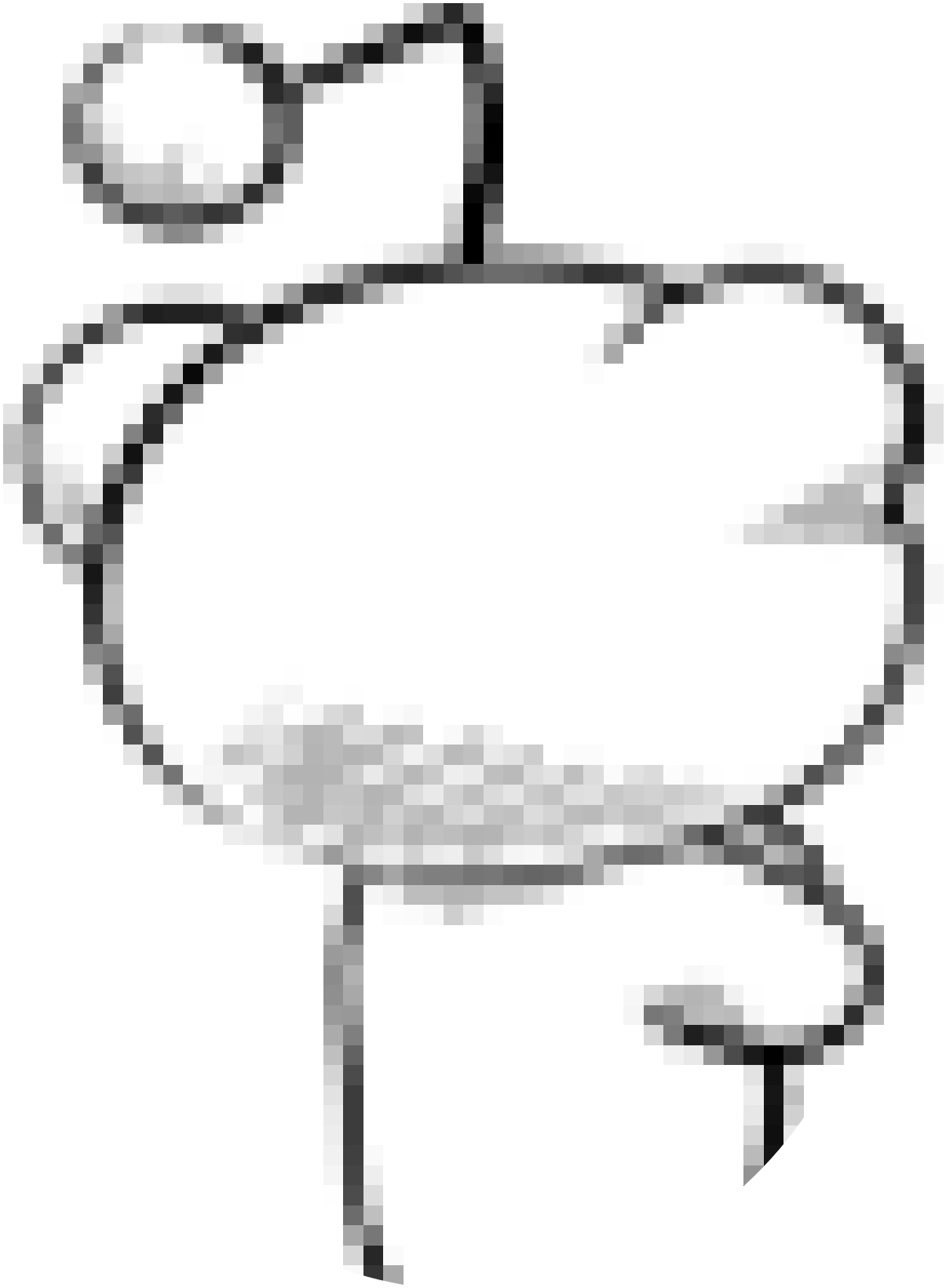
I went on a cross country road trip, and let me tell you I saw a lot of crazy shit I will never forget. The one thing that I will never forget was when we were on some interstate (I was around 11 so my memory is alittle fuzzy) in New Mexico. We usually parked at walmarts because they would let RVs use their parking lots to stay the night. Well this walmart was right off the interstate so our RV was parked not more then 50ft away from the interstate. We were watching a thunderstorm come up over the hills so I was looking out over the interstate. Well I started to hear a semi truck start blowing its horn and wondered what the hell he was honking at as there didnt seem to be anything infront of him for quite some time (this was at night). He then just held his horn and about 2 seconds later I saw that he was honking at a man who was just standing in the middle of the interstate in front of him. I knew what was going to happen to this man but for some reason I couldnt look away. I saw the semi truck plow right into this man and saw his whole body explode pretty much. The one thing I remember vividly was when we were standing outside watching the police clean up they had those white coroners sheets. They finally picked up all the peices and I remember the whole sheet was blood red.

dan5050
• 13y ago

This will probably get buried but this is the scariest moment of my life. Here comes a long one

When I was 20 I had taken a college course only to find that it was going to take me nowhere in life. I stuck it out and got my certificate because I'm no quitter but I was heavy in debt and really depressed. I had seen my cousin that summer at his sisters wedding which he flew home from his job in Afghanistan for. We chatted a little bit at the wedding and he told me about his job there. He was making big money doing almost nothing and it was coming in quick. So fast forward 4-5 months. I just graduated, had no clue what I was going to do with my life, and needed money bad. I called my cousin and two weeks later I was flying to Afghanistan. When I got there I stayed with a crew of five guys in a system of shipping containers that were renovated to be lived in on base. My cousin had quit a couple months earlier so I was all on my own. But after a week I found out that a) I'd be moving across base behind a concrete mixing plant along the outside wall of the base by myself and b) the entire crew would be leaving for a week. Leaving me to cover for them. The day they left and the day I moved were one and the same. My 21st birthday. A night to be remembered the rest of my life. In my entire 7 month career there I had never heard so many rockets hit in one night. The elections in kabul were going on and tensions were high. For three hours you could hear explosions. Once every 15 minutes. Getting closer and closer. So there I am huddled up in my container right along the wall of the base freaking out when the sirens suddenly stop and so do the rockets. All was quiet. I turned the lights off and settled into bed, my heart still racing. I was lying there for five minutes before I heard it. A slamming outside my room followed by a howling scream as if a woman was being stabbed repeatedly outside my door. Now I was a civilian so the only thing I had to protect myself was a box cutter. I was imagining ten taliban members waiting to bust my door open as I clutched that box cutter and hid under my sheets. I woke up the next morning box cutter in hand and still very much alive. I found out within the next week that a bunch of stray cats lived around the mixing plant who had a habit of howling late into the night.

Tldr: I was sure I was going to lose my life one late night in Afghanistan



sawwaveanalog
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The night before my 11th or 12th birthday I was not able to sleep because I kept freaking out thinking that there was a sort of grim reaper style/emperor Palpatine looking cloaked demon type thing in standing in the middle of my room watching me. I did not have nightmares often as a kid and wasn't afraid of the dark or anything like that, but for some reason that night I just had this really vivid vision as I was laying there that somehow that demon was in my room with me staring at me. He was wearing a black cloak and didn't have a face, just glowing red eyes under the hood. I didn't actually see it, but in my mind I knew it was there. It freaked me out to the point that I slept in my parents room that night. I remember describing the demon guy to them and them saying it's cool, there are no demons in your room blah blah and that was it, I fell asleep in there just fine.

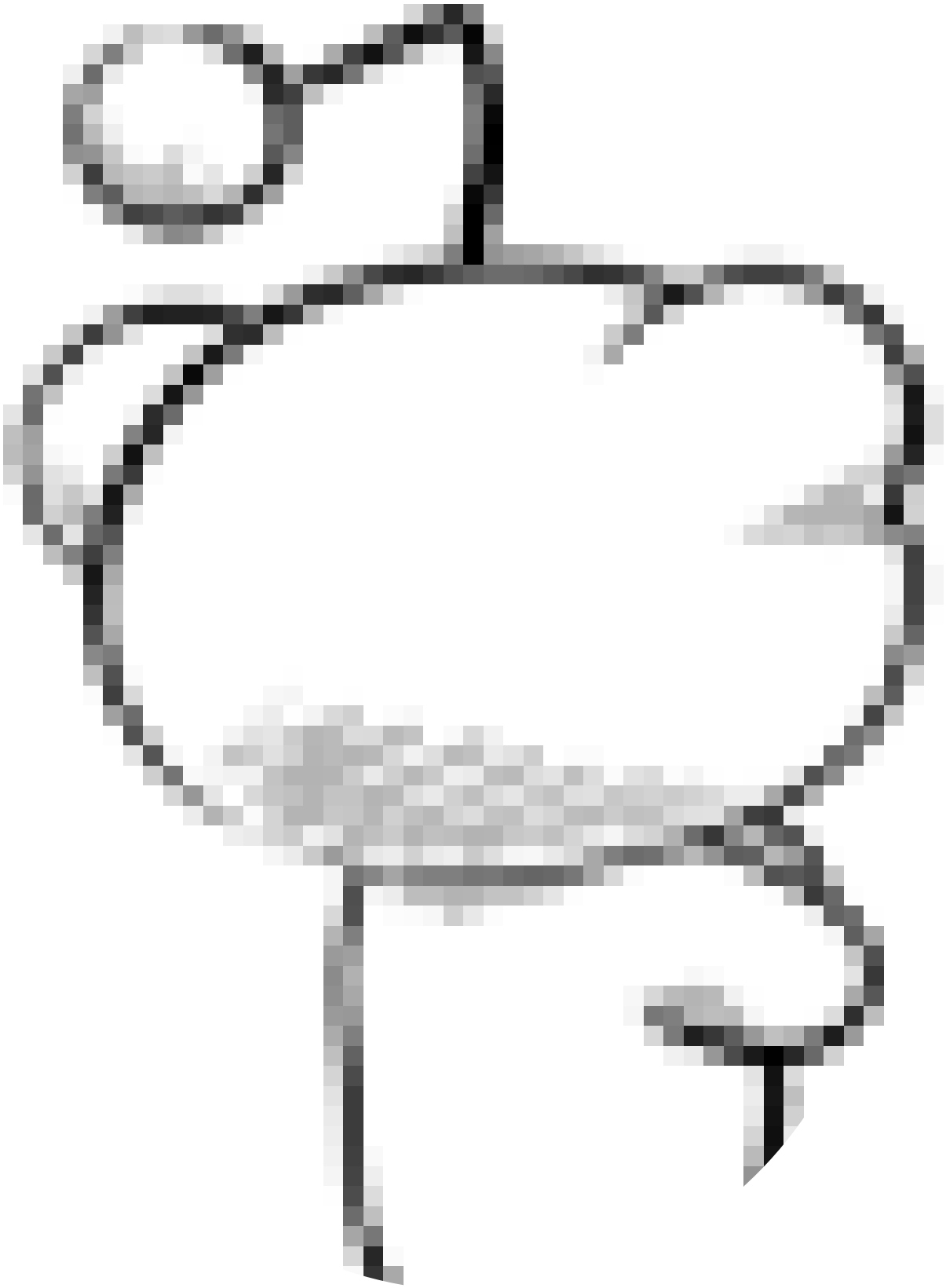
The next morning comes, and everything is fine, I had pretty much forgotten about it. We eat breakfast, and then my mom brings in a few presents and cards. I'm sitting there opening stuff, and get to the card from my uncle. I open it up, and my entire family goes silent. Totally black card. Cloaked demon in the middle. No face. Glowing red eyes. It didnt say anything. On the inside it didn't say anything, my uncle had just signed it. My mom took it without saying anything, took it outside, and did something with it. It was 100% exactly the demon thing I was seeing in my room last night. Identical. So fucked up.

The story has a happy ending though, my parents surprised me with a trip to Chicago that day instead of school, and then when we got back into town they surprised me with a Super Nintendo. So, win. But I will never forget that card, was definitely one of the most eerie things that has ever happened to me. It wasn't just a sort of similar looking guy, it was *exactly* what I had been seeing the night before, on an incredibly bizarre, out of context card. I have no idea what purpose that card was supposed to have, but happy birthday wasn't it.

6 more replies

6 more replies

More replies



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• 13y ago

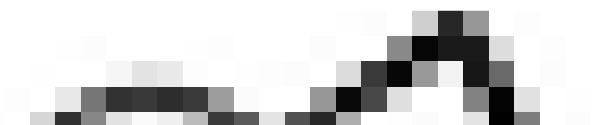
Late to the party but...

I had just moved to the outside of Montgomery, AL and was living by myself in a pretty large apartment. I didn't know anyone in town and had only moved in to my apartment 2 weeks ago. I hadn't moved any furniture down except for a mattress and my television.

So one weekday night after i'd been down there for a couple of weeks I came home from work and had dinner, showered, all that good stuff. I remember watching TV, not seeing anything good on, hopping in bed and turning the TV off, putting the remote on the floor near my head.

I fell asleep, and woke up later in the night. The TV was blaring, so I reached to grab the remote and turn it off, but the remote wasnt there. So i got up, turned it off and hopped back in bed, kind of still half sleeping. And then i heard that fucking wood creaking noise where you can tell someone is tiptoeing but still making a lot of noise. Holy fuck I remember I couldn't move. Literally frozen with fear. I hadn't even brought my gun to town yet so I literally had nothing to defend myself with other than my bare hands. The person walked around in the living room for a minute, walked in the kitchen, back to the living room and then the front door opened and shut. I didn't move for probably upwards of an hour. Finally I got up the courage to turn the lights on. So i went to make sure whoever it was, was gone, and I checked the locks and all that. Walking back to my room I saw the remote control over in the far corner of the living room.

The mother fucker who broke into my house had literally gone in my room, taken the remote control from right next to me, walked out of my room, turned the tv on, walked around, and then left. I had to get a xanax prescription to get any sleep for the next month. Awful.



Moonburner
• 13y ago

When I was 5 or 6 years old we had a babysitter that watched my little brother and I because my parents worked late. Well the phone rings and my sitter answers. He then tells the caller that "they're not home right now." My sitter then asks me what my address is? I tell him my address and he tells whoever is on the phone. They finish the phone call. A short time later the phone rings and this time I pick up the phone this time. On the other side I hear a sinister voice say "thanks kid coming to get you." For the rest of the night my babysitter, my little brother, and I were scared to death, in a back room, until my dad got home. Not really paranormal but sufficiently scared me.

Trcymcgrdy1
• 13y ago

your babysitter is a dumbass. Who the fuck gives an address out to anyone. I understand you can be young and naive, but whenever I have babysat, I was told never to give any information EVER. Especially when you are at other people's houses looking over their kids. Babysitting fail.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies More replies

timmer420

• 13y ago

When I was about 7 or so, me and my family drove to Seattle for vacation. (I don't know exactly where at) but we got stopped all the sudden and there was a bunch of cops. I looked up at this bridge that was in front of us and a guy was standing at the edge. I didn't know what was going on, but my sister did (she's 4 years older then me). She was crying, and my mom was trying to calm us down but I was just chillin cus I didn't know what was happening. Pretty soon the guy jumped and I watched him fall to his death and then I knew what was happening. I got really scared and started freaking out. 13 years later I forgot about it but one of the comments in this thread made me remember.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies

Griffinist
• 13y ago

I have an aunt that live in rural Indiana and there's not many people around her. One day a bible salesmen came to her door and starts trying to sell to her. She said she thought it was strange that he would work in an area so underpopulated and religious. She tells him that she already has her own bible but the man kept trying to sell to her. The odd part about this guy is that the whole time he's keeping an unbreaking smile on his face and a happy, upbeat voice. After minutes of telling this guy she does not need another bible she tells him that she owns a gun and will not hesitate to shoot him if he doesn't leave. Then he says, without breaking his upbeat character: "You wouldn't want blood all over your nice porch would you?" My aunt slammed the door, locked it,grabbed her kids and locked them and herself in the bathroom." She said when she looked at the bathroom window he was gone and there were no cars on the roads in any direction.

7 more replies

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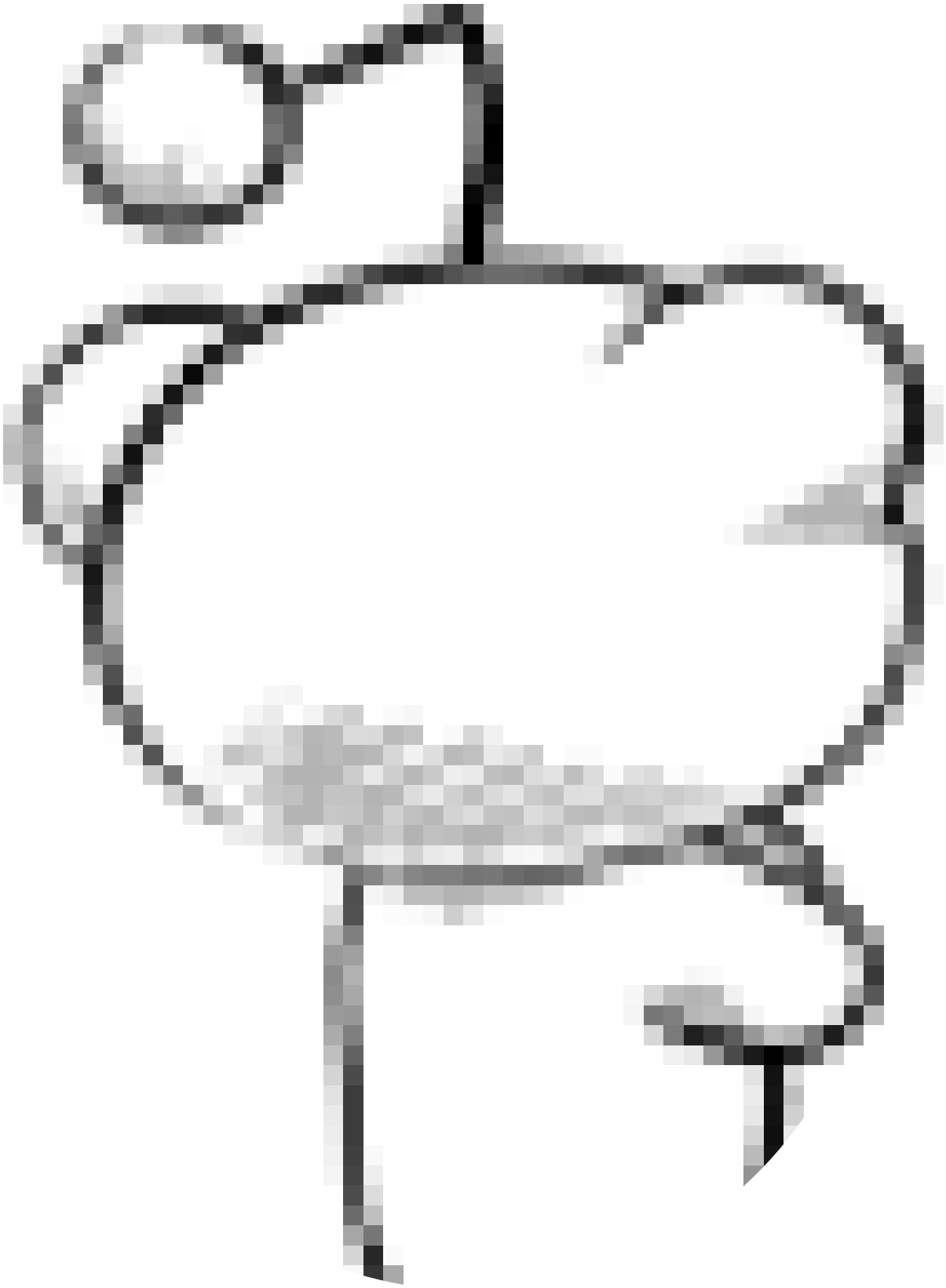

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• 13y ago

Me and my mom where out in the country at my grandparents house when I was 13 and it was surrounded by bushes.

It was around 2 in the morning and I was just sitting alone in the living room on my laptop, when I look out the window and I see something face-like in the bushes but it was hard to make out because of the darkness. I was of course freaked out but O calmed myself down because I remembered reading an article on how the human brain tries to make out faces in everything we see.

So I just stared at it for a while chuckling to my self when my stomach just hit the ground..... the face blinked and then slowly retreated back into the bushes.

I was up all night under my covers with a golf club by my side.

I have never liked going there ever since.

2 more replies

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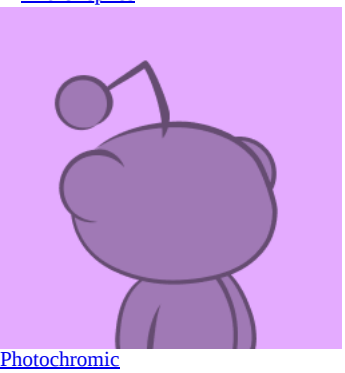
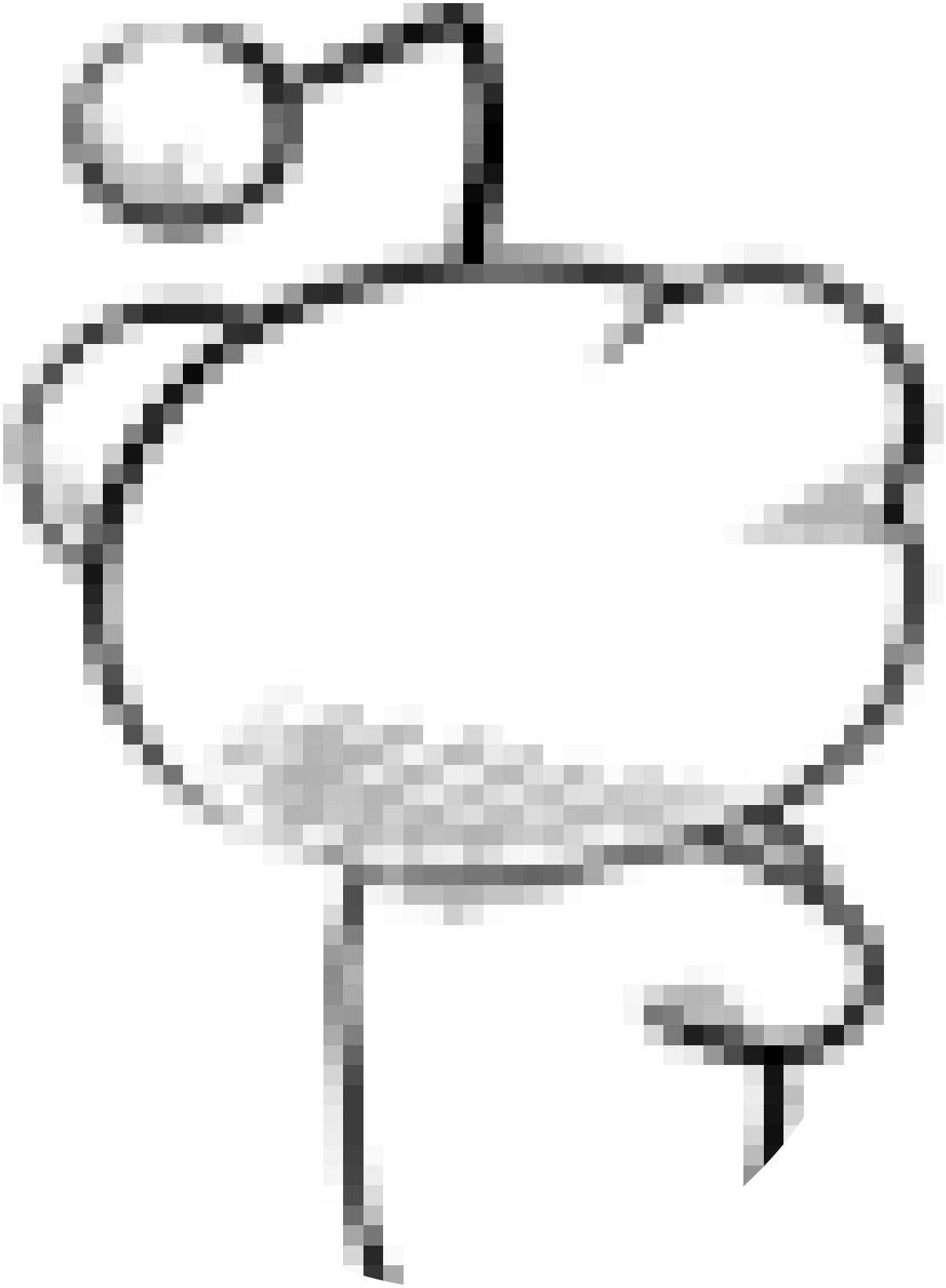


Photochromic
• 13y ago

I was very young playing catch by myself in the back yard. There was a section of the yard that backed onto a road. At some point the ball got away from me and rolled onto the road. A red car stops and a man gets out of the car, retrieves the ball, and holds it out for me to come and grab. Just as I am about to reach the man he suddenly turns, gets back in his car and leaves. I turn around to see that my father had just come outside. Found out a few weeks later a young kid had been kidnapped by a car matching the exact description of the one that had stopped.



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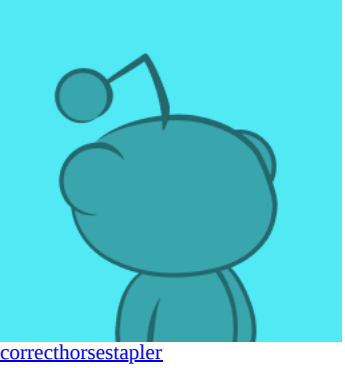
• 13y ago

OK so I'll chime in. Albeit late. One night a buddy and I, after a night at the bars at about 1 am we got invited to a party at our friends new house. We live in Charleston wv and he lives on a particularly rural area called Pinch about 30 minutes out... So we naturally got lost in a very spooky place because I suck at taking directions. Anyway we drove quite a ways up, deep into a "holler" as we call it....we were far from any sign of civilization including trailers.. there I saw the creepiest thing I have ever seen. It was an old church that looked as if it had been in a fire, repaired with plywood. It may have been as old as the 50s. Anyway beside the church was a newer looking playground and the entire thing was surrounded by a barbed wire fence...with the barbs on the inside, as if to keep something in.



correcthorsestapler
• 13y ago

This one happened to my wife.

I had just come out of surgery, so I was at my parents' house overnight since I was in no condition to drive. We were in the living room, which has a large picture windows facing the front yard. I was asleep on the air mattress while my wife was on the couch next to me. At the time, I also felt like crap and had been running a fever.

She said that in the early morning, before sunrise, she woke up to some birds squawking outside the window and saw a dark shape come in through the large windows, hover down the hallway towards my parents' bedroom, and then it slowly moved back to the living room. It ended up hovering over me for a second, then turned towards her and started to reach for her. She said she could make out a cloak, but there was no face, and the hands were a boney shape.

My wife said she closed her eyes and felt her neck go cold for a second. Then it was gone.

She spent some time the following day seeing if she could find anything that sounded similar to what she'd seen. She happened upon this.

I know she's not one for ghost stories, but she was pretty shaken up the next morning.

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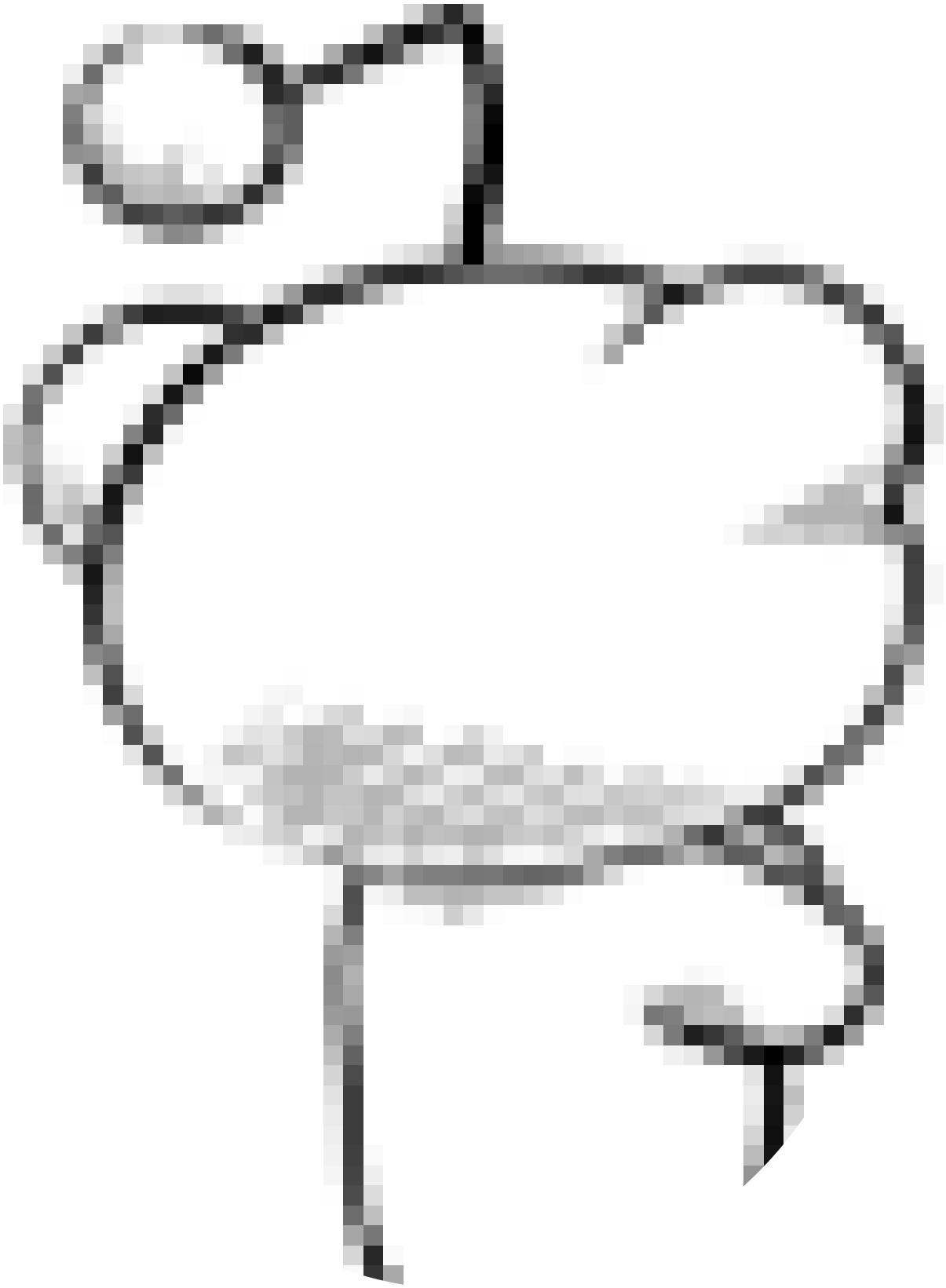

[deleted]
• 13y ago

Alright, this was a combination of a dream and reality I had one night.

It was the middle of the night, and I was fast asleep in my loft bed. I started to have this horrible dream. In the dream, mind you at the time I did not know this was a dream, I had just woken up and was lying in my bed in the dark. I heard a strange knock from my downstairs and hushed voices. As I climbed down my ladder, I heard the sound of footsteps climbing up my creaky wood stairs. I pause at my door way, which is to the left of the stairs, with the door remaining closed. I heard the steps approach my room, and then turn away and head for my parents room, which is just to the right of my room. Time passes as I silently stand in the doorway, and eventually everything is quite, as if no one had been in my house. I creeped out of my room and into the hallway, checking all the rooms on my top floor. It's still pitch black, but everything looks normal. Keep in mind, I have NO idea I am asleep. I completely thought this was real. I turned around and started for my room, when I hear a slight creak and an insidious noise that can only be described as a cry of despair coming from somewhere behind me. I'm still not sure why, but dream me ignored this, shut the door to my room, and crawls back into bed.

Thoroughly creeped out, dream me began to relax when I hear the scream again and a loud crash. All of a sudden, I heard footsteps running down the hall towards my room. THUMP THUMP THUMP.

And then I wake up with a start as my door crashes open and my trashcan falls over.

I still have NO idea how my door got pushed open and my trashcan knocked over, I think it was my dog, but damn it scared me more than anything when I awoke from a dream I thought was a reality to my door being pushed open. It was fucking scary.

TL;DR: I had a dream about a murderer in my house and my bedroom's door mysteriously opened at the same time it would have in the dream.

orpheusofdreams

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When I was in the third grade, I was lying in bed staring at the moon. I must have been staring at the darn thing for about thirty minutes until it started to move. At first it moved very slowly and after 2 seconds it accelerated and warped away. When I peeked out of the window, I found out that the real moon was on the other side of the house and not in direct view of my window. I raved about it all night but my parents didn't believe me.

Edit: Just remembered the creepiest thing I've encountered. One time my little bro and I were playing basketball and I heard someone whisper, "help." The sound seemed like it came from someone running because of the doppler effect. I just froze in my spot with the ball in hand. I looked at my brother and he had the same expression of shock. I asked him if he heard it too. He said he didn't hear anything but he saw what seemed like a lady run by me. Creepy shit.

Reply Share

l33ch842

• 13y ago

The sheer silence in the middle of London on July 7th 2005 (the first big city I ever visited). No automobiles, no sirens, not one person was talking loud enough for anyone else to hear. That by far was the most surreal/creepy experience I ever experienced.

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cuntpuntyourface

• 13y ago

After reading all these stories, I feel more comfortable that my belief in otherworldly entities is further grounded in other peoples' experiences.

But here's my story. I want to say that I'm an avid believer in ghosts, but I have a strong ability to waive off most occurrences. I get especially freaked out in my own room after watching scary/horror movies... which is what makes this story kind of creepy.

Directly across the way from my room's door is the door to the room across the narrow hallway. If you want to think about it, my room is at the end of a hallway that's maybe 4 to 5 feet wide and there's another room directly on the other side. I'm an only child so the other room happens to be the room I sleep in.

I'm studying in one room - my desk faces a wall and to my left is the door. As I'm sitting there reading, out of the corner of my eye I see a figure hunched over in a cradling fetal position on the ground (arms wrapped around bent legs). It's completely white, isn't wearing any clothes... hell, I don't even know what it was. But at that very moment, I froze. My whole body turned cold. You know when you always scream at those characters in the movie to run, but their feet are planted and they're scared stiff. That was me. It was the scariest, worst feeling I've ever had.

Of course, when my body is able to move again, I look there and it's gone. I didn't see a scary movie before this. I was just sitting there doing homework. It never happened again. It's a new house. I felt pretty comfortable in it, which makes it even weirder.

Reply Share

konan375
• 13y ago

This is quite late, but I just remembered it.
Now, my Dad passed away almost two years ago. During the summer after his death, I was at my uncle's birthday party, and my Mom told me that my uncle had a dream where he got a phone call from my Dad. Apparently, all my Dad said was "you're next." Then hung up.

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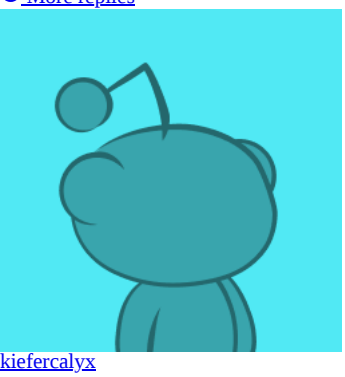
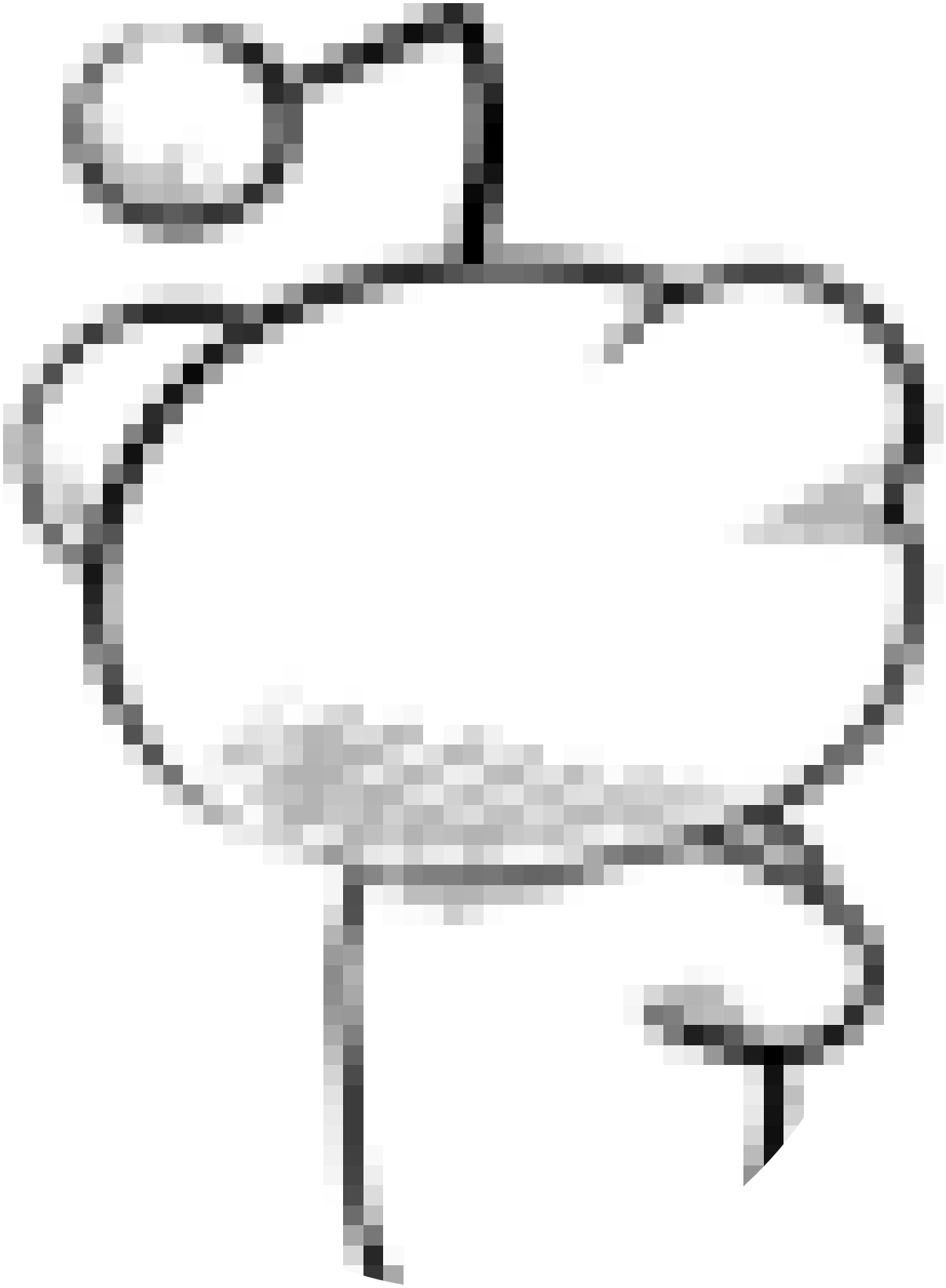


kiefercalyx
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I shared a small 2 bedroom apartment several years back with a good buddy. We had lived there already about a year and a half and never had any incidents until this one night I had just drifted off to sleep and it felt like someone or something sat down abruptly at the end of my bed, the pressure was such that it startled me to awaken. I quickly brushed it off that it was me jerking as sometimes people do when they are drifting into sleep.

Later that same night at about 3am I awoke to a light knocking at my door and assuming it was my roommate I asked "What's up? Come in." I said this twice and nothing happened so I got up to open my door which had a direct view down the hallway toward the other bedroom and only bathroom in the apartment. When I opened the door I caught a shadowy glimpse of a dark figure standing in the hallway that then proceeded to leisurely walk into the dark bathroom after which no light went on.

Thinking that was odd I called out to my roommate as I walked down the hallway. As I approached the end of the hall the first thing I noticed was my roommate in his bed sound asleep snoring and this made the hair on the back of my neck stand up because I saw someone go into the bathroom. I stopped in front of the dark bathroom and slowly walked in and turned on the light, there was no one there but I immediately was taken back by a pungent sulfur smell that made me back up quickly and cover my nose. It was genuinely repulsive and I can't tell you how fast I skedaddled back to my room and jumped in the bed. I wasn't able to fall back sleep until the sun came up.



Business-Socks
• 13y ago

Walk in an empty room.

Close the door behind you.

There's a roach clinging to the wall there.

NOPE.

pineapple_warhorse
• 13y ago

Oh god, worst nightmare. I can't handle those things at all. Here's my ultimate roach nightmare:

When I was maybe 10 or 11, I went swimming with my grandma in her pool. I grabbed a pool noodle, jumped in with it, and submerged it. I blew on one end to make water come out the other, but instead a **fountain of cockroaches** erupted from it, spraying all over me, my grandma, and the pool. I had a panic attack and took an hour-long shower, sobbing all the while.

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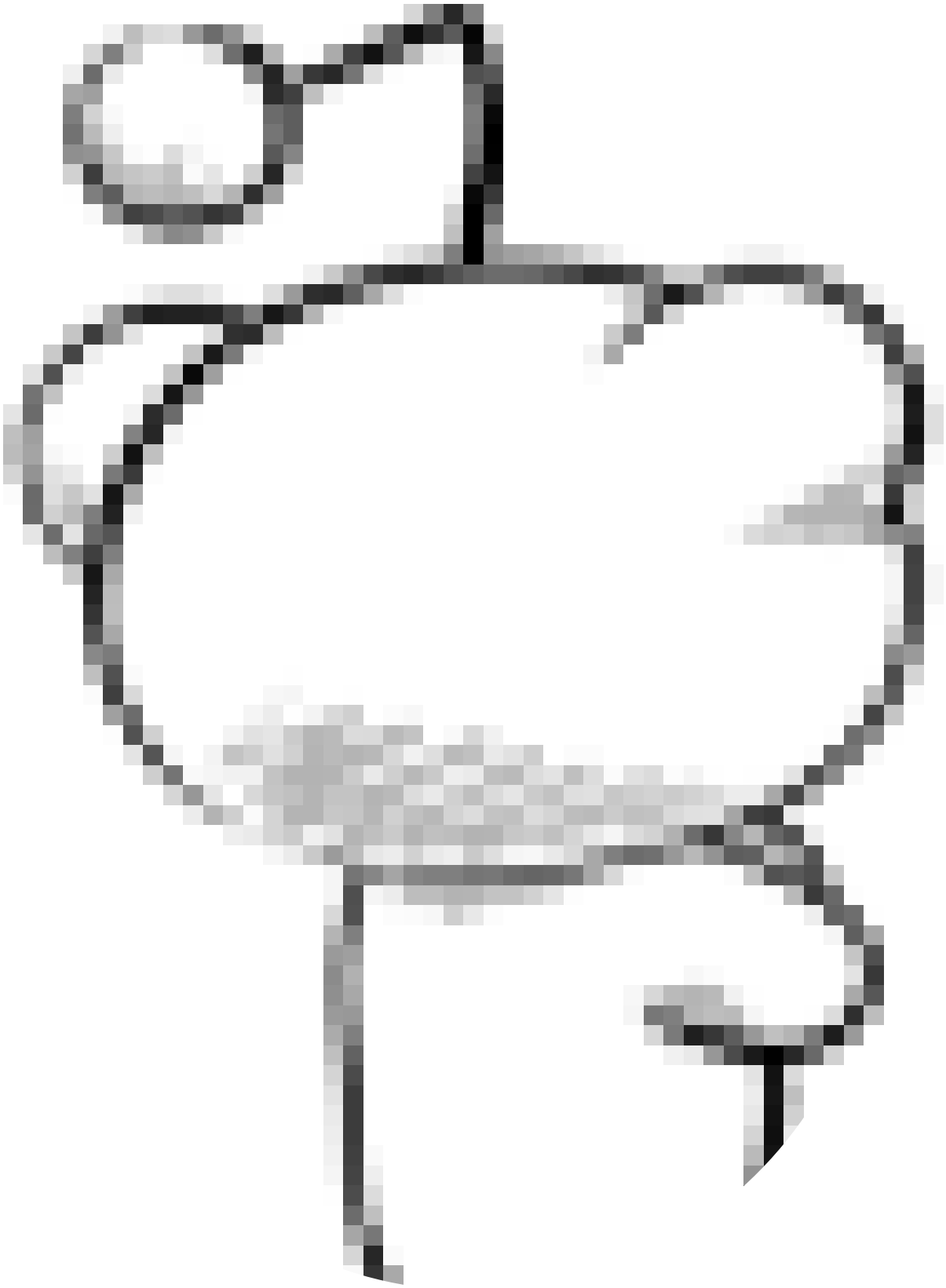

[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Roaches, they're incredibly gross, but they don't bother me as much as these hellspawn do..

My wife makes me take care of spiders. I sic the cat or the vacuum cleaner on those though.

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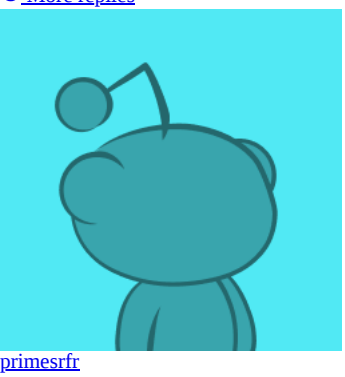


primesrfr
• 13y ago

Posted on a different thread about my old house…..this is another story of something that still kind of freaks me out to this day.

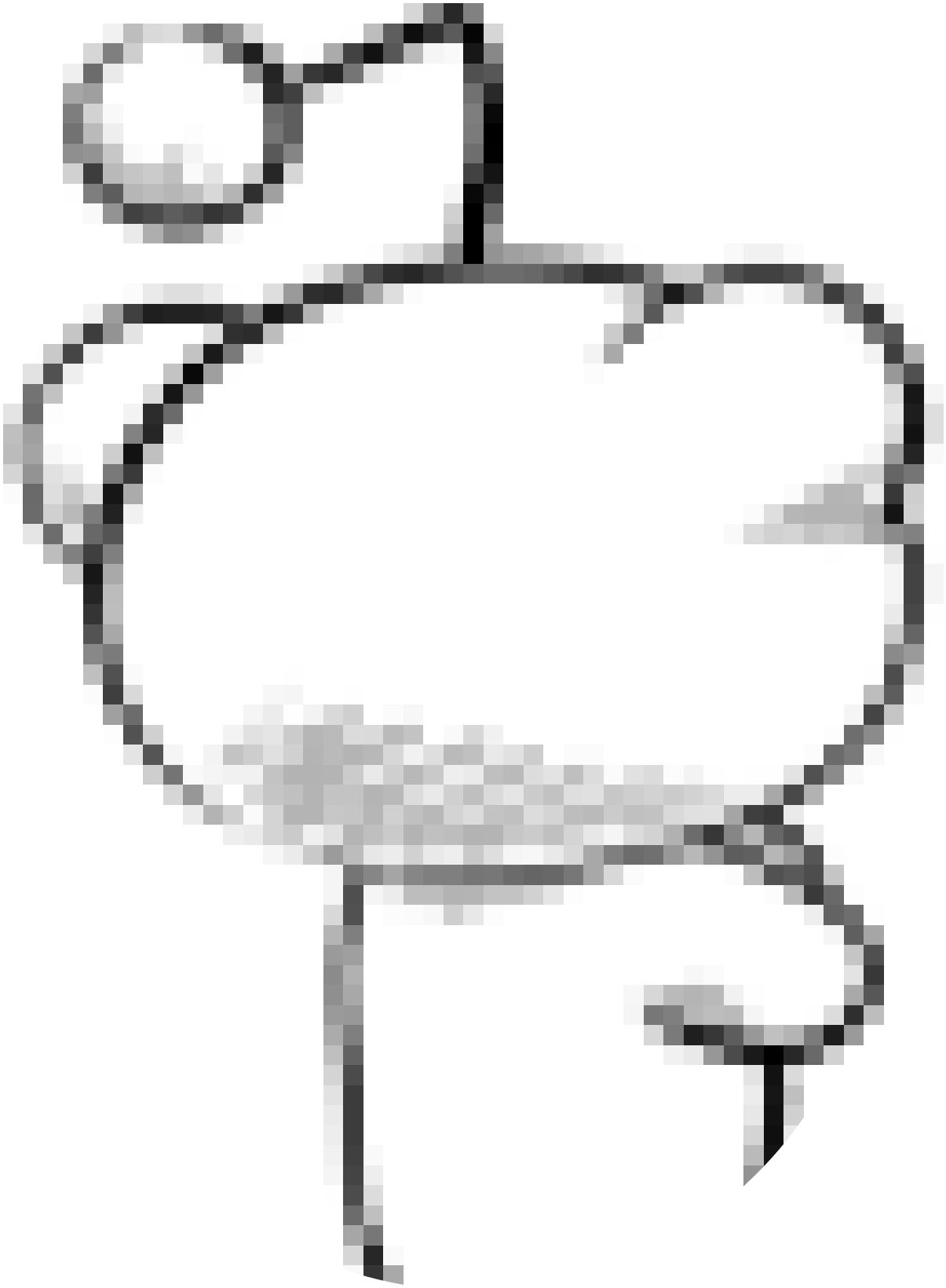
Was around 17 and had gotten home from work rather late. Went straight to my room to change and found myself hungry. It was probably around 1am by this time and I didn't want to cook anything and make too much noise as I was afraid I'd wake the parents. So when I ventured to my kitchen I started shuffling through the cupboards looking for a quick fix of snack food to tide me over until the morning.

Now our kitchen was positioned so that the kitchen door led to our back yard. The door itself was an old wooden door but my dad had added one of those metal security gates on the outside for good measure. It was one of the security gates were the holes on the door were small enough so that insects could not get through and therefore we could leave the wooden door open in the summer to allow for a breeze to go through the house. In addition to the security door, my dad had also installed one of those auto security lights, you know the ones……they go on automatically whenever their motion sensor is triggered. Usually the light would only go on when I would let my dog outside to pee at night. However, on this night he was already lounging in my room waiting for me to come back with some snacks for him as well.

Anyways, getting ahead of myself. So, I was busy creeping through the cupboards and finally hit the jackpot with some pop tarts. Knowing my dog, I didn't want to chance him snagging the tart from my hand as I ate it so I busted those things open then and there and ate them raw(I am hardcore like that). As I am standing there eating the first pop tart I hear a faint whistling sound from outside(wood door was open). At first I thought it was the wind but then I noticed that the whistling was a distinct tune and not random whistling. I didn't know the tune but I could tell that it was from a song…sounded like a happy and sad song all rolled into one(know that doesn't make sense buts that's the best way I can describe it). After standing there for around 20 seconds I decided that it must be one of my friends that's lives down the block screwing with me. Maybe they were on the other side of the fence and whistling there to scare me. Right when I am thinking this thought I see the security light suddenly turn on. I quickly looked around the surrounding area but don't see anyone or anything that could have set the light off. The whistling is still going on……

Now I am in semi panic mode. Is it one my friends? If so, where are they hiding? If it's not one of them then who is it? I am stuck standing there now and can't move as I stare outside waiting for something to happen. Nothing does….a minute or so goes by…with the whistling continuing and the light remaining on. Suddenly the whistling gets louder and I see the door knob to my metal door start to move up and down and I can see through the metal door to see that there is no one there. The whistling sounds like its right outside now and the door knob keeps moving like someone is trying to get in. The security light is still on so I have a clear view of the front of the door and know for sure there is no one there. Fuck the pop tarts,I dropped the box and jetted back to my room, slammed and locked the door and hid under my blankets with my bat and dog. I never went out to the kitchen at night after that.

TL;DR - Fuck pop tarts



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• 13y ago

Dude, A few months back I was in my kitchen getting a late night snack, Something similar happened, Only I saw what the fuck was at the door. This local hobo, just opened the door, asked for a roll... and then left when I gave it to him... I was confused as fuck.

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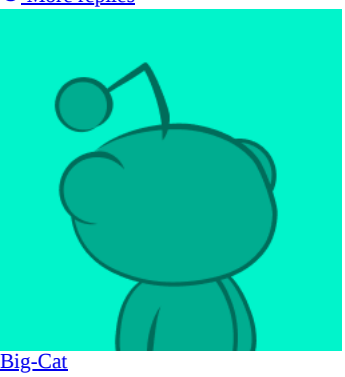
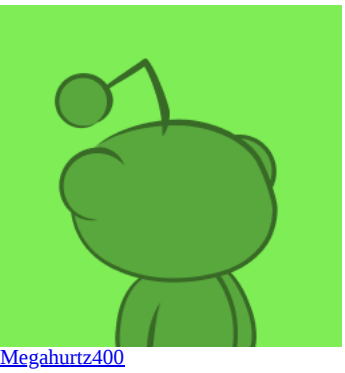


Big-Cat
• 13y ago

The SCP Foundation http://scp-wiki.wikidot.com/scp-173



Megahurtz400
• 13y ago

What the FUCK is that?!

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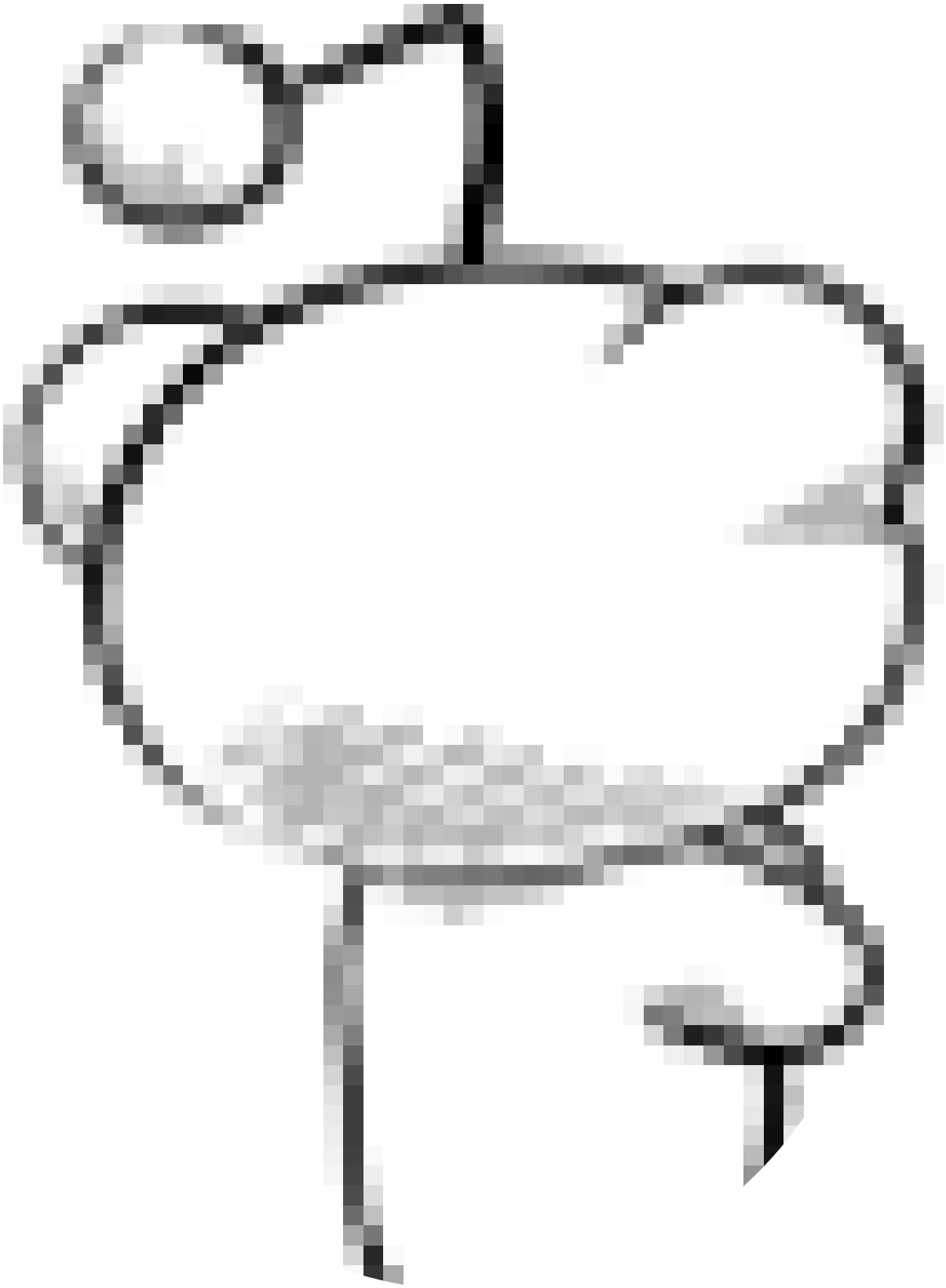

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• 13y ago

I don't know if it's creepy just really mind fucked me.

I was riding through a nearby town and saw a man in a traffic jam that looked a bit familiar. I filtered through the lane on my motorbike to see if I knew him, and from the side of his face I thought I did. When I drew alongside the vehicle he was the spitting image of my father.

My father had died three years earlier. I followed that car for a good 30 minutes in a trance trying to work out how the fuck this man looked identical to my dad. Every red light I'd go alongside the vehicle and look in puzzlement and to be honest, more and more depressing thoughts started. At one point I even questioned if he was dead, so I broke away and rode back to my normal route home. The car he was driving was a quite noticeable colour and make and I have seen the vehicle twice since then (in one year).

As a side note, if there is anybody posting a story about a motorcyclist who stared at, tailed and quite possibly came across as a man possessed, I apologise.

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iamglory
• 13y ago

THIS WAS TODAY:

My dog goes outside EVERY morning at 2-3am. Like clockwork. I wake up to let him out and I usually put the cats in their room (the dogs don't get along with them) and then perhaps a early morning snack.

My dog is very well mannered and listens to all my commands. I am walking around the house and hear him barking. I do not want him to wake up the rest of the people in the house, so I run out and yell at him to get inside. He is stuck at this one part of the fence into our neighbors back yard and will not move. His hair is up, his tail is pointed straight up and he will not listen to me. I tell him to get inside and he does not listen. I try to trick him and say, "it's time to eat." He wags his tail, still upright, but will not leave this spot. I put on some shoes and drag him away and he's growling at this one part of the fence.

I get an idea and put him inside...all the while talking to him and then I close the door behind him and stay outside. I stand there very quietly in the dark for maybe 30 seconds to a minute and then I hear someone walking behind the fence. They take two or three steps and then I hear this metal clanging sound and then nothing. I stand there for another 4 minutes and then I hear more footsteps walking away from the fence.

I am about 85% sure that someone was trying to get over my fence and steal stuff but were surprised by my dog. The only reason they didn't run was because I came outside by the time they had just got on the other side of the fence and were trying to not alert me that they were there.

I realized later, lying in bed and trying to sleep, it was probably the stupidest thing I could ever do and should have just gone inside.

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icantrecallaccnt
• 13y ago

When I was around 7 years old the neighborhood kids and I wandered in to a house that was being built on our street. It was mostly completed structurally (IE the inside simply wasn't finished with no carpeting, drywall or anything else). It was night time, no builders cars or anything else were around. At this point the windows weren't even put in, so a whole bunch of us decided to just walk in the house. We walked around the main floor, the upstairs and just for the heck of it headed into the basement.

Flashlights in hand as we walked into the basement we heard an EXTREMELY deep loud voice scream "GET OUT NOW" to which one kid in our group replied "Who's there?". The response we received was "THE DEVIL". Now while it was likely a hobo or someone else taking up refuge in a to be completed house. We all took off running.

piercelol
• 13y ago

I live in a rural area on a farm.

When I was 16 my older sister and I were the only ones home, we were watching TV in the lounge where we could see our dogs in the doorway going ape shit barking at the back door. A few seconds later we hear it open and slam shut and see a shadow cross over the doorway, the dogs run under our legs and bark at the doorway. we call out hello, but no one replied so we thought it was my other sister being a grumpy bitch. A few minutes later the ads come on and I go up stairs to grab something and I can hear something in my mum's office so I start talking to my mum while walking towards it. Open up the office door and no one was in there, my mum just left the ratio on. So I turned the ratio off and go checkout my sisters room, It was empty so I sprint the fuck downstairs grab a knife and explain to my sister that no one else is home. The lights flicker so my sister grabs some candles while I call up our neighbour to let them know what's up and tell my parents to come home ASAP and wait it out in the corner like little bitches.

My mum said she didn't turn the radio on. Imagine if he was in the office waiting for me or my sister? That's fucking creepy man.

buscoamigos
• 13y ago

I lived alone in a small apartment. I came home one day and on entering I sensed that something was out of place. Later that night I noticed that in the kitchen trash someone had thrown away the used remains of a cake decorating kit *and* someone had also trimmed my fern plant and tossed the pieces in the trash. No one else had a key to my apartment. I also didn't get a surprise party. Never did figure it out, but for weeks afterwards every time I entered my apartment I would look in every corner to make sure I was alone.

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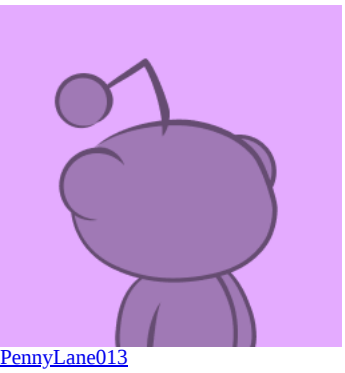
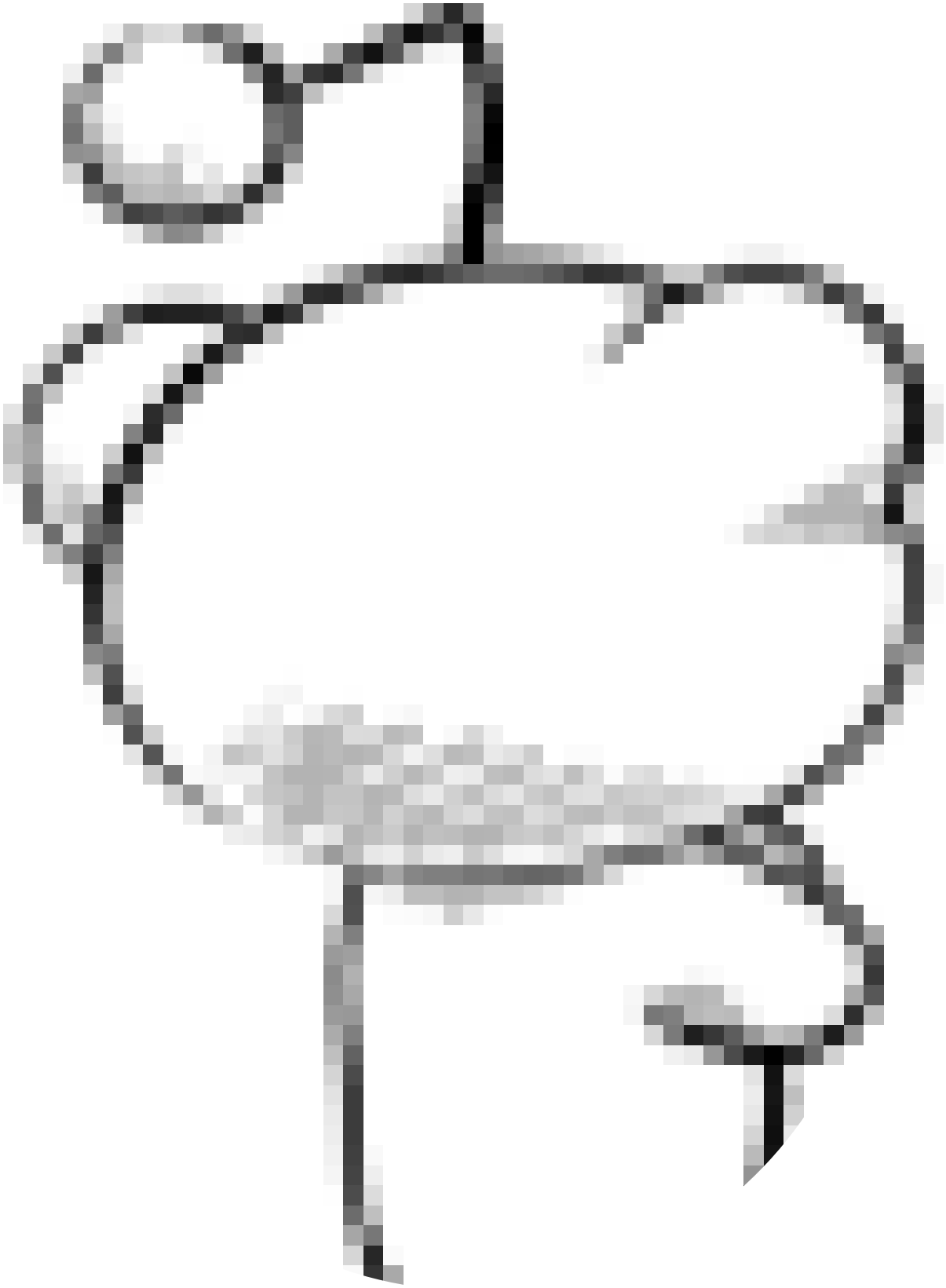
FutureAngryOldMan
• 13y ago

Whelp thanks for convincing me I need to buy a gun.



PennyLane013
• 13y ago

One night a few years ago, my grandma fell in the bathroom and broke her back. I found out a few weeks later that the same night, at the same time, my dad suddenly jolted out of his sleep and saw little flashing lights everywhere in his bedroom. He said that his entire room was literally filled with THOUSANDS of lights. One might think that he was dreaming, but he has had several experiences with ghosts. He later attributed this to someone/something trying to warn him. He told me never to tell my mom, because she would probably never sleep in their bedroom ever again.



Nethrix
• 13y ago

I have always had a problem with closets. Dreams and real life alike. From ages about five to eight I would have a nightmare every night of something in my closet (my closet back then was about 3'x20') that would open the door slowly and stare at me before slamming it shut. When I turned about 9 or 10 years old I joined karate, one night when I came home I went upstairs to get dressed. When I opened the door to my room it was dark inside, despite it being sunny outside. I stood at the frame of my door in confusion when the closet door knob gently started to rattle and twist, the door slowly creaked open and a shadowy hand grasped the outside of the door. When the door was all the was open I could see it completely, it was like a tall figure in black robes with a hood covering its face. Just like it did in my dreams. I ran downstairs and told my parents what happened, when we went back upstairs the door had been shut completely, and the room was as lit up as the outside. It never happened again.

PenguinOfWar
• 13y ago

I don't usually comment, but after reading a bunch of these stories I feel compelled to share. I've got a couple of stories, both scary but not in a paranormal way. I'll try to be brief.

Story the first

This happened when I was a kid and can be explained by the fact that I was delirious with flu, but I struggle to remember another time in my life (with the exception of my second story) when I felt such primal terror.

I awoke one night, feverish and hallucinating, to find that the my bedroom (which was a pretty standard rectangle shape, but with a small "corridor" of about six feet that led to the door) around me was moving and twisting. The shape would change, things in the room would flit in and out of focus, and when I looked at the small corridor, it seemed to stretch before me and extend outwards infinitely, with the door barely visible at the end.

Thoroughly freaking out at this point, I got up out of bed, stumbled to the door and made my way into the hall. My other had obviously heard me and come to check on me as she was in the hall. Things only got worse from here on, as when she spoke I could see her lips move but I couldn't hear anything. I distinctly remember myself trying to speak to her to tell her I couldn't hear here, I was seeing things, I felt sick etc, but she kept "talking". After a moment or two, she turned and walked away, but it was *wrong*. The way she was walking was unnatural, like how a ghost or entity walks in a movie. Ever so slightly sped up as if someone had hit fast forward.

I recall making my way back to bed, heart pounding, and cocooning myself in my covers. I was told later that I wasn't making any sense, just gibbering, and didn't seem to be responsive when I was stumbling around in the hallway. The emotions I felt at the time still stick with me to this day.

Story the second

Up until I was 18 I lived in Hillsborough, Northern Ireland, which is about 10 - 15 miles from Belfast. If you're at all familiar with the UK / Ireland you'll know that NI was a particularly... heated place to be for most of the last century.

When I was a teenager I worked in a store in the village. At the end of a day during the summer, when I was still light outside, a colleague and I were cashing out the tills, doing the counts etc when suddenly there was a righteous blast from outside that shook the windows and knocked dust from the ceiling tiles. I swear I even felt the faint concussion of the blast. Abandoning what I was doing, I quickly made my way to the front of the store and looked out through the glass on the locked front door to discover that the street was silent, empty of people, covered in some sort of debris and clogged with dust.

At this point, now heart pounding, adrenaline pumping and thoroughly freaking out I unlocked the door, threw it open and stepped into the street.

To find that one of those gigantic crane / truck hybrids had been making it's way through the center of the town when one of its tires had spontaneously disintegrated, releasing it's pressure and shedding rubber debris all over the street.

Even though the cause wasn't a bomb, as my paranoia had led me to believe, it was still incredibly lucky that no one was harmed when the truck tire blew out.

TL/DR Flu hallucinations and terror attack paranoia are not a lot of fun.

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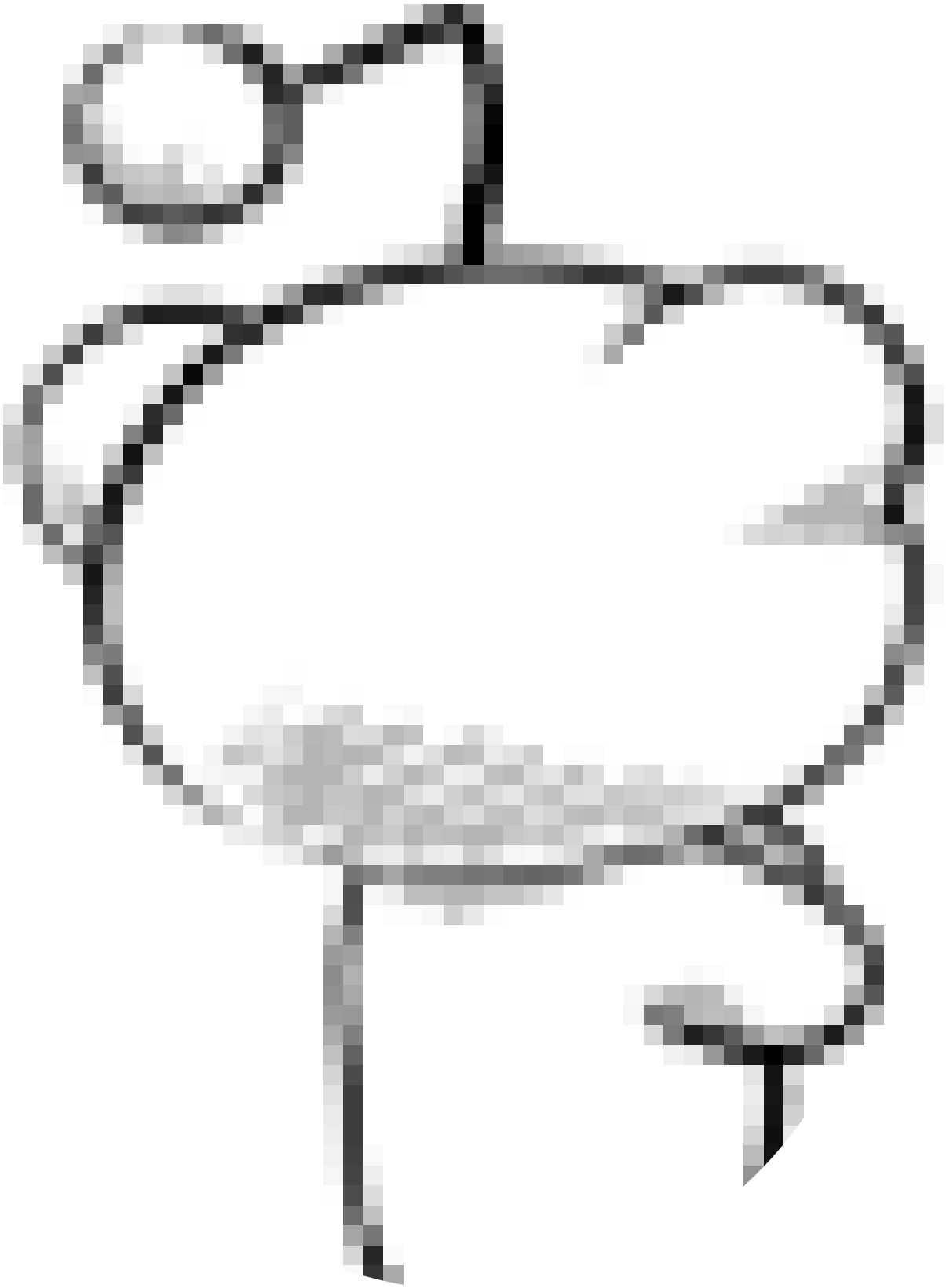

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• 13y ago

I was once sleeping like normal when I had an out of body experience. I was floating around the rooms downstairs in my house, pitch black and empty. It ended with me floating by the front door before I work up feeling paralysed for a few seconds. The next morning, the front door was wide open.

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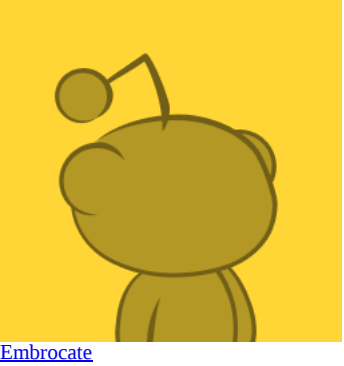

Embrocate

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I had a panic attack in the middle of a huge field and 100% convinced myself that someone was sent to kill me. I was sure that there was a sniper posted somewhere on the horizon in the trees and, at any second, my head would be blown clean off. It was terrifying.

Reply Share

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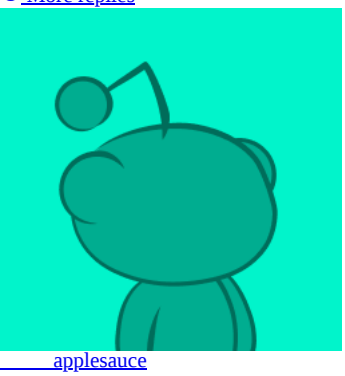

applesauce

• 13y ago

So one of my good friends is very paranoid. He has a fear of someone breaking into his house while he is there. He locks every window and door and always has the blinds shut so no one can see in. Knowing this, I decided it would be funny to go to his house late at night and mess with him. I just got done talking to him on x-box so I knew he was home. When I got to the house I noticed his car was there but his dad's was not. Thinking nothing of it. I figured he was alone and he would be even more creeped out. I started knocking on his doors and tapping on his windows. I can hear someone inside running around, freaking out and I heard a scream. This went on for about ten minutes.

I then walked down the road to call my friend and see how he was doing. He said he went out with his dad and would be back in a bit. Confused I went home.

The next morning he called me saying that a window was open when he got home that night. The couch was also moved.

Needless to say, I think I scared the shit out of a potential robber and cause him to change his mind.

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puffnstuff272
• 13y ago

This story

"I was driving a shortcut from Twentynine Palms, CA to Albuquerque, NM. Twentynine Palms is located in the desolate high desert east of LA. The shortcut was all two lane road through total nothingness, except for passing through Amboy, CA. Amboy is a nearly abandoned town nearly as far below sea level as Death Valley, with a dormant volcano and lava field on one side and a salt flat on the other. It was also, at the time, a hotspot for satanic group activity.

So I was driving by myself in the afternoon. I stopped in Amboy and snapped a picture of the city sign, just to prove I was there to friends who dared me to take that route to I-40. I got back in my car and proceeded to drive up into the mountain range between Amboy and I-40.

Once I reach the top I am driving north through a canyon with high grass on both sides of the road. Up ahead I see some stuff in the middle of the road. As I approach I slow down to see a red Pontiac Fiero stopped sideways across both lanes, a suitcase open with clothes scattered everywhere and two bodies laying face down in the road, a man and a woman.

I stop a hundred feet or so away and the hair on the back of my neck is standing up. Being a Marine, I reach under the seat and pull out a 9mm pistol and chamber a round. Something seemed very wrong, it looked too perfect as if it were staged. An ambush? Was I being paranoid? Something was just wrong. Getting out of the car seemed unthinkable, it was the horror movie move.

As I scanned the road I saw a line I could drive. Pass the guy in the road on his left, swerve to the right side of the woman, behind the Fiero and I'd be on the other side. I dropped it into first gear, punched it and drove the line I planned.

I passed the back of the Fierro without hitting it or either of the bodies in the road. I continued forward a couple hundred feet and slowed down so I could breathe and let my heart slow down. As I looked up into the rearview mirror I saw that the two bodies had gotten up to their knees and twenty or so people emerged from the tall grass on either side of the road by the car and bodies.

At that moment my right foot smashed the gas pedal to the floor and did not let up until I had to slowdown for the I-40 east onramp.

I will never know what would have happened to me had I gotten out of the car to check on the bodies or stopped my car closer to them. Somehow I do not think it would have been good. Sometimes real life can be scarier than a movie."

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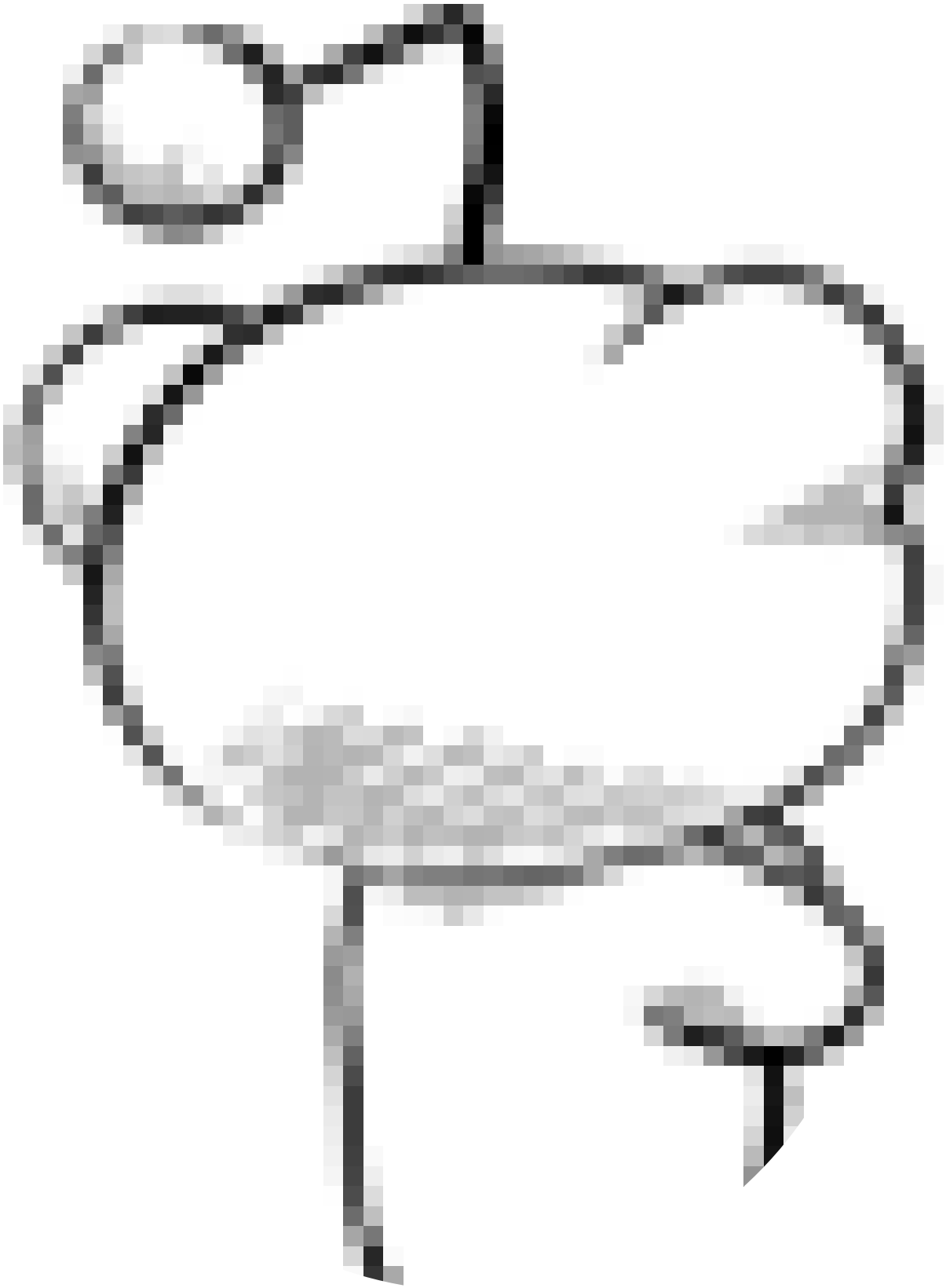

[deleted]
• 13y ago

I watched my best friend shoot herself with a rifle in her mouth and out the top of her head when I was 13. I have PTSD and a myriad of other mental issues because of that now, and I am unable to hold a job.

3 more replies

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tayylorsaurus
• 13y ago

It was Halloween and I was six.

It was pretty late at night and I was still in my costume after walking through the whole neighborhood. I had been in bed but got up to get a drink and a piece of candy. My dog slept in my room so she got up with me. I walk into the kitchen and there is a scarecrow standing on our back patio, staring in through our sliding glass door. My mom was in the office on the opposite side of the kitchen. She hears me gasp and comes in. The scarecrow starts tapping on the glass. She looks over and tells me to go hide in the pots and pans cupboard with my dog. I go. She goes up to the glass, tapping back. The scarecrow looks around, turns and goes and hops the fence into my neighbors yard.

My mom swears this never happened. But I still have the hay that I found on our back porch.

5 more replies

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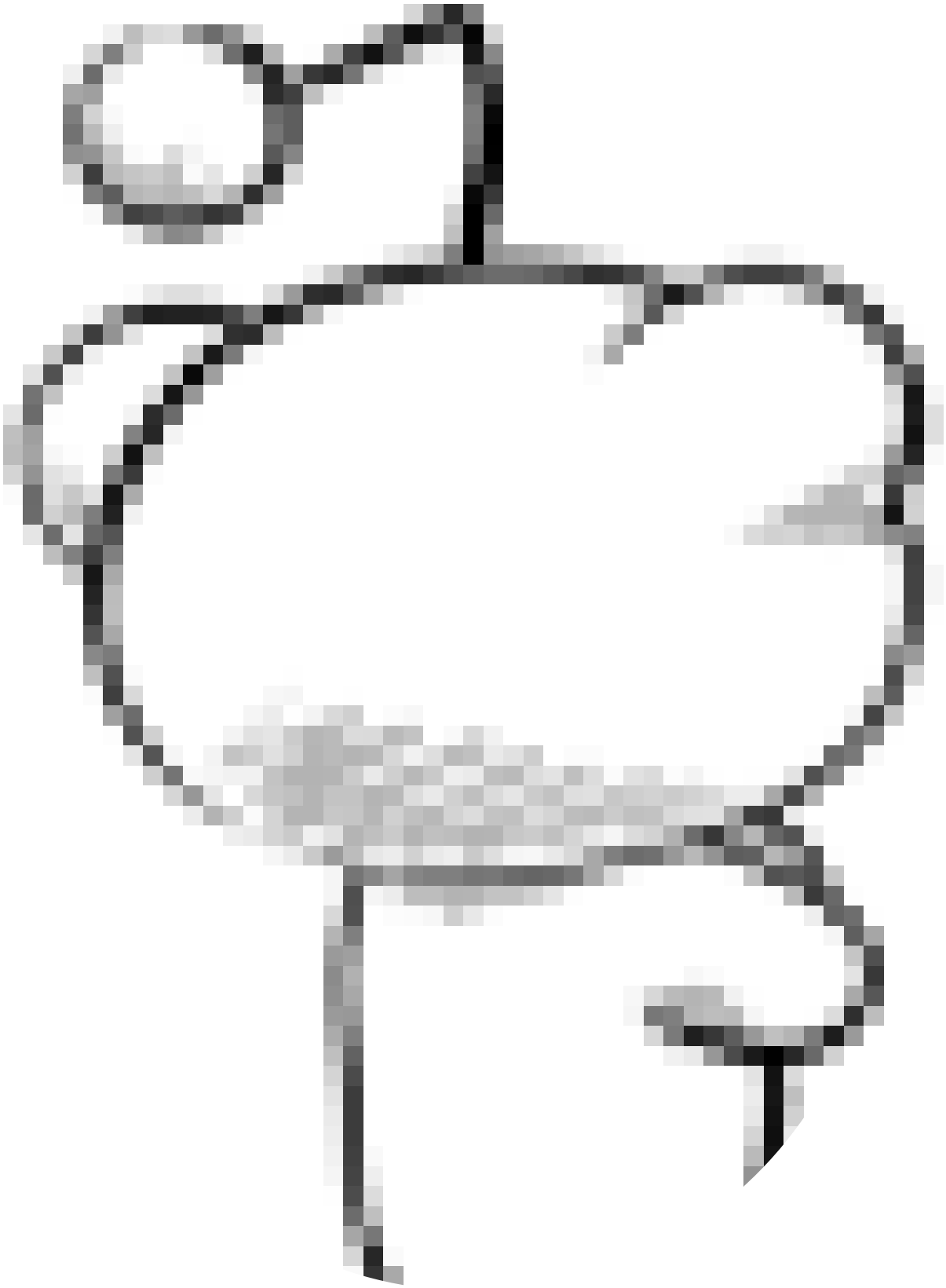

kobesgoodankle
• 13y ago

Last summer, two of my friends and myself were driving in my friend's car to go get ice cream. We were talking about The Exorcist and my one friend was mocking it calling demonic possessions phony and ridiculous.

The second I went to defend that kind of stuff and tell him not to mock it, there was the loudest thud that hit the side of his car. It hit the car so hard he had to swerve into the shoulder. Scared after what happened, we got out of the car to see the damage.

The car was all smashed on that side and nothing but blood was sprayed over the side. We were on a major highway doing about 70 m.p.h. in the car. We thought we hit a deer (which would not be uncommon in the area we were in), but there was no hair sticking to the blood and nowhere for the deer to run to. Plus, there was no way the deer would have survived a hit like that losing that much blood.

We eventually got to our destination but I still get the chills thinking about the conversation we had and what happened at that exact moment. Freakiest thing I've ever been apart of.

2 more replies

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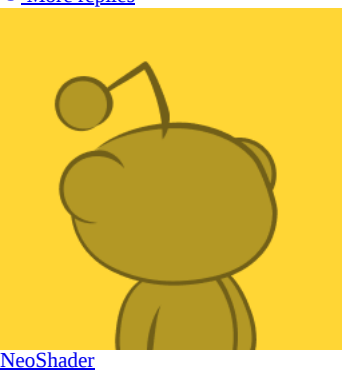

NeoShader
• 13y ago

Left the house locking the door handle only. Came home to find the deadbolt was locked,and the handle was unlocked. Nothing stolen or out of place. :(

3 more replies

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Silentknight11
• 13y ago

Iv got a story, Ill try to keep it short.

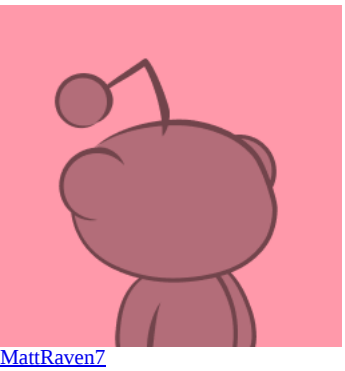
I believe I was 9 or 10 at the time. My mother played in a small rock band with some friends, and my father helped out with sound occasionally. They were due to play at a small club somewhere in the city, and had informed me that they wouldn't be home until late. They left me the phone number to the club and told me to call in the case of an emergency, and they would leave the neighbors phone number just in case.
About and hour after they left, I had started watching some TV and making myself some food when I heard a knocking sound on the West side of the house. At the time, my garage occupied this space so I assumed something had fallen over in the garage and hit the wall. My dog also had an opening near the back door of the garage to get in and out when it rained, so perhaps he was coming in that way and hit something. Either way, I decided not to worry about it.
A short time later I heard another noise, but it wasn't the same knocking noise I had heard before. It sounded like someone was scraping a metal object on the metal fence that surrounded our property. The noise continued for several minutes, going back and forth along the fence. I looked out the upstairs window, but I couldn't see anything. My dog was surprisingly quite at this point, I figured if someone was out there he would have started making some kind of noise.
Eventually the sound stopped. I had made my way back down to the basement to grab the phone from our living room. Once I grabbed the phone, I heard a very violent pounding sound on our fence. It sounded like someone was trying to smash the fence down. It was at this time that I heard my dog going crazy. My dog was an Alaskan Malamute, possibly 150 lbs and was as tall as I was. I stayed in the darkness of the living room with the phone ready to dial. I made my way through the darkness of the downstairs hallway into a small guest bedroom we had. There was a walkout door that opened into the backyard on the opposite side from where all the noise was coming from. My dog was still growling, and barking like I had never heard. It sounded

more severe than when he would bark at the mailman, or school bus. I slowly made my way over to where the dog was, while dialing the number to the club. The phone seemed to ring forever...nobody was picking up. I dialed my neighbor, nobody picked up there either. I remained in the backyard, in the shadows for hours.
The slamming noise had stopped, but my dog still wouldn't stop barking. I had imagined walking around the house to see someone standing just outside the fence staring at me. I was terrified.
Finally, I saw a pair of headlights pull up into our driveway. It was at that point that I made my way over to the area I had heard the noises. The fence was missing a metal pole used to anchor it into the ground, and there was a bit of damage done to the surrounding fence. My dog was fine, thankfully.
To this day, even though that dog has since passed I still thank him for potentially saving my life. My family doesnt really know how to take the story. When I bring up the fact that the fence doesnt just damage itself my parents agree, but dont think I was in any real danger. Nothing like that happened again.

TL;DR: I was home alone, heard some pounding and scraping noises on the fence outside. It sounded very aggressive, very quick. Eventually the sound stopped, and after my parents got home I inspected the fence to see there was some damage, and a metal support pole missing.

IUsedToBeGood
• 13y ago

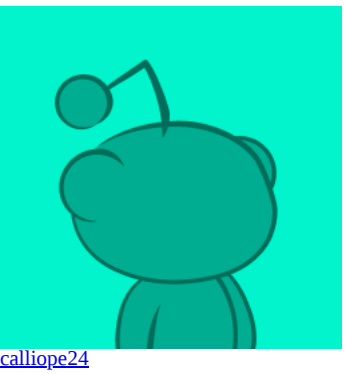
Oh this thread again? Sigh, time to go make some popcorn and wait for the regret to kick in tonight when I'm trying to sleep.



MattRaven7
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, we lived in a house built in the 20's. We went through what seemed to be a phase of weird things happening. That's not the important part, so I'll skip it. The important part is, that almost on a nightly basis for a couple years I had this same dream. I had 2 closets in my room. In the dream, I would hear the door to the same closet open, and then hear something walking out of it. It would make a thudding noise like "THUMP thump THUMP thump" etc. After a minute, this old lady in a gown of blue flowers would come into view. She had a wooden leg, and that's what was making the off-pitch thumping sound. She'd look at me as if she wanted to say something, then changed her mind, turned, and walked out the bedroom door. Every dream, the exact same thing. I remember saying prayers that I would stop having them.

I was about 9 then. We moved out when I was 10-11. One night, in the new house, my Grandma was over for dinner, and she and my Dad were talking. Having been from that same neighborhood herself, they were talking about it. She talked about what the neighborhood was like as it was "growing". She also mentioned how our neighbor had told her about the guy that originally had built our house. His wife had a wooden leg. I shit you not. I had not known this until we moved.



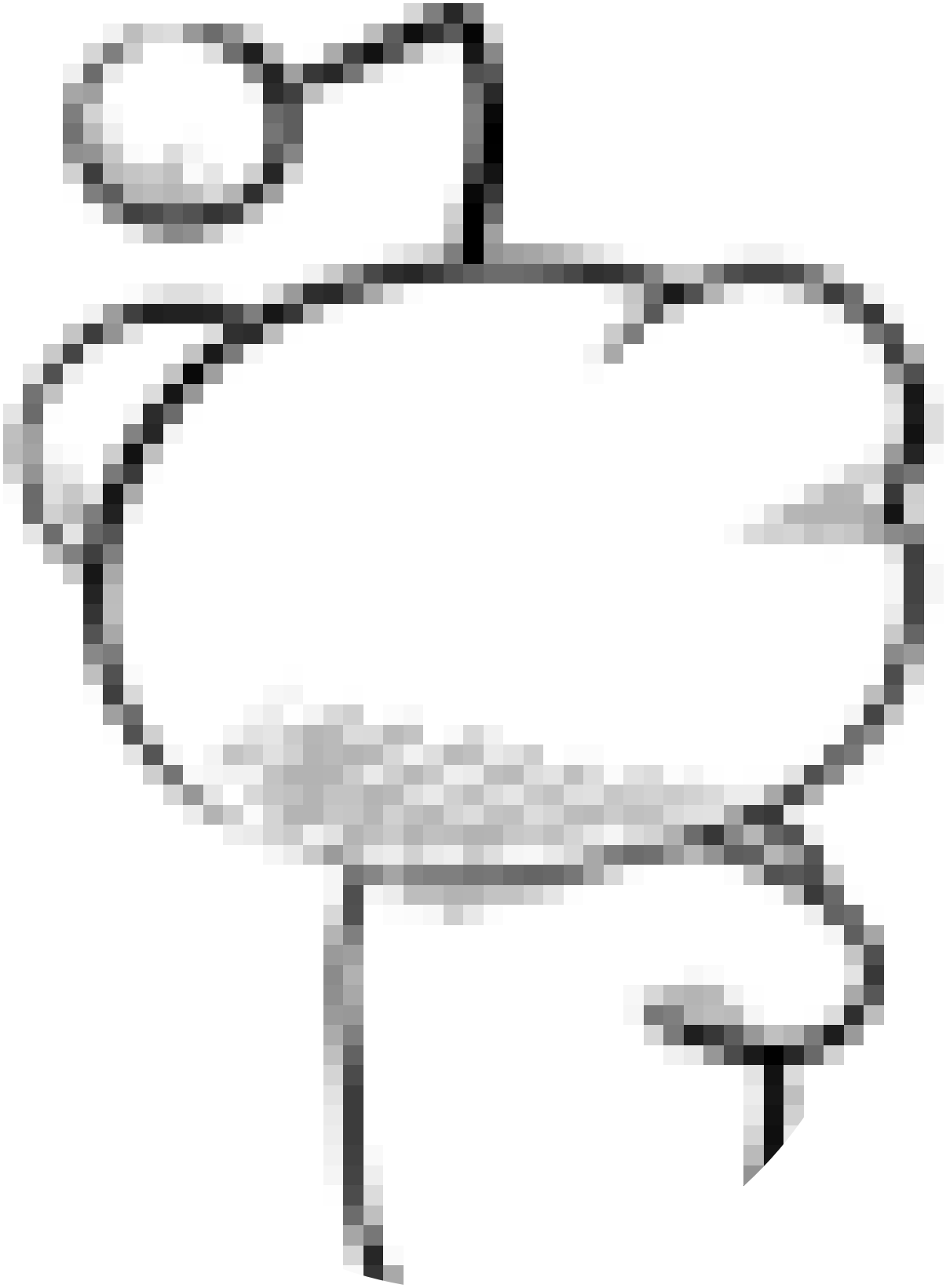
calliope24
• 13y ago

When I was younger I had a family friend I considered an Aunt; Her name was Lacey Jane. She died of cancer, unexpectedly as I was young and no one told me what was happening. Before she passed away she had gone on a trip to Ireland and brought me back a Claddagh ring and I loved it. When I was older I lost the ring, which really broke my heart because it was all I had left of her. One night I was sleeping in my room when I heard this insane commotion in the room next to mine, which was an empty room since my brother moved out of it. I was freaking out, it sounded like someone was tossing things around and moving the coat hangers in the closet, so I panicked and went to my parents to go check it out. When they turned on the light in the room I saw on the floor in the middle of the room the Claddagh ring that Lacey had brought me from Ireland. To this day I dont understand how it ended up there as I had lost it months earlier at our old house.

musicman1015
• 13y ago

One day, I received a call from an old woman by mistake. She was trying to reach a person from her church. She ends up just talking to me anyway, telling me about strange stuff that has been going on in her house. I learned all of this after a few days of talking to her. She says that her house is full of ghosts and/or demons and begins to describe to me what they do in her house: There were a few that would literally cram shit and food down her toilet, a few of them would pile on her couch and say awful things to her, one would follow behind her when she walked down her hallway and breathe heavily/strangely, and a small demon would sit on her curtain rod and shake them while glaring at her.
Hearing her descriptions and terror while she walked around the house telling me these things freaked me the fuck out. After getting the name of her church and talking to them, they confirmed that she was a bit off. They were doing what they could to help her but that she had become somewhat mean toward them, despite their attempts to help comfort her. A few days after I talked to them, I never heard from her again.

TL;DR: Old lady called me talking about demons in her house. Found out crazy old lady was crazy.



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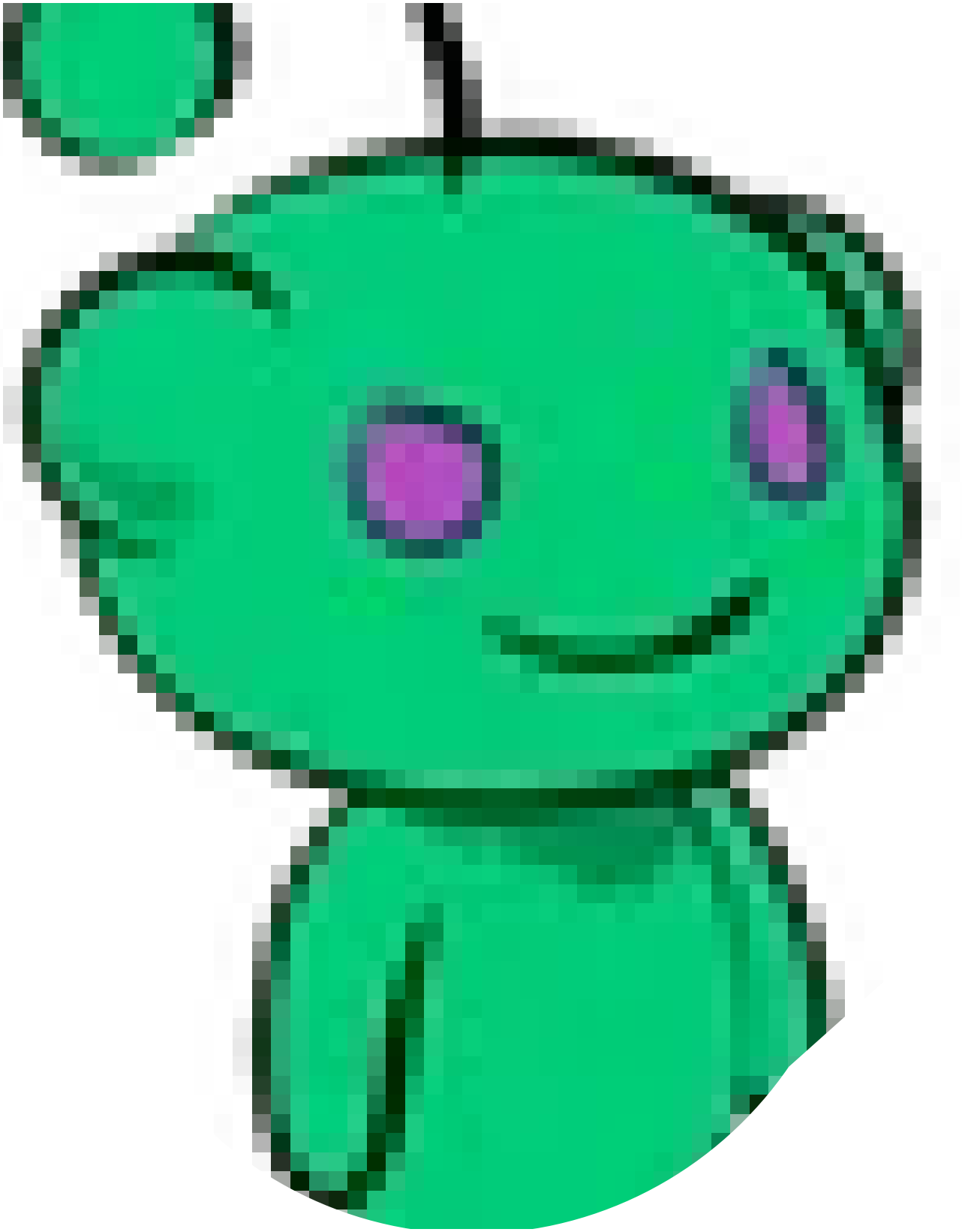
• 13y ago

As I was falling asleep one night I heard a beautiful unfamiliar female voice whisper clearly into my ear..."Thank you for letting me be so free." Wasn't scary, but still haunts me a bit, wish I knew who she was.



quiqonky
• 13y ago

In 1999 I lived in Virginia Beach with my best friend, my boyfriend, and our newborn baby in a first floor apartment. I'd gotten off work at midnight thereabouts, watched a movie alone as everyone else was asleep, and then went to bed around 3 am. I laid there awake probably 15-20 mins when I notice a shadowy figure approach the window (which was ceiling to floor) and reach for it.

I elbowed my boyfriend hard (he was usually really difficult to wake up) and yelled, "Someone's at the window!" and I have to give him credit, he was instantly awake and shouting, "Motherfucker, you better run!" along with other things, and he ran out there while I called the police. They showed up quickly and had already caught the guy before they even got to my door. He had made some ridiculous reason he was out in an apartment complex he didn't live in at 3 am and they knew it was the guy. They still asked me to get into a squad car and "identify" him, while assuring me with their lights on him there was no way he'd be able to see me. That was almost scarier than seeing him try to get in my window.

It had the desired affect, though, because once he knew I was out in the car and pressing charges, he admitted it was him. Get this-he told the cops he'd heard strange noises coming from our room and was investigating! Ugh. We found out later that this man had been picked up before for Peeping Tom offenses and that he was actually prohibited from even being in our apartment complex. We moved into a second floor apartment a few weeks later.

When we went to the first hearing, we unknowingly sat behind him and his wife (!). Apparently he had thought we weren't going to show and was going to plead not guilty but when he saw that we were there, accepted a deal that sent him to a mental hospital. I remember the police officer thanking us numerous times for actually showing up, because apparently this guy's previous accusers never did. That shocked me. Who is nonchalant about some guy trying to get in your window!?

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

TheBarracuda
• 13y ago

This isn't so much creepy or scary but take it for what it is. One evening while working at McDonald's I was told to lock up a bit early. I lock the far doors and telling a small group of people that I am locking up, that they are welcome to stay and to let us know when they want to leave. As soon as I finish talking with them I saw a car pull up and a guy run up to the doors I just locked. I wave with both arms and point to the unlocked doors. I start heading in his direction to tell him to go around when he turns and runs back to his car while stuffing a large pistol back into his pants. The people I just talked to had will seen this as well. (We had been told earlier in the day that there had been a wave of robberies of fast food joints recently) I ran to the unlocked doors and fixed that problem quick. The police were called and statements taken. I moved out of state about a week later. In the new city I had taken to reading the newspaper that had articles from every state and liked reading about each state where I had lived. One day not long after moving I noticed "Tennesee: Hermitage". Wow! I used to live there! "McDonalds... Robbery...". Oshit "3 killed 1 stabbed and left for dead"

Great timing. twice.

2 more replies

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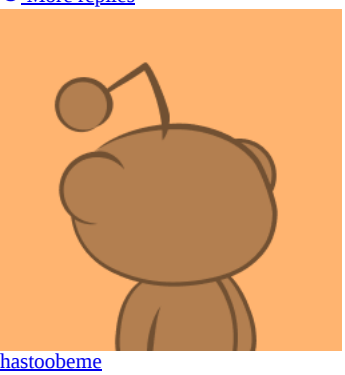
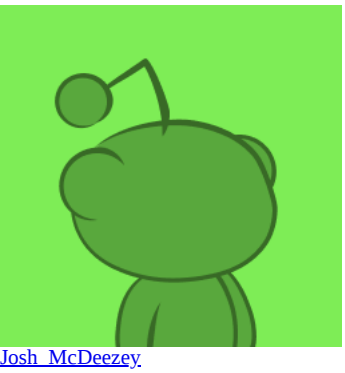


hastoobeme
• 13y ago

I had one experience several years ago where some friends and I went to shoot airsoft guns at each other one night. There were about 9 or 10 of us and we decided to play at this church/school that one of my friends did maintenance for. We divides into two teams, went to opposite sides of the property, and waited for the agreed time to start. My team (about four of us) started on the church side which also doubled as the schools basketball court (crazy, I know). Off to one side of the court were some mats rolled up and standing veritcally next to some office doors. One of my friends and I noticed one of the doors open and a dark figure creeping from the doorway to hide behind the mats. I alerted my team to surround the mats. I never took my eyes from that area but when we looked, no one was there. I thought it was weird but I was too focused on the game to give it a whole lot of thought. After the game, I talked with my friend who worked there and he said that there had been some weird occurrences there, like people see other people in reflections while no one else is around or hearing their name called by a voice they never heard before.



Josh_McDeezey
• 13y ago

Is there a sub reddit for this kind of stuff? I'm really enjoying the readings!

5 more replies

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dixiegirl13
• 13y ago

My parents live in this county park with campgrounds. The county rents out the upstairs apartment long term and the downstairs one short term, like for a weekend or whatever.

When I was a senior in high school, during the winter I had to take a bus home and walk about half a mile through a wooded area that led to the main office to get home. About three times a week or so I'd get the feeling someone was watching me. My uncle told me it was just cougars, and if they hadn't attacked me by now they won't, they don't wait that long on prey. I told him I never saw any and he said they hide really well. Not the most comforting thing but I didn't think it was a murderer or anything.

So I was talking to my mom a few weeks ago and somebody committed suicide in the park. This park is 45 minutes away from the main town and about four miles from the nearest little town. Not exactly convenient. The guy that did it shot himself in his car. The park manager walked right by it during the day, it wasn't until night when border patrol saw it they thought anything was wrong. I was thinking, how traumatizing for an adult to find it, what if a kid found that??

I like living there but it is creepy.

Reply Share

500P4H07FY4
• 13y ago

Ok so here it goes. No exposition because I woke up to my sister running down the hall towards my room screaming, the kind of sincere scream that gives you chills. She jumps onto my bed and shakes me furiously telling me to wake up. Its amazing how fast your brain works in these situations, I jumped out of bed looking for a weapon thinking there was a murderer chasing her. Out of breath, she explains she was in the our parents' bathroom blowdrying her hair when all the bottles on the shelves fell onto the ground like some kind of poltergeist shiz. I go to the room acting like a tough guy about to perform an excorcism, trying to remember the Lord's prayer or something. Indeed, the bathroom was a mess but no explanation so I go back to my room and watch some TV to calm down. I pass by the news which has live coverage of the shuttle re-entering the atmosphere. I live in Florida and back in the day when NASA was always sending off shuttles, when the shuttle re-enters the atmosphere it gives off an incredible sonic boom which shakes the house and scares the balls out of you. Apparently, that's what caused the bottles to fall all over the place. tl;dr: Astronauts messed up my parents' bathroom.

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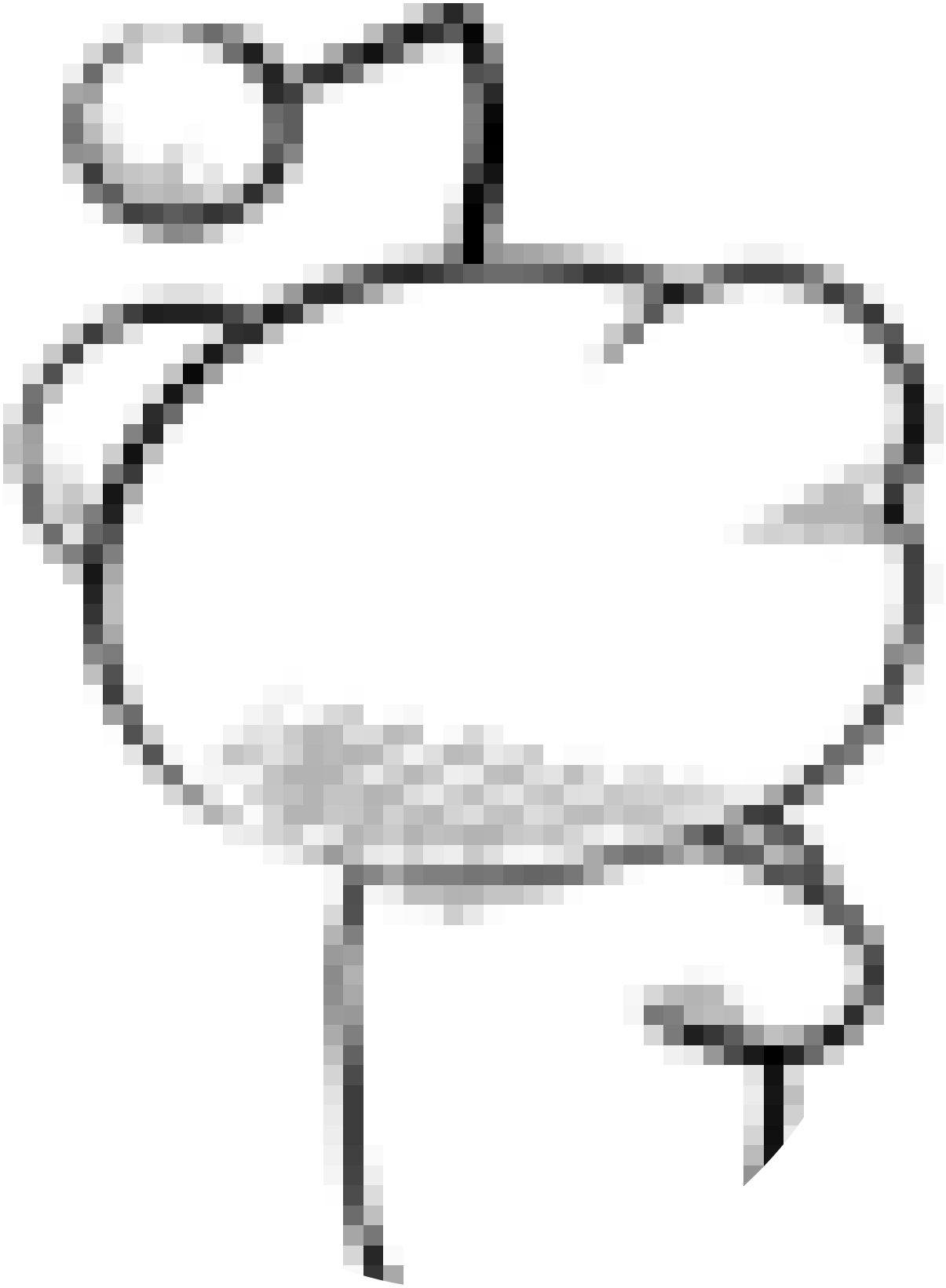

duckyaisha
• 13y ago

This is probably the scariest thing that has ever happened to me. I was walking with my (now ex) boyfriend through the neighborhood and we were talking, enjoying ourselves. It’s roughly 11:00 PM and we are 16 years old. Across his street is a park and at the time one basketball court had about 8 people playing, the other- next to the swingset and playground- is currently empty. We walk past the first basketball court, around to the baseball fields, and then head back walking between the playground and empty basketball court. Now, the only lights in this shine on the basketball courts so its dark where we’re walking, especially in the playground area. We’re not paying attention and I almost walk into a swingset pole. I laugh it off and swing around the pole and then my blood goes ice cold. A dark figure is slumped over on the swing next to the middle pole. I can’t tell what gender it is, but it’s wearing dark pants and a jacket and it has long dark hair obscuring its face. Its arms and legs are dangling beneath it, moved only by the wind. It’s really thin, with bony legs and arms, and its feet and hands are dragging in the woodchips- if the figure stood up it would be very tall. It is completely still; not even the chest is moving. I sprint to the basketball court where people are playing and my boyfriend follows, confused, not having seen the figure. I tell him what happened, and he laughs it off, saying it was probably just some passed-out junkie, but neither of us wanted to keep walking and we went back to his house immediately. To this day I wonder what it was, if it was alive or not, if it was human or not.

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laurabelles
• 13y ago

I was pretty young and at the beach with my family. There was a giant cluster of rocks that sort of split the beach in two. I really wanted to climb the rocks but my mom wouldn't let me. We walked up to this woman and my mom asked her if she knew of a pass through the rocks to get to the other side. The woman replied, "Yes, over there by those humans," and pointed to a group of people.. To this day this is the only proof I need that aliens exist.

TL;DR I met an alien once.

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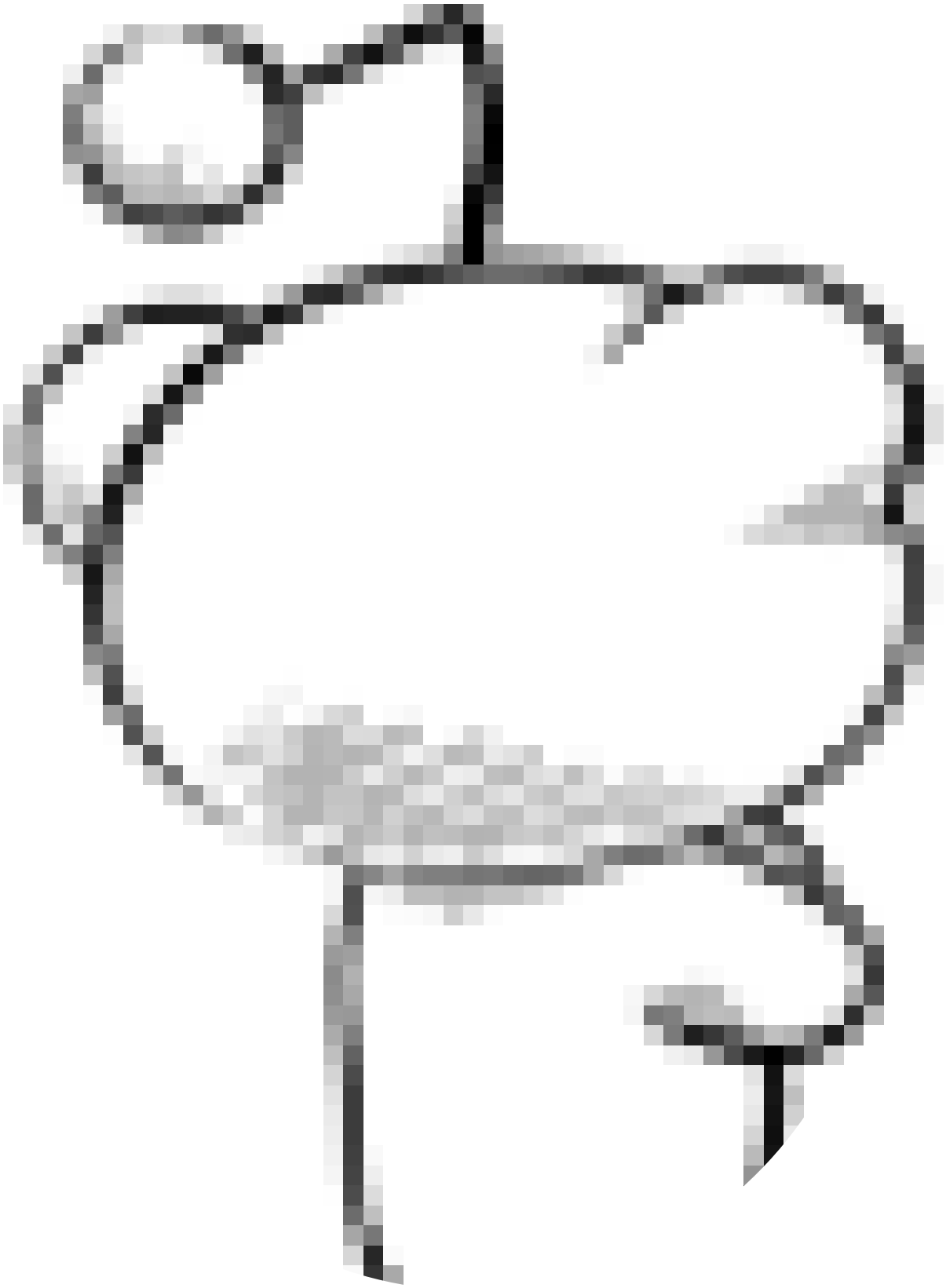

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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

2 more replies

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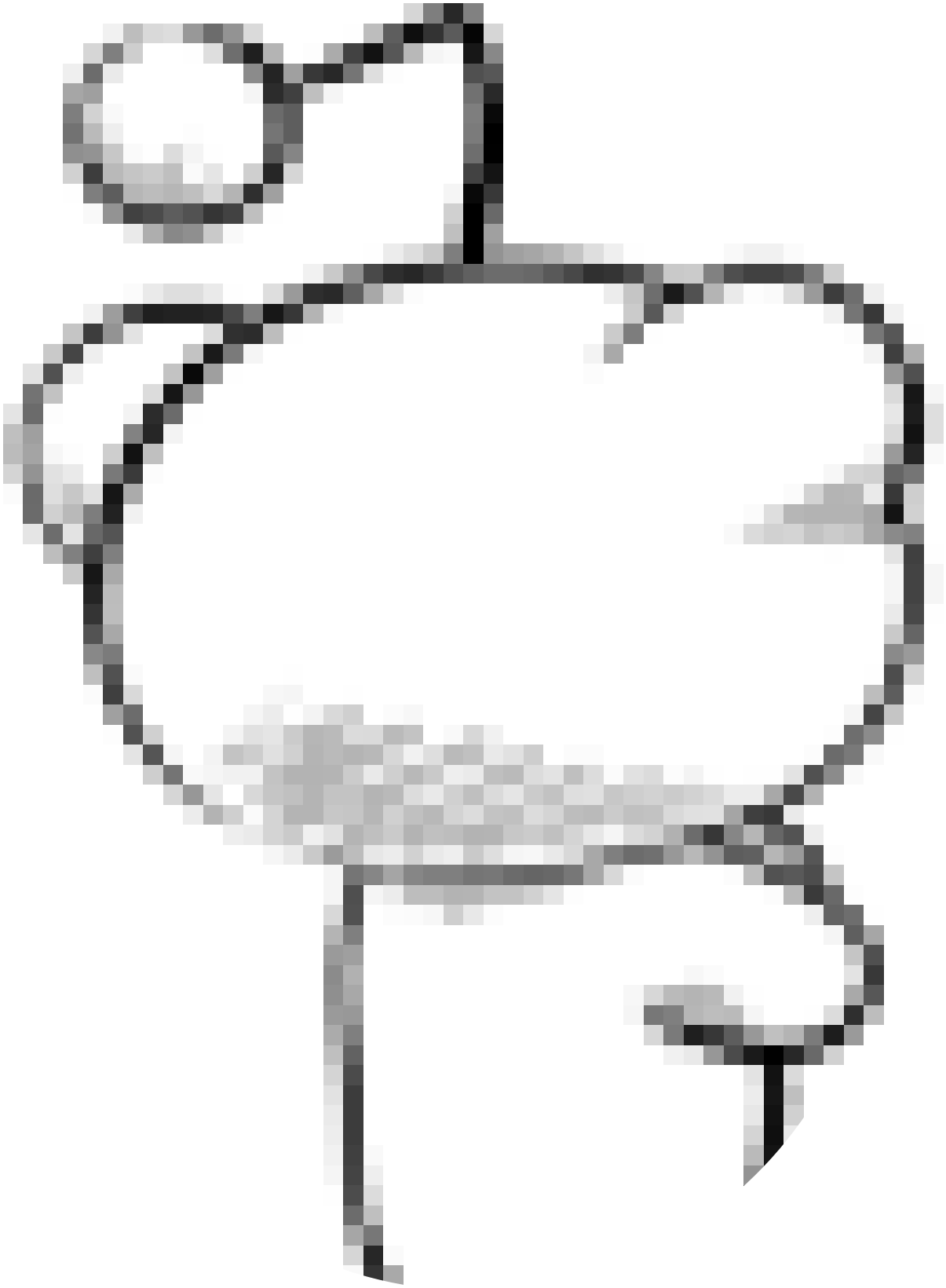

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• 13y ago

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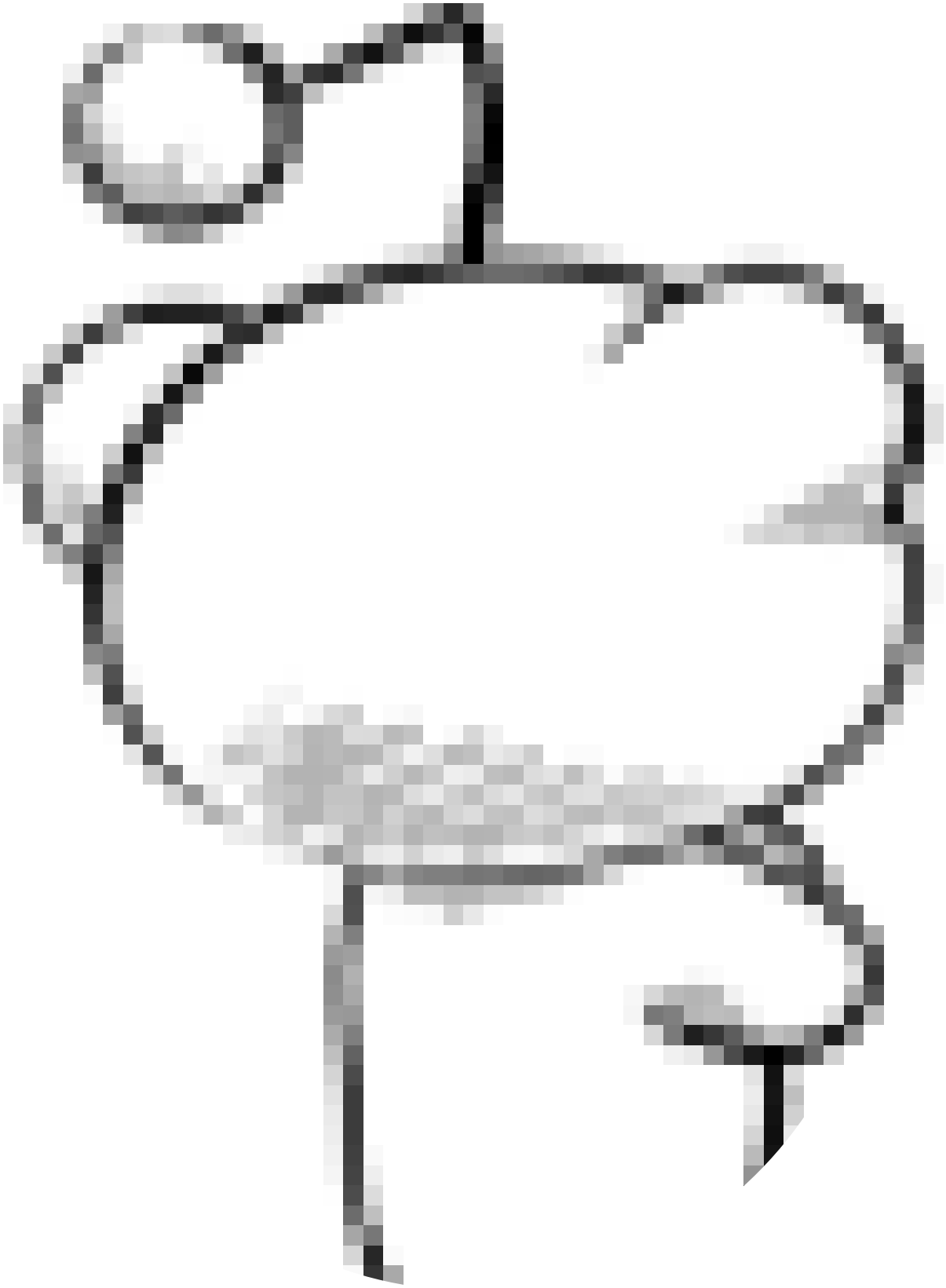

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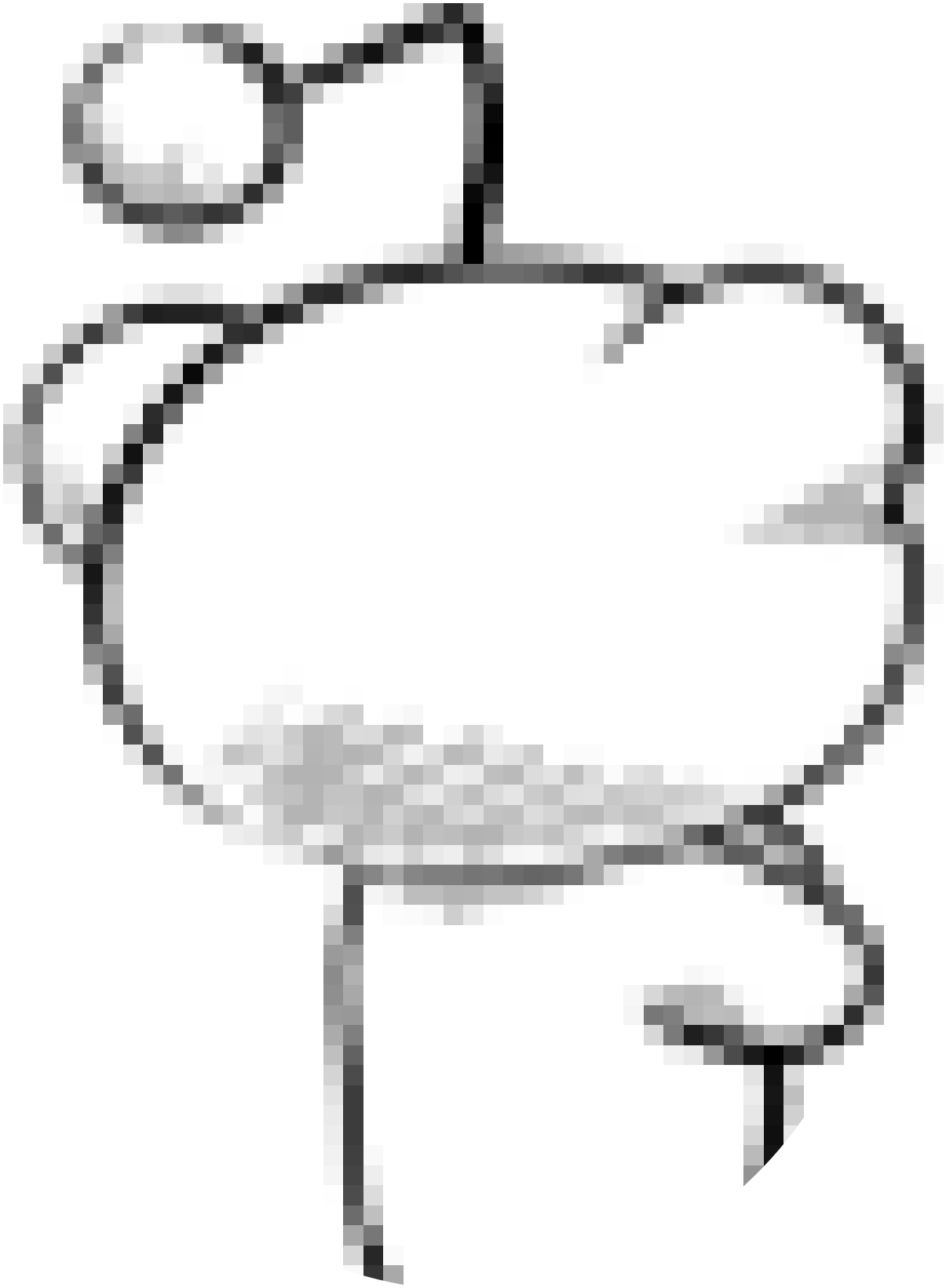
• 13y ago

And boy they were happy to see you!

4 more replies
4 more replies



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• 13y ago

I was in Uganda with a bunch of friends for a leadership program for an orphanage, we were literally leaving the funeral of one of my "brothers" (I'm really close to a lot of these kids) and we hit a ten year old with a bus going 50mph. I saw him run out into the middle of the road, look at us and just freeze. He hit and I looked away instantly helping the younger kids. Cops pulled shotguns and AK-47's to protect us from mob justice. Happened this year on January 1st

Reply Share

Dddawn
• 13y ago

In the thread about the "deep web" that was on the front page a while ago, someone talked about a website devoted only to eerie videos that progressively got worse the further down the line you clicked. It would start with something like a girl being interviewed or someone feeding peanut butter to a dog, and ultimately ended with an abused chimpanzee literally ripping the skin off of a live human and eating it. I read the whole description of every video that night, and even though I didn't actually watch them, I was too scared to sleep that night knowing that things like that exist.

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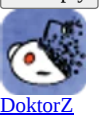

DoktorZ
• 13y ago

You'll be glad to know that was only creepypasta.

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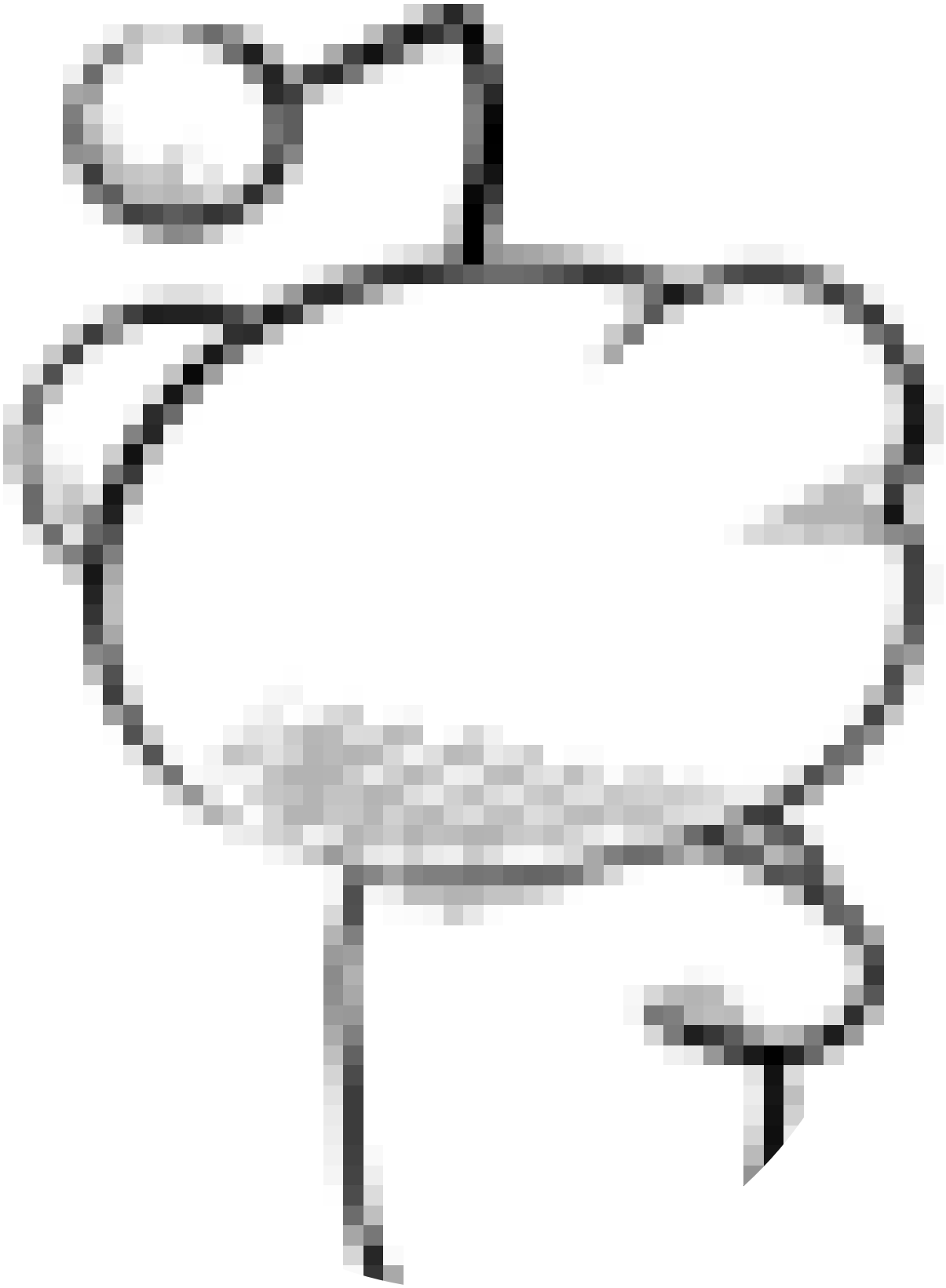

AirplaneStrikesBack
• 13y ago

Years ago I was around 10 years old and home alone; my parents had gone out to dinner or something. I was watching TV, when the phone rang. I answered, and there was a female voice on the other end. She sounded a bit elderly, but it was a calm soothing voice.

She addressed me by name, so I figured it was one of my mom's friends or a relative, but the voice was very unfamiliar. She kept asking how I was doing, and when I asked who it was, she kept saying "just a friend". After a few minutes of this, I was getting really creeped out and thinking of the "the calls are coming from INSIDE THE HOUSE" urban legend. I asked if she was looking for my parents, but she insisted she was just checking to make sure I was ok. At this point I had had enough, and I ran to my neighbor's house and told him everything.

When my parents came home, I told them the story... they were more amused than creeped out I think. We tried *69-ing on the phone, but they told us the number was blocked or something. To this day I don't know who it could have been... definitely wasn't a relative or one of my parents' friends. Perhaps it was a CALL FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!! Really though, I have no idea who it was on the phone. Just weird.

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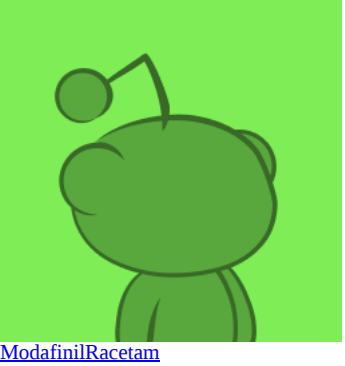

ModafinilRacetam
• 13y ago

This is a story from my parent's, so I cannot corroborate it, but keep in mind that they're terrible liars, and can't keep a straight face for their lives.

Creepy part one:

A little while before I or my older sister were born, my parent's lived in a...somewhat different house. My father had lived in it alone for some time before he got together with my mom, and every night, the closet door would come open.

So, being creeped out by this, he *nailed* the door shut (he had the house to himself, and didn't need the space in the closet.

Every morning, the fucking thing would be open. Nails on the ground.

Creepy part two: I don't know if the house was one or two stories, but I do know that it had a basement, where the washing and drying machines were kept. The basement wasn't fancy--it had dirt floors, in fact--and when they went down there, my parent's **swore** to me that they heard the faint sounds of cult-like chanting.

Eventually, my mom got so freaked out by it that she refused to go down there alone.

Creepy Part Three: Eventually, they got a Rottweiler together. However, he was not yet the 165 lb beast I knew when I was a kid--he was still a puppy.

He would do weird things in the house. He stared and growled at walls, **refused** to go down to the basement, and wouldn't go anywhere near the closet.

One day, my dad went off with a friend, leaving my mom alone with the dog. After night fell, she heard someone whisper "get out of the house", which she brushed off. But it repeated itself, getting louder and crueler, until it was screaming at her.

This was apparently the last straw for her, and she immediately demanded that my dad move out after this.

His friend moved in afterwards, laughing at his stories--and was gone withing a month, admitting there was something wrong about the house.

Now, I'm an athiest and a skeptic, so I don't really buy the "ghost" explanation, and the part where the house told my mom to get out sounds like a bad prank by my dad--but they're terrible liars, and have stuck with this story for *15 or so years*, and my dad's friend has corroborated it.

but frankly, the idea of a crazed person breaking into the house, pulling out nails, setting up speakers to sound like demonic chanting in the basement, and screaming at my mother to get out is plenty creepy enough for me.

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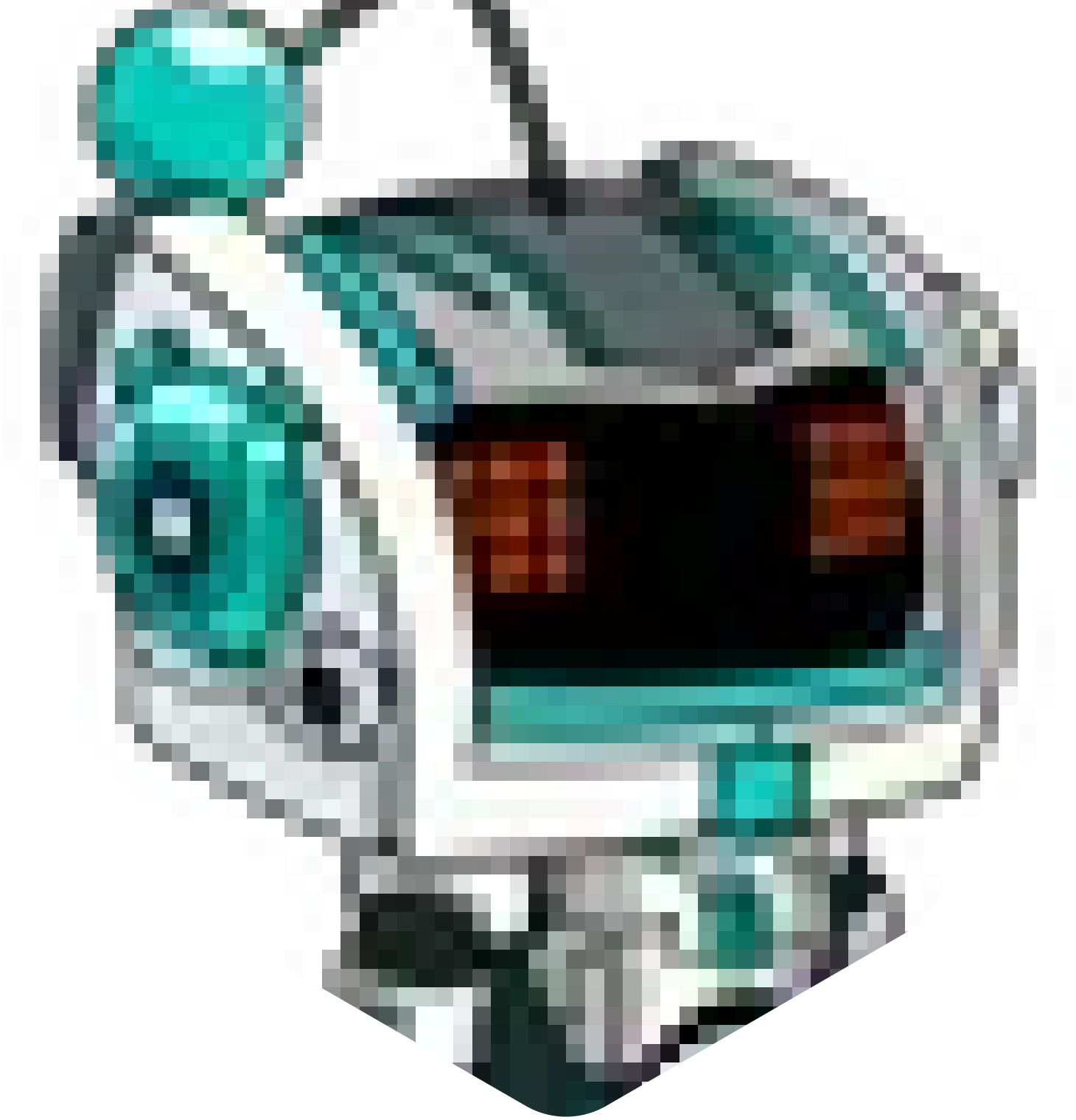

littleempires
• 13y ago

I've had an experience where I've heard someone banging the door from the inside of my closest in my bedroom in the middle of the night, I was the only one home. Another night (a few nights ago) I kept getting woken up, kind of delirious, and out of it I went to the bathroom, I turned my head towards the living room and saw a figure standing there. I passed it off as me sleepy and seeing things. I told my wife the next day joking about me going crazy...she said "OMG! I got woken up to and saw someone standing in our living room too...I thought I was just sleepy and seeing things in my head too...". Another time I went to wal-mart to pick up groceries, while my wife was cooking for us. Apparently while I was gone she went into the bedroom and someone knocked on the door, she went to the front door and no one was there, then she went back to the bedroom and another knock at the door happened. This point Bentley (our dog) was standing in the middle of the kitchen growling at nothing. My wife shrugged it off and started to prepare lasagna, she opened a box of lasagna, put the box on top of the oven and went back to the bedroom, she heard a loud bang in the living room and came out to the lasagna box sitting in the middle of the floor in the living room. She never touched it.
Edit: Replaced my wife's name with "my wife"

VonIsengard
• 13y ago

This happened to my husband about 6-7 years ago. I was already upstairs in bed, he was downstairs on the computer, probably on WoW.

A little backstory: we had joked for months about our harmless "ghost". Things would go missing, in the morning pictures would be tipped over, just inexplicable but not really disturbing stuff. I'm not superstitious so I figure there's an explanation. This story includes my dog so I have to add she is ridiculously well trained, had the highest level AKC obedience title and a therapy dog certification so she was NOT prone to weird behavior.

He gets up to go to bed, locks the door, and hears a low, guttural growl. My dog, Aila is snarling and staring so intently behind him he said his blood ran cold, he thought someone was in the house. He turned to look, and as he turned, Aila lunged, furiously barking, teeth snapping at thin air, behind where he had stood. Her barking actually woke me but I assumed a neighbor walked by our townhouse door or something and went back to sleep.

My husband called her name several times, reaching out to touch her, at which point she snapped out of it, started licking him and whining a bit.

The next day he was still unsettled by it. There is no explanation for it and she has not done anything like this since, and she is nearly 11 now. We have also long since moved out of that townhome.

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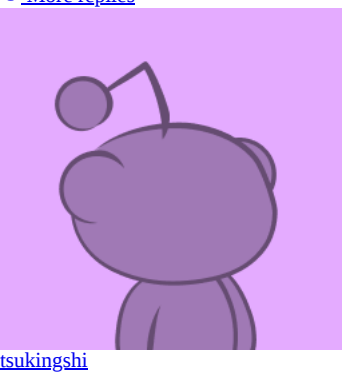

tsukingshi
• 13y ago

After my grandpa died, I had to go to Vietnam for his funeral. Around the house, strange things started to happen. The family dog would wake up in the middle of the night and stare at the door. He would just stare. Then would happily bark and run towards it. It was also tradition to cover all mirrors when someone died. I woke up in the middle of the night from a strange dream, and right when I sat up from my bed, the covers from 2 mirrors fell. These things happened until the 49 days of mourning ended. I was already back in Texas before the 49 days ended so I would see my grandpa in my dreams smoking, holding a gun, or sleeping. I have never seen him smoke in his life, or never even heard of him ever smoking. I told my mom about my dreams and she told me that my grandpa quitted smoking before I was born, and he was in the Vietnam war. I don't see him in my dreams anymore now, but apparently I was the only one "seeing" him.

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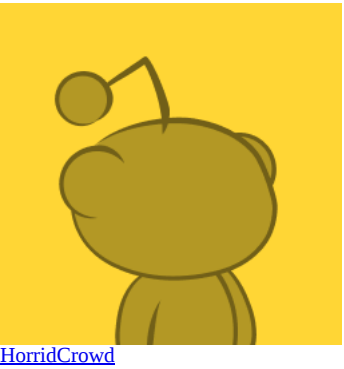
Josht44
• 13y ago

I was 12 years old and it was one of the first times my parents let me stay home "alone" for the night. I knew they weren't coming back until around midnight so I was going to have a blast. We had a two story house where my room was on the bottom with a game room right next to it. So I'm playing video games when I hear someone walking upstairs. I remember my parents telling me to lock the door and that I totally ignored/forgot said advice. So I shut off my GameCube and hide in the bathroom with the door locked and lights out. Then I hear it. This creepy tune the man was whistling. Ill never forget it. He walks carefully down the stairs seemingly taking forever. As the whistling gets closer I'm about to lose what little sanity I have. He wiggles the bathroom door to find it locked. The whistling stops. The next thing I hear is my front door being slammed shut. I stayed locked in the bathroom until my parents came. Pretty creepy shit for a 12 year olds first night home "alone".



HorridCrowd
• 13y ago

This story scares the crap out of me every time I think about it.

I was at my grandparents house one night, my grandmother then came into my room at 3:30 in the morning and told me, "Your grandfather needs your help. Get up". This sort of startled me because she has never done anything like this. I go out to where my grandfather is right outside the door that goes into the garage and he tells me that, "The garage door just went up and down 6 or 7 times we need to check it out." I obviously said alright and we went into the garage only the find the pull-string that prevents the door from opening, which can only be pulled form the inside, was pulled. He looks at me and says, "We have to go outside to fix it so no one can get in". We then head outside and when we rounded the corner to look at the garage the motion lights came on and there seemed to be scratches on the door. He and I fixed the door and went back to bed.

About two weeks after this, I was staying there again and woke up at around 2:30 in the morning to hearing stomping in the kitchen, which is very close to my room. I get up and hear the stomps come closer to my door and stop. I figured that my grandfather was adjusting the thermostat. I opened my door to see what was going on only to find that everyone in the house was asleep and all the lights were turned off. Needless to say, I didn't sleep well that night.

A few weeks passed and I went over there on a weekend because I had nothing better to do. Since it was a weekend I stayed up rather late and fell asleep watching TV on my bed with my door opened. It was about 1:30 in the morning and for whatever reason I woke up without any reason. I look around and realize that I had fallen asleep with the TV on. I looked at my door and at that instance I saw a man-sized figure step out of my doorway and walk down the hall towards the kitchen. I slammed my door and stayed up all night. By this time, I was pretty convinced I had a demon or ghost or something in my grandparents house. I was just relieved that whatever was in their house wasn't following me.

Maybe a month after the last incident happened, I was at my dad's house and I was about to go to sleep. At my dad's I am on the other side of the house from everyone. It was maybe 10:30 at night and I was about to go to sleep. I had laid down, turned my TV off and was drifting to sleep. Then outside of my door, I heard a combination of stomping and a really low sound. This honestly scared the hell out of me. I, in all of my infinite wisdom, decided to see what it was. When I opened my door, I saw the same thing that I saw at my grandparents house. I teared up from fear and left the light on and fitfully tried to sleep. It didn't work well.

Maybe a month and a half had passed after the last incident. I was at a friends house and he and I cleaned out his shed to we could just hang out in there and smoke his hookah. He usually has a lot of peopleover to his house, but this night it was just he and I. We were smoking hookah and were almost finished. We were just listening to some music and I was just sitting there listening to the music when all of the sudden a black flash darted underneath my legs but I didn't feel anything. I start to look around to see if one of his cats came in with us. As I started to look around, I realize that there is no cat in the shed. I start to become afraid on the inside but trying to keep myself outwardly calm. I look up at my friend, who the look of being close to panic and, all he says to me is, "I think something just ran underneath your legs." At this point, I started freaking out because I didn't say anything about it. He told me that he saw it as well. We both ran out of the shed and went into his house and just watched TV until we calmed down and went to sleep.

This was the last time anything like that has happened. This was maybe 8 weeks ago. I saw this question and figured that this could be a good read to someone TL;DR: I have a demon and it's scary

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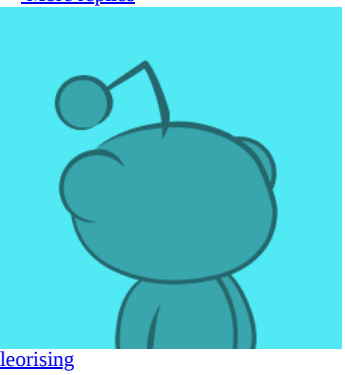

leorising
• 13y ago

Scariest shit I heard was another redditor describing how he was doing a 10 day hike or something in the redwoods and saw no one the entire time.

Came back and got his film developed and there were a couple of pics of him sleeping in his sleeping bag.

Can't find that post but it was creepy as shit.

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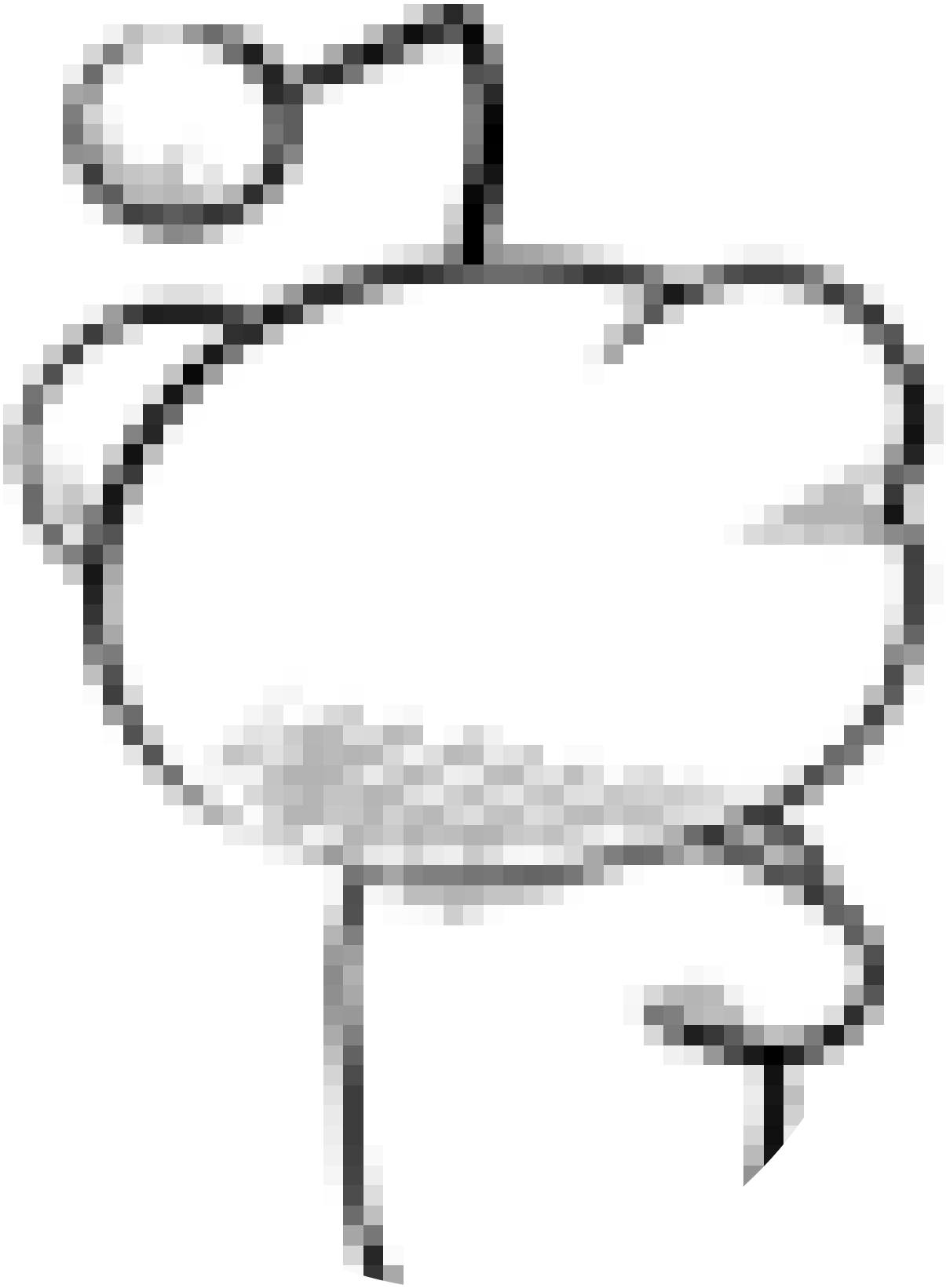

q8p
• 13y ago

I'm late to the party and this was all in my head (literally), but it still sticks with me.

I had just recently had jaw surgery and my jaw was still wired shut. To deal with the pain I was prescribed liquid oxycodone. The pain actually wasn't all that bad, the doctor described the surgery as "perfect" so I guess it being done well equated to less trauma and pain. Anyways. I had only been taking like half doses of the oxycodone whenever my jaw started to ache and even that still made me a bit buzzed, but one night right before it was really starting to hurt so I was just like, okay, it says it right there on the bottle, I'll take the full tablespoon. Well, it certainly got rid of my paint and soon I was tripping pretty hard, but I was so so tired that soon I was out like a light. That night is forever etched in my memory. I don't know what you would call a dream that is only scary when you wake up, but that's what this was.

The entire drug-fueled episode consisted of me being torn apart by myself. I could simultaneously feel myself being violently disemboweled and feel myself doing the disemboweling. And I don't just mean that I was aware of it, I mean *feel* it. I felt it. I can still feel it. It lasted an eternity in my dream and all of reality was just awash in blood and gore and bones, but it was all me. The worst part. The part that still makes me go flush when I remember was that I enjoyed it. It was a distinct feeling of fevered euphoria as my body was rent apart. Just wave after wave of ecstasy and offal.

I woke up terrified and drenched in sweat.

xpensivewino
• 13y ago

My great aunt from Trinidad was a chain smoker. I was little when I knew her and it's pretty much the only thing I remember about visiting her. The day she died, my family's home in Canada wreaked of cigarette smoke to the point we had all the windows open on a freezing cold November day. It lasted one day and then just vanished. My mom assumes she'd just stopped in to say Bye.

gaymy
• 13y ago

Something I heard happened to a girl in student halls in Edinburgh last year - the locks on the halls doors were faulty and so wouldn't always lock securely, but the University didn't take immediate action to fix them. In the meantime, a student went to her en-suite bathroom one night to get ready for bed. As she was brushing her hair in the mirror, she noticed in the reflection that there was a man lying under her bed. She carried on brushing, trying to act as if she hadn't noticed him, then walked out of her room and locked it from the outside, locking the man in. She called the police and when he was arrested, not only was he found to be a known rapist but he also had a knife. Freaked me out for the rest of my stay in halls.. I'm just so glad she dealt with it so logically and got out safe.

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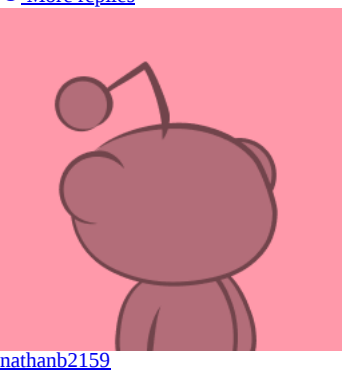

nathanb2159
• 13y ago

An event that happened to me when I was younger, may not be creepy to you, but it sure as hell was creepy for me.

When I was 9, my father and I went camping in the Glass House Mountains in Queensland Australia.

We were camping in a 2 man tent in the middle of the woods.

I woke up in the middle of the night to a light flashing around the outside of the tent, however I couldn't hear any footsteps or movement. The light progressively got faster and faster, at this point I woke my father up and he stepped out of the tent to see what it was, he couldn't see anything near us that could be causing that light.

He said "Fuck it" and took me out of the tent and put me in the front seat of the camper van. He sat in the driver seat and we both went back to sleep.

I woke up again about an hour or so later to a man staring at me from the windscreen of the van. He stared at me for what seemed to be an eternity. I tried waking my father up, as he was waking up the man walked away.

I told my father and he got out of the van to see if anyone was around. He found no one.

He then got back in the van and we then drove off to find a motel to stay at.

To cheer me up he started running over cane toads on the way out of the woods. (odd way to cheer a 9 year old up to be honest)

Apologies about the grammar and sentence structure.

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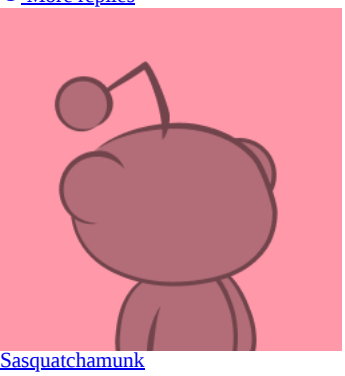

Sasquatchamunk
• 13y ago

Maybe last year or the year before, I slept in a different room (same house) than I did before. At the time, I didn't have a bedframe; I just slept on a mattress which was on the floor next to a children's bunk bed, facing the closet door of our small room (I shared the room with my two sisters). One night, I feel asleep maybe around 12 or 1? It wasn't terribly late. I only slept for a few hours, I think, because when I woke up, it was still dark and I assumed everyone was asleep because it was deathly quiet. Now, I was and still am a kind of fearful person, and this was only a short time after I had seen Zombieland for the first time, so I was fucking terrified. I was always sure to keep my door closed and fuck it all if I had to pee in the middle of the night--nothing terrified me more than the thought of opening the door to go to the bathroom and seeing a zombie shamble by. Of course, I knew this was my imagination screwing me over, but it still scared me. That being said, it scared the shit out of me when I woke up and it was still dark, late, and no one was awake, and yet my door was open--wide open, as well as the closet door. I couldn't see what, if anything, was in the closet, as the hinges were on the right side of the doorframe and he door opened towards me. I remember being far too scared to actually get up and check why the doors were open, so I just stayed still, in my bed, not making a peep and holding onto my blankets for dear life. My cat, Gatito, always slept next to me, and tonight was no difference. He sat crouched on a folded blanket beside my bed, and he was wide awake as well, now. He seemed confused and a little scared, and was staring at the open closet door. This was uncharacteristic for him, which only made the situation even more frightening. I've considered that maybe my dad was in there, daggering out some old clothes or something, but the closet was pretty small the go with the small room; there wasn't really any room for a person to be in there and not be seen or heard, even with how the door was opened. The light wasn't even on in there! After a few tense minutes of just sitting there, terrified, looking back and forth between my cat and the closet, my cat got up and, in crouched-cat-attack-mode (like when two cats are about to pounce at each other, y'know?) and walked cautiously over to the closet. He peeked around the door inside, stood for a moment and stared, and darted out of the room. I could swear I almost shit myself then. No one was awake, the doors were open, it was still dark, and even the brave old cat was at least a little scared of whatever the fuck was in there. I don't know exactly how I managed to fall asleep after that, but eventually I did, and you can bet your ass I didn't get up to close either door or check what may have been in the closet. The next morning I was a little less scared about it; everyone was awake and t was brighter out now, so when I woke up, I finally took a look in the closet--nothing. To this day, I have no clue what was in there; it had to have been something to freak out the cat like that.

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AmbystomaMexicanum
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

It's hilarious now, but at the time it scared the shit out of me.

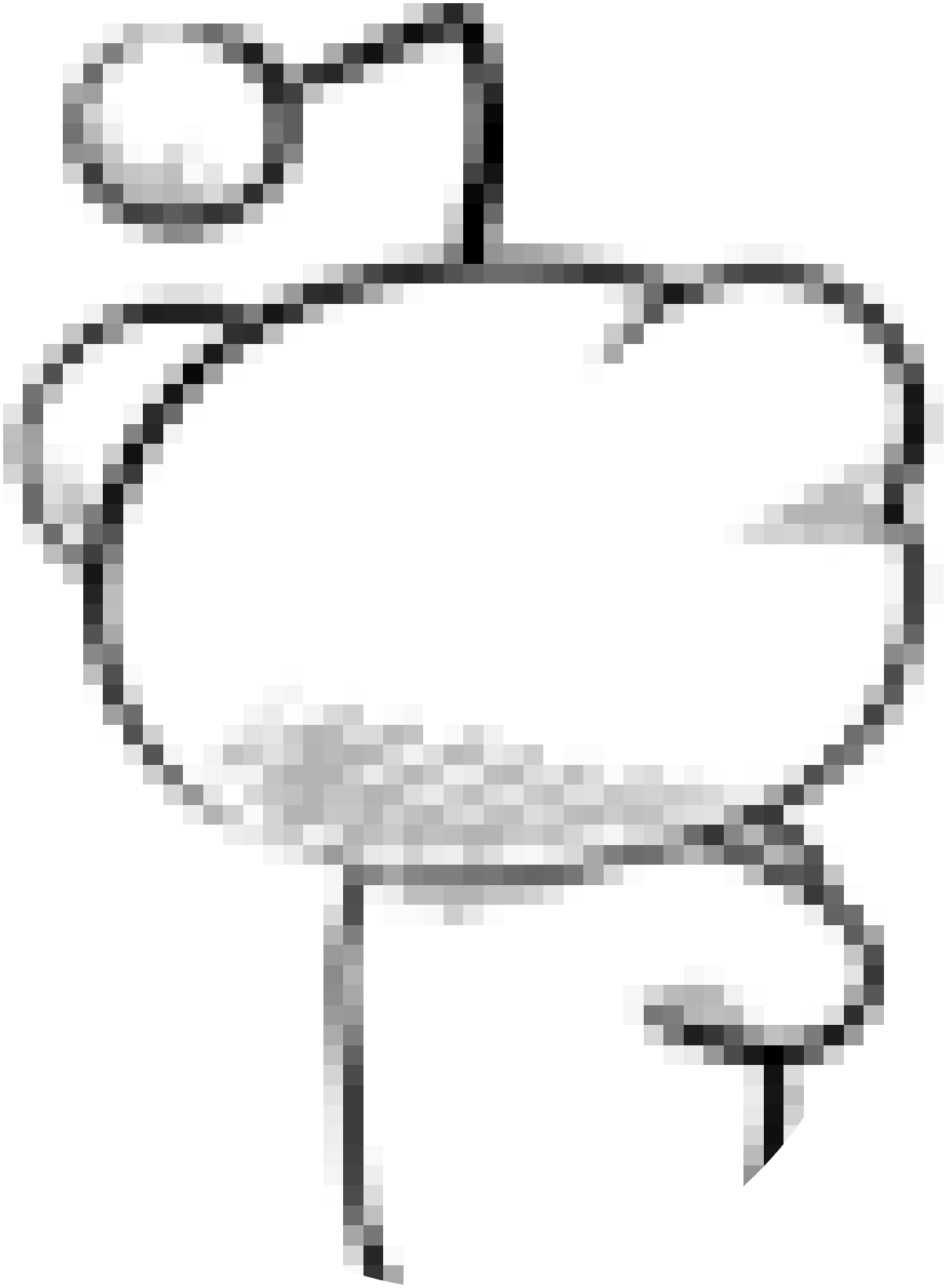
I was in Paris on a school trip my senior year, and we were sitting on the fairly-full metro, headed back to the hotel after dinner. At one of the stops, some guys get on, one of them carrying a large, black, square-ish thing with a handle on top. One of them starts speaking in French very loudly and quickly, clearly addressing everyone in the car. None of us could speak French well enough to understand what they were saying (they didn't offer it at my school) and the only person who would have been able to understand them was our tour guide, who was at the front of the car, out of sight. Obviously, we thought they were going to blow up the train or something. What happened next is something I will never forget. All of a sudden, loud techno music starts playing and the guys start dancing. Then they start *stripping*. They danced up and down the car taking off various articles of clothing until they were wearing nothing but their underwear. The train stopped and they got off, still undressed and carrying the speaker with the music still blasting. Our tour guide later explained that they had said they were out-of-work "actors" and that they were accepting donations.

Tl;dr: Thought some sketchy guys on the metro were French terrorists. They were strippers.

Edit: I have pictures. http://imgur.com/a/F4TkC

Bdragonsky
• 13y ago

When I was young I went down stairs one night to get some water and I found that the TV was on, but it was on a channel with no signal so you know it looked like a snow storm on the screen. Anyways being the youngster that I was I said "Who's there?" and then all of a sudden the TV just shuts off.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Scariest thing to ever happen to me was while peeing. I was taking a piss in a bathroom with no windows. Mid stream, one of the lights does that "bright flash, burn out." I pissed all over the toilet. Got my heart racing an for the longest time I didn't use that bathroom in fear of it happening twice.

Shroomiedoom
• 13y ago

This probably wont scare too many people, but it made my heart drop a bit. I used to go to school at Santa Monica college years ago. I've since moved to the northern part of the state. Once in April I got an automated voice message letting me know that there was a bomb threat on campus. I haven't gone there in years, so I just sent a text to nearby friends to avoid the campus like the plague. Nothing ever came of it, and I almost considered it to be a joke- it sounded almost fake. This morning I got a call stating that a possible shooter has been sighted on the campus and to stay inside and lock all doors. Again, I didn't think much of it. I just got a phone call and hearing that creepy robotic voice made my stomach drop. All the message said was that "councilors will be available to help students and faculty starting today in ____ building" and continued on other times they would be available. A quick google search confirmed. :/

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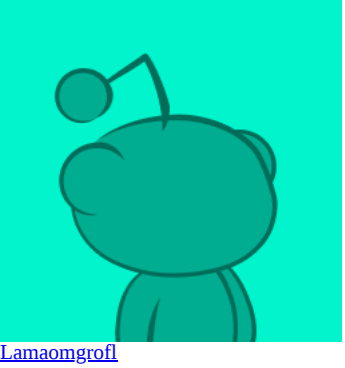

Lamaomgrofl
• 13y ago

I was 8 years old, and I finally got to have my own room. Adorned it with posters, toys and other stuff a typical 8 year old has.

During the day, that room was the best place to be, but at night things just got fucked up. My room had this window, which faced out towards the house next door and the street. And I didn't know why, but at around 12-2 AM I would hear noises. Freaky noises. They first sounded like creaks, slowly getting louder and louder, like someone was walking on some worn out floorboards or something. After some time, they increased in intensity and frequency, like that person was sprinting across such a floor, and damn, I was scared at that time. I would huddle in my blankets and wait until the noises ended.

Alas, those creaks were only the beginning. After the creaking noises had gone out, they would be joined by moans and snarls, and eventually, screams. Just like the creaks, they would be barely noticeable at first, but after sometime they got so loud that it was like they were right next to me. This sequence of noises went on for an hour or so, always around the same time each day, and needless to say my 8 year old self was scared shitless, thinking that some infernal hellspawn was preying on those outside and soon enough I would be next.

For the next 5 years, I had to listen to those noises every single day. Sometimes they would get so loud that I would often be jarred out of sleep by them, and eventually one day I decided to check out what was happening.

At around 1 30 AM that night, I heard no noises, and saw nothing in the night. I was convinced that I had somehow managed to scare away the beast with my bravado (13 year old me was kind of dumb). I decided to go to call it a night and look for the source tomorrow, and it was at that moment that I heard them begin.

Suddenly, finding the source of the noises didn't seem like a good idea, and I was mentally cursing myself for my stupidity. After an internal debate, and in a fit of sleep deprived bravery, I flung aside the curtains, and saw...

My neighbors. Their shadows anyways. It looked like they were jumping around the room or something, and then suddenly my mind pieced everything together. They were having sex. Loud, noisy, weird sex. The creaks were made by their motions on the bed, while the moans and screams were coming from the wife.

Needless to say, I always felt weird meeting them after this incident.

TL;DR: Neighbors were having weird, noisy sex, scared the shit out of 8 year old me and plagued me for the next 5 years or so.

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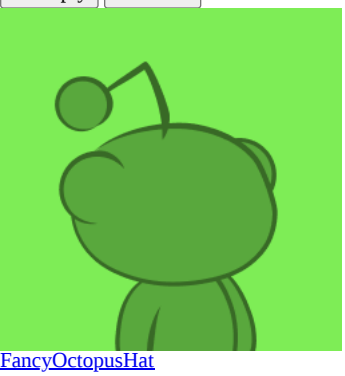

FancyOctopusHat
• 13y ago

My boyfriend has night terrors sometimes. Creepy things he has woken me up with:

Hiss of panic "What the fuck is *crawling across the ceiling*?!???"

Shakes me awake "Baby there's someone in the room ...looking at us!!!"

Grabs my arm and stares into my eyes and whispers... "Who is this?"

I am fully prepared to wake up calm in the event of a home invasion or zombie apocalypse.

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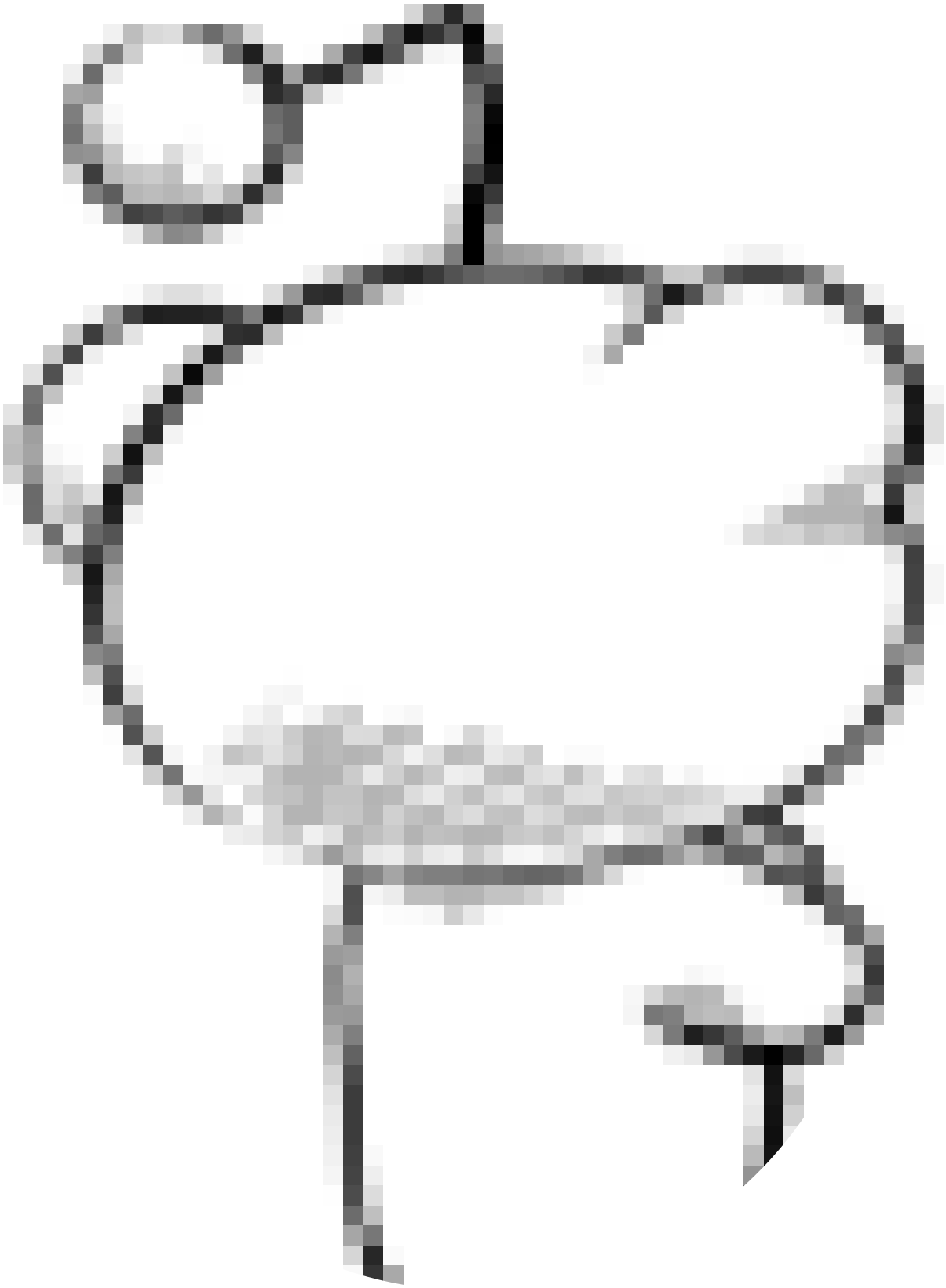

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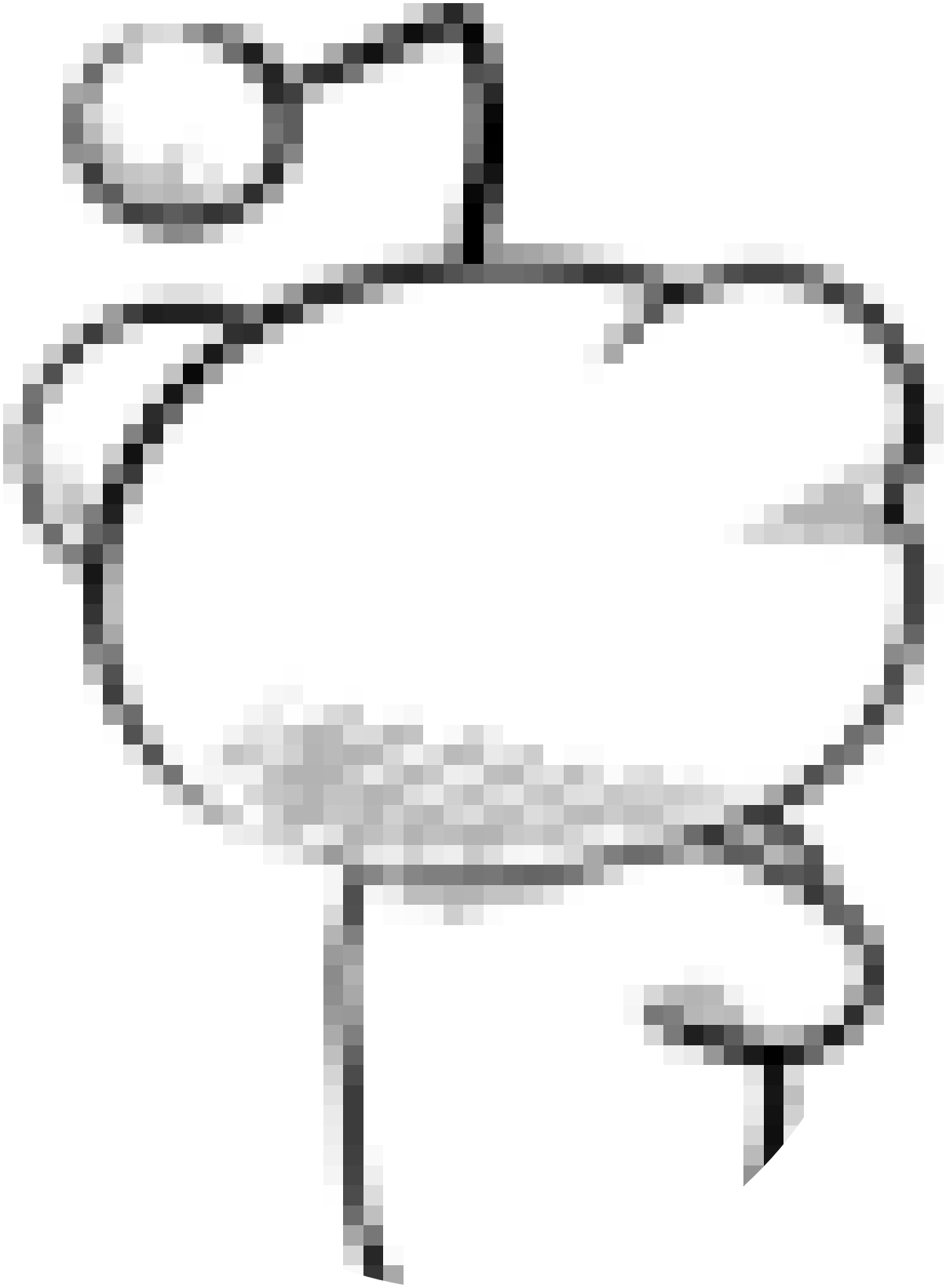
• 13y ago

Not really creepy, but horrible. When I was a kid, fourth grade, I had a friend that lived in the nastiest part of town but at the time, all I thought was that it was just a neighborhood with cracked streets. Pretty effin' common around California, certain areas just get no road maintenance.

Anyway, I'm sleeping over and all of the sudden at like 2 in the morning, I hear this woman shouting in the alley behind the house. I could hear her running down and as she got closer to the house, I could hear her shouting things like "No!" and "Get away from me!" Well, her attacker caught her right near the house because I essentially got premium audio of a woman being attacked and raped for at least fifteen minutes. It scared the fucking shit out of me and I remember wanting to call the police so bad I was almost in tears, but my friend's mother wouldn't allow it, saying it was best to not get involved with the police.

Fuck *that* shit! I call the goddamn police all the time now. I was talking to a friend recently too who made a comment about not getting involved because I might get killed. I'm not running into fights left and right like some wannabe superhero, but if I hear a pretty nasty-sounding altercation (or worst case scenario, some person being savagely attacked asking for *help*) I'm going to at least call the police. I can't just not act anymore.



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• 13y ago

That is so messed up she wouldn't even anonymously get that woman some help.

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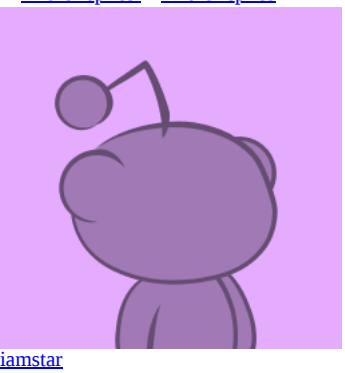

iamstar

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The scariest event in my life (aside from nightmares) is the few months that I rented an old condo (creaky stairs, old wallpaper, and cupboards) in Phoenix with my husband. The first week was fine, just a kind of eerie unfamiliar feeling, then at night actually every night I would hear foot steps coming up the stairs and stop at my bedroom door. Our bedroom was the first room at the top of the stairs... I told my husband and he shook it off and thought I was just hearing things. Every night I would stay awake and wait for the steps, I was in constant fear that one night they would continue on into our room and that hell would follow. i told my mother about my problem and she gave me a claddagh ring made of malachite (supposedly wards off evil), and it comforted me quite a bit when home alone. One day I was getting ready for a shower and I took my ring off and placed it on my tv (huge projection screen) and took my showering thinking nothing of it. After I was dry and clothed I went down stairs to retrieve my ring and it had vanished! I freaked out and started searching everywhere thinking maybe one of my large dogs had knocked it down. I frantically searched for about an hr then i sat on my floor and cried. When i stopped crying i called my mom and told her what had happened and when i turned around towards my tv what i saw made my blood run cold. There my ring was, just where i had left it prior to my shower. I reached for it and dropped to my knees and put it on no sooner did I hear my toilet seat upstairs slam down terribly hard. I was horrified. I wanted to move, but sadly we didn't have the funds to break our lease. Things were fairly calm for a while (except the footsteps) until one day my sister came to visit me. We stayed up late watching movies and snacking, I got up to go to the bathroom and as I was walking up the stairs I heard and FELT someone say 'fucking slut' into my ear as clear as bells. I screamed and crumpled down, my sister asked what happened (obviously thinking I had fell). I asked her what someone on the tv had just said thinking maybe I heard that but it was no where close to what I heard... And when I say I felt it, I mean I felt someone ls breath on my face when I heard those words, as it someone had leaned in and whispered harshly... I moved soon after, I felt depressed and paranoid constantly. Much happier away from that place. Never could find any records of abnormalities at the condo. Still, im glad to be rid of it.

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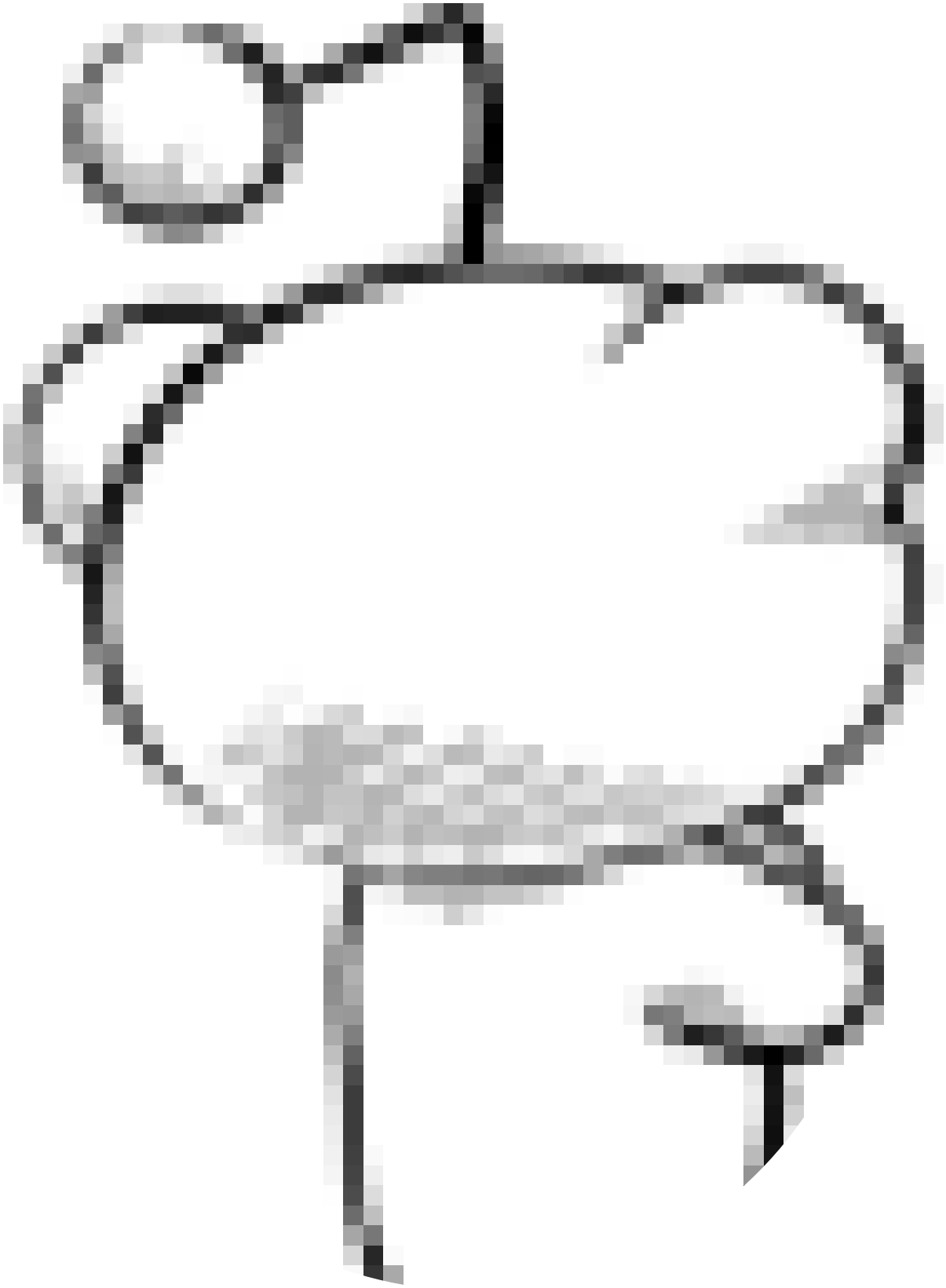

[deleted]
• 13y ago

Nobody has posted this yet... so here you go. Ever hear of Ted the Caver?

Sleep tight.

http://www.angelfire.com/trek/caver/

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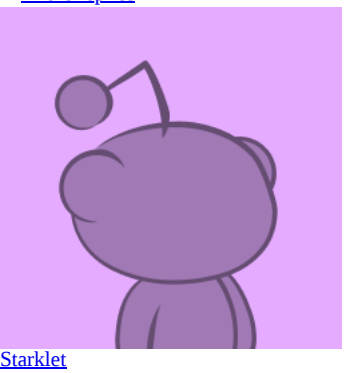

Starklet
• 13y ago

This may not get too noticed but ill tell it anyway.

Once I took some melatonin before bed to help me sleep. I guess I took to much because I was hallucinating all night. I woke up once and looked to the feet of my bed... To see a short hooded figure standing there. I think "wtf is that?".

All of the Sudden this thing grabs my feet from under the covers and starts pulling me off the bed. I'm laying there in disbelief as this creature pulls me farther and farther; I can hear the cracking of bones in my feet as his grip tightens. There's this high pitch screeching noise that get louder and louder. "This can't be happening" I say to myself over and over.

And just before he drags me into who knows what terrible abyss, I wake up.

Another story:

I was going to the bathroom to brush my teeth, I was maybe 12 years old. This was in the middle of the night; everyone was sleeping. On the way to the bathroom I look out the window to see this small animal-like figure walk across the view of the window. It kinda freaked me out.

I went into the bathroom nonetheless. As I was brushing my teeth, something starts clawing the window screen from the outside viciously, like its trying to get into my house and take me to the horrible dimension it came from. It scares me half to death. I run out of the bathroom so fast I thought I had teleported.

I soon build up the courage to look out the door in the back yard... And my cat comes slinking in.

These are both true and bring back shivers as I write this.

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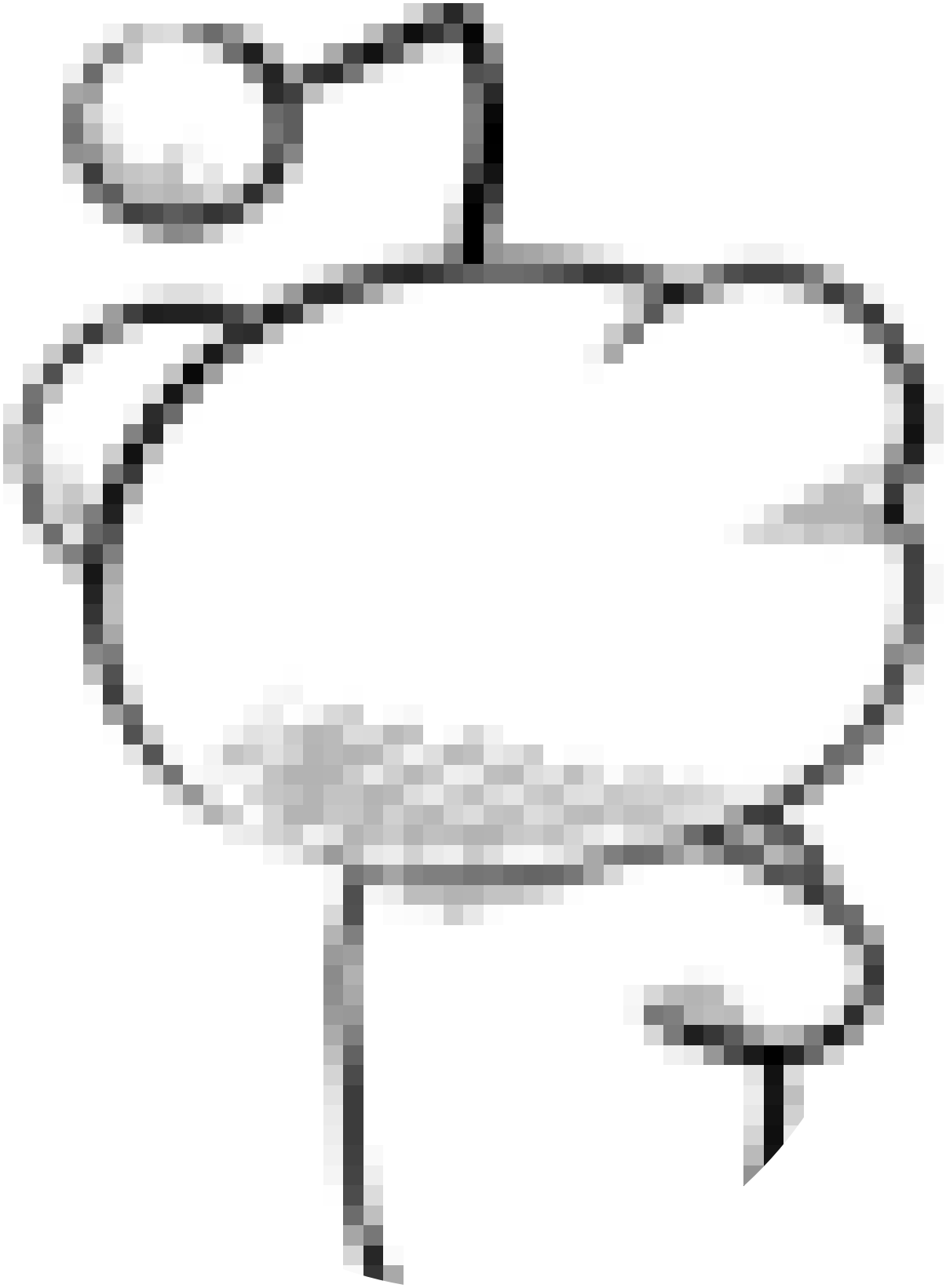

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• 13y ago

In college, right before I graduated, I lived in a house with a couple other people, but on this one particular night I was the only one home. Set up: Because I was going to be moving soon I had lots of boxes around my room. I also have a cat.

So I was alone in the house one night, already asleep when something wakes me and I hear a thump one of the boxes in my room. I just assumed it was the cat playing and started to drift back to sleep. Then I felt the cat on the bed next to me. She was crawling onto me. But as she kept crawling I started to think "this is too heavy to be my cat." So I opened my eyes and saw an arm across me. I turned my head and looked up into a face staring down at mine. My fight-of-flight instinct failed me and all I did was say "What the hell. Who are you?" And he/she calmly got up and walked out my bedroom door. I called the police but they didn't find anyone and weren't able to determine how someone got in.

Some people have suggested that it was a nightmare, but I know that it actually happened because I had to get out of bed to close bedroom door after he/she walked out, and I always slept with the door closed. To this day I can never be sure if this was a legit bedroom intruder or a ghost. But I never slept in that room again.

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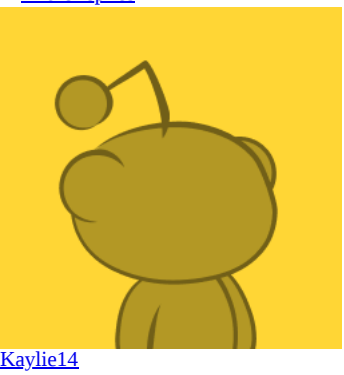

Kaylie14
• 13y ago

This is my dad's story. He was sleeping with my step mom and had a dream that he was naked, alone, and in the fetal position in the same bed. In his dream he kept rocking back and forth saying, "please God just get it away from me. Please just make it go away." He woke up and thought 'get what away from me?' After a few seconds, he heard in what he described the most deep, dark voice coming from the back of his bed that drew out the word 'god' and said, "who are you to say that God is real".. He said he froze there and just waited for morning. While my step mom was cooking, he was sitting at the table and asked her as casually as he could, "did you hear anything strange last night?" Wondering if it was his imagination. She turned around with tears running down her face saying she heard it too.

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Defengar
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My great grandfather was an American army medic in WW1. He told me once that he became buddies with a British soldier who had been fighting since the beginning of the war.

Apparently the British guy told my great grandfather that once during the battle of the Somme (a three month battle in 1916 that resulted in over 1,000,000 casualties) during an unusually quiet night him and his squad mates had been keeping watch in the trenches when they saw something moving out in the no mans land. It was something tall, thin, and completely shrouded in dark material. He said it seemed to glide across the ground, and ever so often it would stop, and kneel (he was pretty sure it must have been stopping at dead soldiers). After only a minute or two he said it seemed to fade into the darkness like it had never existed. He, and the rest of the men around him were all to terrified to call out or take a shot at it.

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dumdum1
• 13y ago

I found a sex tape of my parents once.

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Penguinsaretheshit
• 13y ago

This was never a scary or creepy memory, but for those who I have told they have all been freaked out by it.

It happened back when I was young maybe about 6 or 7 and I live in East London in a council house. One day my mum and my aunt were in the living room and I went upstairs. All my other siblings and father was out so it was just us three. Anyways I went up stairs to my sisters room and she had one of those high beds with a desk underneath and me being short I couldn't see very well on the bed but I could see a a figure of a girl laying down. Thinking it was my sister I called her name, I called her name a couple of times and she didn't answer so I thought she was asleep. So I carried into my room blah blah anyways 30 min later our dog Jack was going crazy so I came out my room and saw that he was in my sisters room growling and going crazy at the bed. So my mum and my aunt run upstairs with a bat and a knife, and I went "mum he's probably growling at Alex" (my sister) but then she said "no, Alex is out with your dad". When I look in that bed there wasn't anyone there.

So yeah creepy for some but when I look back on it, it isn't for me. Also I've written this on my phone, so bad grammar, formatting you know why.

Reply Share

drteq
• 13y ago

I grew up near a pretty massive storm drainage system that ran through the city. We would ride our bikes (flash lights taped to handle bars) all through these systems. Occasionally we would explore upstream (areas of the tunnel that didn't seem to go anywhere or make sense). It was easy to get lost for awhile, but as long as you rode 'down stream', you could usually find your way out pretty easily.. and worse case scenario you could pop open a manhole and hope nobody ran you over. Although the manholes were often miles apart, so a quick exit was never assured.

We found graffiti that read 'Turn back or die!' We kept following and found a room where many tunnels ran together with all kinds of 'Satanic' worship, bones and altars, candles and such. It mostly seemed like a sham, as I'd seen a lot of 'pretend' stuff and over the top wanna be goth kids so that didn't scare me much.

We heard something coming from a connecting tunnel, looked over and it was 3 or 4 guys in robes running towards us waving machetes.

I have never ridden a bike faster than that day. It was like playing F-Zero.

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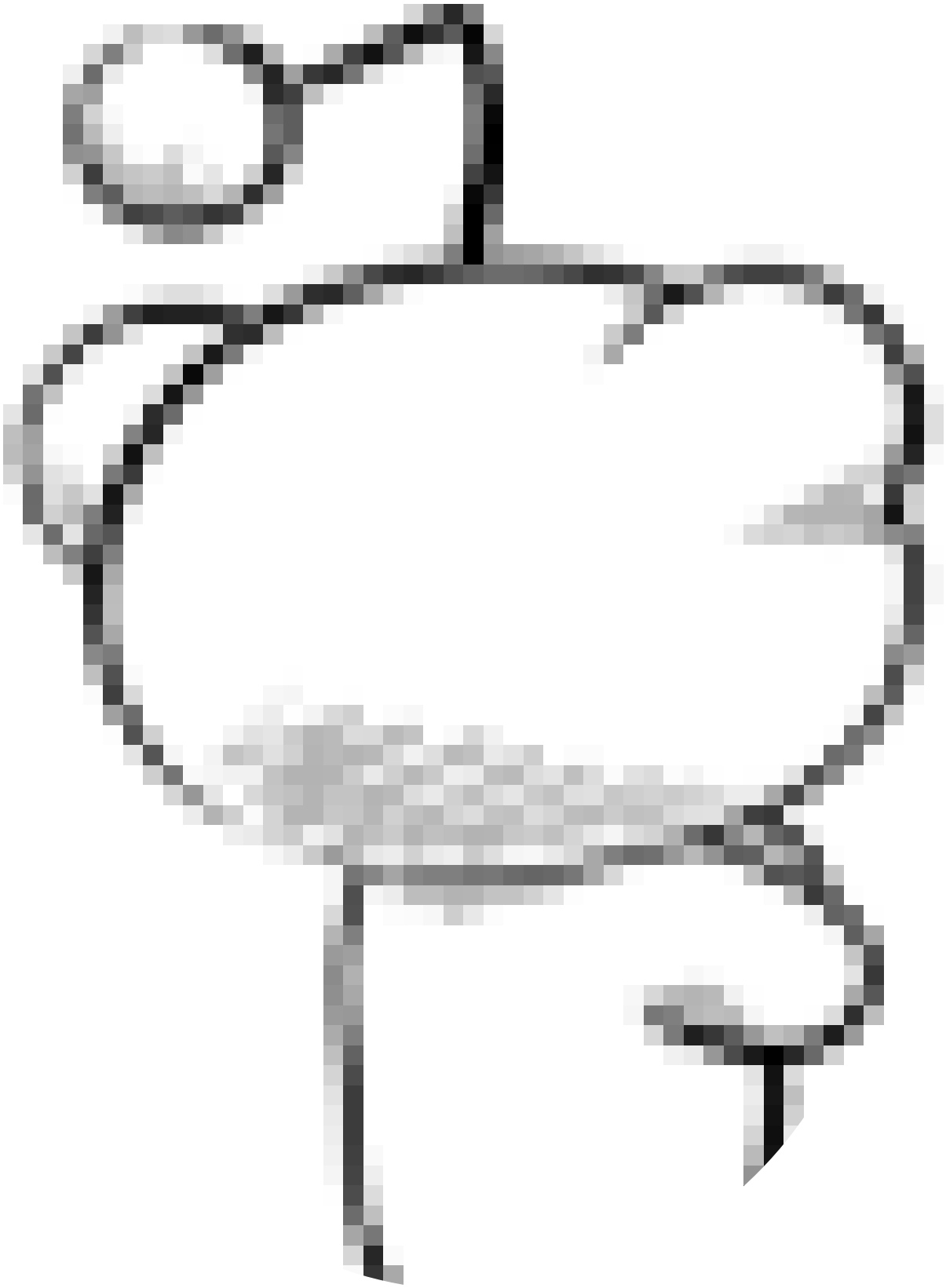

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• 13y ago

I was sitting in my room the other day and all of a sudden, I hear what sounds like a bookcase falling over on the other side of the house. I went to look for it, couldn't find it. I looked for the dog and cat, but they were in the bathroom across from my room, nowhere close to the sound. I figured I would ask my mom, who was outside near the room it sounded like the sound came from and my sister, who was near my room; neither of them had any idea what I was talking about. I was on edge for the rest of the day

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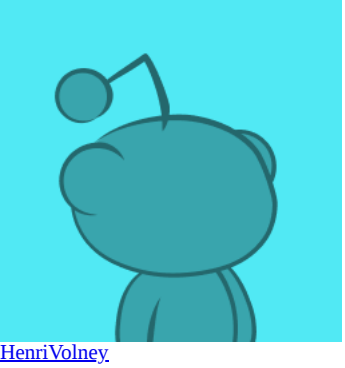
GeekAndDestroy
• 13y ago

The night I saw the tooth fairy.

When I was a kid, I woke up one night after being jostled by the tooth fairy retrieving her prize. I took a peak as she walked out of the room. What I saw was the back of a woman with long brown hair. She was completely naked, and had wings made of skin, like something out of a horror movie. Almost like the skin was wax that had been melted over the bone, and dripping off. My mom had/has short blonde hair and a different physique, and no other woman in the household.

To this day, I still believe in the tooth fairy, and I know to be scared. My pillow is always booby trapped, just in case she returns.



HenriVolney
• 13y ago

Well, I studied human history for several years and pretty much everything I learned was scarier than any horror movie.

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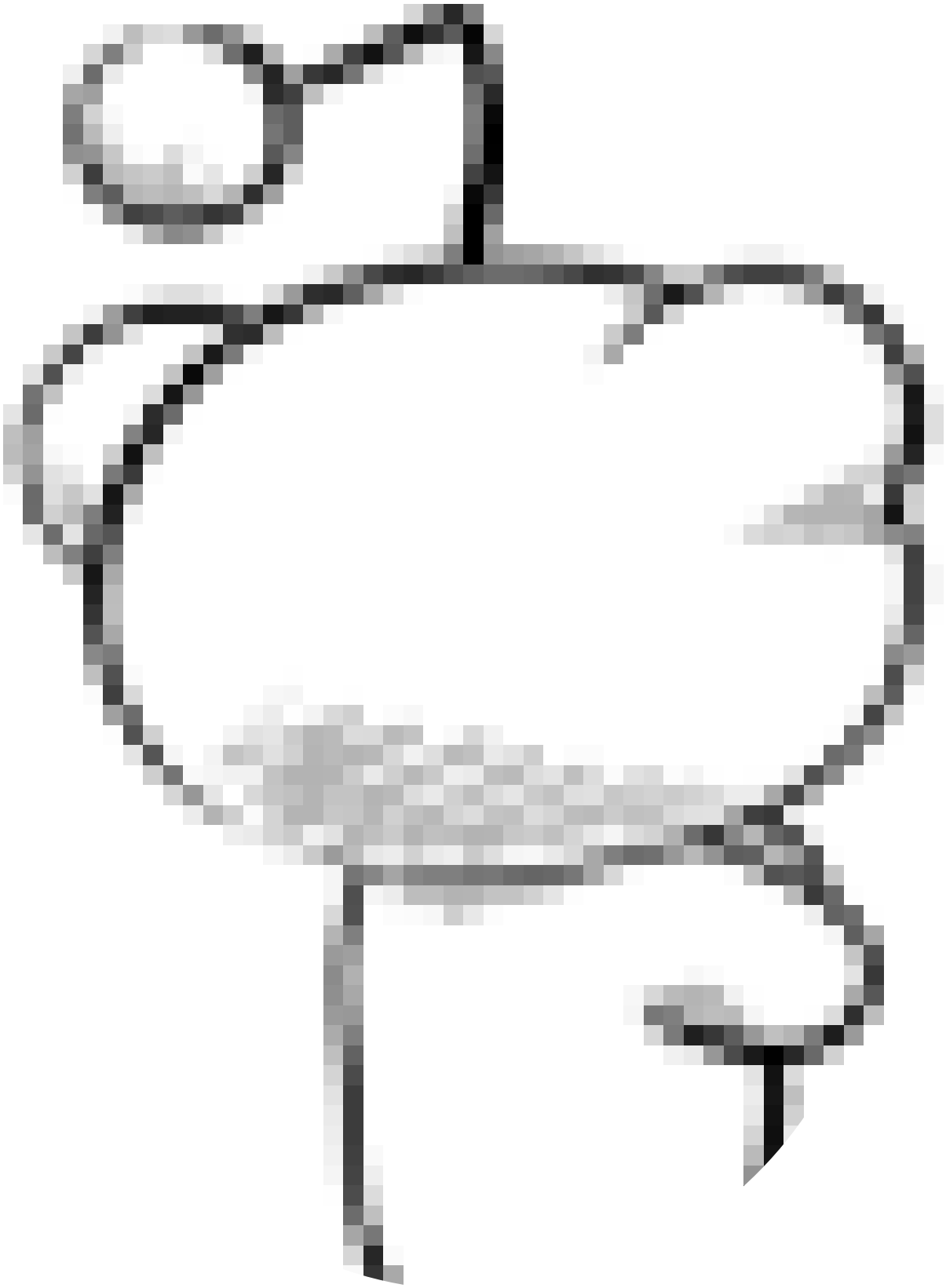

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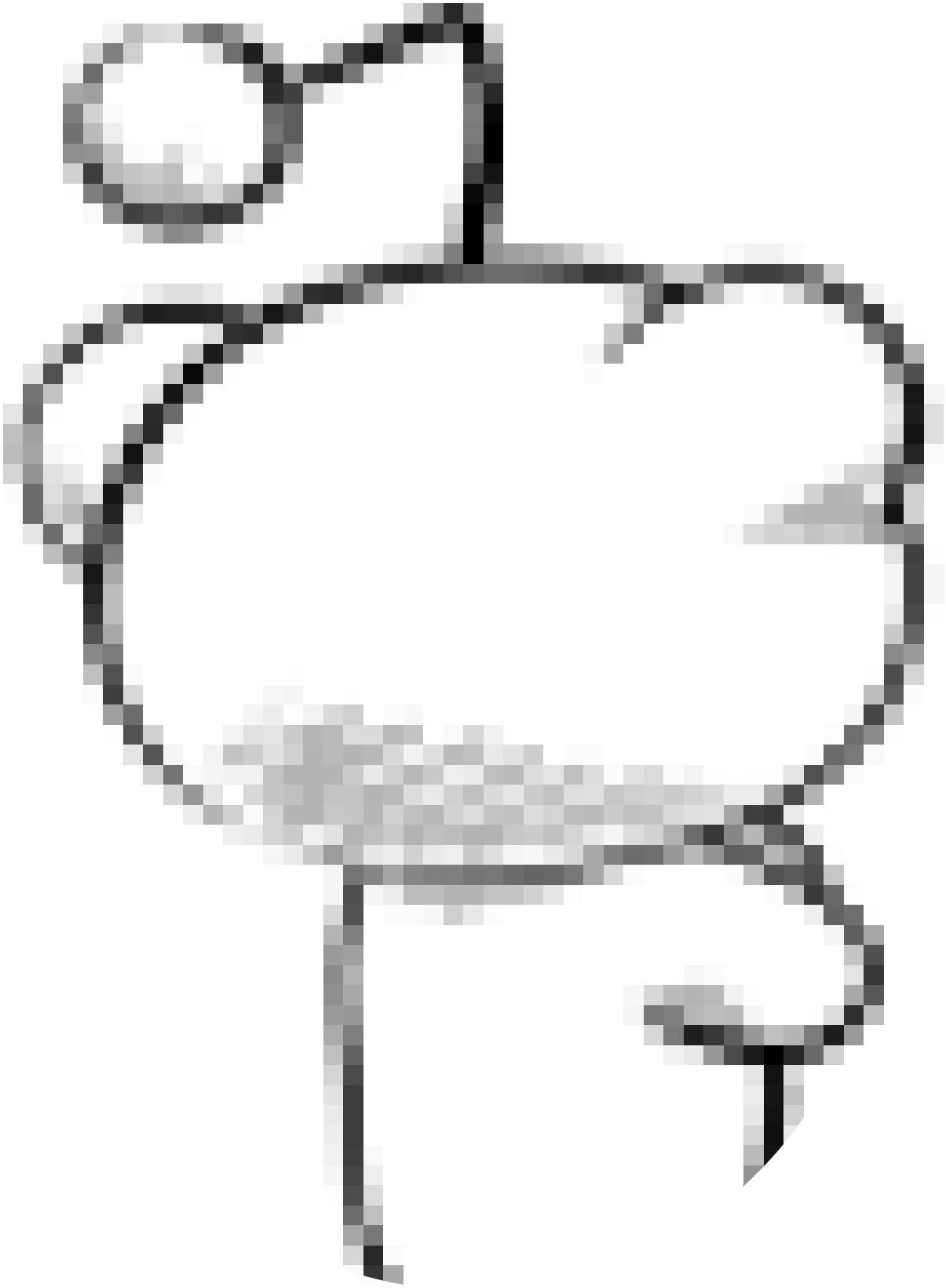
• 13y ago

When I was 8 years old my mom brought my brother and I back to her home village in the Philippines. As kids the first thing we noticed was a female dog and its male offspring and we played with the two with our cousin. A few days later I wake up one morning and I hear crying and I go outside to see the mother dog hanging from a tree. I was so shocked the image is still in my head. I asked my mom why? Who would do this? They said they did because its what's for dinner (made me realize what is poor and how spoiled we were as kids in north america) but I still heard the crying. I found my cousin hiding under the house. He found the male offspring burrowed himself in the ground and he was holding the dog crying. I've never seen so much compassion and sadness in my life.

PurpleParasite
• 13y ago

Picture the scene: I've just had my wisdom teeth out, I'm a solid [8] on all the shit they put me on. I'm in a full on fuck the system high, Pepsi out of Coke glasses, taking pictures with flash in museums mode. My mom is like, no you gotta lay down and put these sandpaper cotton balls in your mouth here's Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets. Now I don't know if you've ever watched that movie on drugs but it is the scariest thing I've ever seen. I literally shit myself. That ghost voice shit with the cat blood or whatever everywhere *Shudders*



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When I was 12, my 8-year-old sister and I visited my grandparents' ranch house in west Texas for a week or so in the summer. We slept in the spare bedroom which had a HUGE 4 poster king-sized bed, which my sister and I shared. Across from the foot of the bed was a dresser-type thing with a mirror attached up against the wall. One night, a rather loud thunderstorm came upon us. It didn't really bother me. I always liked falling asleep to the sound of rain and thunder. So, I drifted off to sleep and was rudely awoken by my sister covering my mouth. I was about to yell at her to cut the shit when I saw the look of absolute horror in her eyes and the tears on her face. I was confused. Was she scared of the storm? Did she have a bad dream? Just confused at this point. The storm was still raging outside and intermittent lighting would flash through the window, illuminating the whole room. She put a finger to her lips and pointed to the foot of the bed. The bed was REALLY tall, so at first I saw nothing. Then I noticed the mirror attached to the dresser. It was old and decrepit, and the mirror had a slight forward tilt. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I began to see *something* on the floor at the foot of the bed. Then came the lightning, Illuminating the room just long enough to show me a man, lying in the fetal position on the floor. His back was to the mirror, and he was somewhat underneath the bed. *Well*, I thought. *This is how I'm going to die.* Adrenaline kicked in and I grabbed my sister and flew out the door, shutting it, and ran into my grandparents' room. Trying my best to remain calm, I explained what I saw. Then immediately, my grandfather grabbed his revolver off the bedside table (fuckin' Texas) and told us to stay there. We heard through the wall, him busting into our room only to find it empty. He searched the house to find nobody, except water was all over the floor. His verdict was that the man we saw was a borderjumper taking refuge in the house to avoid the storm. My grandparents' ranch was in Texas about 2 hours from the border, so they have had a few run-ins with illegals in their time. But shit man. As a 12-year-old, I was certain this vato was going to shank me. Even now as a grown man, revisiting that house gives me chills.

TL;DR An illegal immigrant snuck into my bedroom during a thunderstorm, thus freaking me the fuck out.

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coheedcollapse
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Well known here - but the Jonestown Death Tape always freaks me out. The final 44 minutes before Jim Jones and over 900 members of his cult commit suicide. The worst is hearing those kids crying in the background and knowing that their parents have willfully fed them deadly poison. Second worst is hearing all of those people clapping, applauding, amen-ing, and cursing dissenters when it's becoming more and more obvious what Jones is leading up to.

I made the mistake of listening to it alone in a dark room. I don't think I've ever been so sad/scared/disturbed in my life.

1 more reply

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littlehobbit
• 13y ago

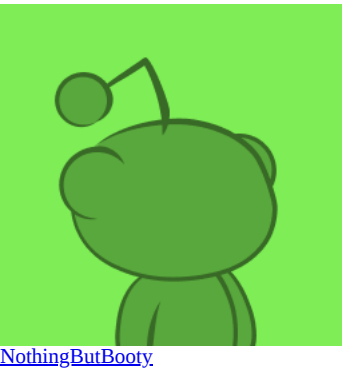
A few years ago, my uncle was dying from pancreatic cancer. The day that he died, I was woken up by the a loud crash coming from the living room at about 4 am. Not a minute after the crash, my phone rang. It was my mom telling me her brother had just died.

When the phone call was over, I headed over to the living room to find someone had thrown a rather large stone through the window.

At 4 am. The moment my uncle died.

CabooseMSG
• 13y ago

This isn't my story, but one of my friend's. Me and my friend work at a local grocery store that used to be the local hospital. He's a manager, and one night he was closing up. The back storage area and freezer is scary enough as it is, but being in the store, all alone, at night is the icing on the scary cake. So he was in the back, turning off the lights and locking the doors, when he saw something block the reflection on this watermelon cart. So this cart is super bright yellow, bright enough to see blurry reflections in, but the reflection was blocked by something, so he turned around to see if any of the employees came back for some reason or if a customer wandered in to the back. He saw nothing though, so he opened to door back into the store area, and as he walked out into the aisles he heard banging on the freezer. The freezer he just locked. He opened the freezer door, saw nothing, and said he noped the fuck out of there without even locking it back up. Old hospitals man...



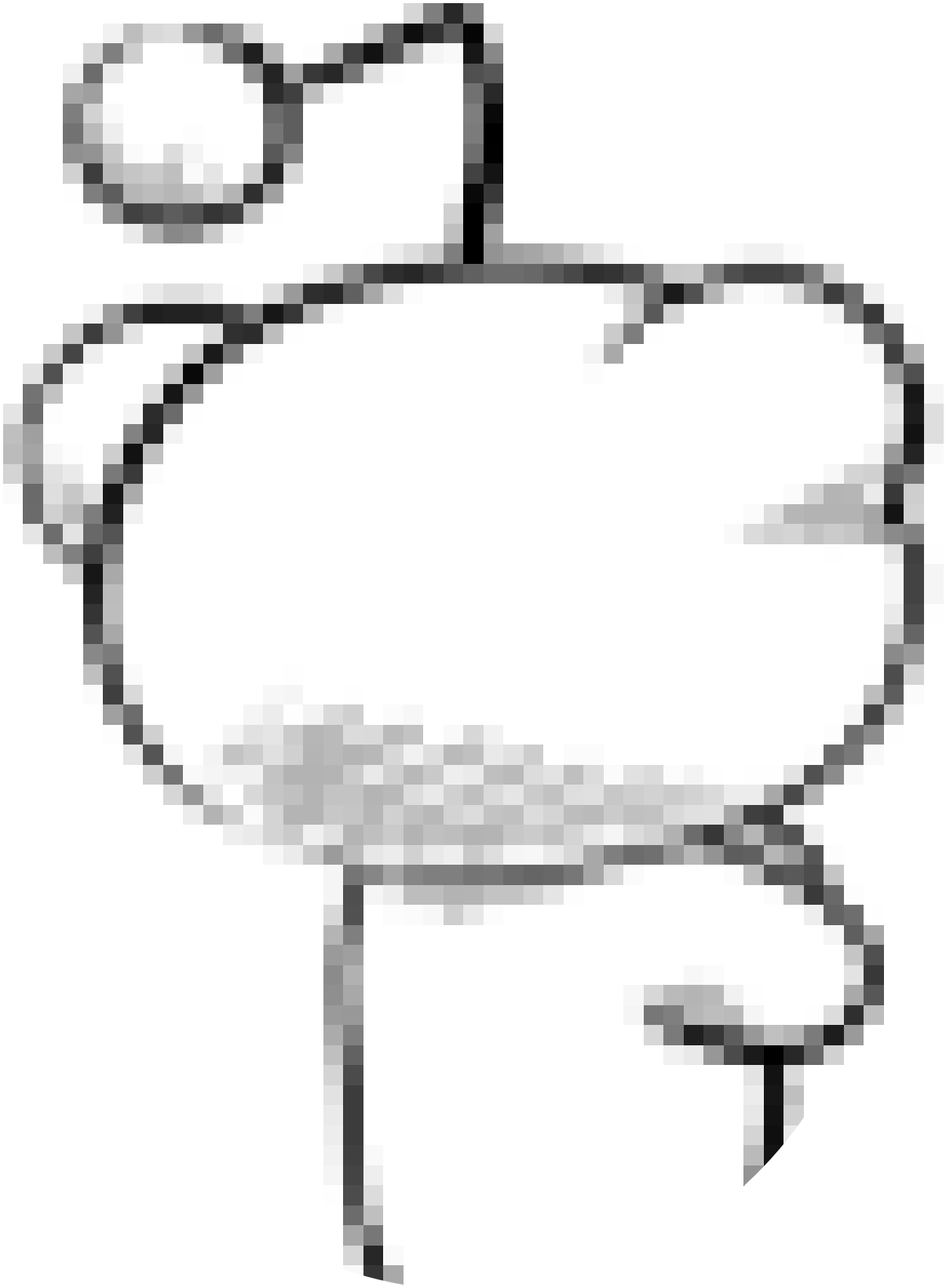
NothingButBooty
• 13y ago

Not me, but a friend of mine witnessed a vicious stabbing.

It was late at night and most (if not all) people that lived in the townhouses where my friend lived had gone to sleep. My friend was still awake watching a TV show. Out of nowhere he heard tires squeal, car doors slam and then a bunch of yelling outside. He got up to see what was going on and he saw five or six guys, all wielding knives, stabbing another guy. Amazingly the guy that got stabbed was still alive. He began banging on peoples doors, but everyone was presumably asleep. When he got to my friends door, my friends father was afraid to open it (in case the assailants were still around) so he simply yelled through the door that an ambulance was on the way. After a few minutes my friend's father did go outside to help the man. The ambulance showed up minutes later and the guy survived the whole ordeal.

Kinnison
• 13y ago

Fucking love threads like this, here's my story: Leaving a friend's party who lives out in the country about 20 miles from the city, complete darkness in the middle of winter, I was not drunk or tipsy but feeling happy from a couple drinks over a 6 hour period. I got in my car and started driving home, when this sudden feeling that something was wrong hit me. There was someone in the backseat of my car. I was the first one to leave so I knew it wasn't one of the other guests. As I was driving I just felt this almost immobilizing fear, I could NOT look in the rear view mirror, I knew if I did I would see something I that I would never forget, that I didn't want to see. I finally made it home, I pulled up in to the driveway, turned the car off and sat there for a couple seconds which felt like an eternity. Heard and felt the rear passenger side door open and close, I was pretty sure I was going to die but nothing happened. I eventually went inside and this flood or relief came over still, I have no idea who that person was or what it was.



house_clouds
• 13y ago

This will be buried. I posted this quite awhile ago and besides a few other occurances, this one sticks out.

About five years ago I was living in NYC and was walking home pretty late. There were some dudes that got on and off the same subway stops I did and were walking behind me, far enough away but close enough that I picked up my step. I could hear them yelling to me/talking about me/catcalling. I finally got close to my complex's main door (even though I never had trouble with them again, looking back I wish I was smart enough to not show them where I lived) and was blindly reaching around my purse for my keys and I couldn't find them. The guys were getting closer and I was starting to panic a bit. On one hand, I didn't want to stop at my building and have nowhere to go and on the other hand, I didn't want to keep walking and have nowhere to go.

Literally walking up to my building, my roommate opens the main door. Without saying a word I slide in and shut the door, which locks. I asked him if he was leaving and he said "No, I thought I heard you calling* from out front. I found your keys."

*we had a busted call box by the entrance that had never worked. I explained what happened, not to mention he saw me practically run inside, so we tested the box later and it was still broken.

TLDR: roommate unknowingly saved me from some pervs because he thought I called our apt via a broken call box.

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messy_jesse
• 13y ago

This is one of the scariest things I have ever heard in my life. I hope you all understand.

I had an abusive father when I was younger and the only way my mother could get the courts to not make me live with him every weekend was to limit the child support to as low as the courts would go. I have since tried to get a better relationship with him but he has never admitted anything he has ever done to anyone. He likes to pit my half-sibblings against me by saying things like "You dont love any of us and you are hateful and pathetic." He sent me an email over winter break, on christmas eve, that was four pages long telling me i was a bad son and man in general. This time I called him on the phone and reamed him a new one and belittled him to the point where he started crying. after a hour of me telling him off for all the shit he has ever done, there is silence. I remain silent and just before I hang up the phone, I hear him quietly, almost breathe "I am so sorry Jesse. I am so sorry for everything." I had no clue how to enter this new chapter in my life and it terrified me.

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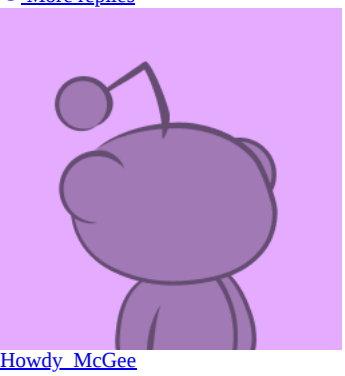

Howdy_McGee

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

There was an audio on Youtube of a 911 call from an elderly lady talking about someone stalking around outside her house. Suddenly you hear her say that he's in the house and then silence.

Still don't know if there was an explanation or something on it or whether it was real / fake.

I'll see if I can find the video.

EDIT: Here it is

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kodiackjack

• 13y ago

Two stories... I saw a post on here that was talking about tornadoes and another that was talking about sleep paralysis, and I have some scary/creepy stories about both of those..

First story is about my experience with "sleep paralysis". I set those words in parenthesis because even though that is what I was told was happening to me, I have a feeling that this may not be all that is to this...

I was in the military, living in the barracks at Fort Riley, KS. This night was like any other night, either watching TV or playing Call of Duty before drifting off to sleep at around 10:00. I had woken up at about 11:00 11:30 pm and I had felt something pressing me down onto my bed. I was laying on my side so I tried to roll over to see what it was that was on me, and I could not move. I do remember seeing out of the corner of my peripheral vision some large creepy eyes, and all I wanted to do was scream. Finally I could move, and I bolted up and turned on the lights.. Nothing. My heart and mind were both racing, so it took me awhile to get back to sleep. 2:00 am comes around, and the same thing happens again. Same creepy eyes, same not being able to move or scream feeling. After that, I did not go back to sleep.. This had happened to me many times before, but this instance was the most recent, and the ones I can remember most clearly...

Second story....

I had just came back from Iraq. It was 2008, at the hight of the housing bubble crash, and there wasn't any work where I was from. My brother had been looking for work for months with no luck, and was told by my older step brother that he could find work in Indiana. The problem was that he had no way to get there. Well, I had a butt-load of cash, and enough time to drive him myself, call it a well deserved road-trip. Anyway, it was me, my brother and a friend of ours driving from KS to Indiana. We took I-70 for the trip, since it is a straight shot from KS to Indiana. Half of the time I couldn't see 5 ft in front of me due to massive winds, hail and torrential rain. There was debris all on the highway, and no cars in sight for most of the trip. There was even animal carcasses , some deer, some I swear were cows. Our friend pleaded with me to stop at a truck stop or something until the storms passed and we could get on our way afterwards. I decided to drive through anyway, and made it to Indiana at about 3 am the next morning. When I had pulled up to my step-brother's apartment, he came running out, screaming at us to get inside. Come to find out, he was in a tornado warning, and according to the news reports that night, we had drove through a massive outbreak of tornadoes throughout the midwest. This trip was in late May of that year.

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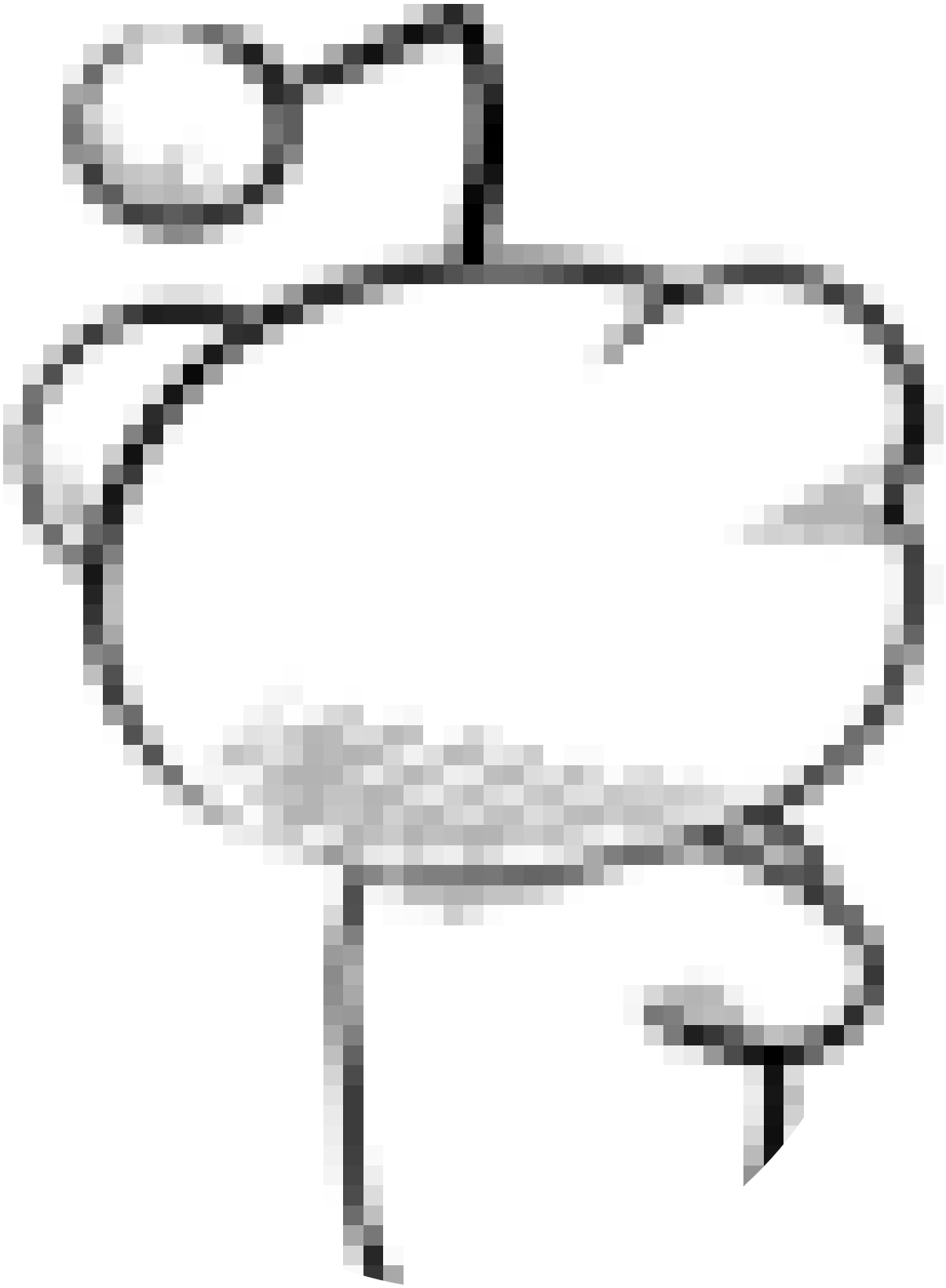

hydrographene
• 13y ago

Bit of a long one, but 100% true and worth the read.

It was around 3am in a smallish town in the UK when a strange sound outside woke me up. It was a mix between a helicopter/train/the afterburners on a jet aircraft. So, as you do, I opened my curtains to a lot of nothingness (you know, being that late), except a bunch of ever-so-slightly moving lights. I think they were red lights, but there were about 5 of them, about 20 feet from each other floating about 50 stories high. I thought at first it was a helicopter, but then they moved apart and together again, really sporadic and then calm. It was fucking weird. They started to remind me of quadrocopters but anyway, I got up, turned on my lights, and was ready to sort some shit out and get to the bottom of it. Turned on my room lights, and these things are getting closer, and this sound is getting louder. I don't know if you've ever been near a helicopter/train, but that shit is scary, far worse when it's a mix of the two with something else combined.

So at this point, I'm shitting bricks. I'm about to wake up my mum/sister then decide not to in case these things come for me, at least this way my family will be safe (weird thought pattern I know but it felt like a real, immanent threat). Anyway, I get back into bed and close my eyes preying these fucking thing will go away and just before I go to sleep, I think that I should write down somewhere or make a marking in my room so that the next day I would know that I was not dreaming. Then I was just thinking I want this shit to be over, so I didn't do the markings/note in the hope that the next morning, I would kind of have plausible deniability in a senes so that I would not know if I saw that freaky shit for real and therefore wouldn't be a *target* of whatever was behind the flying stuff. To this day, I'm pretty sure I did.

So the next day, I get to school and get on somebody else's computer (so these flying bastards with eerily sounds can't track me) and start to lookup what the fuck is going on. I find out that I live pretty close to an old air base, now thought to be used for some sort of testing, but all sort of hush hush government style. Saw that, and never looked to follow it up again. Few months later, more shit happened. Here is the kicker..

About midnight a few months later, I am walking home from a friends house and I hear this sound. I don't know if you've heard an electricity generator, but that's what it sounded like. But this thing is loud, like, REALLY FUCKING LOUD. I'm walking down the road to investigate the source of this sound, asking random people if they an hear it and it isn't just me and they said they could. I walked at least 2 miles before I knew i was close to it. Some weird lights were behind a bunch of tree, really bright search lights not like before it seemed. Anyway, I get closer and closer to this sound and at this point I'm thinking anything this loud has got to be noticeable by the police etc. Some random neighbourhood in pitch black is in front of me with this huge fucking light and sound but nobody seems to care, because nobody is there. So I'm thinking somebody is about to come out of a house who is involved in the whole thing and kidnap me, so I get on the phone to a friend, tell them where I am etc and run home. I ran two miles non-stop, seriously, things were not adding up. (Note that the closest I got was seeing the massive lights behind trees, but didn't see what it was) Next day I walk back over to the place, only to find an empty field, and the houses that were so vacent that night. I knock on the doors and your typical person comes out, but they say they heard nothing. Seriously, this sound could have broken fucking windows so if they didn't hear it then something is strange. Ask a few people, and they start looking at me like I know something I shouldn't... Back on the phone to a friend, get a few down there, and investigate this field. It's got some weird tunnel/drainage covers all over the place and signs saying you're not allowed to be there. Weird little paths and stuff all over, but since nobody should be there, why are they needed? Right, so now I'm content with what I know, decide to go back with my friends thinking it was just a helicopter with some really big speakers and everybody in these houses are deaf as fuck seeing as a random passer by 2 miles away could hear it. We are walking out of this field, and there is an official walking past with radio equipment. The kind that looks as though it is used for measuring signal strength or something. I look at him, he looks at us. I leave, he goes about his business. Not a clue what was going on, but I'm going to assume a chopper had to do some kind of emergency landing and the folk in those houses were used to loud noises. I don't know if I want to know the truth, but to this day I'm a little scared to go down those parts.

The town this happened in is Kenilworth, in the UK, famous for its castle. If you want more information, just let me know.

PointsOfView
• 13y ago

Dont want to come out as a little off, or anything, but I have had a few weird experiences throughout my life.

Once I woke up in the middle of the night, floating in the air. Might have been a dream, but it certainly did not feel like one. I turned my head and looked down at my bed, and as people often say in similar stories, they look down on their body. I did not.

All I saw down there was my bed. For some reason floating in the air did not occur to be any strange to me at that moment in my drowsed and peculiar state, so I just turned my head back upwards and fell asleep again.

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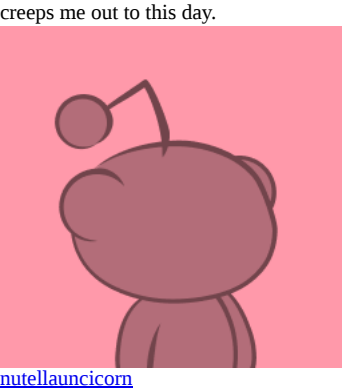
jezzerat

• 13y ago

I have two creepy things that happened to me. When I was little, I would go every summer to spend a week at my grandmother's house. At the time, I had a small collection of hand puppets I really liked to play with, so I took them with me when I went to my grandmother's. My grandfather had died and she lived alone now, so it was just her and me in the house. The room I slept in had a huge, four-post double bed. I had four puppets, so I came up with the idea of mounting them on the bed posts when I went to bed. When I woke up the next morning, it kind of bothered me that they were facing the bed, like they were watching me while I slept, so the next night I made sure to turn them all facing away from the bed before I went to sleep. The next morning, I woke up, they were facing the bed again. I tried it one more night, double-checking their facing, and woke up to find them turned towards me again. They spent the rest of the week locked inside my suitcase.

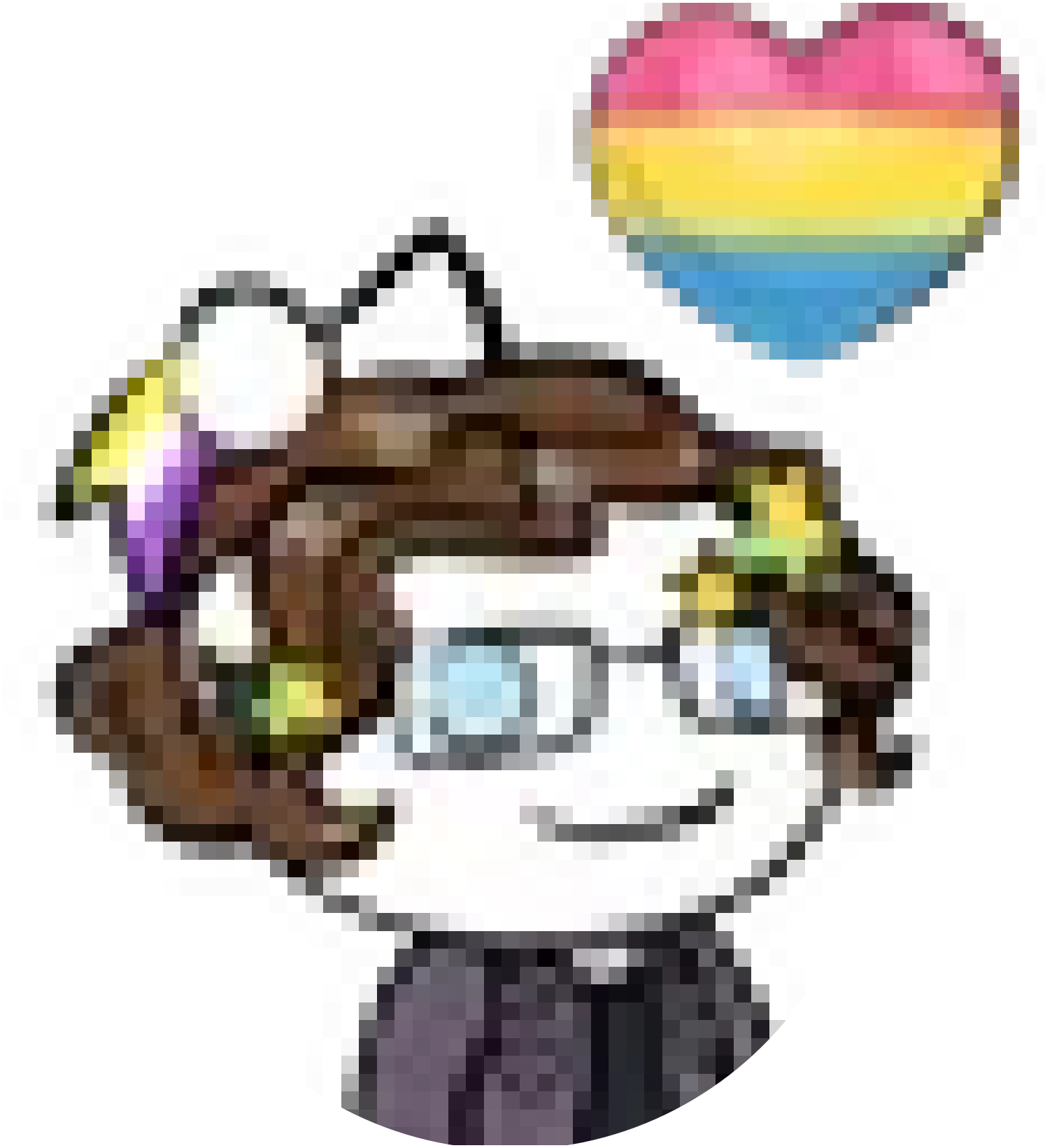
There was no way I accidentally brushed against them and turned them. The bed posts were high enough that I had to stand up to reach them, and it was a big double bed. I would have to have been turning gymnastic flips up and down the bed to accidentally brush all four posts. I had never known my grandmother to play a prank in her life, and if she had, I would think at some point she would have hinted about it or brought up the topic of the puppets to gauge my reaction, but I never said anything about them to her, and she never brought them up herself. About the only "logical" explanation I can come up with was maybe I was getting out of the bed and adjusting the puppets myself in my sleep.

The other thing that happened was when I was working at a small Pizza Hut in a strip mall. People that worked there swore the place was haunted and that they heard weird things at night, but I just assumed it was break room talk and didn't pay it any mind. Late one night, the manager and I were the only ones left after closing. She was finishing up the paperwork, and I had just finished locking up the back. The back door of the restaurant was this huge, heavy metal door that locked with a padlocked crossbar. When it was locked, there was no moving it, and there was no way to unlock it from the outside. My boss had finished the paper work, and we were at the front getting ready to go out when we heard it: the back door swinging shut and slamming closed. That door had a very distinctive sound, kind of like a dungeon door in a movie, all squeaking hinges and tomb-like slam; no other door in the building sounded like it, and the sound was clearly coming from the back. And I had just locked it in place a few minutes before. My boss: "Did you hear that?" Me: "No. Did you?" Her: "No. Let's get the fuck out of here." We rushed out, locked the front, set the alarm, and went home. The next day, the whole place was locked up like it was supposed to be. I have absolutely zero explanation for that one, and it still creeps me out to this day.



nutellauncicorn
• 13y ago

when i was in 7th grade, i was never good at art. But somehow, i managed to make a fox head out of clay which i thought was really good. When i got home, i went to my room, put my foxhead on the floor and went to lay on my bed, reading some book. about half an hour in, i heard a loud 'snap' noise. i jumped up, and looked at my foxhead. both it's ears had been snapped off. It lay by the end of my bed, about 10 incches from where i put it originally. I am sure no-one came in. this still haunts me to this day.



Sigma-Enigma
• 13y ago

About 2 years ago, my father passed away due to illness. In the days following his death and leading up to the funeral we had family from all over the country come to our house and pay respects while also staying the night. One night we were all eating dinner and talking about him, laughing about something. Suddenly, the lights begin to flicker and we all freeze. After about a minute of this happening my uncle turns to me and whispers "Dad says hello."

ShadowRancher
• 13y ago

Sometimes creepy pasta has gold....this one seriously stuck with me. The Strangers

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redkat9614
• 13y ago

About a month ago, I was having a terrible day at school. Just one of those days and after I got out, I drove straight home. When I got home, I remembered my housecleaner had come today so I went through the front door as to not let the dog out. When I walked in the front door, I heard the carbon monoxide meter going off, and remembering how it freaks my dog out when she hears it, I go upstairs and turn it off. I started to notice something was wrong when I walked in the door but didnt think anything of it. When I walked downstairs and opened the door to the garage, my dog wasnt there. Remembering that she sometimes sunbathed out on the patio, I walk into the backyard from the garage and start calling her name. Nothing happened so I ventured farther into my backyard. Finally I turn the corner that leads to my pool and see her laying there. At this time I start patting my legs calling for her to come over to me only to notice she is not responding. I walk over to her and find that her toungue is black and she is stiff as a rock. To my worst fears she was dead and had been dead for a while. Before then, she was perfectly healthy and happy. It appeared that she had died while barking at the pool due to a heart attack. I still remember the vivid details that happened that day when I found my 4 year old dog dead in the backyard. It was one of the worst days of my life.

TL:DR Walked into my backyard to find my 4 year old dog dead.

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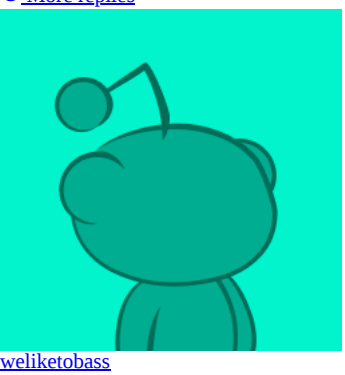

weliketobass
• 13y ago

I was in a deserted parking lot one night on the phone (long story; irrelevant)...around 11:30. There were a bunch of semi-trailer trucks but just the trailer parts. Anyways, I was on the phone, out of the corner of my vision, I saw the shadow of someone or something hunched down under a trailer in a Gollum-like stance. It was probably 50-75 ft. away and when I tried walking towards it, it had scurried away down a hill and I never heard/saw from it again. I've always been a skeptical person, but this is probably one thing in my life that I have absolutely no explanation for.

thewhaler
• 13y ago

meth

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ruthi
• 13y ago

Grew up on a very old farm, and when my brother left for college I inherited his old room. We have a motion detecting flood light outside by one of our barns which you can see from this new room which helps during the 1/4 mile walk up the driveway. After my first few nights staying in this room, I woke up at around 3ish and notice 2 things: 1. The floodlight outside is on, and 2. my bed is shaking very violently. My immediate assumption was that there was an earthquake, but since we live in the PA countryside this was unlikely. My second assumption was that this must be some form of sleep paralysis, but I quickly nixed that idea when I got up out of bed. I figured that maybe I was coming out of some really vivid dream and was just really shaken, but I put my hand on the bed again and, sure enough, it was moving back and forth. After a moment the shaking stopped, and simultaneously the light outside turned off.

Never happened again, though when I brought it up to my brother he shrugged and said "Yeah, that room's pretty fucked up."

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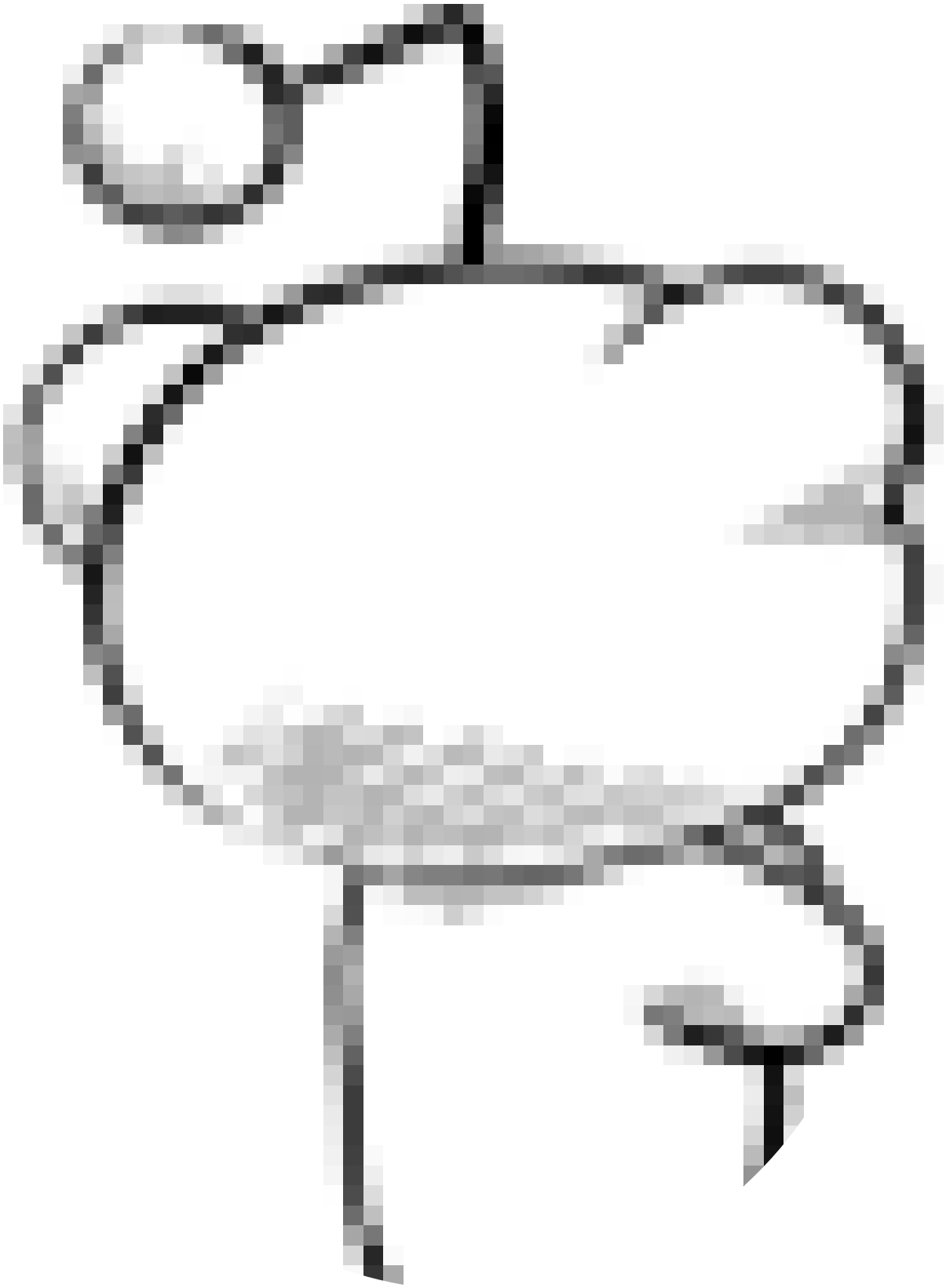

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• 13y ago

not me but my brother. he was taking out the trash and when he came in he had such a sad look on his face. I asked what happened and he said "when I was rolling the trash out I felt a thud and then heard a tiny screech. I looked down and there was a baby bird that looked like it'd fallen from a nest. I accidentally rolled over it with the trash can and the last thing I saw it do was open it's tiny mouth as it tried to take it's last breath and then died." he said the image of the little, crushed, featherless bird with its mouth all open haunted him for days.

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BIGMc_LARGEHUGE
• 13y ago

This is going to get burried but here I go:

I grew up in hudson county NJ. If you don't know where that is: if you go to Manhattan and go to the hudson river on 42nd street and look across into NJ, you can see the building I grew up in. Well that area has a set of cliffs named The Palisades. The rise about 175 feet from River Road, which is literally right next to the hudson river. There's spots that are accessable by climbing over fences or walls that we used to go drinking on/smoke spots.

So its the summer after freshman year/before sophmore year in high school and a group of us would rotate drinking between each others houses and then go to the cliffs when it was around time for our parents to come home. No major drinking just 40s and Mad Dog 20/20 and Ciscos.

One day a group of 6 of us head there around 430pm and continue to drink. So we're all chillin having a good time. Our friend Kenny C is leaning against a tree when I heard a noise and turned but it was too late. The tree(a small skinny one) snapped and I turned just in time to see Kenny go tumbling off the cliff. Me and my friend Joe run to the edge hoping to see Kenny holding on, but he wasn't. We saw him land at the bottom of a 175 foot drop.

So me and Joe find a path that leads most of the way down and then have to climb down about 30feet to the bottom where there is thick thorny bushes. We get to Kenny but it was too late. He mustve hit his head on the way down, because it was twisted and at an ungodly angle. Still nonetheless I tried to perform CPR on him till the medics got there. The shitty part is where he landed was maybe 3 blocks from Palisades Hospital in North Bergen, but it took them 40mins to get through the brush to us. I tried for 40 mins to revive him, but to no luck. Also me and Joe wound up having to go to the hospital cuz the thorns sliced our legs so bad we required stitches.

His family didn't have money, and his casket looked like it was too small for him. His little sister (6 at the time) walked upto the casket and says"That's not Kenny. He doesn't have his smile so it can't be him" and his mother let out the most ungodly scream/wail/cry I've ever heard.

To this day I can still hear what the tree sounded like when it snapped, and the wail his mom let out upon hearing what his sister says. Seeing him falling down the cliff is something that is etched into my mind forever. And the feeling like I could've done more to help him is something I still live with to this day, 16 years later.

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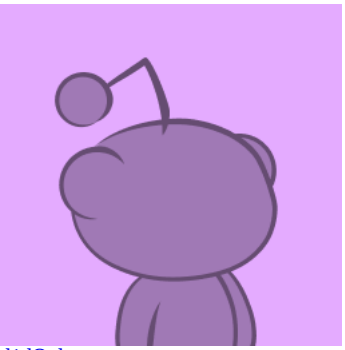
kawaiifiveoh
• 13y ago

I had to come back to this thread. I started reading it in bed last night and quickly realised that was a terrible idea.



d1dOnly
• 13y ago

My first job out of college I worked in the IT department of a construction company. The company headquarters at the time was based in an old mansion which had belonged to the original company owner. In all the time I worked in that building nothing strange every happened.

After I had been with the company for about 9 months, it was announced that we would be moving to a new building. Being in IT, I had a pretty big hand in the move, tracing cables and ordering upgraded replacements, setting up the plan for getting new user computers online, all that jazz. On of my biggest roles though was getting the new phone system ready. As part of

this, I worked with the phone company and, on the day of the move, they severed phone service to the old building and moved it to the new building. When this happened, the phones in the old building went offline.

Cut to 1am the night of the move, and we realize that the company that we ordered fibre cables from ordered the wrong cables. I leave my boss and the level 1 support guy in the new building and swing back to the old place to pick up the old fibre cables. As I'm in the old server room trying to free the old cables from the rats nest we left behind, I think I hear a phone ring somewhere in the building. At the time, I just disregard the thought and keep working. It takes about an hour to get all the cables free and then I head back.

A week after the move, my boss tells me to go back to the old building and do an inventory of all the phones we left behind, something about selling them off cheap. I swing over and start on the bottom floor, going room to room marking each phone I find and the type. I walk out of the old staff lounge (a converted kitchen) and into the IT Department, when I distinctly hear the kitchen phone ring. There was no way I could deny this. I froze, there was no way that phone could be ringing, the phone system was offline and we had no outside lines going to the building. I step out of the IT Department and the ringing stops. I'm more than a little freaked out, but I keep going, the sooner I get done, the sooner I can get out. I head to the 2nd floor and, while I'm in the stairwell, I hear a phone downstairs start to ring again. I freeze again and all I can think is that I want to get out of this building. However, I still had 2 floors to go and would be sent back anyway if I didn't finish.

Going onto the second floor, I open the door and immediately one of the phones starts to ring. At this point, I noped out and ran to my car, sat for about 5 minutes shaking before writing down a rough estimate from what I could remember. I refused to ever go back to that building again after that, even with people with me.

DickBaggins
• 13y ago

Did you have a PBX in the building? My guess is these are phones that were off the PBX in case of a fire or a power outage, they'd still work. They could have been setup to receive alarms if devices lost power.

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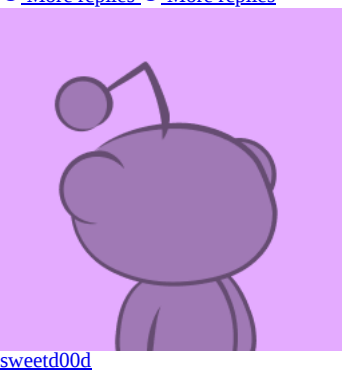
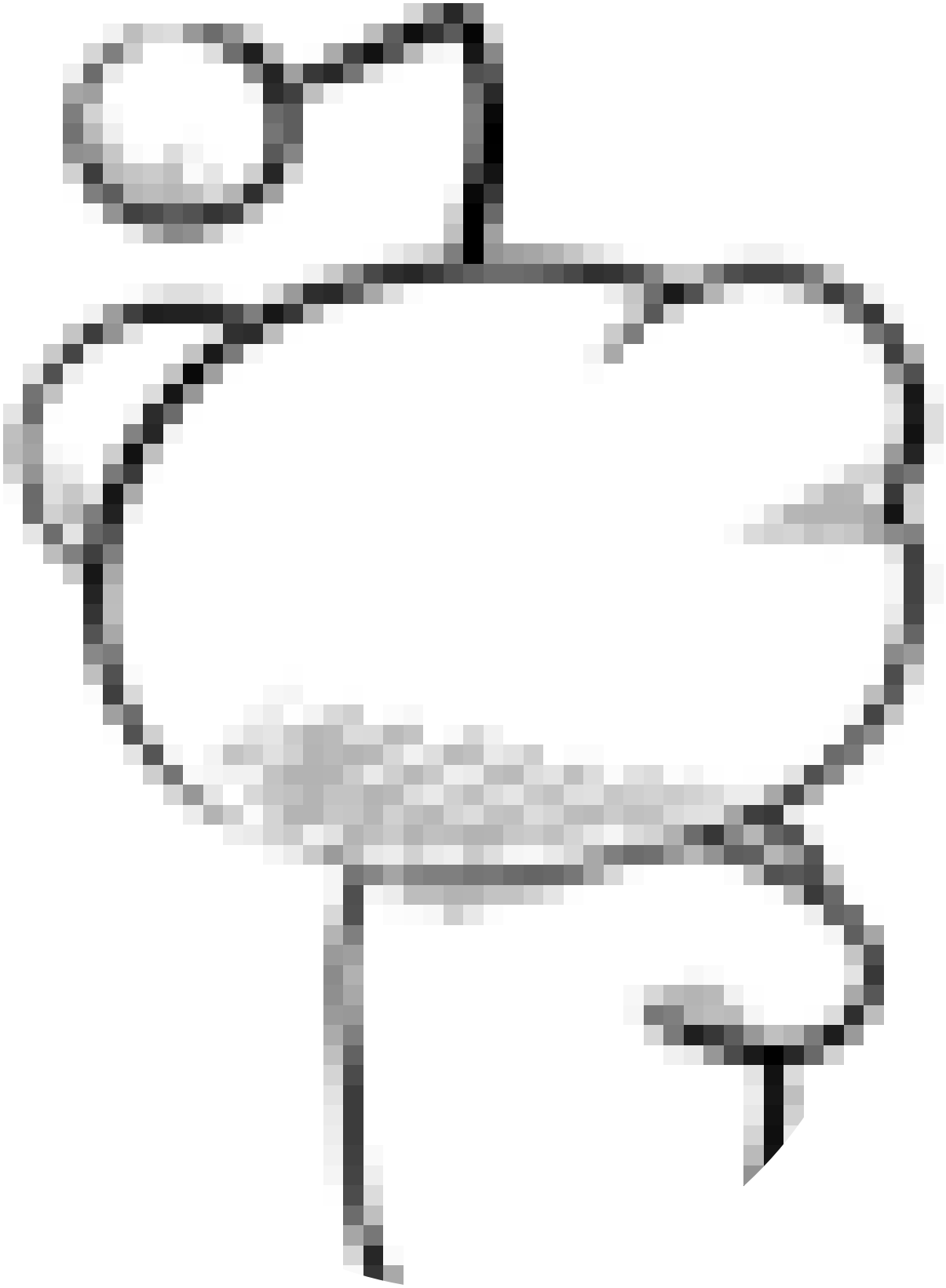


sweetd00d
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When I was around 11, my mom and I moved into an apartment in south Carolina where I'm from. We had moved around a lot and it was a nice little apartment;I had my own bathroom for once. The apartments themselves were newish,I have no idea what was there before then, but my apartment was literally a five minute walk through the woods that led up to it from the catawba river, named after the native American tribe local to the area. A few months into living there I began seeing a shadow in my dark room at night on the opposite side of my room. I was unsure how I could be seeing a shadow in the dark, and it was quite unnerving. It looked to be around 5'7" and out scared the shit out of me. It would appear every night in that corner and just seem to watch me. After a few weeks of this, one night,I heard my mom get into an argument with her boyfriend at the time. He was yelling very loudly and I'm still unclear to this day as to what the argument was about or how it started(I had never heard them argue before) but I heard him scream at my mother that he would kill my mother and I both and bury us in the woods beside the river. As I said, to this day, no fucking idea what brought that on. Needless to say my mom never saw him again. But the night that happened I saw the shadow again just as before. But this time it moved. It moved so fast across my room that as soon as I realized what happened I screamed and started crying and my mom came in to check on me. I figured she'd think I was crazy so I said nothing about it. After that I would leave the light on in my room and I began to have insomnia over time. We moved to another apartment, this time in Charlotte,nc. It followed me. It even stayed with me when I moved to Atlanta with my dad. But I had gotten on medication to help me sleep so I would take it until I couldn't keep my eyes open anymore and turn the light off and Sprint/dive into my bed. It wasn't until I graduated high school and moved back in with my mother, this time in Greenville,sc, that I got off the medication for lack of insurance and saw it again. This time it was different. It stood there in the corner watching me again. I closed my eyes and when I opened them it had moved directly in front of my face beside my bed and leered over me as if to say it was pissed I had been avoiding it for so long. It smelled awful and seemed to be pure fucking darkness. I screamed and when I blinked it was gone. I broke down and told my mom all about it that night. My mom has had supernatural experiences herself and she watches all those ghost Hunter shows and what not, so I thought she'd understand. She did, but not the way I'd hoped. She told me that it was nothing to be afraid of, that it was probably just a normal, friendly ghost trying to communicate with me because I could see it. I still can't understand how someone who watches those ghost shows could possibly think that what I'm describing is friendly, but I digress. This thing did that every night for a week until I started simply keeping my light on again and not sleeping again. We went to the flea market one day and I fell in love with a puppy and brought him home. He was 8 weeks old and was very timid and sweet, not at all like most puppies who are all over the place and extremely hyper. I always kept the light on and he would stay up with me. One night a few months later my mom saw the light on in my room and yelled at me about raising the electric bill and staying up all night, and told me that was it I needed to go to sleep like a normal person. Caesar(my puppy, around 4 months old at this point and about 20 pounds) got into bed with me as I turned out the light. With no sign of the shadow,I somehow managed to doze off after a couple of hours. I woke up to Caesar standing on my chest growling and snarling into the darkness. I had never heard him even bark, much less growl the way he was. I was worried the shadow was getting angry because although I couldn't see it,I could smell it's rotten fucking stench in my room. I was terrified of it hurting my dog and I tried to pull him back towards me but he wouldn't budge and instead stepped over me closer to the edge of the bed, snarling at the darkness. And all of the sudden it all stopped. Caesar sat down and stared, but stopped growling, and it was like a vacuum sucked the stench out of the air. To this day I have not seen or smelled anything like it again. Caesar is now a very happy, healthy,4 year old, 95 pound doggie who is basically my child. I feel as though I owe my life to him. He still sleeps in the bed with me. If anyone can offer any explanation for what happened to me or has a similar story I would love to hear it.

Tl;dr saw and smelled creepy shadow figure, dog ran it off.



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• 13y ago

This is more a creepy-oriented story.

One day, when I was about 10 years old, I was shopping at a Woodman's with my parents, which is a local grocery store in my area. While they're checking out their food and what not, I wander off alone towards the front of the store. There's a large section with just carts, as you would see in Walmart, but in Woodman's, the area is much more secluded, if that makes sense. So I walk by the cart area, and an employee whispers, "Hey, kid.", calling me over to the cart section. I walk over to the carts and stop in my tracks because this (Mexican) employee has his entire penis out and is staring at me with a blank face. I immediately run away, tell my parents, and next thing I know I'm at the police station explaining what happened. The employee was fired of course, after trying to explain that his belt was "malfunctioning". Now I forever have the image of a Mexican guy's dick in my mind, and I have no idea why a person would do feel compelled to do that in the first place.

dana_niels
• 13y ago

Ok, LittleKidLoverr.

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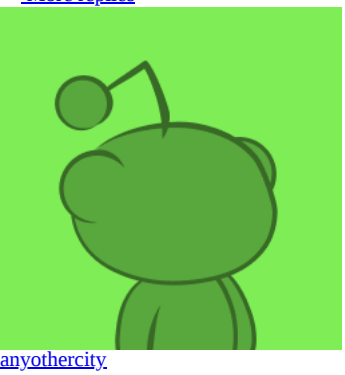

anyothercity
• 13y ago

“...when she looked in the back of her car, she saw that - even though it was her own private property - she would be forced to take it in…FOR A STATE INSPECTION!”

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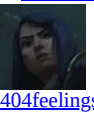

404feelings
• 13y ago

I'm just gonna camp here. Someone bring a flashlight!

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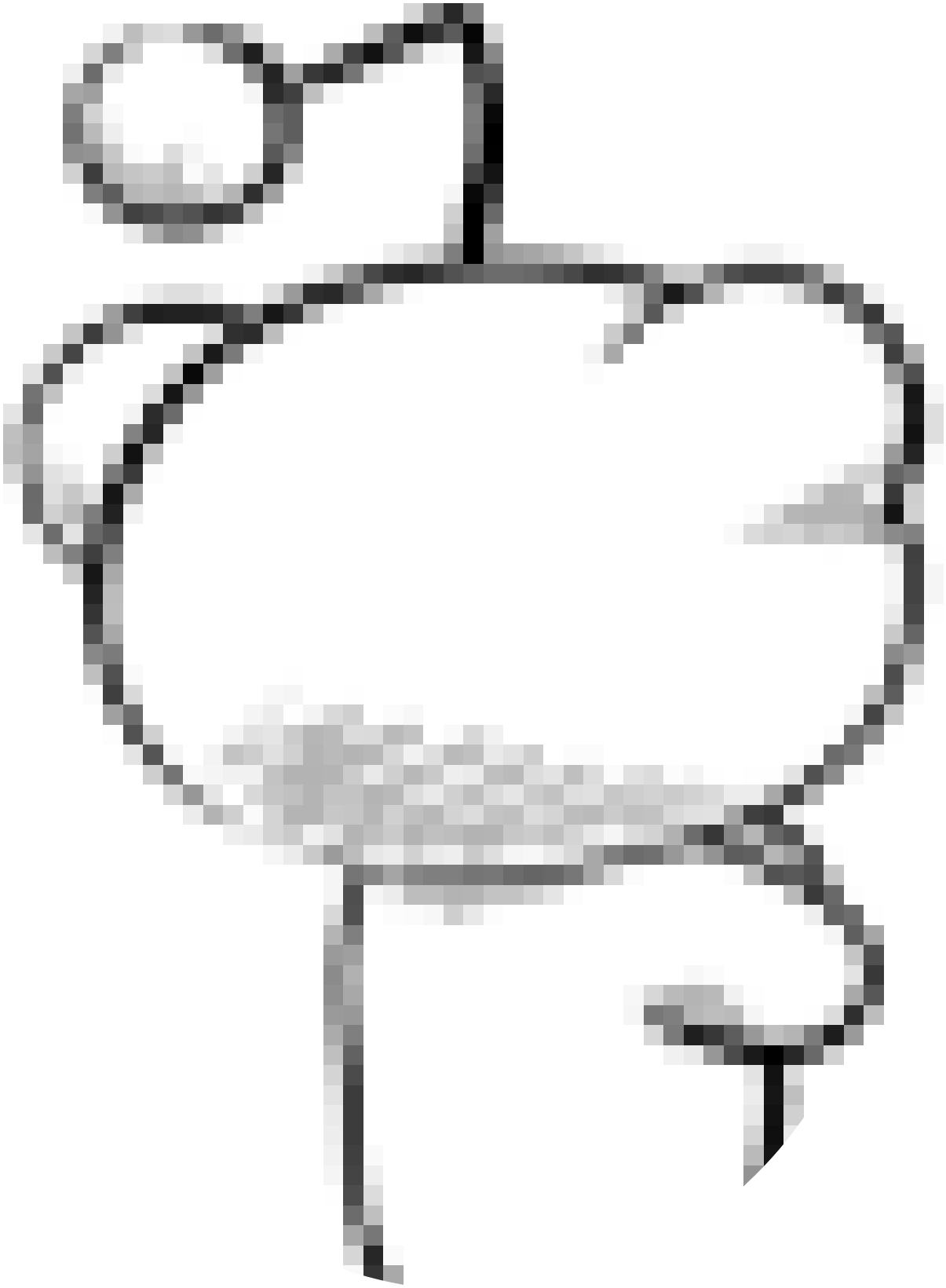
agoligh89
• 13y ago

Audio of an interview of a British guy who's car broke down on a road that shouldn't be traveled on at night. He talks about be abducted by a creature and taken to its lair where peoples body parts were hanging. The reason he survived was because he wasn't bow-legged or something and throughout the interview you can hear him shake in his inflections and then at the end he goes crazy. Anyone know what I am talking about, or have a link?



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Dude, I wanna see that, link it if you find it

Edit: http://bitey.com/2010/07/pilliga/, found it!

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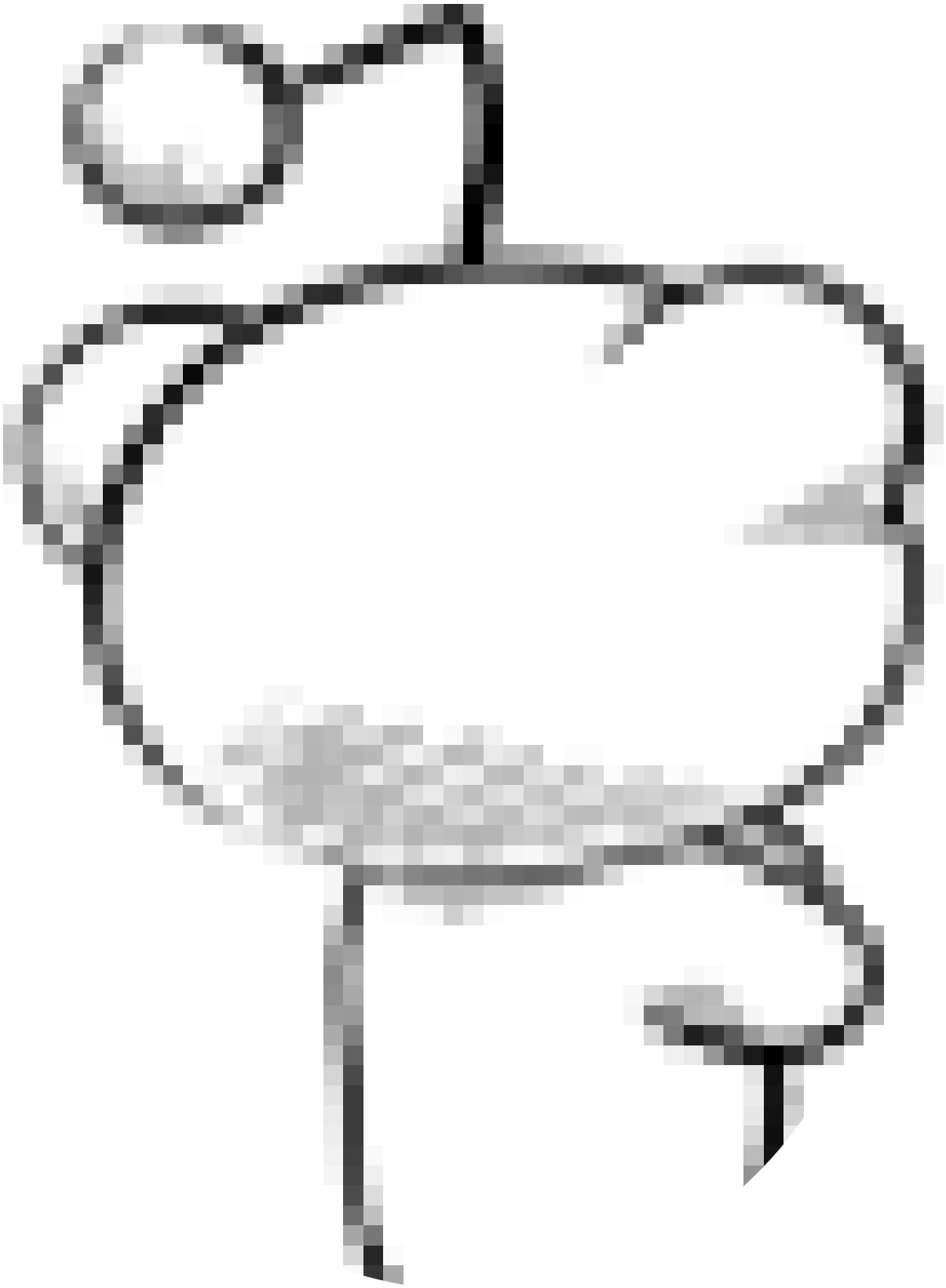

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• 13y ago

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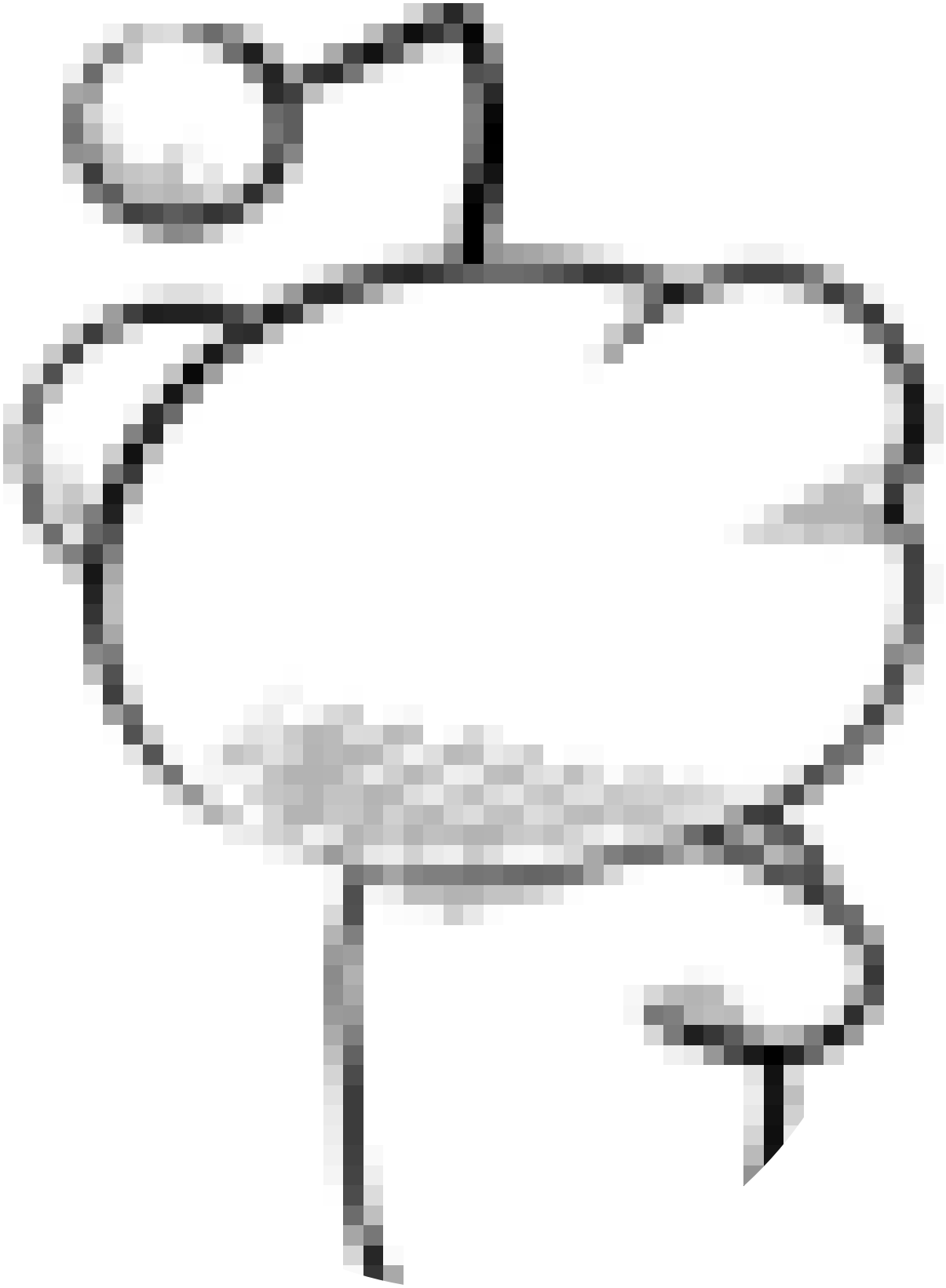
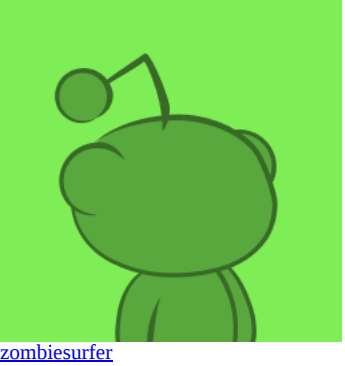


topps_chrome
• 13y ago

I've had paranormal experiences that were unsettling but the image that will forever haunt me is seeing a drunk driving a moped down my street in the late morning not wearing a helmet. Hit a pothole going no faster than 25mph, probably less. He flipped over the handlebars and hit his head on the concrete. It split his skull open, scattering blood and brain material everywhere.



zombiesurfer
• 13y ago

For me it has to be The Goatman

mastigia
• 13y ago

Goatman is pretty good:

http://creepypasta.wikia.com/wiki/Goatman

3 more replies
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AGoodRuleOfThumb
• 13y ago

If you love creepy/scary stuff try r/creepy and r/nosleep :)

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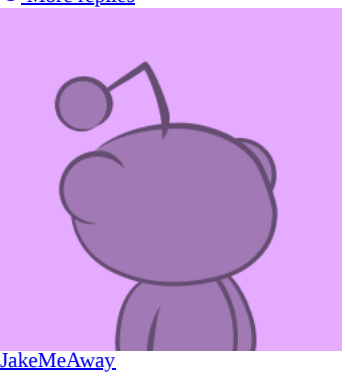

JakeMeAway
• 13y ago

The fucking Silence

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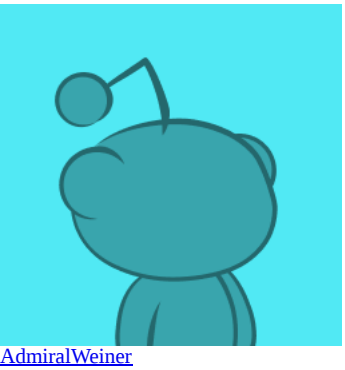
TrafficConeofSilence
• 13y ago

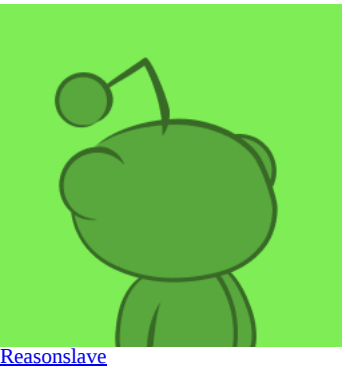
I give you... The Abimor



AdmiralWeiner
• 13y ago

Heavy breathing coming from the end of my bed one night. I mean...literally out of thin air. It would stop as soon as I raised my head off of the pillow....and start again as soon as I laid down. I also had the feeling someone (or something) was staring at me, and could pinpoint the area it was coming from. I spent a good hour checking to make sure it wasn't some elaborate prank being played on me.....as far as I could tell it was legit.

To this day it was the scariest thing I ever experienced



Reasonslave
• 13y ago

When i was in primary school around 12 years old my rugby team went to watch a provincial game at a stadium. We all had to wait in the stands for the teacher to fetch us after the game so soon it was just the 15 or so of us kids in the empty stadium. The stadium takes 60 000 people so this was something in itself. The next moment there's this massive boom. I looked up and saw the glass panels in front of the vip boxes vibrate in slow motion like it was liquid. The boom had turned into a kind of drone now. I was quite religious then and thought this was the end of the world. It was only when tyres and bricks and pieces of metal came flying over the stands and landed in the pitch that i realised it must have been a bomb. Turned out someone planted a car bomb timed for people leaving the stadium.

3tinAtaco
• 13y ago

I once drove by a horrible car accident. All the glass was shattered; the car itself didn't look much like a car anymore. Anyway, as I passed by, I saw two people were still in the car. Their faces were covered in blood and their expressions were terrifying. I'll never forget the look on their faces.

Tonxasaur
• 13y ago

I guess it's not the creepiest (since I still live here) but when I moved into this house I was pretty creeped out.

First off, this is an OLD house. I don't know how old exactly, but given where I live, it's safe to say its pretty old.

This first picture is the ceiling of the closet of the room I'm currently in on the 2nd floor that is below the room in the third picture coming up. I believe the drippy stuff/stain on the ceiling is some kind of water damage? (or at least I'm hoping someone will confirm it is so I'm less weirded out by it. I know nothing about this kind of stuff).

On the door frame here is this which looks like it says "za ch ded" which I read as "Zach Ded(dead)". I'm hoping this is just an abbreviation for something. I will note that this was definitely a kids room because when we moved the walls were green (still are because I'm a lazy painter) and there was a Hot Wheels border around the top of the walls.

Above it is this, (mind the paint, it was an ex-gf's room I've yet to repaint) a crawl space in my bedroom that has a lock on the outside, and when we moved in, we found childrens' toys and empty bottles of booze under one of the boards inside it. This is when I decided NOPE, stopped investigating what was in there, and sealed it shut (the 2nd part of the lock has been missing since we moved in so it was painted shut and then taped over). It is no longer sealed and occasionally pops open, so I started putting things in front of it.

I still don't know what else is in the space, nor will I find out. I probably should do something though if that IS water damage, but it's never seemed to get worse or anything, and there's never been any leaking.

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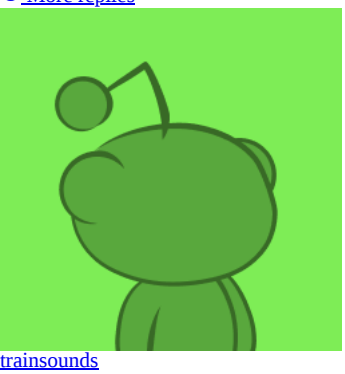

trainsounds
• 13y ago

Actually, I'm not sure if this counts as scary, but it was really unsettling and makes me worry about my mental health a bit.

A few weeks ago, at around 11pm when almost everyone would be asleep (I like in a town full of old people) I was sitting on the couch playing video games with all the windows open. I got kinda tired after a while, turned everything off and was walking to the door to lock it when I heard a weird sorta "shhhhhh" noise coming from the window. I went out on the balcony on the other side of the house, and realised that the noise was like that white noise your TV makes when you change it to an unused channel, and the screen fills with "snow."

I thought for a second that it was someones sprinkler, but when I went out into the street to check it out, it was coming from the middle of the intersection, nowhere else. It was actually insanely loud, too- gave me a really bad headache. But I couldn't hear it at all once I closed the windows. A friend of mine said it might have been the storm drains, but it had been dry as a bone for about a week, and I haven't heard it any other time.

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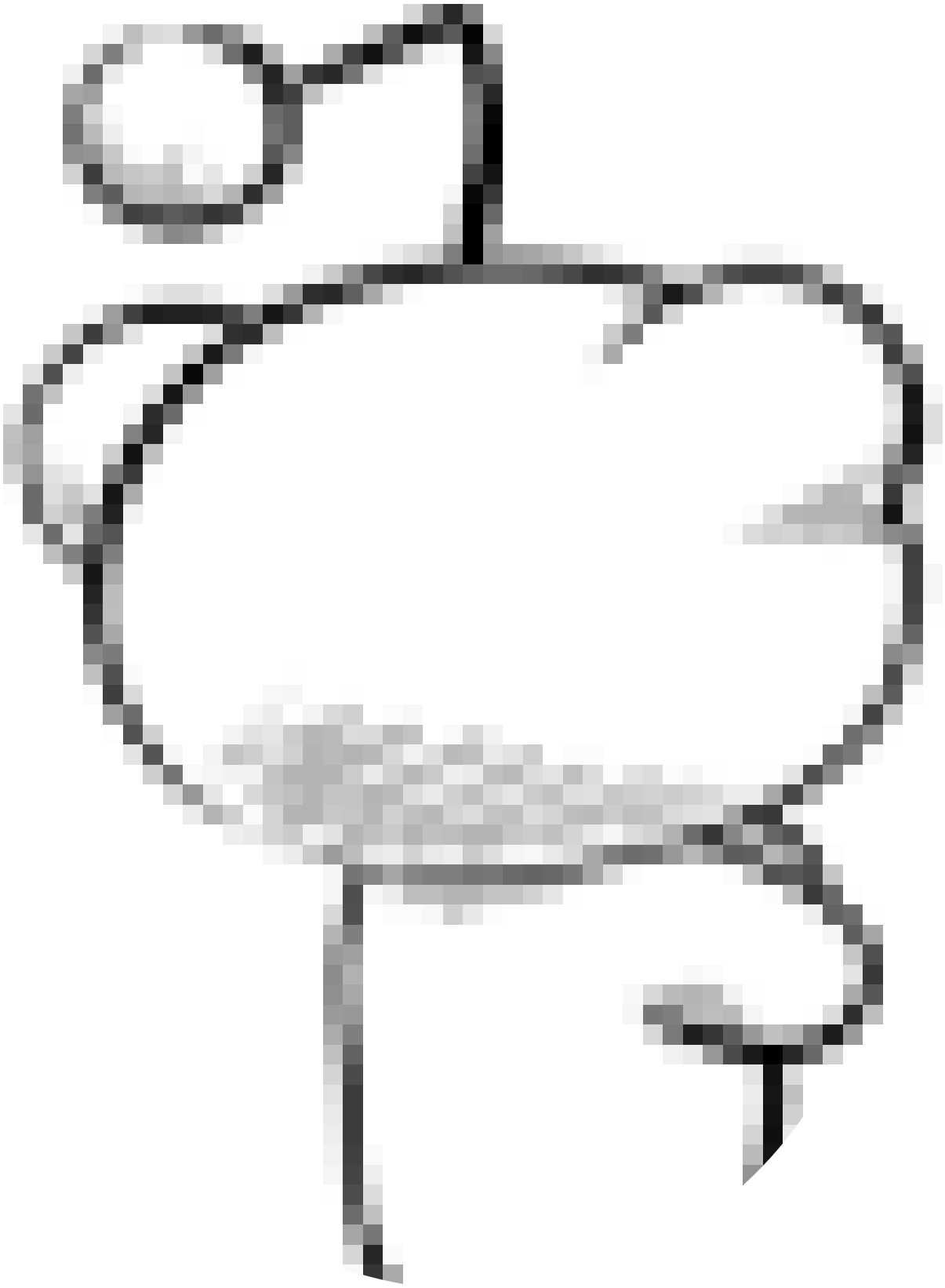

Nethrix
• 13y ago

I was about five to seven years old, I walked downstairs at night while the rest of my family was upstairs and let in our cat from outside. I proceed to walk into the kitchen and get a snack, I turn around and my cat is on the table. I walk directly into the living room and my cat is sitting on the chair in front of me. I then rush back to the kitchen and see my cat walking up the stairs. I then run back to the living room and find my cat in the same place again. At this point I break down into tears, scream out "Satan" really fucking loud and run upstairs to my mom. Turns out that my cat was already home and I let in a stray that looked just like him. Yayy!

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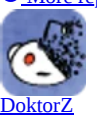

DoktorZ
• 13y ago

Oh shit. I had forgotten about this until I read this thread. Thanks a lot, Blagosphere, for bringing this memory to light.

One random summer night when I was about 18, I had come back to my room after using the bathroom to find a voicemail on my phone. I checked my missed calls to determine who left the message, only to discover that there was no missed call. Already freaked out a bit by this, I decide to listen to the message. What followed was the strangest thing I have ever heard.

It was 10 seconds of silence, followed by a horrible cacophony of what sounded like something heavy banging on something metal, something chewing very loudly and miscellaneous garbled static. This went on for about 20 more seconds and was followed by more silence that was abruptly cut by a bloodcurdling scream that appeared to be saying "Please help!". I listened to it again and again trying to determine what I had just heard, and even had my parents listen to it. To this day I have no idea what called me that night, but I have a feeling the origin point is a place many call "Hell".

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i_save_robots
• 13y ago

Working as a patient transporter, years ago, I was taking a body to the morgue and was waiting on Security to come unlock it. So I'm waiting in the morgue hallway sitting on a chair, minding my business, surfing my phone.. Out of nowhere comes this ghastly moan from the body, the shit you hear in old horror movies. I jumped the fuck outa my chair and scrambled away to the adjoining hallway.

Turns out it was gases being expelled from the lungs of the body. Doesn't happen often, but if you ever encounter it you'll be checking you underwear for surprises as well.

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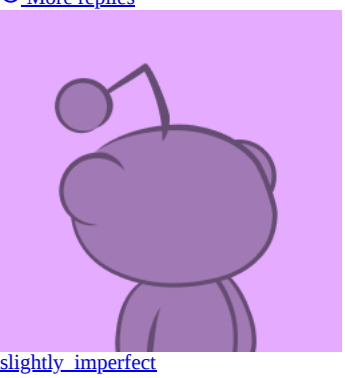

slightly_imperfect
• 13y ago

My grandfather's death rattle. I'm not sure if it's related, but he had a deep voice and a barrel chest, so it was a very deep, room-filling, almost mechanical sound.

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pajmahal
• 13y ago

When I was a little kid, I thought some kind of nightmarish version of Cookie Monster was lurking around my bed. This would be standard monster-under-the-bed bullshit, except one time I saw him and used my hands to shove him back under the bed. Now I think I may have actually been experiencing night terrors or something when I was little, but still, that shit will scare you for *years*.

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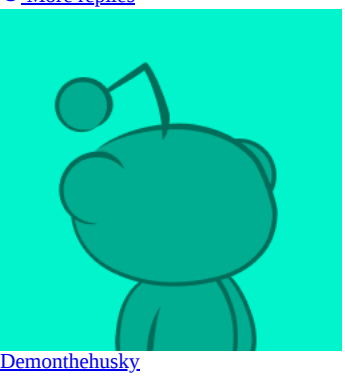

Demonthehusky
• 13y ago

When I moved into my first home, I got an anonymous letter in the mail with an old newspaper clipping of the home I was currently living in. No return address or letter at all just a cutout of over a 100 year old paper. I still have the clipping frames in my new house

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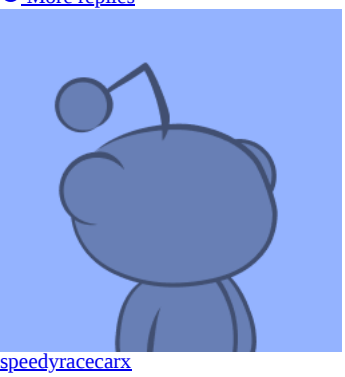

speedyracecarx
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I totally saw an old guy in a rocking chair staring at me from woods. Friend did not see. Freaky shit.

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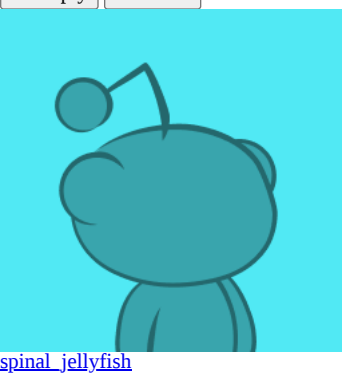

spinal_jellyfish
• 13y ago

I was renting a room in a house with a married couple. One day I was home alone and taking a shower. Due to the crawl space that extended beneath my bathroom, bedroom, and the hallway between the two, I could hear amplified footsteps going down the hall towards the couple's room. As I got out of the shower, thinking "I should save them some hot water," I heard the steps run back down the hall. I opened the door to find that they had not come home. I mentioned it to them when they did return. "You're just hearing things." A week later I come home from a trip. My roommate says, "So, late last night I went to the backyard with my gun. I found the outside hatch to the crawl space under your room unlocked and opened. We heard coughing and a bunch of other noises..." Now, I had heard it too, but assumed it was my roommates when they were in the office, right next to my room. Couple weeks later, I come home to find someone had broken in and stolen some of the canned food. I called the police, and they told me they believed a homeless person had been living beneath my room in the crawl space. A thousand other random events rushed to my mind, and I realized they had to be right. This person had been merely inches from me, with nothing but a creaky wooden floor and carpet between us as I slept, and had been outside of the door as I showered.

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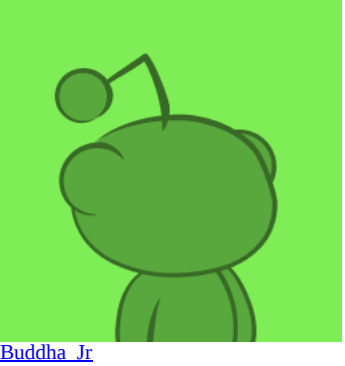

Buddha_Jr
• 13y ago

"The Yellow Wallpaper" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. All I can think about is a woman tearing off her skin and crawling around the room; creepy.

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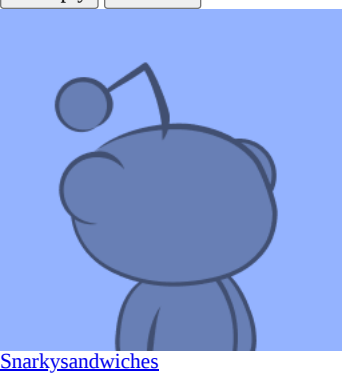

Snarkysandwiches
• 13y ago

I have five kids - two young sets of twins and a teenager. About four years ago, all five of them woke up screaming from a nightmare at precisely the same time. It took hours to get everyone calmed down. Never figured out what caused it.

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off_to_the_races
• 13y ago

The story by Joyce Carol Oates entitled-Where Are You Going, Where Have you Been

If you read the Biblical passage that corresponds to the numbers on Arnold Friend's car(Judges 19:17-29) you learn the third of three things he plans to do to the girl.

Seriously freaks me out.

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slooots
• 13y ago

Well, I'm rather late to this comment thread, but for any Redditors who sort by "new", this is for you.

I was backpacking in Chile with a small group of people, 5 of us with one Chilean mountain guide. Because you had to carry everything you brought, we packed very light. We slept in nylon hammocks, strung up between trees.

One night, when we stopped at a very remote clearing, one guy in our group started to put up his hammock. The mountain guide yelled at him, said to not put his hammock there because between those two trees there was a path walked by the Spirits.

The guy shrugged off our guide's warnings, and strung it up anyways. Our guide pleaded with him to move his hammock, but eventually gave up.

To pause the story-- I'm not very spiritual myself, nor were any of us, but I would have just respected our guide's request. This guy was just an insolent douchebag. Anyways, continuing:

That night, we had dinner and went to sleep. I awoke abruptly in the depth of night hearing the screams of something being killed. We all jumped up and turned on our headlamps, only to find that guy who had strung up his hammock laying on the ground, screaming in pain "Kill the fucking savages, they broke my arms. The savages broke my fucking arms". His arms were snapped backward at the elbow.

I carried this man on a manmade stretcher for three hours to get him to a village, where he was then driven on a dirtbike for four hours by our guide to a hospital.

Make of this what you will, but here's my outlook: I didn't believe in spirits. I do now.

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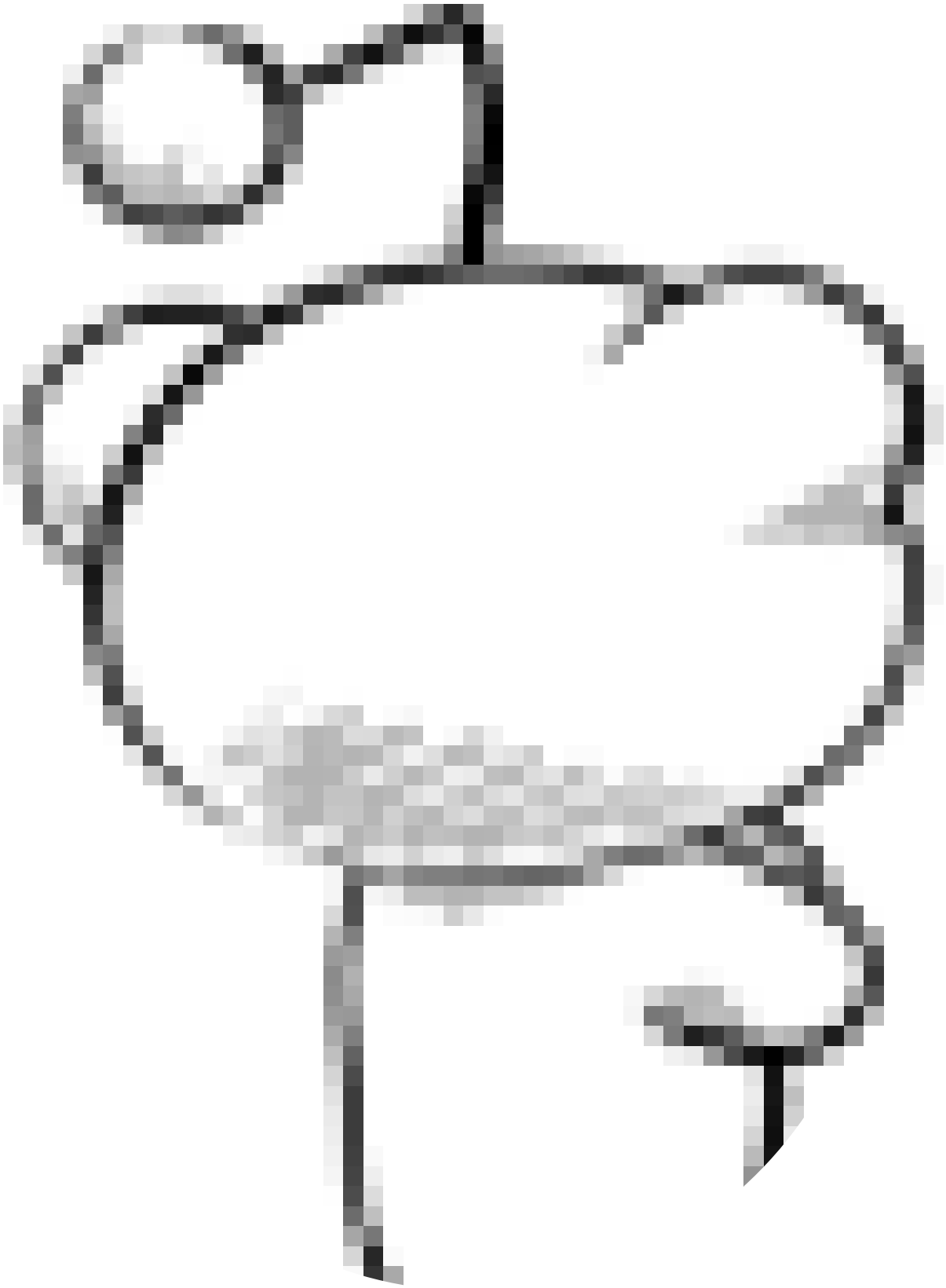

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• 13y ago

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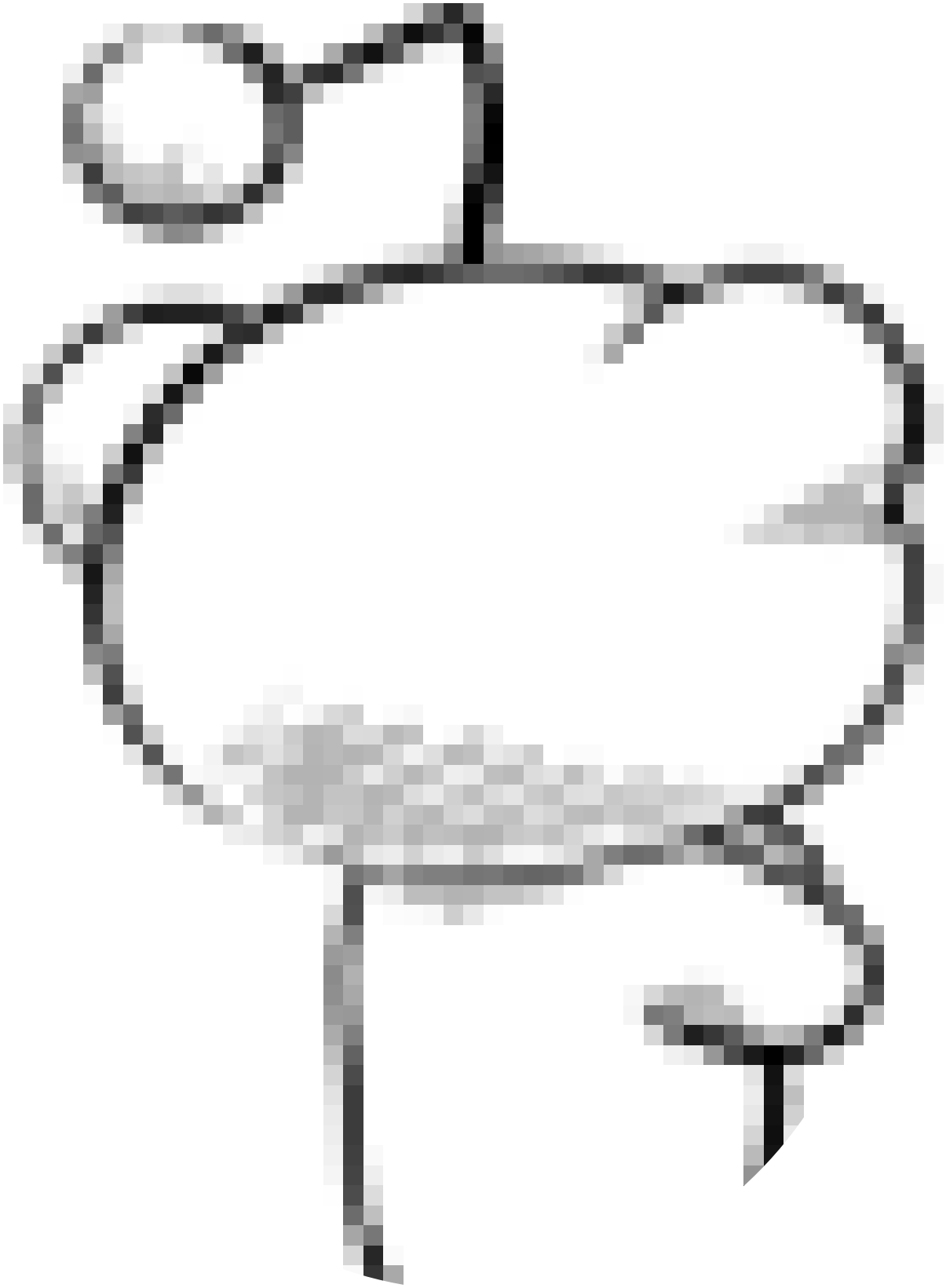

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• 13y ago

2 stories. I'll start with one that isn't so creepy. But as a child, I was an avid watcher of the show Courage, The Cowardly Dog. I'm not sure how many of you recall the episode called "Hothead", where Eustese applies to be a guinea pig for an experimental hair growth product that upon using makes things that the user gets angry, mad or upset at to explode. I had a re-occurring dream in which my dad, being bald, applied to be test the product featured in the show. It was a strange feeling in my dreams, I felt so terrified knowing that if I upset him I would explode. Also the fact that I was only 9 or 10 when it first aired. Okay, so that wasn't so bad, now for the story I get a little scared even telling. About 2-3 years ago, My brother, Dad and I had been recruited to help my aunt's and uncle's clear out my recently deceased Grandmothers house. I'd only been to her house a few times, and was too young to remember any of my visits. But upon returning nearly 7 years since the last time I had been there I was shocked when I saw that the front and side yard was littered with bikes. Literally bikes were fucking everywhere, all kinds too. New, old, broken, pristine, you name it. I had wondered why they needed so many people to help clear out my grandmother's house, but I had just got my answer. So after spending 3 days clearing out the front, side and back lawns of all these bikes, we finally began to clear out furniture and other things she had in her house that no one cared to keep. My brother and I being 19 & 24 at the time got bored fast, so we were routing through our grandma's stuff. And after about half an hour of searching, we found a little hatch on the ceiling in her room with a lock on it. We snipped the lock and pulled the cord attached to the hatch, causing the access staircase as well as what seemed like years of dust to fall down at us. Both of us too scared to venture any further, the typical brotherly, "you're a pussy", "do it bitch" ensued, causing me to eventually give in and take a flashlight and investigate. I swear to you all, this is not a word of a lie, I wouldn't believe it if I didn't experience it for myself, but when I peered into what seemed like an empty attic, there was nothing but an 18th century tricycle, and a book which I later found out was bible that had been set on fire and all that was left was the leather covers and charred pages. That wasn't too bad, but when I reached to touch the book and further investigate, the tricycle started to creep across the attic, causing an eery squeak like someone walking across the floor. I've never been able to logically explain what I saw that day, and I know I never will be. Thanks for reading, I hope you found it as creepy as I did.

Reply Share

Jameydog
• 13y ago

When I was 10 or so I was playing in the front yard and heard a loud pick up truck heading up our road. As I watched him go by I saw his dog (some kind of hunting dog) on a chain tied to his bumper being dragged, but still trying to run, and trying to keep up with the truck. I tried yelling at him but his truck was too loud and the music was blasting. I could still hear the dogs screams over the truck and music. There was a trail of blood all the way down the street. Dumb fucker forgot he tied his dog to his truck and took off for a drive. It sticks with me still to this day 25 years later

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J3sse
• 13y ago

October 2002. My family and I live in Ivory Coast, a country on the brink of civil war. the most horrific thing I saw was an on my way home from school on the 'bus'.

On the highway traveling at high speed in the opposite direction was an APC. This particular stretch of road had dense markets on either side. The speeding APC suddenly took a turn directly into the market running several people over and collapsing a couple shanty tents. Screams began to erupt from the crowd as people scatter in all direction. Armed men spill out of the armored personnel carrier and burst from the masses holding a single person. They take him into the highway where traffic had stopped in both directions because of all the people fleeing the scene. Militant men wrap the single person in a tire trapping his arms along his side. The screams become louder and hauntingly shrill (I will never forget the sound) as flame bursts from the tire and the man is consumed by fire. He runs for a brief moment before falling to his knees then limps to the ground: dead.

The sounds, smells and image will be with me forever.

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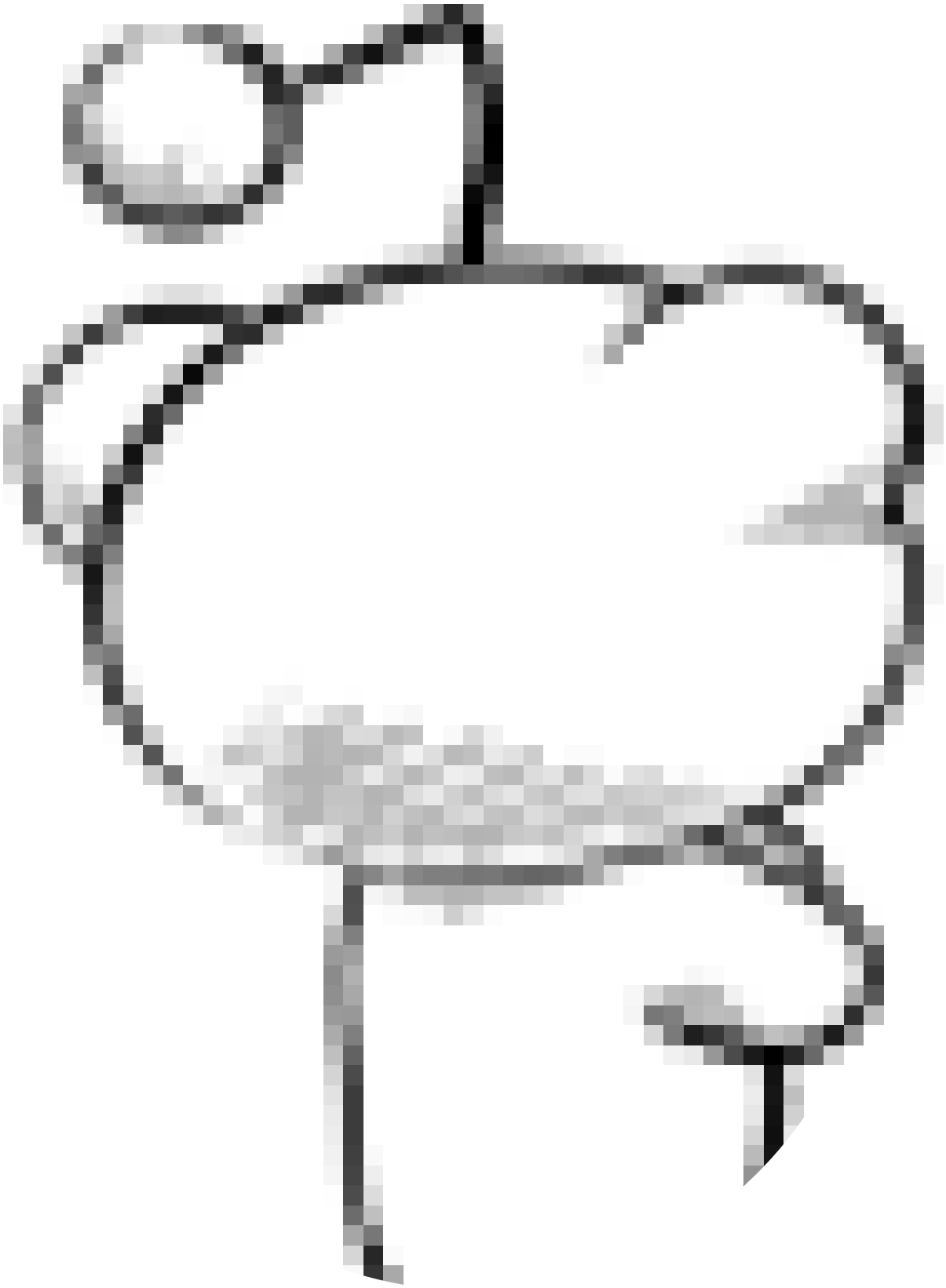

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• 13y ago

It was August 2001, and me (10 yrs old) and my family were redoing the wooden floors in the house. My sister's birthday came up and we decided not to have the big usual gathering since everything was still scattered about. So my grandmother was pretty persistent about celebrating and came over for dinner. After dinner she invited me and my sister to go stay with her at my aunts house, but only I left with my grandmother.

When I got to my aunts house, I was eager to play with my newborn cousin and I really wanted to play with her new computer. I stayed up late playing Neopets, and around midnight, my aunt said I should go to bed, so I shut everything down and went to bed. I remember tossing and turning, and couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching me. My grandmother and my cousin were in the room sleeping, and my aunt and uncle were passed out in another room. I clearly remember hearing someone walk up the stairs and turn the bathroom light on and off at least 3 times. I didn't question it and tried to sleep it off. Then around 1am in the morning, I hear a loud explosion, and I hear a woman screaming out the window, "oh my god, what did you do?!" I thought it was some random crime occurring on the street and tried to ignore it. Then as I watched the window, I saw the glow of the fire and smoke starting to pour in the window. I immediately try to wake up my grandmother, aunt and uncle. My grandmother looks out the window and realizes its a fire and we leave the house immediately.

After calling 911, we could only stand there and watch because we did not have access to any hose. We stood there with the woman screaming out the window, "help! do something!!" Her cries for help were useless and neighbors started to come out and watch. My knees were shaking uncontrollably as I watched people attempt to help but efforts were futile. What pissed me off was when we finally got access to a hose before the firefighters arrived, was that the neighbor got greedy about using his water. Eventually, the woman stopped coming out of the window and

succumb to the smoke. A few minutes later, firefighters pulled the woman out and her 14 yr old son from the 3rd floor. Later I found out that both had passed away at the hospital from smoke inhalation. The cause of the fire was her father attempting to use the kitchen stove as a light for his cigarette while the place was still under construction; i guess there was a gas leak.

When discussing the event with family, I found out that everyone was asleep that night and no one used the bathroom after I went to bed. I still find it creepy but I'm thankful for hearing that noise. I'm also still haunted by that poor woman and her son, sometimes I wish we could have done more to help.

TL;DR: Went to my aunts house randomly and heard weird noises from the bathroom at night. No one was awake, and a fire broke out next door. Woman screamed for help but couldn't be saved in time. She and her son passed away at the hospital from smoke inhalation.

ButtercupCooks
• 13y ago

This happened a couple of weeks ago.

I am a baker and work ridiculous hours. At 4:30 in the morning I'm wandering to work and I hear loud groaning and cursing. So I start slowing down my pace and looking for whatever is making that sound. There is a guy in the middle of the crosswalk half a block away from me yelling and cursing. Losing his absolute shit. So I back away, kind of moonwalking back towards home so I don't have to interact with this guy. He starts moving slowly and when I thought he was a safe distance away I started walking. Guy hears me and stops walking and just keeps yelling louder. This time about how he is from Kindersley Saskatchewan and how much he loves Bruno Mars. Okay, the dudes drunk time to keep walking to work.

This is when I notice the blood. So much blood. I have my phone out and ready to dial 911 when he starts screaming at me how much it sucks to get stabbed and wants to know where the nearest hospital was. I tell him I was going to call and ambulance when he starts to rush me screaming that he doesn't want help. At this point I bolt to work and spend the rest of the day in shock.

Walking to work now causes me horrible anxiety every morning.

2 more replies
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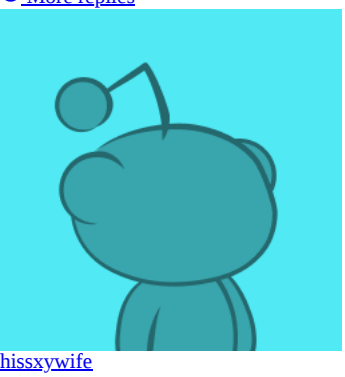

hissxywife
• 13y ago

My aunt called me to tell me what had happened to her the day before. She was getting getting ready to paint her bathroom and was taking down the switch covers and stuff. She must have passed out and woke up in the tub with cold water running on her. She said she was the only one home and has no idea who turned the water on for her.

3 more replies
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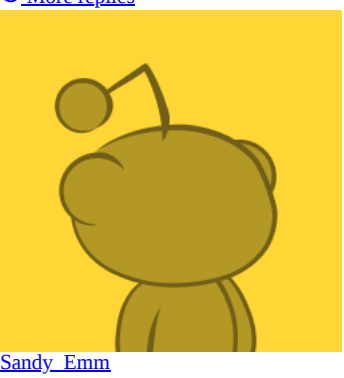


Sandy_Emm
• 13y ago

ok no one might see this but here it goes.

Two and a half years ago, one of my friends passed away. Her death hit me harder than anything in my life. At her wake, her dad played only her favorite songs, mostly stuff on the radio at the time. One of the songs was "Coming Home" by P Diddy. I started listening to that song and I really liked it because of the message and I felt more connected to my friend while I listened to it.

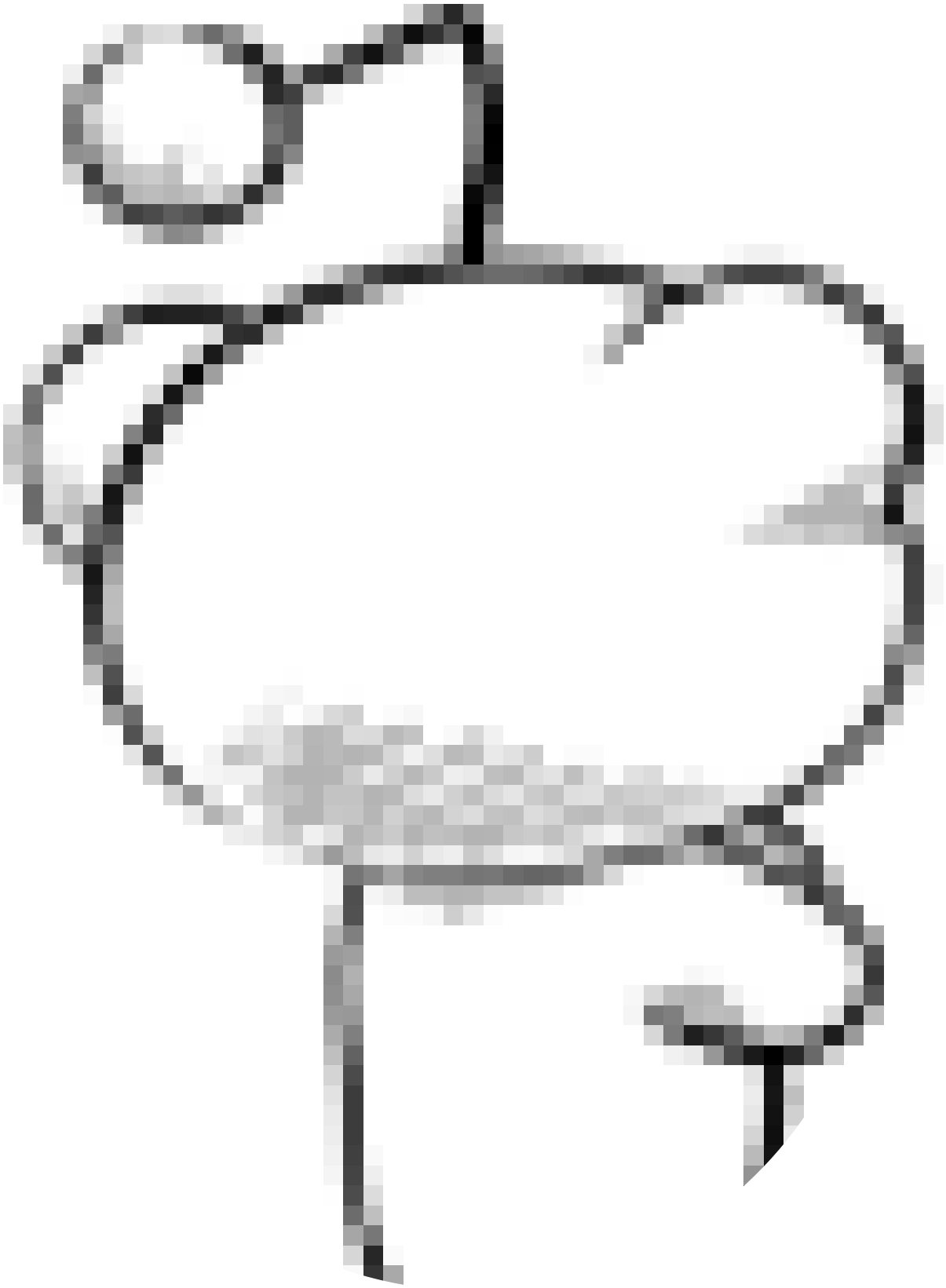
Anyway, a couple of weeks or a month after she died, i was asleep but had left my TV on on MTV but with no sound, like i usually did because I couldn't sleep without the TV on at night. After 12am, MTV decides to do what their name suggests and they play some music videos. It was around 2 or 3 am and i was sound asleep. Suddenly, it's as if someone yelled into my mind, not into my ear, "WAKE UP!!! WAKE UP!!!"

My eyes opened up with no hesitation, and the music video for coming home had just started. Like, there was no music playing yet. To this day, I believe that my friend was the one who woke me up so we could watch the video and bond. Needless to say, i didn't sleep for the rest of the night. I couldn't shake off the feeling for a while. Her dad also told me how one night he just woke up and saw a light and it lead to her room. He followed it and of course, there was nothing but her belongings, but he felt like it was her who was calling him around the same time this happened.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



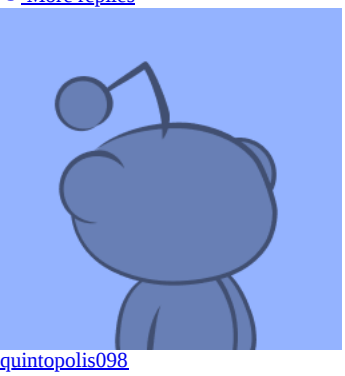
[deleted]
• 13y ago

I'm on alien blue right now so I can't link the video because it will kill my data plan to view it. But there was a video posted on reddit that simulates what it's like to hear auditory hallucinations if you were schizophrenic. It's damn creepy to hear and made me more empathetic to real life schizophrenics.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



quintopolis098
• 13y ago

Reading these stories, all I can think of is that the night is dark, and full of terrors.

5 more replies

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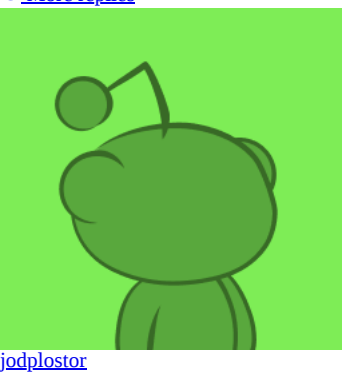

jodplostor
• 13y ago

Not me but a teammate told me. Before I came into college, two upperclassmen from my hockey team were driving back from practice late one night down the back roads. It takes about 5 minutes of a windy road through the woods to get to the highway. The guy driving was a bodybuilder on the side and was pretty much like Brucie from GTA 4 (except not gay). They came around a bend in the road and said the headlights of the car caught a 12 foot tall dark figure just stepping into the woods on the side of the road. The driver floored it and just before they got to the highway stopped the car and sat there shaking for 5 minutes. If it scared a juice head like that, it must have been something creepy.

4 more replies

4 more replies

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TheChadmania
• 13y ago

I just want everyone to know that it's 10pm here and I'm just sitting in the dark laughing at some fun posts in Reddit when I came upon this. Now I'm not going to fucking sleep. Thanks.

3 more replies

3 more replies

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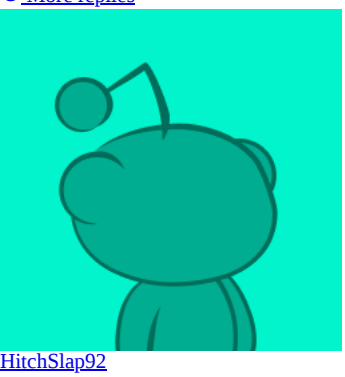

HitchSlap92
• 13y ago

god damn it, it's 2 am and I'm reading this in bed.... well, wish me luck!

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies

corgeous
• 13y ago

Reading this before bed was a huge mistake.

i_like_salad
• 13y ago

Every story is a courage the cowardly dog episode. And every smiling man mentioned in this thread makes me think of something... Naaaauuughty.

1 more reply
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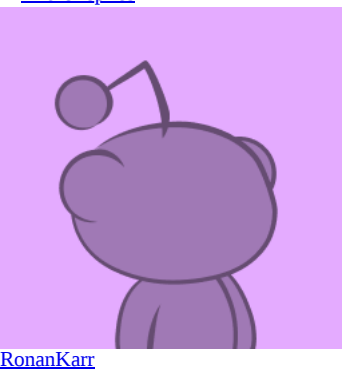

RonanKarr
• 13y ago

Ok... Idk if I'd say it was a ghost story or what but my grandparents lived up in a swampy area in Michigan. When I was probably about 8, I woke up in the middle of the night. My bed was a pull out sofa near a glass sliding door that looked into the yard and pat that the swamp. I looked over and saw what I swore was a little girl in like a white kids night gown. I went to get up and get a closer look and she was gone. Scared me shitless to the point I never wanted to go into the swamp after that.

Fast forward about a decade, I had never told any one about it. Me and my sister, who is 5 years older of me a chatting about ghosts for whatever reason and I bring up that I had an experience at our grandparents'. She got a serious look on her face and when I asked she said you mean a little girl in the swamp. We both just sat there for a bit.

Idk if it was over active child minds or what but I still don't know what the fuck we were seeing. I have heard that I small child died in the lake next to the swamp but I have no evidence.

Reply Share

VigilantInfidel
• 13y ago

I was a stocker at a retail store, working in an area all by myself before the store opened. There were a couple of other people in the store, just no where near where I happened to be.

Someone started whispering in my right ear while I was looking down and to the left at some bags on the floor. For a split-second, I was kind of mad because it was one of those heavy, breathy whispers--the kind that move the hairs in your ears and feels uncomfortable--so I turned angrily to snap at whoever thought it was funny to invade my personal space. Except there was no one there.

I ran around looking for whoever it was that might be playing a joke on me but there wasn't anyone hiding anywhere nearby and besides that, there was no way anyone could have ran off so quickly after whispering so close to me like that. All in all, it took about a second to go from normal to mad to freaked out. Yet no one believes me when I tell them about it.

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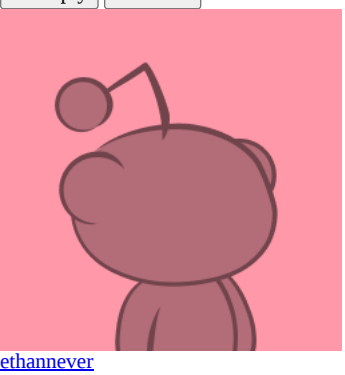

ethannever
• 13y ago

Alright, this one might be a doozy for people who don't believe in ghosts or other worldly things but when I was 5 (yes i remember this even though I was so young, in fact its my earliest memory I can recall) I lived out in the North Carolina boondocks. Way out in the sticks. So I was taking a bath on day and my mother was in the room. The phone rang and she left to go answer it in the other room. It must have been only a few moments later that I noticed there was someone else in the bathroom. I saw it in my peripheral vision and slowly looked over to the corner of the room where the toilet was. There was this person wearing really ragged clothing and he had really dark skin, like almost purplish black and the eyes on this guy. Gawd. they were bright yellow iris with tiny black pupils. He almost looked exactly like Night-crawler from the X men 2 movie. Mind you this is a whole decade before that film came out and at that time I was unfamiliar with the xmen series at all. But he just stared at me. I was standing up in the bath and I could hear my mom talking on the phone somewhere in the house but me and that thing just were staring at each other. After my mind finally registered a WTF signal I just let out a blood curteling scream in which my mom immediately ran back into the room and i saw her come in and i pointed at the man and as I glanced back over, he was just gone. She never saw anything but she, to this day, believes 100% that I was telling the truth. I've never seen it since thank god.

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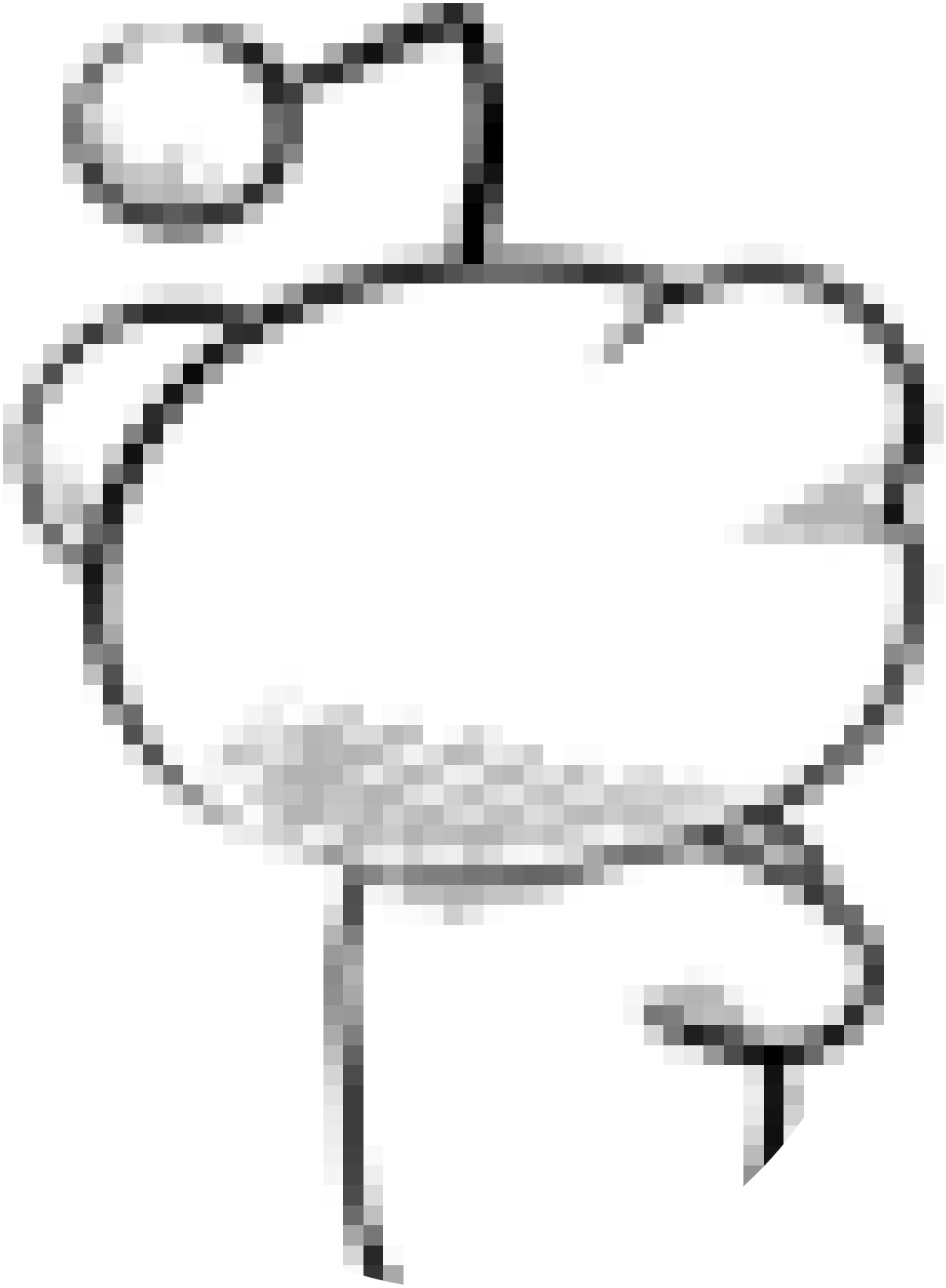

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• 13y ago • Edited 7mo ago

lush quack placid violet adjoining judicious nail innate weather selective

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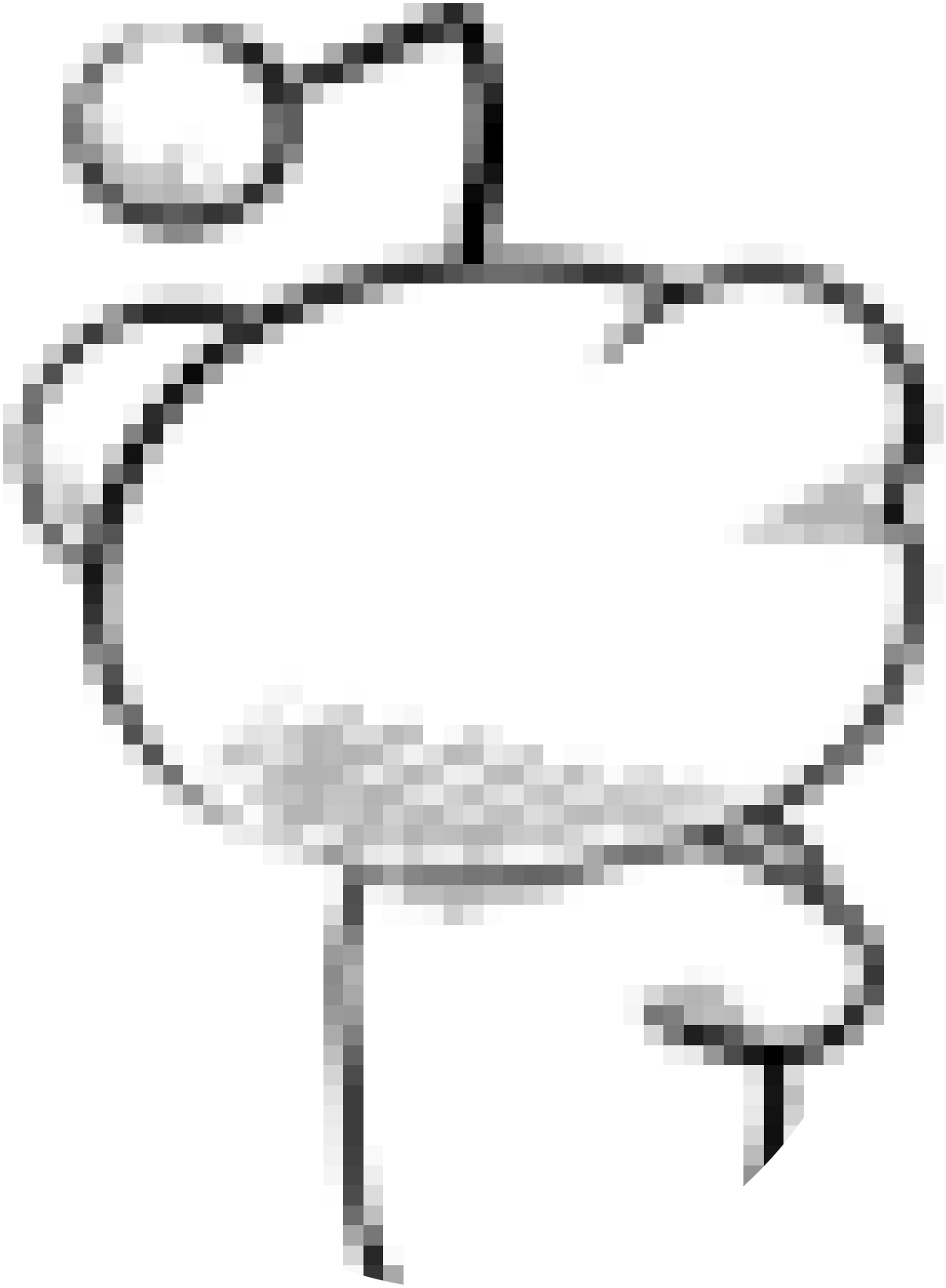

[deleted]
• 13y ago

One night, when I was about 4-5 years old, I was sleeping in my parents' bed soundly when in the middle of the night randomly I just woke up, wide awake too. I sat up in bed and looked around the room, for some reason not wondering why I woke up at this time. As I was looking around the room, I spotted something out of the corner of my eye that looked to be some sort of floating ball or orb-type thing. When I saw it, I just froze up. I was probably sitting there for about 5 min staring at it until I finally decided to stop, it was like I wanted to keep staring at it but my common sense finally spoke up from inside and yelled, "GET THE FUCK OUTTA THERE!" But I ended up quickly tossing the sheets over my head and closing my eyes because my mom had always told me that when you close your eyes, everything around you just dissappears, helping me to fall back asleep. I honestly to this day have no idea what I saw, but whatever it was, it was sure as shit floating off the ground and had a very bright white glow to it, without lighting up the room. The next morning I told my mom and she said I shoul've tried talking to it but I was pretty much like "Fuck that." She has had many experiences with various paranormal happenings like kitchen utensils flying at her and her friends when they would cook something, the lights flickering on and off, or even a phantom whispering her name in her ear. If anyone would like to hear these stories, just comment and I will gladly ask her so I can get it on here.

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sat52
• 13y ago

Not really scary but creepy... My grandmother is 95 and lives in a separate house but on the same property as my uncle and his family. They live in the country and have a lot of stray cats that come around. In the past my grandmother had always put out scraps for them. One day my mom, sister and I were at her house visiting and it comes to light that my uncle had shot one of the cats because it was pregnant. My sister and I were horrified and my mom told us that our grandmother had asked him to because there were too many strays. So we are all sitting on the front porch just in shock that she asked him to do this and that he did it and then my grandmother gets up to go inside and says kind of under her breath, "there's not going to be any kittens anymore."

Throwy27
• 13y ago

I hate both your grandma and your uncle.

1 more reply
1 more reply
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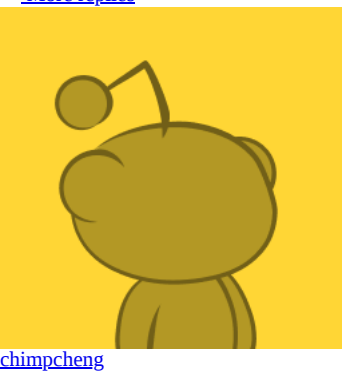

chimpcheng
• 13y ago

The labs that used to work in, when I lived in Nottingham, were based in an old Victorian something or other (I want to say mill, but I'm not entirely sure that it was).

Anyway, the cutting and staining labs were downstairs in the basement, and, although I never personally saw or heard anything during my time there, it was always a little creepy down there. This was especially so when you were alone and the lights turned off - they were automatic and after a period of not detecting motion the corridor lights would turn off.

Others would claim they were being watched or felt something brush by, but I never experienced any of that.

However, one lady who used to work there, was usually the first one in the building. She'd unlock everything and turn off the security alarm. So, one morning she did this, as per usual, and sat at her desk. The phone rang. It was coming from an internal line, which was odd, as she was the only one in, and she had just opened up the building and no one else was there.

She answered the phone, and apparently, just heard someone laughing on the other end. She left the building and stood outside until more people came...

They never did find out who made the call, if it was indeed a prank.

The same woman also claimed to have left a glass of orange juice on her desk, one night, as she locked up. In the morning, when she opened up the office, the juice was gone...

Imagination? I don't know, but during my time there I never did see anything or feel anything of particular note...

tmarie32
• 13y ago

I need to know if this has ever happened to anyone else, and it was a pretty puzzling/creepy moment for my family, so I thought what the hell.

For Christmas last year, my mom had gotten my dad a really nice watch. By March, he had lost it for a few days, but found it in the cushions of the chair in the living room. Then, in early June, he lost it again (he's totally scatterbrained). He thought he probably lost it in cushions again, so he looked in the couch and the chair and couldn't find it. My brother, my dad, and I decided to look a little harder and completely tore apart the house looking for it. We had flipped every cushion, checked every drawer, closet, purse, gym bag, beds etc in the entire house - we looked everywhere and left no stone unturned, so to speak. We still couldn't find it. My dad checked his car, his work, the gym, my grandparent's house, and asked everyone he came across if they had seen his watch. It was a really expensive and nice watch, which is obviously why he was so committed to finding it. Finally, after a few weeks of diligently searching, he kind of gave up and accepted the fact that maybe someone at his work or his gym stole it, or that he had maybe left it at a doctor's office or something like that. Basically, he had assumed that he would never see it again.

Fast forward to the middle of July. My dad works really bizarre hours, and, on this particular day, he had to leave for work at 3:30 a.m. When he woke up, my mom and brother were asleep, and I was staying the night at my best friend's house. When he came downstairs, he found the lost watch just sitting on the kitchen counter, face-down, as if he had taken it off the night before and set it there. He assumed that one of us had found it after he went to bed the night before, so he texted my mom thanking her for finding the watch. She responded to his text saying that neither she nor my brother had found it, and there was no way I found it and put it there since I was staying elsewhere for the night. My mom had cleaned the kitchen before she went to bed, and there was no watch on the counter, but when my dad woke up, the watch that had been missing for over a month had simply reappeared. No one knows how the watch got there, and my dad still thinks that maybe everyone is fucking with him and that one of us took it and replaced it as a joke.

These are my four most logical explanations for what happened:

1. My mom or brother sleepwalks and no one knows. Whoever the sleepwalker is took the watch during an episode, hid it while they were asleep, and then retrieved it during another sleepwalking episode over a month later.

2. Someone broke into our house, stole the watch, felt guilty about it, and broke back in in the night to replace it.

3. Someone else lives in our house, unbeknownst to us.

4. GHOSTS

No matter what the scenario, it's really creepy to think about how that watch came out from wherever it was and ended up on the kitchen counter.

2 more replies
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moogledo
• 13y ago

I moved with my family into a new home a couple years ago. From the start some creepy stuff happened. We had the usual weird stuff happening, things going missing, hanging living room lights rocking, doors opening by themselves and other odd sounds. Anyway there's been a few events happen to just about everyone in my family. I have a younger sister, 6 at the time this happened. She was watching TV downstairs while my mother was upstairs collecting the clothes hamper. My mum told me that my younger sister ran upstairs and told my mum that "daddy was home". My mum thought it was odd considering he wasn't due home from work for another few hours. She asked my sister what happened and she said she saw daddy run past her into the kitchen and out the back door. She checked the kitchen. All the doors and windows were still locked, no one was there. A similar situation happened with my father and my sister too. They were playing on the bed in his room, laying there talking and she says "look daddy can you see the little man?" and points to the corner of the room. He can't see anything there but she clearly can. Another thing with my mother. She was in the bathroom bathing my sister and she comes out the bathroom afterwards and asks me if I was outside the bathroom upstairs laughing. I say I never went upstairs and she says she could hear deep laughing outside the bathroom door and she thought it was me. Another situation occured with my mother when she was sleeping in my younger sisters bedroom for the night. She was laying there and she was woken up by a door banging. She thought nothing of it and tried to sleep again. A few minutes later she heard a woman's voice in the room next to her ear. She told us it had said "Im home now. Don't be afraid" Some of my own experiences are on one occasion when I was sat on the floor near my bedroom door. It was late at night and everyone was in bed. I could hear what sounded like feet moving on the other side of the door and breathing sounds. I thought it might be a family member walking around but the footsteps didn't go away or continue. They just stopped and never made any other noise. Another time I was walking along the upstairs hallway and the door at the end which is my parents bedroom swung open and something in the room fell off this sideboard and onto the floor. Recently we had some workmen in putting insulation up in the loft. They were pulling up the floorboards and found this tiny box. Inside it is this golden leaf necklace. It didn't belong to anyone in our house and there's no way it could have simply fallen underneath the rooms floorboards.

Reply Share

goswimmingly
• 13y ago

The scene in *Sinister* when the creepy Bagul demon is at the bottom of the pool and looks up to the camera slowly.

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1 more reply

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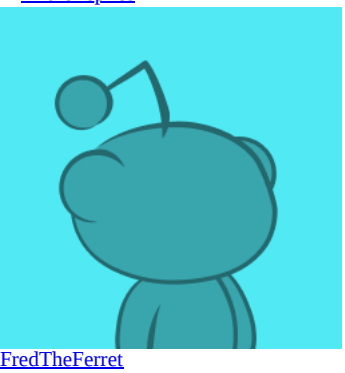

FredTheFerret
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, I used to see a black figure standing over my bed every once and a while (like every few months or so) but since it was black, and my room was pitch black as well, I never got to see any details of it. But when I was eight, I saw small bits of details of the face and hair, I stared at it, remembered each and every detail. In the morning I described the figure's details to my mother, details of the person by the way were of an old woman's, no hair, very pail, and she had told me that was what my grandmother had looked like, she had died from cancer when I was a baby so I never got to know her, later that day, I say in the reflection of her in the mirror in my living room, but this time she had hair, and looked much more happier and less sick. I ran and told my mother and she show'd me a picture of her before and after she started chemo therapy (spelling?) and they looked exactly the same as the spirit I was seeing during my childhood. That night I silently talked to myself before I fell asleep, saying I knew whom it was, and that I wished I could have met her. And after that night, I never saw the figure again. I know that wasn't very scary, but as a kid, the black figure horrified me and it took me a very long time before I got the guts to tell my mother.

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Fraghax
• 13y ago

I called someone after blocking my number. They answered and said, "it's done, but there's blood everywhere", then hung up.

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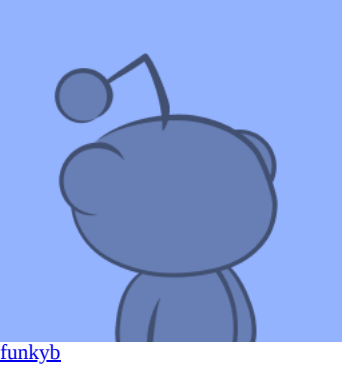

funkyb
• 13y ago

Awesome, now I have something new to do with unlisted numbers.

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wonderwomanx
• 13y ago

oh boy its this thread again. i wasnt planning on sleeping anyways. *grabs popcorn*

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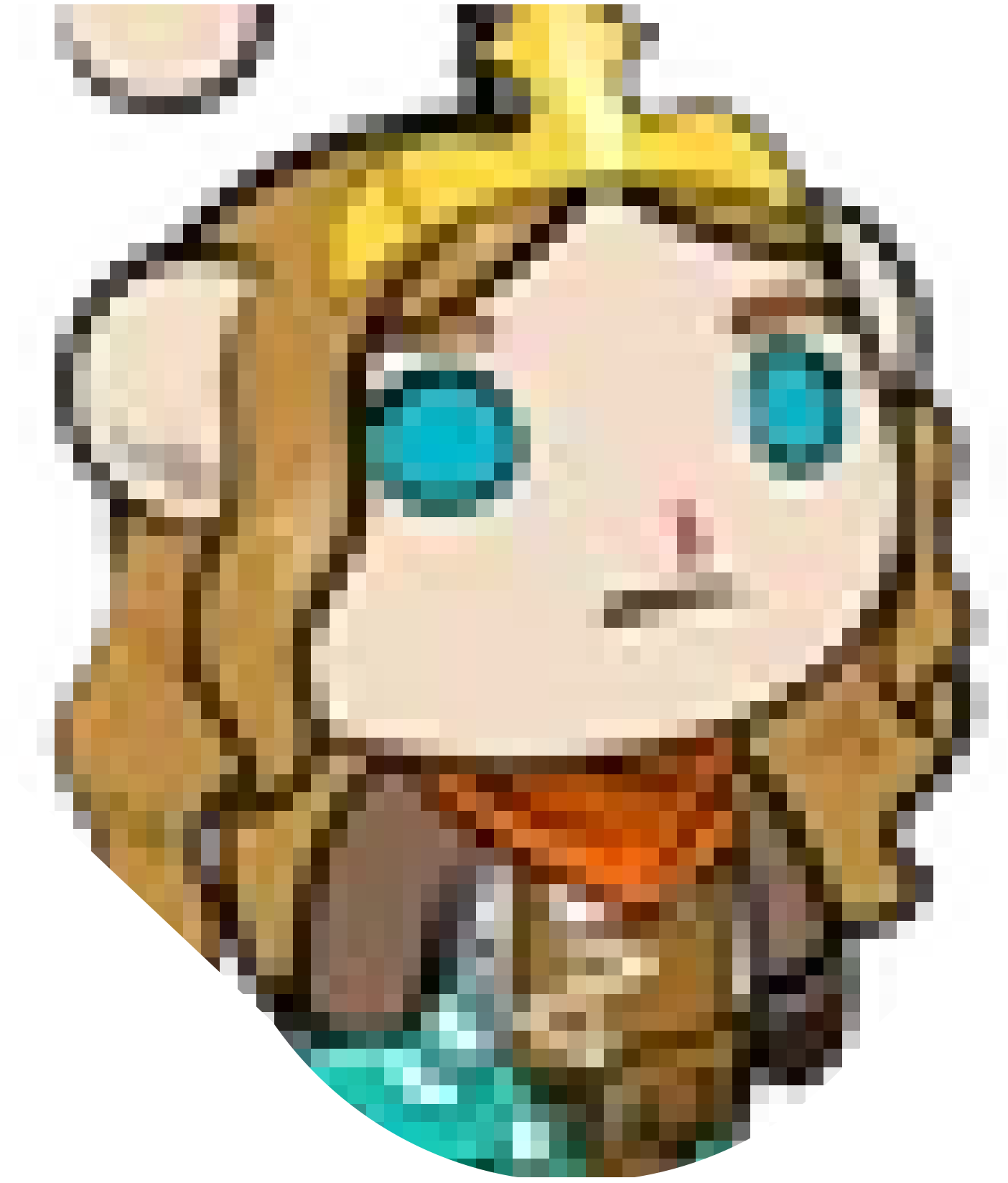

IndianChai
• 13y ago

It is 1:01 am here. Nope. Nopenopenope.

AkitheFrivolicious
• 13y ago

This will never be read but I want to play 'ask reddit'.

I remember once when I was six years old being very, very sick. My parents were going through a divorce, so my dad and brother were no longer living with my mom and I in our now very empty house. It was a ranch style, elongated and not very wide, and the only way to get downstairs was through the stairwell at the opposite end of the house from my room.

I woke up suddenly from a deep sleep at three in the morning because I heard the basement bathroom door creak open, which was directly below my room and connected to my brother's room.

Except my brother didn't live down there anymore.

I remember laying in bed, listening to the humidifier hum on my dresser, to the sound of my mom snoring two rooms away, and to the very soft and distinct sounds of footsteps moving across the floor in the basement. They were painfully slow, but I could hear them moving. First through the laundry room. Then up the stairs. I heard each step creak ever so softly, and I remember sinking down into my bed and pulling my blanket up to my chin.

They reached the upstairs landing, now just a kitchen and hallway away from my room. And still they continued, the boards creaking softly every few seconds, closer and closer. I had to have been dreaming. It had to be the fever. My imagination was getting the best of me.

The creaking was right outside my closed bedroom door now. I was shaking. I pulled the blanket over my head, knowing it was just my imagination. It HAD to be.

I heard the door scraping on the carpet. No. Then came the creak right next to my bed. This is how I die. I nearly pissed myself from fear, working up the courage to reach over and flick on the light, convinced that once I did whatever was outside my bed would reach out and grab me and that would be the end.

I waited a solid minute before I finally got the courage to grab my lamp and push in the lightswitch, throwing back the covers.

My room was empty. The humidifier still hummed, I could still hear my mom snoring.

And my door was open.

I didn't sleep anymore that night. Maybe it was just the fever. Probably my imagination. But to this day I have no explanation to the door being open when nobody else was home. And the carpet in my room was high enough that you had to PUSH the door open to get in. And we had no pets.

Still get chills whenever I think I hear someone opening the door or rattling around in my house. I'm now 23.

The other story I have to tell is when I was five years old I heard a noise outside my bedroom window, opened the blinds, and a barn owl swooped down from the tree below and smacked into the window. I had to sleep in my parents' room for about a week after that. I will never forget his big yellow eyes as he came in like some bird of death or something.

10 more replies
10 more replies
More replies

cheepasskid
• 13y ago

wow! what a coincidence; i was going to post this story yesterday as it's own page but this is even better!

Ok, so, let me clear myself of whackjob status by saying, I'm not religious, not a believer in ghosts, demons, goblins or any of that. I basically need to see the evidence before i even consider it.

One night when i was living in Austin, Tx I had this girlfriend I was dating and that night Austin got hit really bad with an intense storm with high winds. I'm talking really high winds; the kind that howls.

She was scared so we went to her place before it escalated and the power goes out and she just starts freaking out. You can't see anything and twigs and leaves and debris is hitting the window, and then all of a sudden the door opens to the balcony on the third floor. This was followed by a constant banging from the door swinging back and forth. She just went into panic mode as i calmed her down and said, "it's okay, elisabeth, it's just the wind." she then followed me by holding my hand as i walked into the next room to shut the door. I push it close, lock it, and we go back to her room to lay on the bed. Two minutes later it flies open again and is banging against the wall. This time she's freaking out so much it's kind of making me edgy, but my logical mind kicked in and said..."well, maybe i didn't turn the lock the whole way (until it clicks), therefore gradually opening it again from the pressure.

Ok, so here's where it gets weird for me. She follows me again and this time i shut it really hard and make sure the lock *clicks*. It doesn't open again. Now we're laying back in bed just listening wide-eyed to the storm happening outside. Remember the wind is howling at a certain continuous pitch. That was all you could hear. So, it was a steady wave up and down of wind sort of like a drone. The occasional debris would hit the window so that had a distinct sound. Then all of a sudden, in the middle of this wave of sound from the wind, i hear something completely offset that sound, it's a voice, a distinct devil voice. A voice so audible and clear it stopped me in my tracks and my heart sunk into my stomach. It said, "rashaaaaad" (my name's rashad). The voice was so off from the pitch of the wind and the crap flying around outside. It was like it was created by some other source.

So, i'm sitting there for 30 seconds (thinking i'm the only person going crazy) and not wanting to scare my gf by telling her what i heard, I said, "did you hear that?" and she said, "OMG! IT SAID YOUR NAME?! OMGOMGOMG I DIDN'T THINK YOU HEARD AND I THOUGHT IT'D SCARE YOU!?". She had about lost it right then and there, because she is a little gullible. At that point I was at a lost for words and by far one of the strangest things i've ever witnessed. It sounded so real. I'm not embellishing this at all to make it seem more believable. We both her the same distinct voice say my name. I'm not going to say it was anything of that sort but it was definitely a crazy coincidence at the very least.

Ps. sorry for all the grammar error. I'm too lazy to go up and review.

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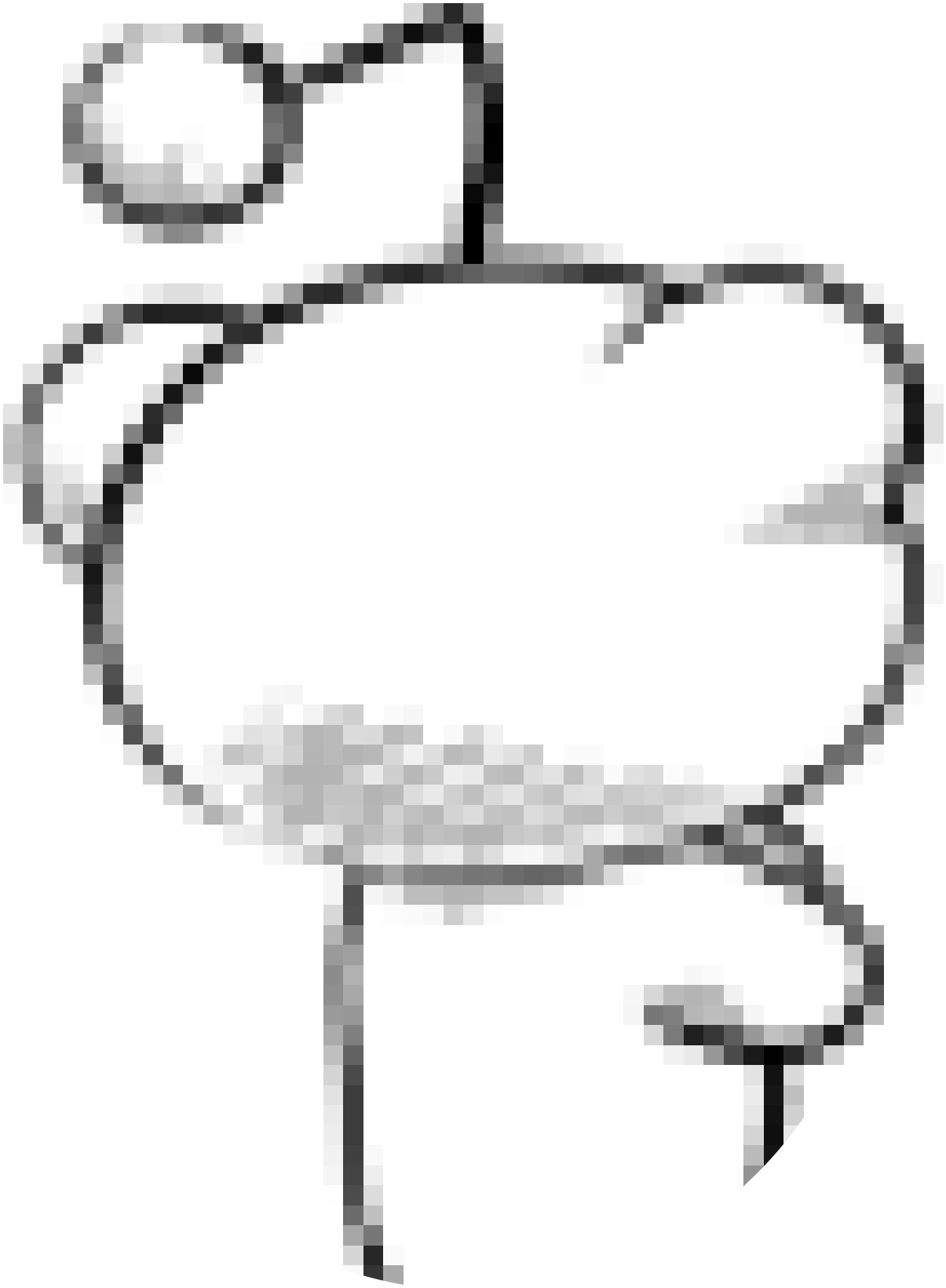

[deleted]
• 13y ago

I woke up in the middle of the night once to the sound of scratching at my bedroom door. I know it wasn't my dog because I would have heard her collar jingle. It scared the shit out of me. To this day I do not know what it was.

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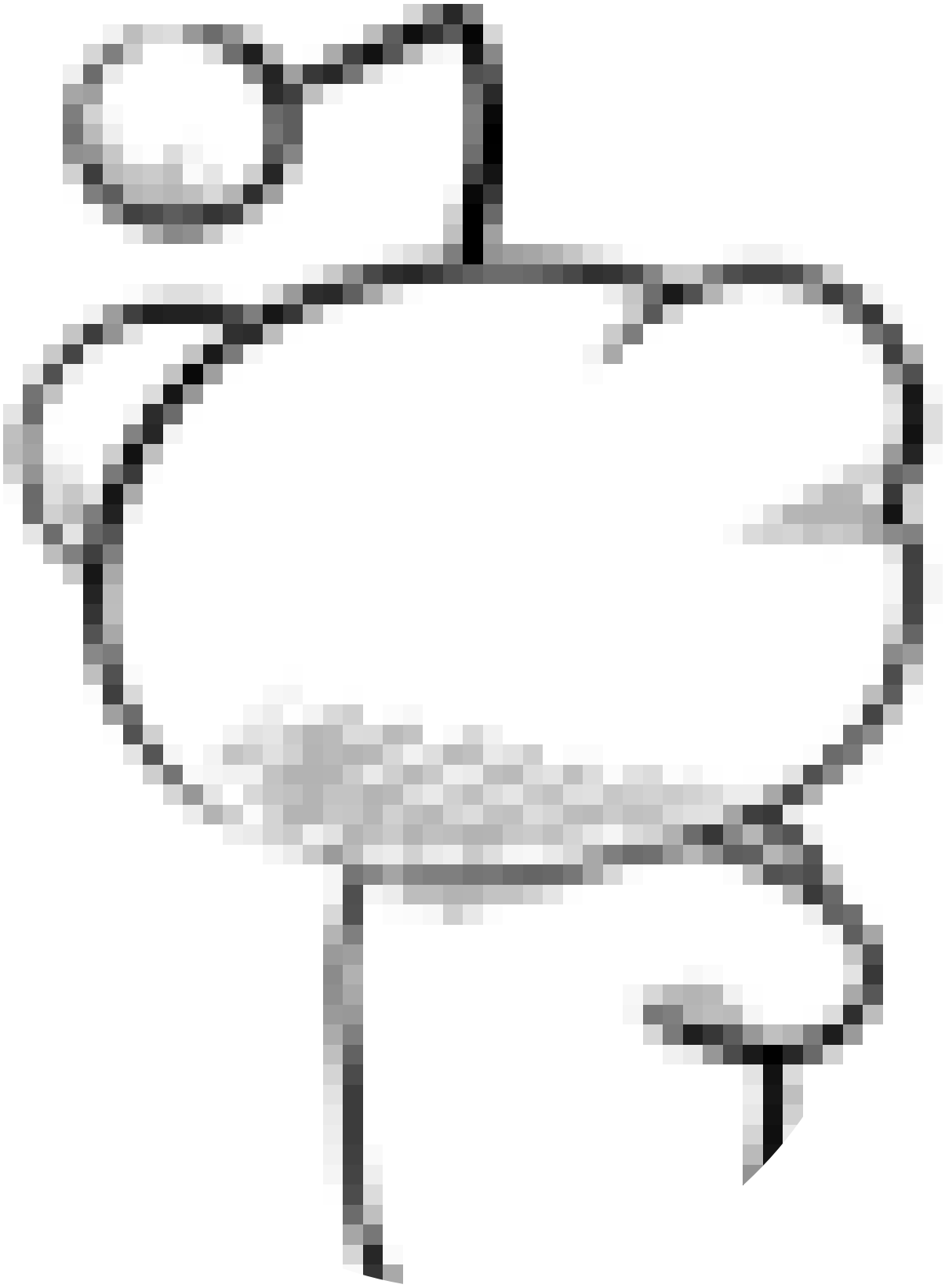

Trax123
• 13y ago

I was a poor sleeper my whole life and suffered from sleepwalking and night terrors all the time as a kid. I have a bunch of terrifying experiences from that time period, but the one that sticks out the most was one night when I was around 17.

My bedroom was pitch black, being a long basement room with only one tiny window that got no streetlight at all. In the middle of the night one night, I got a chill that ran up my spine. Something else was *in the room* with me. I sat bolt upright in bed and scanned the darkness. There, standing right under the window was a *girl*. She was probably 15 or 16 years old, with curly blonde hair and wearing a sleeveless red plaid shirt. I was *sure* this was one of my sleepwalking episodes, so I did what I normally do in those situations, shook my head back and forth, threw my covers off and rubbed my eyes....shit, she's still there.

We locked eyes for what seemed like a minute, neither of us moving. Then, the girl took a couple steps backwards, which took her out of the minimal beam of light coming through the window and into the inky blackness. Terrified, I leaped out of bed and turned the light on in my bathroom right next to the bed. Nothing...she was gone.

I'm sure I was just having another night terror or sleepwalking episode, but I never shook that night. 18 or 19 years later and I can still remember her face.

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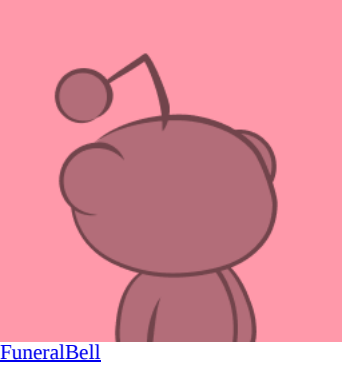

FuneralBell
• 13y ago

NOPE I'm gone from this post after reading about Robert the doll. Don't do that.

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real_life_corgi
• 13y ago

This thread is interesting to me in that, for Americans, what's scary is .. real things. that doesn't require another explanation or doubt. As for me, it's something supernatural.

I am from Korea and story of ghost...is very much everywhere, people believe it, some people are skeptical of it, but growing up, you can never hear enough of it even if it means you can't sleep at night without worrying about something staring at you through the dark.

I grew up as a little kid who was skeptical but absolutely fascinated by those ghost stories, supernatrual things and what not. I always dreamed of seeing a ghost myself, but was never lucky or unlucky enough - until my 5th grade camping trip.

Korean camping trip is.....weird. We are basically sent off to this camping site..which is a redesigned abandoned/closed school, with big fucking shed built as a sleeping place. This was in the middle of woods, school was closed long ago because there were not enough students, and since then it was redesigned to be a camping place. The sheds....or sleeping ground, was basically a wall and a roof, nothing more. Wind still came through so even though it was middle of May, it was still chilly at night time.

Nothing major really happened, except for some minor accidents here and there. Comes two days before the day of return, we had fun little activity, test of fortitude, they called it. We were paired in two, and given one flashlight. Then we were asked to go through very narrow mountain path. Along the way, teachers dressed up as a ghost will come out and scare us, grab our ankles while hidden, etc. It wasn't...honestly, scary. We got to the end where it was an open field between two mountains. We had to wait until all the teachers and students get there so that we can return as a group. So i was looking at the path that we just came in from.

That's when I felt it, something odd, something strange. In Korean school, there's a belief. If the room, the whole room, goes completely quiet in the middle of everyone is talking, it means the ghost is passing through the room. That's what happened. EVERYONE there, out in the open field in the dead of night was talking. and simultaneously, we all went quiet for split second. I felt cold chill in my back. And while everyone resumed talking and laughed about how we all went silent for a second, I looked behind me to the hill.

I saw it, I still remember how it was moving.

It was white...cloth of sort, moving, flocking around as if it was a flag in a very windy day. I remember being creeped out by it...because there wasn't that much wind to begin with. It's movement....like a ghost flare, was stationary..

I thought, it must be a piece of plastic tarp hung on the tree. It had to be. It was close to farms, and vinyl greenhouse was plenty around us.. but then, it happened.

It started moving,

moving away from its place.

It was now obvious its not something that was stuck in the tree. The movement itself...was fluid. Even though hill was bit far away from me. I could see it so well.... which should have been something I should've been aware before..but just as I am writing this, im realizing now. If it was in fact, a tarp or some shit, even if it was white, i should have hard time seeing it. but...I could see it so well, as if it was glowing on its own.

Anywho, I saw it moving through the woods now.. from right to left. The movement was...fluid... not too fast, but fast enough. And I thought it must be one of the teachers dressed up, trying to scare us. That's when some of other kids noticed it too. We all thought it was one of the teachers. and that's when I heard our head teacher saying this.

"alright, all of us are here, let's head back."

and I looked around. He was right. all of our homeroom teachers, all of our students, all of our camp managers were there. No one missing.

I looked back to the hill, and the white.....thing was gone. However, that night, is something that I can't forget 13 years later.

2 more replies
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Ganglere
• 13y ago

When I was 19 or so, I drove from Toronto to Quebec City to see a friend. It was winter and so I knew snow would be an issue during the drive. I don't like driving on the big Highways so I set a pace that meant I'd drive carefully, and make the drive in 2 days, just to be safe.

As I'm driving along I'm feeling pretty good. Its snowing quite a bit, and its dark, but I wasn't bothered, I had my music, a full tank of gas and brand new tires on my car.

I'm on what I would describe as a long, straight country road, surrounded by farms, when this feeling just comes over me. I know, for a fact, that I am going to die. There is no lead up to this feeling, imminent doom is how I would describe it. I am definitely going to crash my car any second. Its oppressive, I can't catch my breath, I am full on weeping.

In the back of my mind, I can hear this high pitched sound that is very unnerving. I pull my car to the side of the road when I realize that its coming from me. For about 10 minutes I am pulled over on the side of the road, with my car seat tilted back, lying in the fetal position, biting my balled up fists, weeping and attempting to strangle a scream that won't stop coming out of me.

Then it stopped, I was fine, if shaken, and I collected myself. I had to wrap my hand in a t-shirt because I'd bitten it so hard I'd broken the skin. I found the nearest motel and had trouble checking in because I'd blown my voice out during the event.

I had never experienced that before, nor have I experienced it since. I was calm and relaxed. I was not stressed out about anything, and was looking forward to the visit.

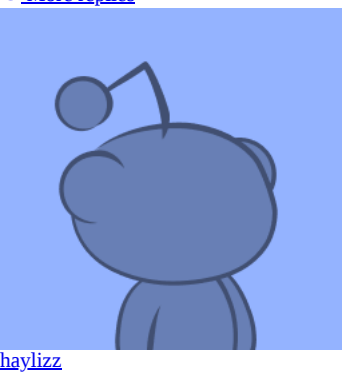
When I made it to my friends house, I told her about what had happened, but perhaps not about the depth of terror I'd felt. She suggested, as a lark, that we check local papers or something like that to see if anyone had died on that stretch of road. I am a total skeptic but I declined the offer just because I totally didn't want to know.

You can bet I chose a different route for my return trip though.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



haylizz
• 13y ago

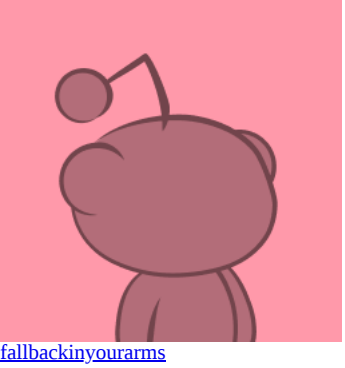
Isn't terribly frightening, but it's the creepiest thing to happen to me in my short 20ish years of life.

I work in an adult store that is inside a really old building. The original hardwood floors are in there, over a century old. No one who works there has been able to find info on it from before the early 1920s, back when it was a junk store. There's an apartment complex upstairs that has had a history of suicides and natural deaths. The residents are mainly old alcoholics.

We have a basement, but it has an alarm on the entry. There has been some incidents of homeless people breaking into the basement. One day, our company's maintenance guy was in the back break room (where the entrance of the basement is) when he felt like someone walked into the room. He turned around and saw some redheaded woman walking down the stairs into the basement. He started after her, asking who she was and what the hell she was doing, but when he looked down the basement stairs, it was empty. The motion alarm was set, but didn't go off like it should have.

Many of my coworkers claim to have had various experiences with the redheaded lady. When I started working there, I worked the graveyard (12 a.m. to 8 a.m.) shift. Weird stuff happened to me fairly often. One of the front doors swung open on its own pretty regularly, weird footsteps in the back all the time, and quite often products would fall off the walls/shelves. I'd go to put them back and they'd be a good foot from the wall. The thing that made it really eerie was something my coworker (who also worked the grave shift) said. She had been working grave at this store for about three years and said that the redheaded lady had never been this active until I started.

After 6 months on graveyard, I moved to day shifts (8 a.m. to 4 p.m.) Repeat the weird ghost lady shit. My day coworkers said she had never done anything during the day before I came to the shift. The past two or so weeks, I've been covering some 4 p.m. to 12 a.m. shifts due to a lack of staff. Again, she has been fucking with everyone way more than before. One of our new girls has seen some of the freaky shit I have. Seems she's latched on to the two of us.



fallbackinyourarms
• 13y ago

This story is more creepy than it is scary.

This happened about a month ago. I was walking with my brother around a different neighbourhood at night time, just some bonding time. It was fairly dark except for the street lights that were on. No one was on the streets. My brother and I stop to look at a garage that was open that had a whole collection of guitars. We both thought it was pretty cool. I started walking again and was a few metres ahead of him when I noticed I heard a sound coming from the street that was connected to the one we were walking beside. I didn't really care about it. About 20 seconds later, I start to hear a sound again, only this time it seems to be a man laughing, but it seemed like it was getting closer. I tell my brother and he stares at the street trying to see if there was anyone there. Eventually, we see a man emerge out of the darkness on the street, only he is riding what seems to be a tricycle. At this point he is still laughing to himself, and he is riding right in the middle of the road towards where we were, though, I don't think he had actually seen us. I shit you not for this next part. He looked EXACTLY like pennywise the dancing clown. Same face makeup, hair, costume. He was still laughing to himself, riding this tricycle in the middle of the road. I was very, very relieved when he took a turn on the street away from us. I honestly just wanted to get away, so I told my brother to hurry up and walk. Very thankfully nothing happened after that but I told my brother I would not be getting out of the car again until we got home.

2 more replies
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Cervix-Pounder
• 13y ago

Not sure how old i was, 5, 6 or maybe 7 but i woke up in the night, not sure what time but my parents were asleep. I could hear this noise coming from downstairs, i think in the living room. I could hear a boy about my age cryin, i knelt on the floor looking throught the bannisters upstairs but couldnt see anyone. The boy kept crying and wimpered the words "help me, please help me" a few times and kept crying, the TV wasnt on, no radio, nothing. Pitch black and scary as fuck i ran into my bedroom and went to sleep some how.

Another time i woke in the night and saw a dark blue figure of an old lady, she had shoulder legnth hair, a cardigan and a long skirt. She was sat on my chair. I described her to my dad and he said she sounded like his grandmother.

Last story, i woke up again a different time, i was facing away from the wall, looking out to my room and there was a black figure of an old man standing there, slightly slouched. He was wearing a flat cap, had a walking stick and was twiddling his thumbs whilst looking at my fish in their tank. I didnt actually feel scared, kind of felt friendly and safe. Again i described him to my dad and he said he sounds like his grandfather, he even used to twiddle his thumbs.

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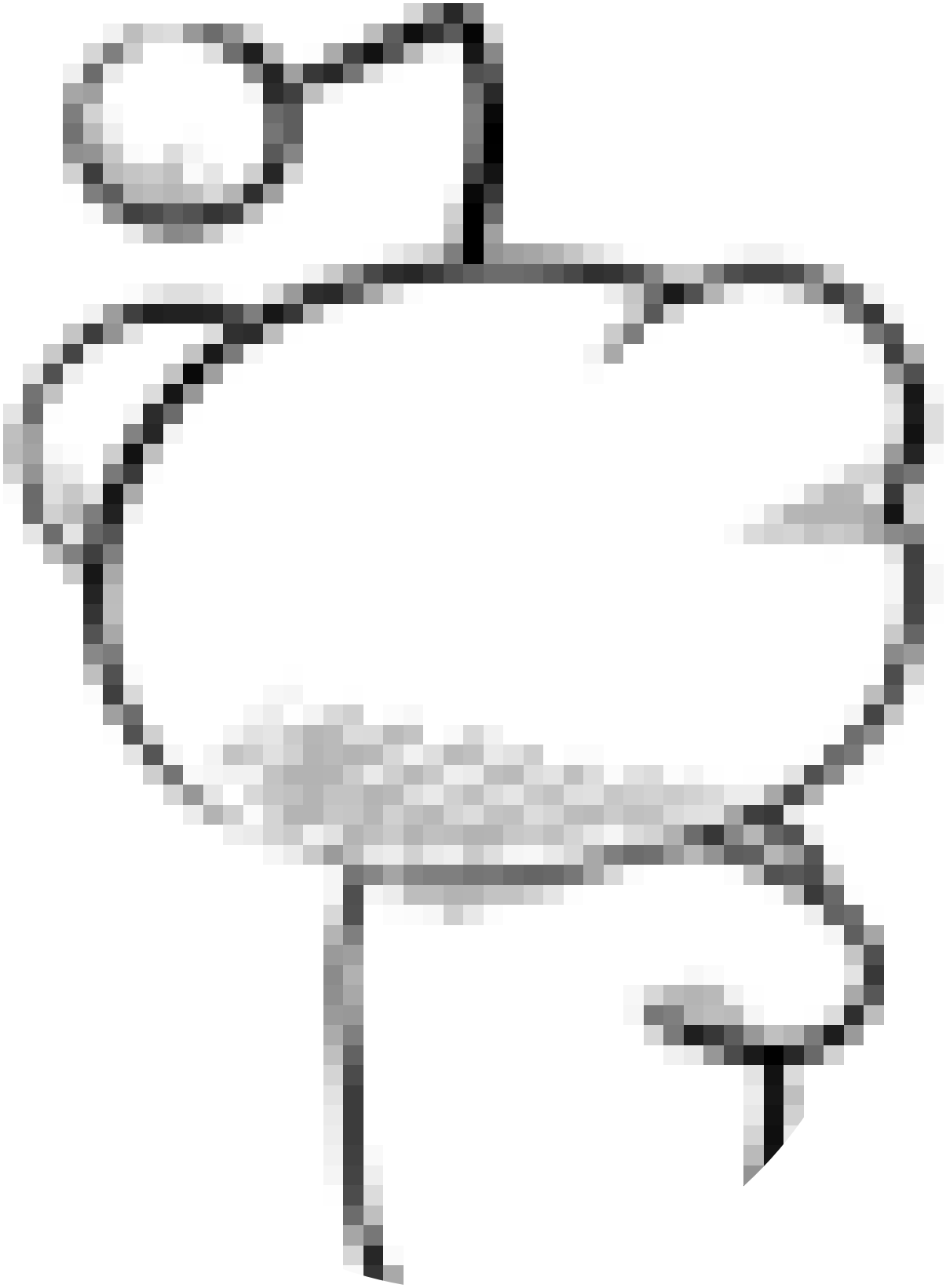

Orangedeuce
• 13y ago

Creepiest thing that I've ever experienced was maybe a year ago in my parent's house. I was asleep and jolted up from my bed. I immediately knew I was in sleep paralysis because I could not move at all. Except, the weird thing was, instead of just laying down not being able to move, I sat half way up, back arched, head to the ceiling, with my mouth wide open. It was probably 7am, because the sun was shining bright through my window. It had to have been the longest minute of my life. I immediately dropped down into my bed and fell back asleep. I can't explain it at all

Reply Share

manapana
• 13y ago

I don't remember any of this at all but my mom and grandparents have told me that when I was around two or three there was a towel cabinet right outside of my room and on some nights they'd hear the doors slam shut even though they were already shut when they went to sleep, they'd check on me just to make sure the sound didn't wake me up and they'd find my baby blanket spread across the floor even though it was supposed to be on the bed with me, then in the mornings I'd wake up and tell them that a lady sat on the end of my bed with me all night. We moved pretty fast haha, I have no recollection of any of this but scares the fuck out of me every time they tell me. Especially since I was only two, it's kind of hard for a two/three year old to make something like that up.

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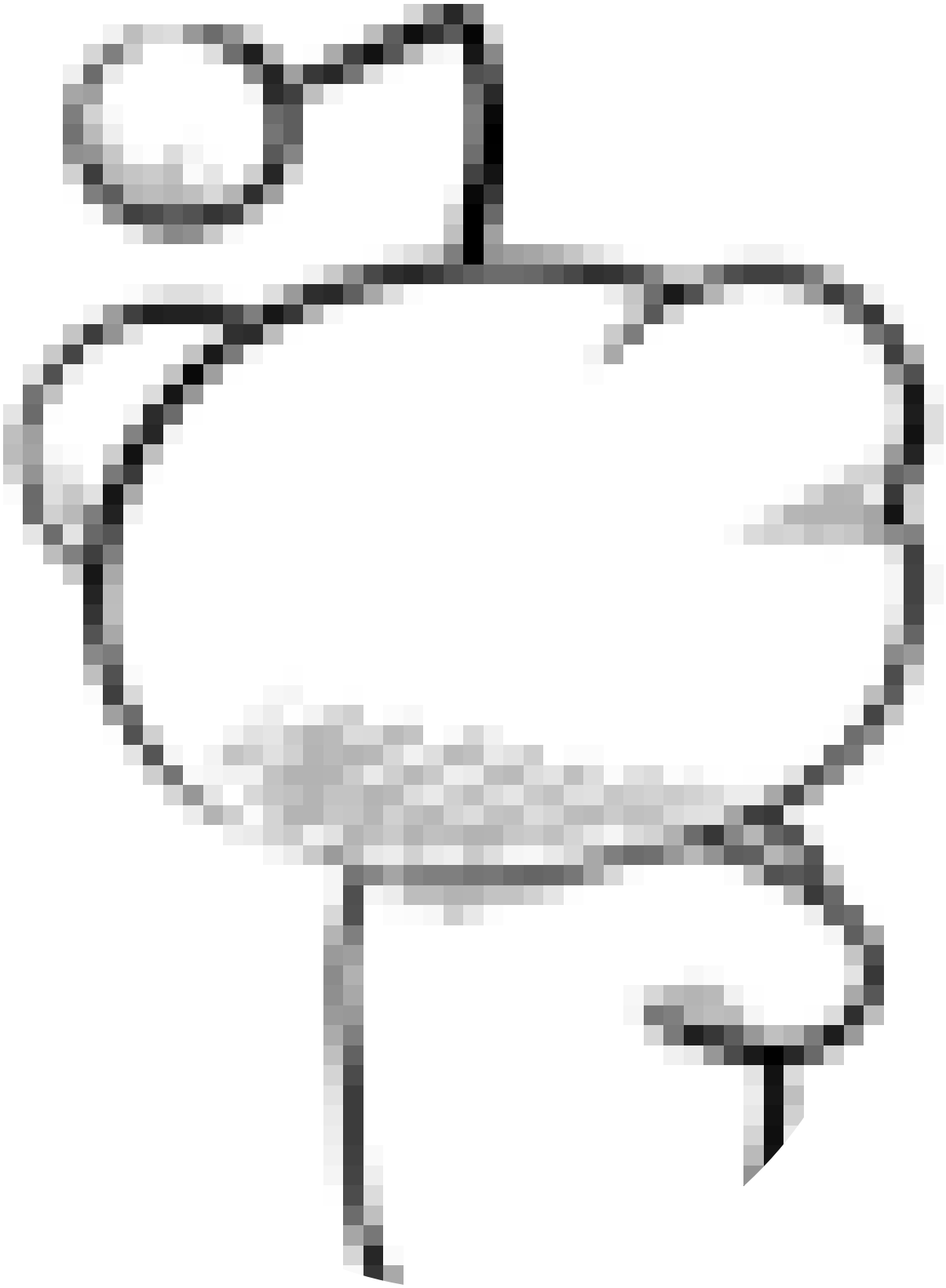

Glescaboy2402
• 13y ago

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

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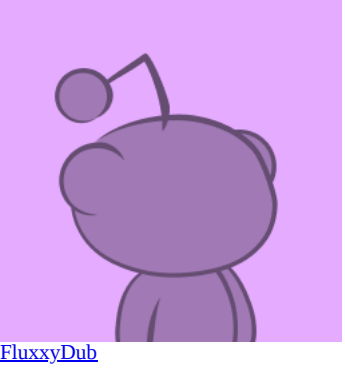

FluxxyDub

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Do any of you believe in being possessed? I do to an extent... When I was younger, probably around the age of 9 or 10 I was really ill with the flu or something. This 'flu' enabled me to have nightmares every time I fell asleep and whatever I was looking at before I fell asleep would be the topic of the nightmare. I remember one of the nightmares being about the Sky box (satellite tv) being alive and eating my dog right in front of me, it sounds stupid but was very vivid and very graphic and I can still remember it to this day. Another night, I fell asleep and when I woke up the next day, my parents and brothers sat me down and asked me if I remembered anything from last night, I replied 'no'. It seemed as if I had been screaming in my sleep, when my brothers came to check on me, I told them to fuck off in a really deep voice... When my dad came in to check on me, I sat up with my eyes wide open, told him that 'I don't want to play anymore' and I told him to 'put the fucking knife down'. All I remember from that night was the nightmare of seeing my dad run around my room with a large kitchen knife... So yeah, to a certain extent, I believe in possession because of that night

Reply Share

KB310

• 13y ago

What you just described is nearly every symptom of a night terror, which can be triggered when body temperature is raised, whether it be from too many blankets or an illness such as the flu. As a kid I shared a room with a brother who suffered from night terrors and would sleep on the couch when he was sick for this very reason. He would sit straight up, eyes wide open, screaming and yelling nonsense. In the morning he would have no recollection. I too thought he was possessed.

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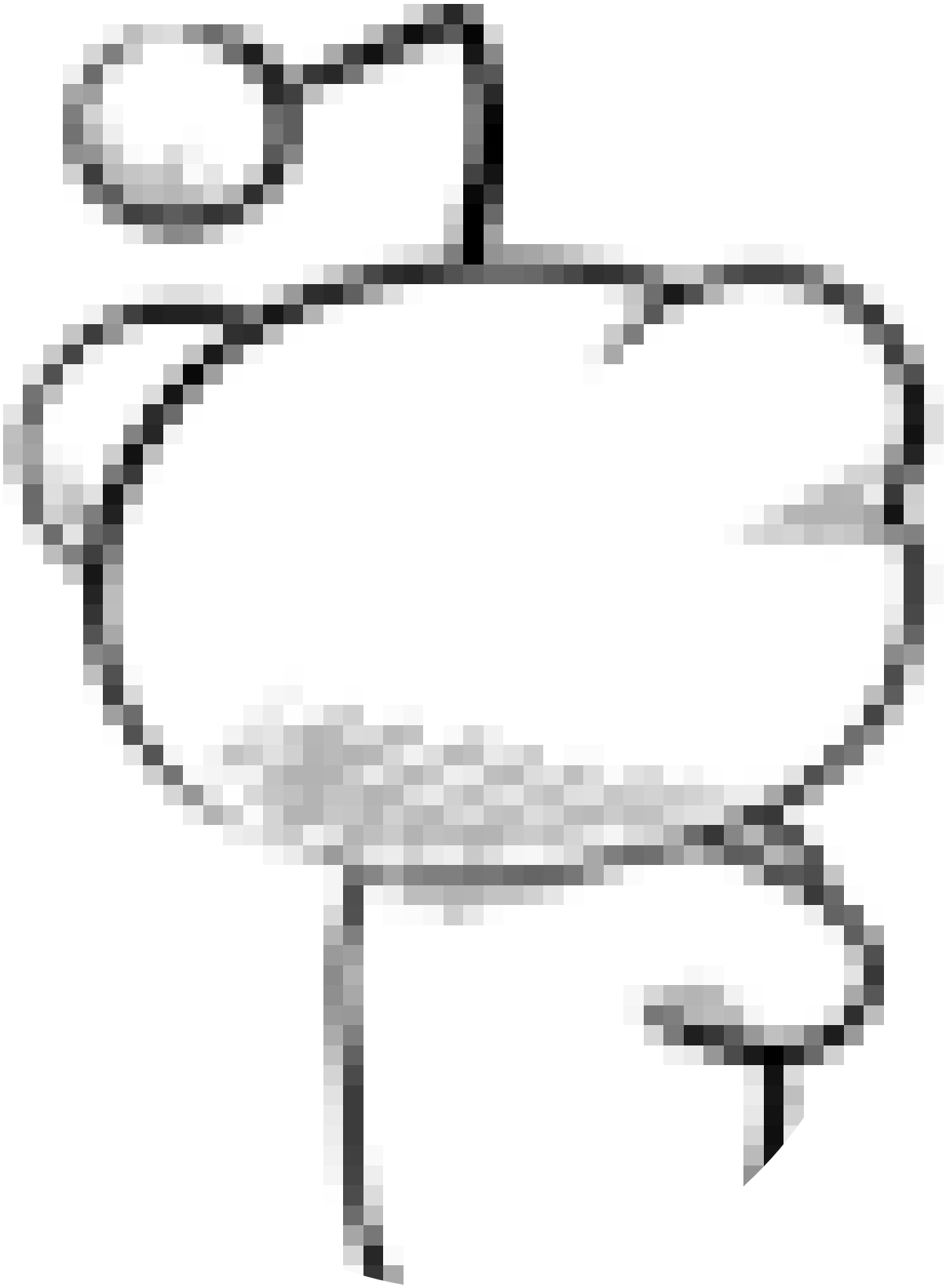

[deleted]
• 13y ago

went camping once alone. first time i had tried this and i went to a familiar spot. (i know it is dumb, but i notified some people of where i would be ahead of time.) I brought my camera with me so i could take landscapes and other artsy bullshit. whatever, the trip is going great and i decide to make camp.

I go to bed pretty much as the sun went down. i was on the shore of a lake, so i kept my camera in my tent so i could take some nice shots as the sun rises over the lake. it should be noted that this is my camera. there is no flash, it is a bare bones fully manual film camera.

i wake up as the sun rises and take some good shots. the trip is pretty uneventful and i pack up and head home. a few weeks later i develop the film in my darkroom. as i squeegee off the film i notice a weird sequence of frames right before the shots i took in the morning. it is color negative film so it is a little difficult to actually see what the picture is. they were a little blurry too, but it looks like it was someones face.

i dry the film off with the other rolls and proceed to make some contact sheets. (a page that shows me each photo on the roll, just printed the size of the negative). I pull the sheet out of the machine and immediately drop it. the pictures were of me. sleeping in my tent.

my hands are shaking and i pick the page back up. the final image in the sequence was just a blurry mess. but i could make out a wide smile, and a knife being held over me.

I burned those negatives and the one existing contact sheet. I have never been back to that area, and will never return.

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leighlarox

• 13y ago

I was in Mexico picking up some cheap medication for extreme dry skin, and met an older couple handing out fliers. Their daughter had gone to Mexico for a class trip, but had disappeared. They were so distressed, so I offered to help them look for the next few days. When we couldn't find her and were driving back (were at the border, where everyone is checked for drugs and such), suddenly the woman freaked out and began pointing at a car filled with men and one girl a few cars down. The border patrol stopped the car, and sure enough her daughter was in it, but she appeared fast asleep. When the guy next to her got out, she slumped over instead of waking up. Turns out they had gutted her and filled her with drugs. I'll never forget the sight or her mother's screams, and never went back to Mexico after that

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ProfDee

• 13y ago

4:00 AM I roll over in my bed, and open my eyes because I had a weird feeling. My gay nudist room mate is drunk and ass naked (obviously), has his hands on his hips and is hunched over staring at me from my now open doorway. It took him about 10 seconds to realize that I was looking at him and he jumped and ran away. I could hear gay porn for the rest of the morning.

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sassatron

• 13y ago

Went to my best friend's funeral. It was closed-casket, because she had fallen & laid face down for 3 days before her mom found her. I wanted to see her. They opened her coffin & her face was so bloated & distorted, it didn't look anything like her, barely human. That night as I was trying to go to sleep every time I closed my eyes I saw her dead bloated face inches away from mine. EVERY TIME. I stayed awake all night.

2 more replies

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NaturesWanderer
• 13y ago

Glad I found a thread to keep me occupied for today's work day. It'll be 5:00 before I know it! Thanks reddit!

1 more reply
1 more reply

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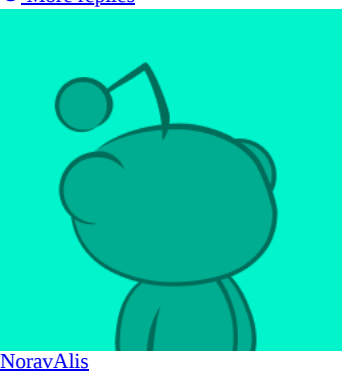

NoravAlis
• 13y ago

Sorry for the wall of text, the story isn't short, but it is creepy as fuck.

Context: A popular history teacher at my old high school takes a group of kids on a backpacking trip through the national parks in southern Utah/northern Arizona every spring, and the year I went, he dropped this story on us at the camp fire, while we were camping on Navajo Mountain, where the story takes place.

Btw, this teacher is very sensible, well-liked, and equipped with a keen bullshit detector. He assures us that while he doesn't normally believe 'ghost' stories and the like, he's convinced the man who told him this story is for real.

The tale: Navajo Mountain, which sits on a reservation in northern Arizona is reputed to be under the patrol of several skin-walker spirits, creatures also known as Native American shape shifters.

Unlike shape shifter lore attributed to other tribes or locations, the skin-walkers of Navajo mountain are bloodthirsty beings, whose purpose, it seems, is to protect the cultural relics which can be found at ancient sites around and throughout the mountain. Because the site hosts a plethora of ancient artifacts such as arrowheads, pottery shards and artwork on rock faces, in great abundance (I saw lots of these artifacts when we camped there, and we were strictly warned to touch none of it,) the site attracts merchants looking for items to gather and then sell to tourists, it is said that the skin-walkers of Navajo Mountain have taken to killing hikers who disturb the artifacts, and then taken on the "shape", or skin of the victim. Here's my teacher's story, which happened about ten years prior to my class trip in 2001:

My teacher traveled to Navajo mountain on his own to do some hiking and visiting the sites of the rock drawings for his summer vacation. He had been on the mountain a couple of days when a summer storm rolled through, and the lightning got too close to his campsite for comfort. He was only about a mile from his rented car, so he hiked down and headed in to the nearby town to wait out the storm and restock on food and water. While he was in town, he took refuge in the local bar, and was approached by a man who he said, 'had dead eyes.' The man sat down near my teacher and looked at him for a minute before asking, 'doing some camping around here?'

My teacher looked at him and said that yes, he was spending some time on Navajo mountain, but was waiting out the storm with a beer. The man nodded, and said, I've seen some crazy shit on that mountain. Intrigued, my teacher asked him what he'd seen, and the man told him his story.

The man used to be a roadside merchant, who had a reservation-issued permit to pick up common artifacts from the area, such as pottery shards and small stone tools, granted to him due to some Navajo ancestry in his family. The man had two brothers - one older and one younger, who would often comb the mountain for objects they could sell at their stand, to tourists driving through. Once day, the man asked his younger brother to head up to the mountain and see if he could find some artifacts to restock the stand, and told him he would be by in a few hours with the truck, to pick him up. The brother said sure, and set out to hitch a ride to the site.

A couple hours later, business was drying up for the day, so the man set out to find his brother, and see what he had been able to salvage from the mountain. He drove up to the dirt lot and parked his truck, and started calling for his brother. As he wandered up the path, calling out, he heard a voice, snickering. The voice sounded like his little brother, and as he continued up the trail, calling his brother's name with growing unease, the snickering grew to a very deep laugh. According to the man, the laugh froze his blood, as he was certain it sounded like his brother, except that his brother never laughed like that. After about 100 yards, the laughter had grown quite loud. The man described it as 'humorless and dead.' Rounding a rock outcropping, he saw his younger brother standing, about 50 feet up on a cliff, his throat slit and his eyes glowing, staring at him and laughing. When it saw the man, it stopped laughing, turned its head to the sky, and howled. The man turned and ran as fast as he could, back to his truck. He could hear the creature that used to be his brother in pursuit, and later came to realize he was only saved by the fact that it had been up on a rock face, and had to get down to give the man proper chase.

The man made it to his truck, and high-tailed it out of the park. Looking in his rear-view mirror, the man saw the creature chasing him down the road, pacing the truck about 50 feet back, and running on all fours. The creature never stopped grinning for the entire, short drive to the man's house. The man made it inside and locked the door. Looking out the window to his front yard, the creature sat in the middle of his lawn, grinning at the window, and still dripping blood from where his brother's throat had been ripped open.

This continued for two days, and the man was unable to leave his house. Occasionally, the creature would laugh its horrible laugh, or howl at the moon.

On the third day, the man called the local medicine man for advice. The town's shaman was highly disturbed by this news, and advised the man to stay in his house until the moon started its waning phase. At that point, he advised, the Skinwalker should become bored, and return to it's patrol at the mountain. The shaman expressed his sympathies for the loss of the man's brother, and assured him he would chant and pray for the spirit to move on.

Fortunately, the man had enough food and water to wait the five or so days for the moon to pass it's full phase and start to wane. On the second night of waning, the man went to his window and saw that the Skin-walker was, indeed, gone.

Giddy with relief, the man called the shaman to tell him the good news. The shaman asked the man if he had seen his older brother recently, as nobody in the town had seen him in a few days, and there was no one running the brothers' roadside stand. The man said he had not heard from him, but that he was going to head back up and check out the mountain, as he had a sudden feeling of certainty that that is where he would find his older brother.

The man got in his truck and headed up to the dirt lot. Upon parking his truck and swinging open the door, he heard a familiar sound, that laughing. Except this time around, it sounded like two voices. This time, he didn't even have to get out of his truck to find what he had come up to the mountain for - his two brothers were standing on top of a rock face, visible from the truck, both grinning at the human that used to be their brother, and staring, both dripping blood from their gaping necks.

The man jumped in his truck and floored it back to town. He didn't even look in his rear-view until he got to the edge of town, and when he checked, nothing was following him, only his memories of his brothers' dead laughter.

TL/DR Don't fuck with Native American spirits.

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krunnky
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I'm probably too late to the party. But, just in case, I've got a non-ghost story, but still managed to creep me out a bit. A few months ago, I was working from home on a Friday so I could finish up a presentation for the owners of my company without the distractions of the office. I had my remote desktop session open to my work server, Netflix, Steam (pre-downloading Bioshock Infinite I think), and probably some other random stuff all running on my computer. I had been working on a report for several hours and was watching Futurama on netflix as I finished up editing/formatting some of the excel files. Once I was happy with it, I saved/closed it. I hadn't quite closed out my Remote session when I noticed that there was more sound coming from my speakers than just Futurama. I assumed it was an ad on a webpage that auto-refreshed or something (I had a ton of bookmarks opened). So, I alt-tabbed to chrome cycled through all my open tabs. Nothing. There was a guy with an English-sounding accent talking. I paused Netflix and could hear it more clearly. It was clearly a guy chatting and playing a shooter. I could hear explosions and gunshots in the background. I could hear the one English accent guy talking to someone or maybe a few others. He was describing the game, like he was introducing friends to it.

Figuring that it was some glitch, I sat there listening to it for a minute. I pulled out my phone and tried to record video of it. Of course, my phone was being a POS and it would only record for 1 second and crash. So I have 2 1 second vids of it. After that, I became more interested in HOW this could happen. So, I took closed every running program on my computer, one at a time. I closed Remote Desktop, still there. Then, Netflix, Chrome, Excel, Word, logged out of steam. And it's still here.

At this point, it dawns on me "maybe this could be 2-way?". I pickup my headphones and ask in the mic "hello? Can you hear me?". The English accent guy says: "yeah mate, we hear you? Who is this? Please keep this channel clear." I ask "what game are you playing? I didn't join this chat room and your voices just started coming out of my speakers!" He says that they are

playing Modern Warfare 3 and asks how I joined their private chat. I tell him that I didn't do anything and explain that I was just sitting here and suddenly could hear them in my speakers.

I'm not logged into steam, all running apps on my desktop are closed. I figured I'd go into Task Manager and start shutting things down there. When I ended the task for Steam, it stopped. BINGO, steam error. I sent them a support ticket and got the default "delete everything but steam apps folder, roboot, and try to re-produce the error".

Re-reading it just now, it's not that creepy now. But, at the time, it sort of freaked me out that suddenly I was connected to a random online chat. It felt pretty invasive.

2 more replies

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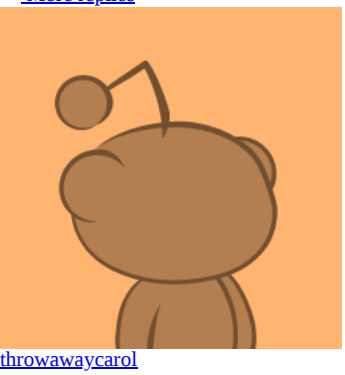


throwawaycarol
• 13y ago

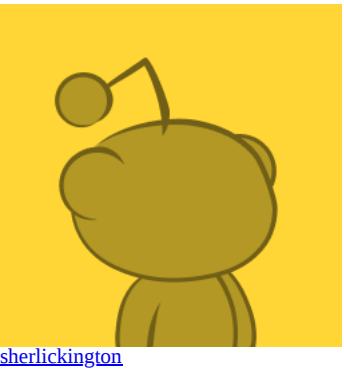
A friend of mine is somewhat of a medium, she uses a different word to describe it though, I just can't remember.

She only told me this recently, it's been a lifelong thing she's had where she can communicate with spirits. While drinking together in my parents' basement, she said "not gonna lie, you guys do have someone in your house." As she began to describe him, I got a little suspicious about who it might be, but she asked not to guess because it might sway her opinion.

I'm not sure what she said that made me figure it out, but I eventually told her that I thought it could be my dad's dad, who died when I was 4. She froze in her seat (coincidentally one that had been in his house at one point) and said "yupp, it's him" and proceeded to tell me things about him that she couldn't have possibly known.

this isn't as scary as some of the other stories, but I figured I could retell it here.

she's also told me some effed things about seeing imps and dark spirits in her house. if it's true, i'm not going back there any time soon.



sherlickington
• 13y ago

A clairvoyant?

1 more reply

1 more reply

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alpakin
• 13y ago

When I was a little kid, I had a birthday party. There was this one decoration hanging on my lamp. I don't know what it's called but I, as a little kid, thought it was kind of scary and felt like it was looking at me. It was not a figure or a face, just a normal party decoration but i still felt like it was staring at me. I told my mom about it and she said it was not a big deal and when my dad comes he would take it out. That night, as i was trying to sleep, I was staring at that thing and it was staring at me. I started to say "you can't hurt me, you aren't alive" and stuff like that and BAM it fell to the ground. I screamed and my mom came calmed me down and took that thing out.

UnitedPlayztation

• 13y ago

I've posted this in another thread, but oh well...

After coming home late one night, watching a midnight showing, I pulled up to my apartment parking lot around 4am. It was a mid-fall like night, perfect hoodie weather, and the leaves were still hanging on to branches. The familiar light that illuminates the area begins to flicker as I pull up to my assigned spot. I turn off the engine and see a man with his back turned on the corner of my eye. He is standing behind, I assume, his vehicle with the empty trunk open. Thinking nothing of it, I get out of my car and head towards the opening area of my apartment.

I stop by the mail box, as I have not been home all day. Struggling to find the correct key, I start to hear it. Soft at first, then progressively got louder the more I listened: What could only be described as a trashbag full of garbage being dragged across the wooden deck. The sound would stop every other second, then begin again slightly louder than before, as if carrier did not have the energy to drag it nonstop.

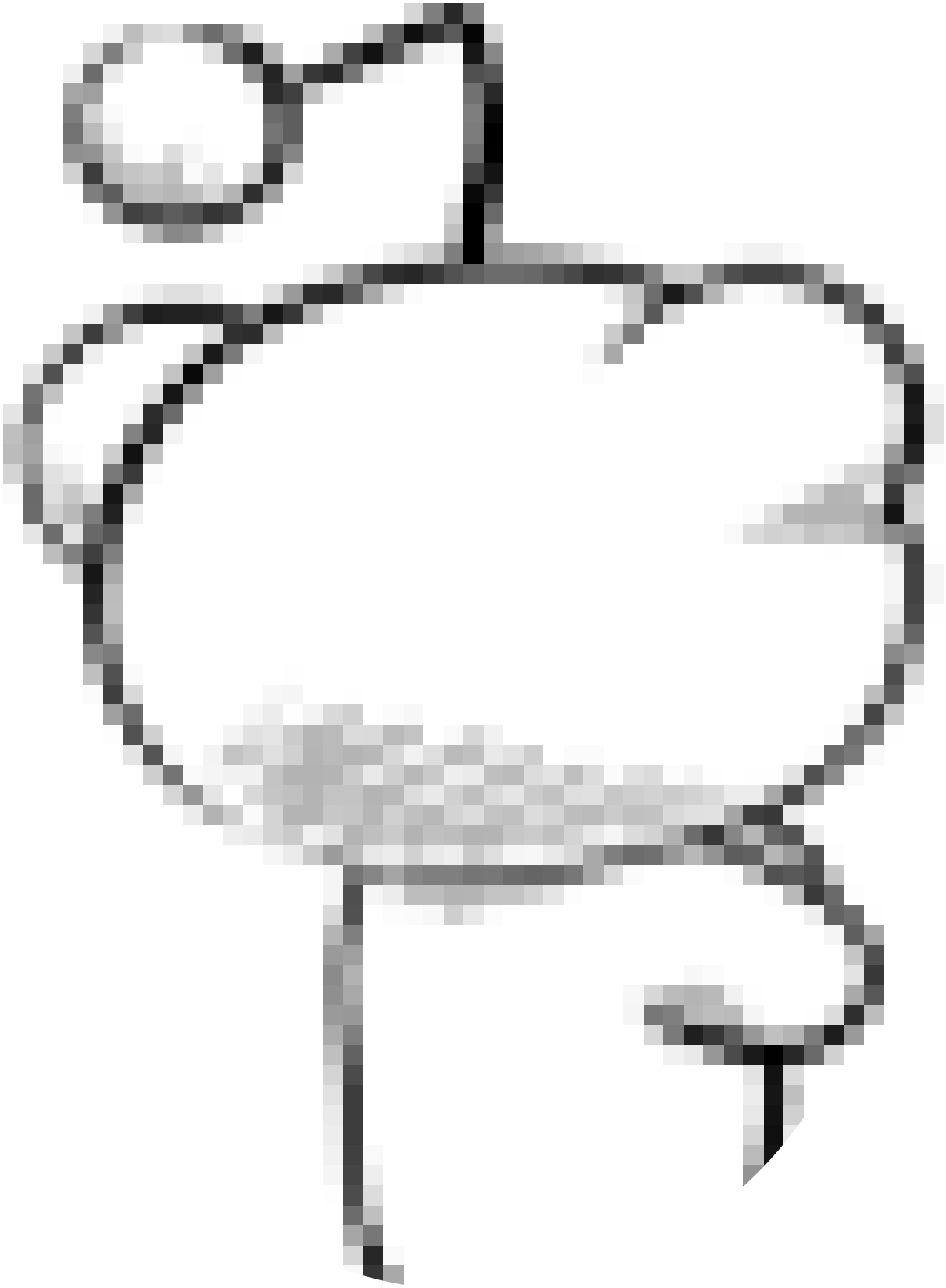
Having mail in hand, I quickly shut the mail box and walked briskly towards my door on the bottom floor. As I was walking towards the door I could faintly see the source of the sound. Looking up through the centimeter gap of the two-by-fours, I saw a figure on the 2nd level deck, dragging a large trashbag, only it looked a lot bulkier than your everyday trash.

Fear finally hit as I nearly sprinted the last few steps towards my door. Having key-in-hand ready, I opened the door as fast as humanly possible without drawing too much attention to myself. I locked the door and looked through the peep-hole and just listened and waited.

Silence...

No sound of dragging, nor footsteps...

Then my cat jumped on my side wanting food, scarring the shit out of me.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I started a subreddit for these stories, believe it or not, there wasn't one already: r/realcreepy

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies

Forcefedlies
• 13y ago

Here's is a picture I took of my two nephews at my parents house, we were the only ones in the room. Anyone see it?

http://imgur.com/iWbXjWG

8 more replies

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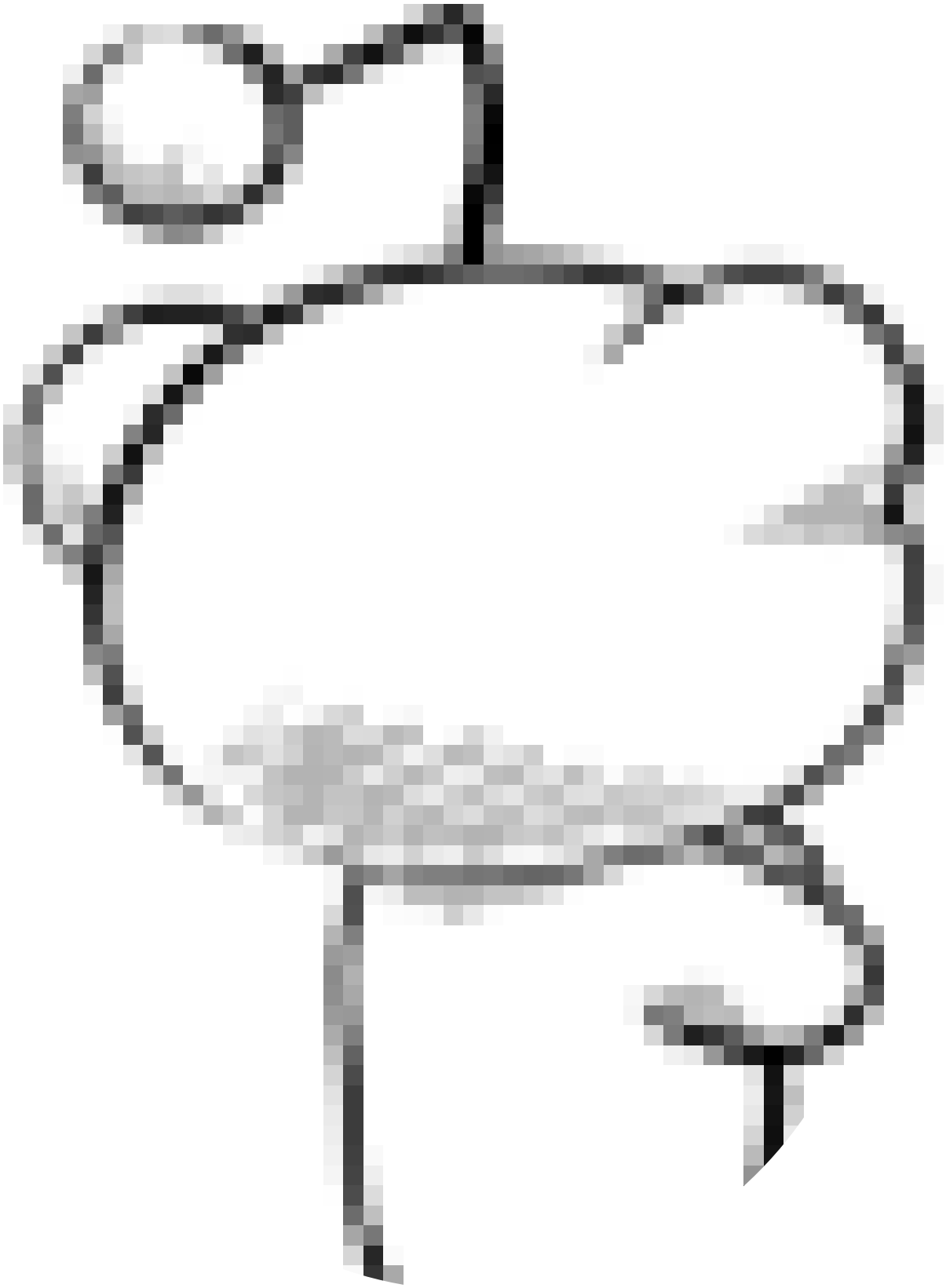

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• 13y ago

In Staten Island where I live, there is a place called Old Richmond Town. One night around 3am, a friend and I were driving around and we stop right in the middle of the town at a three way intersection. We are facing this house wating for the light to change. I'm rambling on about some story while sitting in the passenger side when all of a sudden my friend Tevin says to me "hold up, is someone watching us in that house?" He points at the second floor and I see in the window the curtain is lifted by a pale hand and half of a face that looks like a girl with long black hair. I immediately freak out and tell him to just drive through the light cause fuck that.

This is not the freaky part though. Fast forward about two years and I'm back from college hanging out with another group of totally different friends. Again, we are driving around but it's only about 8pm. We drive by Old Richmond town and that's when I start telling my friends the story of the creepy girl hand. I only manage to get through the first two sentences of my story explaining what I was doing there when another friend of mine said "let me guess, you saw a hand pull back the curtain of the white house." I instantly got the goosebumps and was in disbelief. I didn't believe him at first and thought it was a lucky guess but that's when he called another mutual friend of ours and put him on speaker. He told him to retell what happened in Richmond Town and it was almost the exact same story as mine. Suffice to say, I try to avoid that place at night.

If anyone actually reads this and is also from Staten Island please let me know if you've experienced something similar from that house. I'd like to know.

Reply Share

rinser86
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Kind of a wall of text story, but definitely worth it because even 8 years later I still get goosebumps thinking about it.

I worked in a summer camp in the US one time. It was a big thing to start off my 'round the world trip' - and being all of 19 at the time, I was super excited to see how a real life American Summer Camp lived up to my expectations from all the films I'd seen...

The camp was in the south east and really gorgeous. We were surrounded by dense woods & amazing bluffs & cliffs. The closest town was 20 miles and there was nothing but trees and canyons surrounding the camp & its lake. There were 4 sessions in the season, each going for between 2-3 weeks. We (as counselors) would get 1 night off a week, and 2 days off between sessions. On scheduled nights off we'd either chill in the staff lounge and watch movies, or hang in our designated cabin upstairs from the kids and read/listen to music - whatever. So one night, towards the end of the camp when everyone's in a groove and comfy, after everyone's turned in and sleeping soundly, I woke up at something like 1am. It was one of those times where you wake up and you instantly know something's up. My heart was immediately racing and for no apparent reason, so I lay there quietly, listening intently. That's when I heard it: a very muted cry for help, coming from outside my window towards the woods. The whole cabin was wooden, with fly screen windows, so even among the sound of crickets and other night noises, I could easily tell it was the cry of a young girl somewhere out in the woods. I got up quickly, awoke the counselor I shared quarters with and told him to listen. Once we both heard the cry again, we got outside with our flashlights and headed for the sound. It was intermittent, but you could hear her saying "help" or "I'm lost" quite regularly, and quite a way into the woods. She was clearly distressed, so the quicker we found her and got her back safely, the better for everyone. Meanwhile, we're both shitting ourselves because it's dark as hell, we have puny flashlights and she's out there somewhere with no way of seeing/navigating.

As we both cross a small playing field where the kids used to play football/baseball and stuff, we ran into a female counselor. She heard the cries while on a night walk around from her side of camp (boys & girls were at opposite areas) and was investigating too - shit just felt real. We form a line of 3 and head into the woods with our torches calling out for the girl. She was in more than we would want, but not too far that we didn't feel we'd take long to recover her. We were in about 5 mins into the woods, calling out and hearing her responses, when we heard her sniffling and crying so we knew were were close. We'd found her! She was only 20 feet away and we could hear her saying "I'm scared, where am I?" in a low voice. We kept reassuring her and just when we felt we were going to stumble upon her, she went stone silent. We called out "where are you? call out! we're here honey!" but nothing. Then, in the distance: "Help me! I'm lost! Come quick". So again, we started toward her calling out. When we felt that we were almost on top of her again, she went silent. We called. We waited. Nothing. Then, from farther away still: "Help! Can't you guys help me!?". We all chatted and agreed. 'Fuck this, we're gonna get lost in here, we have to go back to main camp and assemble everyone for a search'. We called out to her that we were going to get help and come back with everyone, and for her to sit tight cause we'll be back soon. We could still get faint whimpers and crying sounds from her, so we told her to stay where she was, we'll be back. We all sprinted back to camp, rang the big bell at the main office (reserved for emergencies only) and the whole camp was put on alert.

The camp heads put on all the flood lights and we all met in the quad for a role call/head count. All the counselors were present, all the campers and kids were present. Absolutely every single person that was meant to be at that camp, was checked off and present. With that all confirmed, we still had a question about the little girl. We had come back from the woods the same way we went in, and rang the bell & assembled everyone for inspection. In that time, we all know that no little girl without a flashlight had retraced the steps back to the camp - she was a good 15 minutes into the woods with no light, and we had a hard enough time as it was. All accounted for, everyone went back to their cabins and back to bed. The heads felt it was a false alarm and that what we'd heard were echoes of our own voices etc. We all knew that was bullshit but we couldn't rock the boat. It was creepy as hell the way the voice kept leading us into the woods further and further, and while everyone had their versions of camp ghost stories, this was by far the creepiest, real scary thing I and the other 2 had ever had happen. We chatted about it towards the end of the session, and both myself and the female counselor were confident it was something paranormal and we both couldn't explain it. The male counselor I went with refused it defiantly, and whenever we brought it up about being a ghost/creepy story he would say it was just voices echoing and that it didn't really happen... every time he defended it, I could see in his eyes that he was shit scared, and probably just wanted to convince himself it didn't happen.

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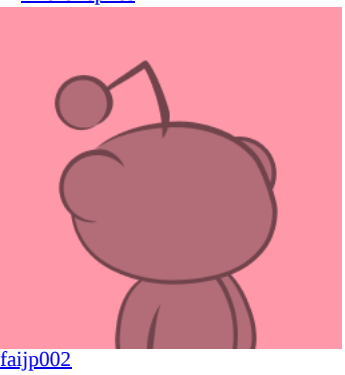
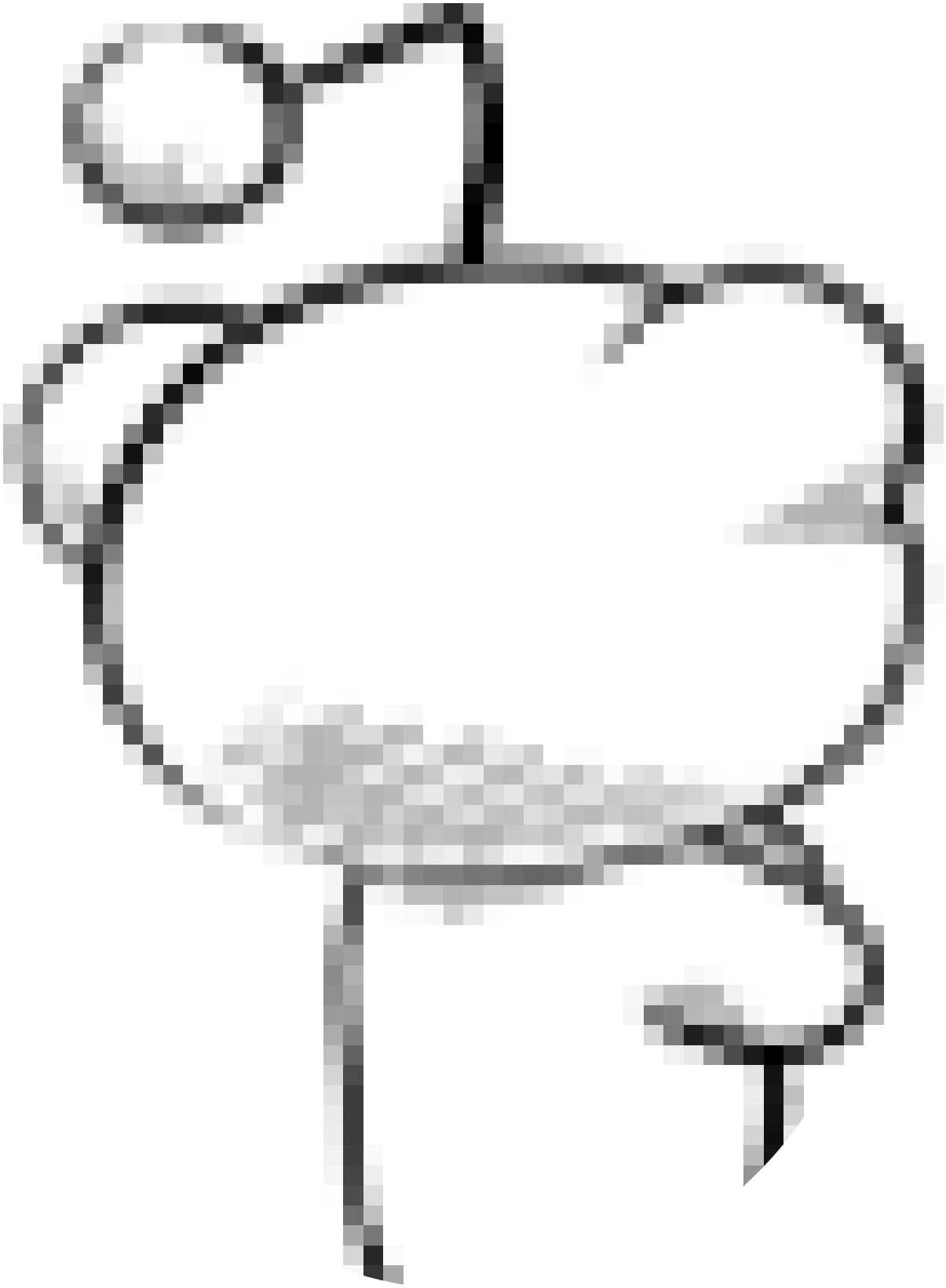


faijp002
• 13y ago

I was hanging out with my friend late one night and he had brought one of his Mars Volta records which also served as an Ouija board. We decided we would use the Ouija board, but not in or near my house to avoid getting the joint haunted. So we went to a park and bought some typical Ouija board paraphernalia to set the good vibes, candles and all that stuff. When we first used it nothing happened so we moved to another park and waited around for abit. 15 minutes later we heard this tremendously loud deep growling sound come from behind us in the darkness of the park. We jumped out of skins and nearly sprinted for the road, but then realized it was just a possum or a koala or something. About 5 minutes later the Ouija board began to work its magic. We asked the spirit if it was good or bad and it replied good, so we continued the communion. The spirit told us that its name was GODJ and that it lived a long time ago, hundreds of year, i cant quite remember. The peculiar thing about this experience was that the ghost said its age was 1 which was confusing. This led us to think maybe we misinterpreted it or maybe spirits have no age. It said that it died of SIDS which rectified the previous confusion. After asking more questions we decided it was time to head for home. When we got home we told a friend of the family who was staying at my house what had happened and he was intrigued. Later that night when my friend was asleep I woke up in the middle of night and couldnt get back to sleep. I just lay there reflecting about the strange string of events. Then it happened. I started hearing these scratching sounds on the wall next to where I sleep. like a finger was moving in circles on the opposite side of the wall where I rest my head. I tried waking my friend up but I could barely make a sound I was so scared. I think i threw something at him to wake him up. But he was in a deep sleep and could barely remember it the next day. So much more using the ouija board out of home to avoid the bad vibes



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• 13y ago

Mars Volta made me think you were Aussie. Koala confirmed it.

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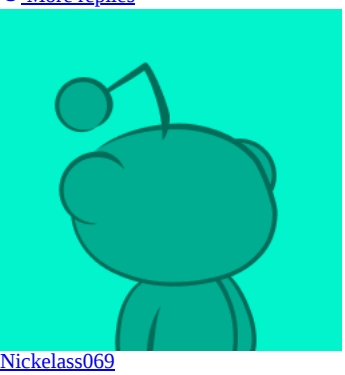

Nickelass069
• 13y ago

One night my mom asked me if I wanted to watch a movie.

"No," I said. And I walked into to my room.

A few minutes pass, and I hear some shuffling.

I shrug it off, but it's persistent. Next thing I know, something is breathing, an inch or two from my right ear.

I freaked out. Turn around, room is empty.

Needless to say, I watched a movie one time.

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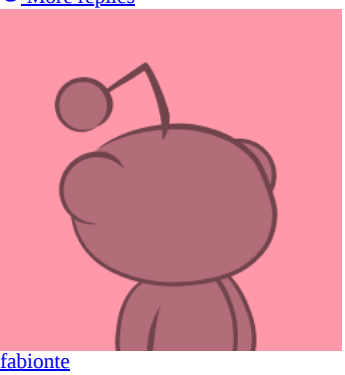

fabionte
• 13y ago

I was at my grandma's home and it was raining, so a little sparrow came to rest under the roof. But my grandma's 10 chickens suddenly surrounded the sparrow and they started to peck it. I tried to help, but they kept pecking and in the end the bones of the sparrow was literally pecked clean. Man that was a bad day for 8 year old me. :(

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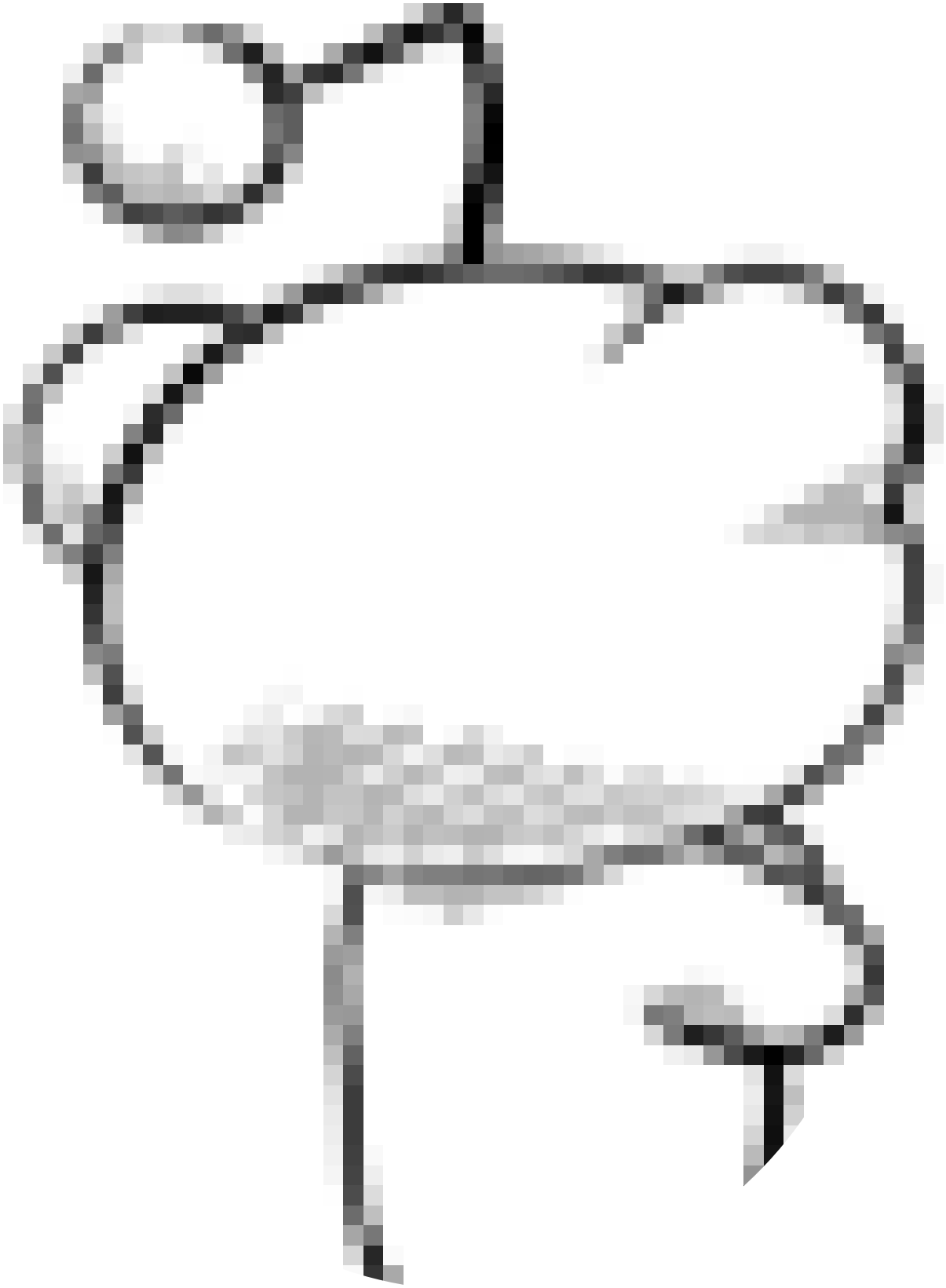

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• 13y ago

The underwater scene in Dear Esther. That was the most terrifying thing I've ever seen.

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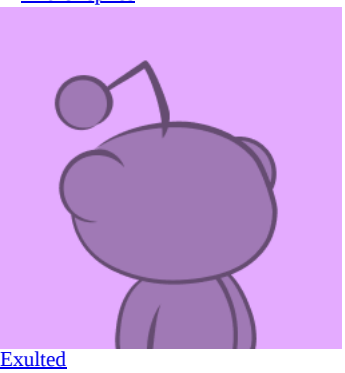

Exulted
• 13y ago

Walking to my car in the morning and the neighbors horses began "screaming" is the best I can describe it. I've never heard something that made me so primordially afraid in my life.

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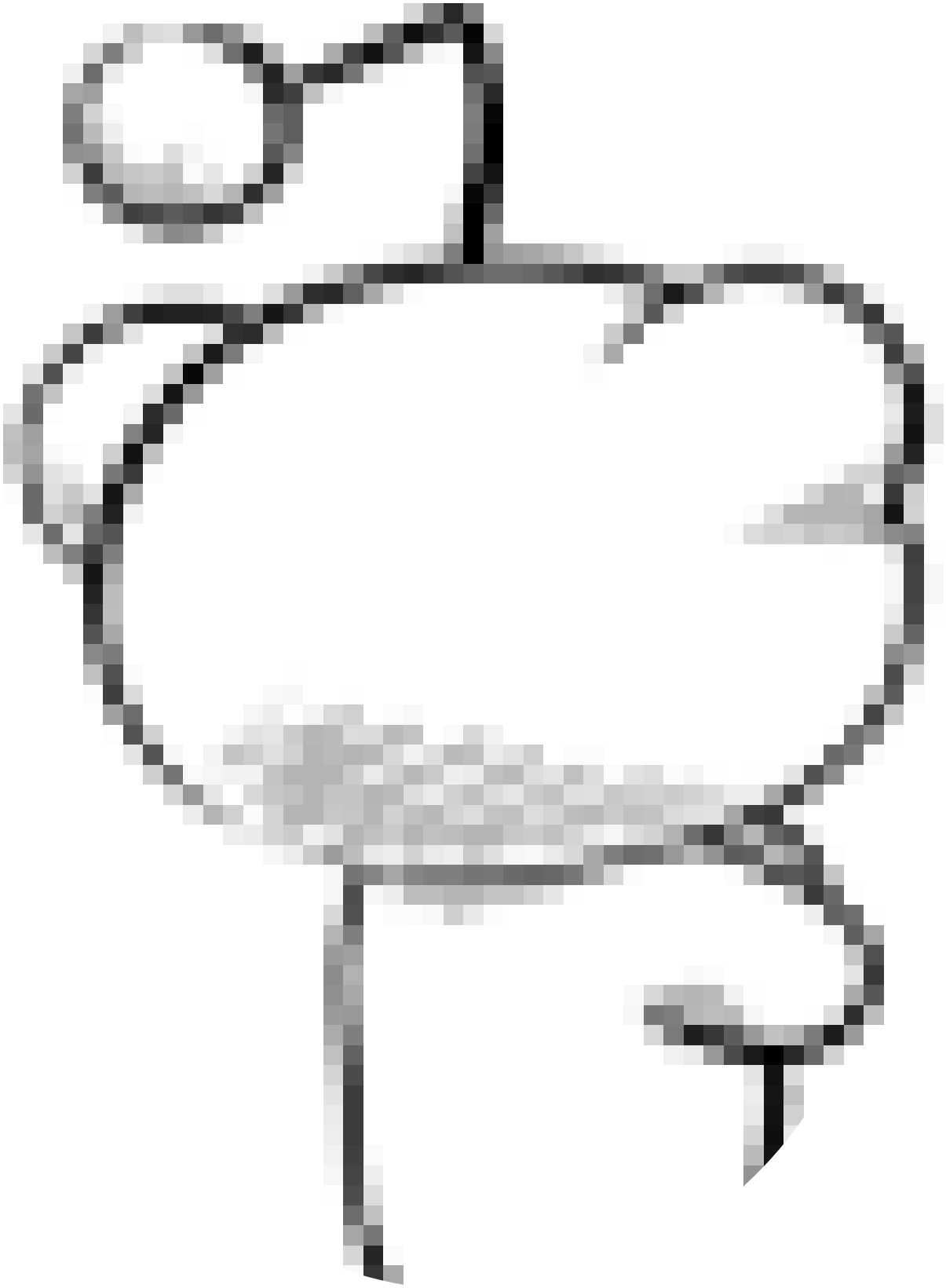

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• 13y ago

When I was a teenager some girlfriends and I decided to have a seance. We decided to contact my friend Sara's grandmother who had passed maybe a decade before. So we're in her bedroom, lights off, about 5 of us hand in hand sitting around a candle.

We ask the spirits to answer our questions by making the candle flame hold still for "yes" and continue to flicker for "no". So we start asking questions and it's actually working. Even with the five of us breathing towards the candle it's holding still. We suddenly hear the bed start creaking as if someone is sitting on it and ask if the spirit is doing that and get a "yes".

A minute later the closet door directly behind Sara and I starts to creak and we ask the spirit again if it is doing that and get a "yes". Then Sara says sarcastically "come sit next to me".

At that moment, at the very same time the both of us felt like what was an ice cold hand wrap around our two clasped hands. We both jump and screamed at the same time and just sat there for a moment staring at each other in shock. I turned on the lights immediately and she blew out the candle. That was our last time screwing around in the spirit world.

Reply Share

rjimmy
• 13y ago

I saw a dude's jaw get blown off in a Syrian video again. I haven't watched one since.

Reply Share

b_normal_y
• 13y ago

When my husband and I moved across the country we lived with his mom and siblings for awhile until we got on our feet. Well one particularly early morning (because we weren't used to the time difference) my husband and I were up talking quietly. His mom worked the graveyard shift and we heard the garage door go up, and go down. Then slow steps up to the kitchen. (This was a new hurry up and build it house, so the walls were paper thin even in a three level,, we could hear everything). We hear the fridge open up and close. Then more slow steps up to the third floor. Whatever, his mom just got home. Fuckin' WRONG. Maybe about 45 minutes later the garage opens up again, steps again, more steps. We actually open the door this time. His mom just got home from work. And we did ask his siblings the next day, everyone was asleep and no one heard anything. Creepiest thing that's every happened to us (though there was the one time a homeless person standing in the middle of the street, at night, with a 2x4 trying to attack the hood of our car). Other weird shit happened during our brief stay there as well.

soyentist
• 13y ago

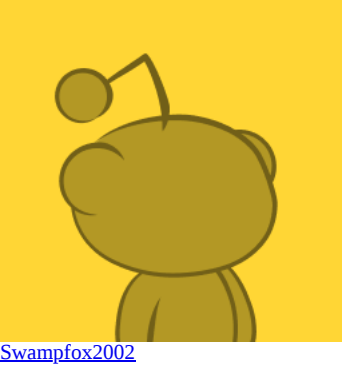
I had this not so much of a recurring dream, but more of a recurring scenario in my dreams for years.

I'm in a room of my house all alone. Everything still until I begin to feel a malevolent presence. I can't see anyone or hear anyone, I just get this feeling all over my body and deep in my mind that there's something around me that wants to hurt me. I immediately panic. I can't speak, I can't move, I just stand there and try to call out for help, but the presence grows. Usually, by that point I wake up.

One night, I dreamt I walked into my childhood hallway in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom and it happened. The difference with this dream was that it seemed more like a memory. I was in the hallway, when I suddenly feel that presence. I collapse to the ground against the wall, paralyzed. I look over to my mom's bedroom door and try to call out to her, but I can't speak. When I woke up, I asked my mom if anything like that had happened to me, but she said no.

I had that type of dream now and again for years after that. When I was a bit older, I asked my mom again about that dream and she finally admitted it to me. That had happened to me twice as a child. She found me in the hallway, paralyzed with fear, trying to call out to her. It was apparently so terrifying that I suppressed the memory.

I haven't had one of those dreams for years.



Swampfox2002
• 13y ago

I saw a Psych patient jump head first from the 3rd floor into a concrete plaza and he just folded into a clump of clothes and a big ring of blood started circling him. It didn't look like a human being after the hit.

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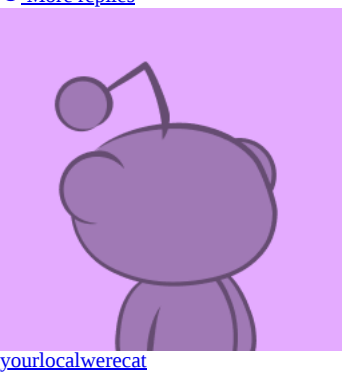

yourlocalwerecat
• 13y ago

I'm sure that this is nothing compared to most stories here, but I was sitting on a school bus going home, and the one of the two girls behind me was looking through the pictures in the other's phone; the girl looking through pictures goes, "Why do you have these on here?" The other girl--not a senior, maybe not even a junior--proceeds to tell her about how she drugged her little sister's drink, then took off her sister's clothing and took pictures in compromising positions. Maybe it's just because I have a younger sister and younger brother, but that someone would be so cruel to someone they grew up with just...I dunno, man. Fucked with me.

Also, yesterday I read on an AskReddit about a video where some Russian teenagers really brutally tortured an old man. Like, stabbed him in the chest a couple of times, before he died picked out his eyes...creepy shit, man.

1 more reply
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_i_man
• 13y ago

When I was younger, my parents left my sister and I at home when they went over to a friend's house. Before they left, they locked all of the doors and windows on the first floor, as there had been a few robberies on nearby houses. My sister and I were passing the time watching some movies and playing legos in our playroom, which was on the first floor, when we heard a sound from upstairs. Our house was built in two parts, one in 1820, and the other in 1795, and between the two parts, the doors tend to creak and make a lot of noise. We heard one of the doors between the two sides creak and then slam, and my sister and I went dead quiet. She turned off the TV, and I grabbed my whiffle ball bat. We went into the bathroom, and closed and locked the door. After about twenty minutes or so, we decided to come out of the bathroom. As soon as we opened the door, though, we heard heavy footsteps, like someone was wearing boots, running back and forth on the floor above us. We retreated back to the bathroom, and stayed there until our parents came home.

I don't think I slept well in my house for about a year after that.

TheBakercist
• 13y ago

This happened a few years ago when I was still living in California.

In the town I lived in, Santa Clarita/Canyon Country, there was a stretch of road that was just... freaky. A lot of people in the area raced, and there were more deaths by car crashes than I could count, usually stupid kids or whatever. Trying to impress each other on prom night.

ANYWAY. A friend and I were driving that road, late at night, and just out of nowhere this black... thing crosses the road in front of us. It was huge. It wasn't an animal, there are no big wild animals in that area, just coyotes and shit. It kind of looked like something was crab crawling/floating across the road.

It freaked up the fuck out. Mainly because after we passed where it had been, we slowed to look off the side of the road, and there was nothing.

That wasn't our only freaky thing in that area.

A couple nights later, we were in the same area, around the same time of night, when this big ass white thing just wooshes over us. Could have been a barn owl or something, but good god. It just came out of nowhere.

The last weird thing that happened, right before I moved, I was out with a different friend, in the day time, same areaish, when while driving, something hit the roof of our car. A serious WTF moment. We stopped, got out, looked around. There was nothing. Road was clear, no mark on the car roof, nothing laying on the side of the road.

Those are my weird California happenings. I have more, now that I've moved to Maryland.

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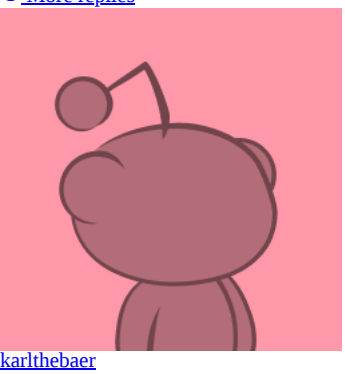
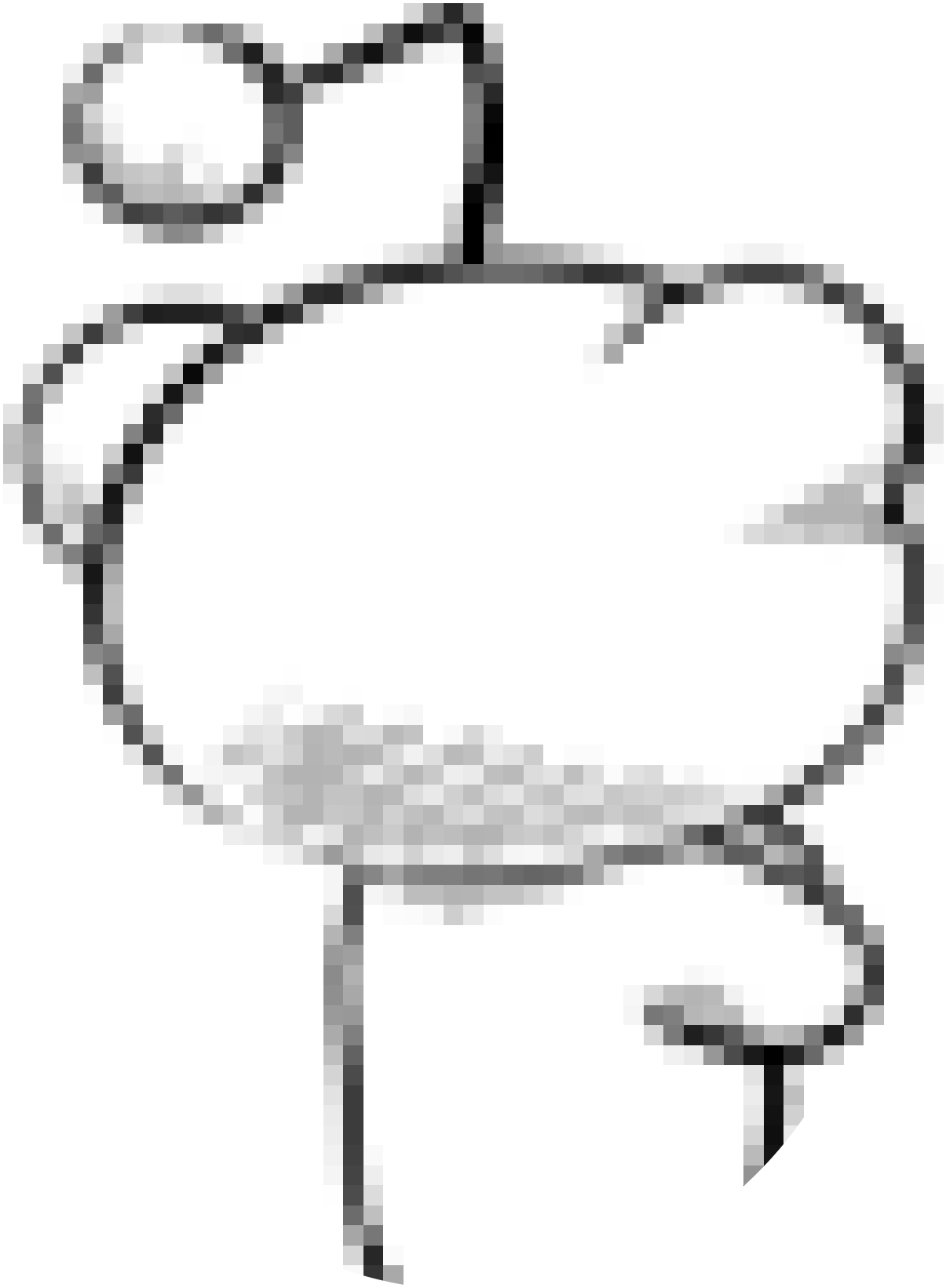


karlthebaer
• 13y ago

The sound of a frozen lake in the dead of winter. Not that scary on face, but it sounds like nothing you've ever heard before. Very unnerving.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

my deceased father's corpse. He had a heart attack in the middle of the night when he got up to pee. Worst day of my life.

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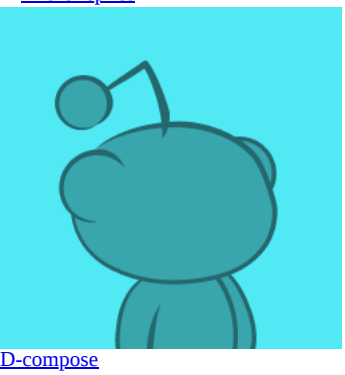

D-compose
• 13y ago

Alright heres one for you. Me and my friends were getting high in this village in england...we parked up the road from this church listening to music, generally chilling. I was driving, a mate next to me and one in the back. I suddnely see movement off in the distance, but by this time its pitch black and i couldnt be sure if i was just baaked or really did see something. So i asked my friends, did you see something moving over there? Nahh, naahhh you just fucked up...they replied. I wasnt convinced so i kept an eye on it...then less than 15 seconds later i see more movement, this time my friend in the passenger sees it. So he says turn your half lights on. I do this, and see that there is deffiently someone out there...so i turn my lights on full. And what only can be described as a woman in black was creeping in the bushes walking towards the car. As soon as i had turned the lights on she stopped and tried hiding in to the bush. As you can imagine we were freaking out...so without a seconds hesitation i started the engine, then she starts legging it running away...but in a weird way. By the time we pulled away after her she was gone...to this day i still get scared thinking about what she would have done if she had got to my window. My freakiest story.

p_jynx
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

So, this happened this week. I don't know why it happened. It's never happened before, and it may not sound so creepy but I've had nightmares since it happened.

I have fibromyalgia. It's a chronic pain condition that is partially caused by over active pain centers in the brain. I have damaged nerves, and I feel pain everywhere for no reason.

I was having a bad flare (the pain was everywhere and it was driving me nuts) so my boyfriend's roommate offered me a "dab". It's hash oil basically vaporized on a titanium nail in a bong. Kinda cracky, but definitely still just THC. I'd done it before and thought nothing of it. I just wanted the pain to go away.

So I'm sitting on the couch, getting progressively happier and the shivery pleasure sets in. Boyfriend is drumming his fingers on my leg, music is playing, people are talking and laughing and I'm just sitting there taking it all in. It started off nice; every sound was a physical sensation, all the physical sensations were causing little throbs of color.

But soon the drumming started to hurt. The noises started to hurt. I couldn't talk for some reason, but I wanted it to stop. All of the noises were affecting me physically and it hurt so fucking bad. The room turned red and was throbbing, and I was still silent. I'm not quite sure what the transition was, but very soon after my brain started registering every stimuli as pain. At some point, it appeared: I had a line down the center of my body that burned white-hot and throbbed with every noise and sensation. The room was flashing through reds and whites and blacks with bright spots of light and soon I couldn't see anything but a thick line of red that throbbed and had a center of black. It hurt, it hurt so fucking badly. The black was coming closer, and the pain built and built with an impossible pressure. It seemed like I was going to be torn in two if the black got to me, because that ripping feeling intensified as it got closer. Boyfriend and his friend

started asking if I was okay, and I started quietly apologizing. I felt so awful for being out of control. I guess tears were running down my cheeks for a while, but I don't remember crying. All I remember is the walls turning blood red as I cried silently in pain at the sound of their voices.

I asked for the sounds to be turned off, so boyfriend and friends ran around turning off all the various electronics in the house. The sound of my own voice was the most painful thing I've ever heard. I sucked it up, and whispered, "Bedroom, please." It was like getting my head bashed in. Boyfriend had to carry me into the room because I was basically paralyzed from the waist down; my legs didn't work at all, I could barely feel them.

I laid down on his white sheets in his blue room and cried as I realized that I could still hear my heartbeat and the blood in my veins. At this point, I had been in the most pain I've ever experienced for over two hours. I started thinking, "What if it never stops?" I wanted to tell him to kill me out of mercy, that I couldn't take this any longer. I was also pretty sure that my heart was going to stop if the blackness got any closer. I tried to breathe slowly to slow my heart, I tried to think happy thoughts. Nothing made it stop, and we were reaching the three hour mark. I started to think it was never going to end, that that one hit somehow broke me. I laid there and breathed and focused on the blue until I passed out from sheer exhaustion, sadness, and pain.

Woke up, felt shivery and overwhelmed and my insides ached. It was like I had a third degree burn on my stomach and my heart and down into my organs. But it was nothing compared to before. I was so relieved and scared and horrified at what just happened. Cried for a bit more, couldn't stop asking why it happened and couldn't stop apologizing for being such a pain. I felt so guilty and awful for being a burden on everyone.

But mostly, I haven't been able to get that pain out of my head. Nothing in this world ever hurt so much. Someone once jumped on my arm backwards and broke it in half at the elbow; that was nothing compared to this. I've gotten burned by hot oils and thick soup, cut my arm open to the point where I could see what was inside, have been in car accidents and fell down multiple flights of stairs. I had anorexia to the point where I ate less than 200 calories for almost a month, and the pain of that level of hunger doesn't even come close.

I haven't been able to stop jumping and cringing at noises or to relax in cars because I'm constantly terrified of sudden stimuli. Since then, I feel uncomfortable around certain loud and energetic people because I remember how much it hurt to be around them.

I don't know why it happened, but I sincerely hope it never does again.

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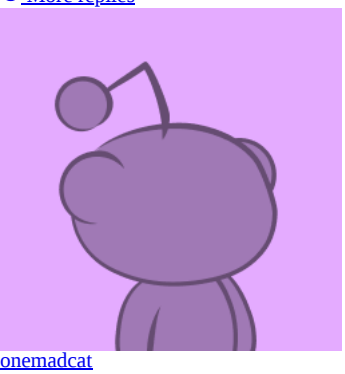

onemadcat

• 13y ago

My boyfriend and I went to an old, abandoned town that is rumored to be haunted (Livermore, for those who know of it). A few of my friends had been then and bragged about all the "cool/scary" stuff that happened, so I'd been wanting to check it out and finally convinced my man to go with me. We wandered around for a bit, but couldn't go into the center of the town because it was flooded; the town floods after the lightest shower, hence why it is no longer occupied. Anyways, we were standing on the edge of the waterline, ready to leave, when my boyfriend mentions that something "skittered" up the tree really fast. I'd had my camera and had been snapping pictures in hopes of catching something, so I took a picture of the tree as soon as he said that. He said it didn't seem weird, but he just caught fast movement outta the corner of his eye. Discontented and un-spooked, we went home. Then I looked at the pictures. The last picture is the one I have a hard time looking at: it's of the tree my bf "saw something" scurry up it and we can't explain what it is. http://imgur.com/feBjNO9

I have a dslr camera so, nope, not my finger unfortunately. I tried to replicate this photo with no success. I want to go back, but I can't talk him into it..

2 more replies

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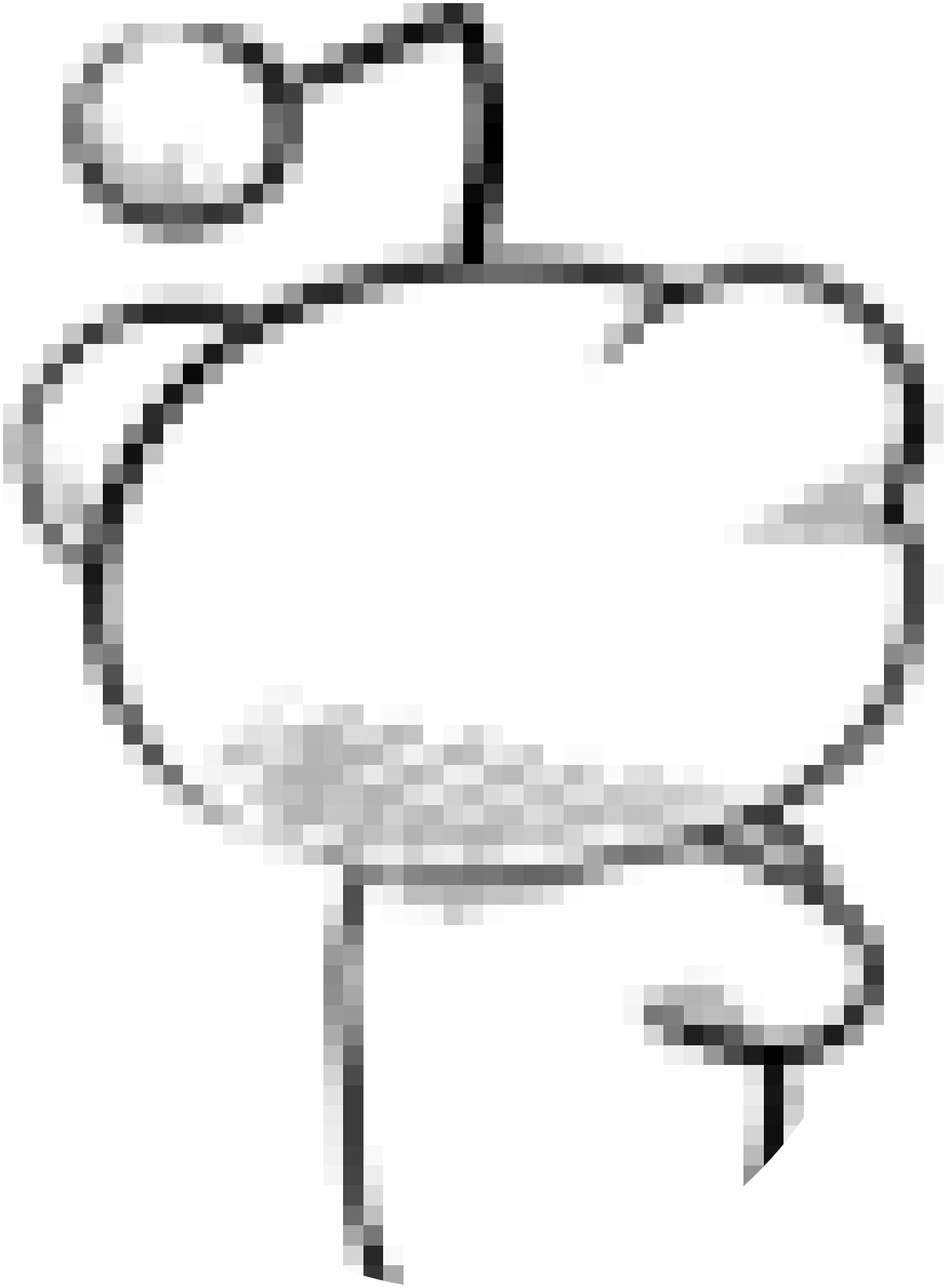
Jevanmanny

• 13y ago

I had to physically stop my sister from committing suicide by pills. She had been self mutilating right before. Struggling with my sister to save her life was the most horrifying thing I've ever encountered. She is a lot better now.



jkonine
• 13y ago

Coming home from work late one night on the subway.

I'm 6-3 230 pounds. A former division one athlete. I generally feel pretty safe in most situations.

So it isn't an abandoned car. There are about 10-20 people in there. I'm standing because my stop was next.

Some disheveled guy gets up from his seat, walks right up in front of me, pulls out a gun and jams it into my chest. No expression. I thought I was dead.

He doesn't ask for money. He says one word.

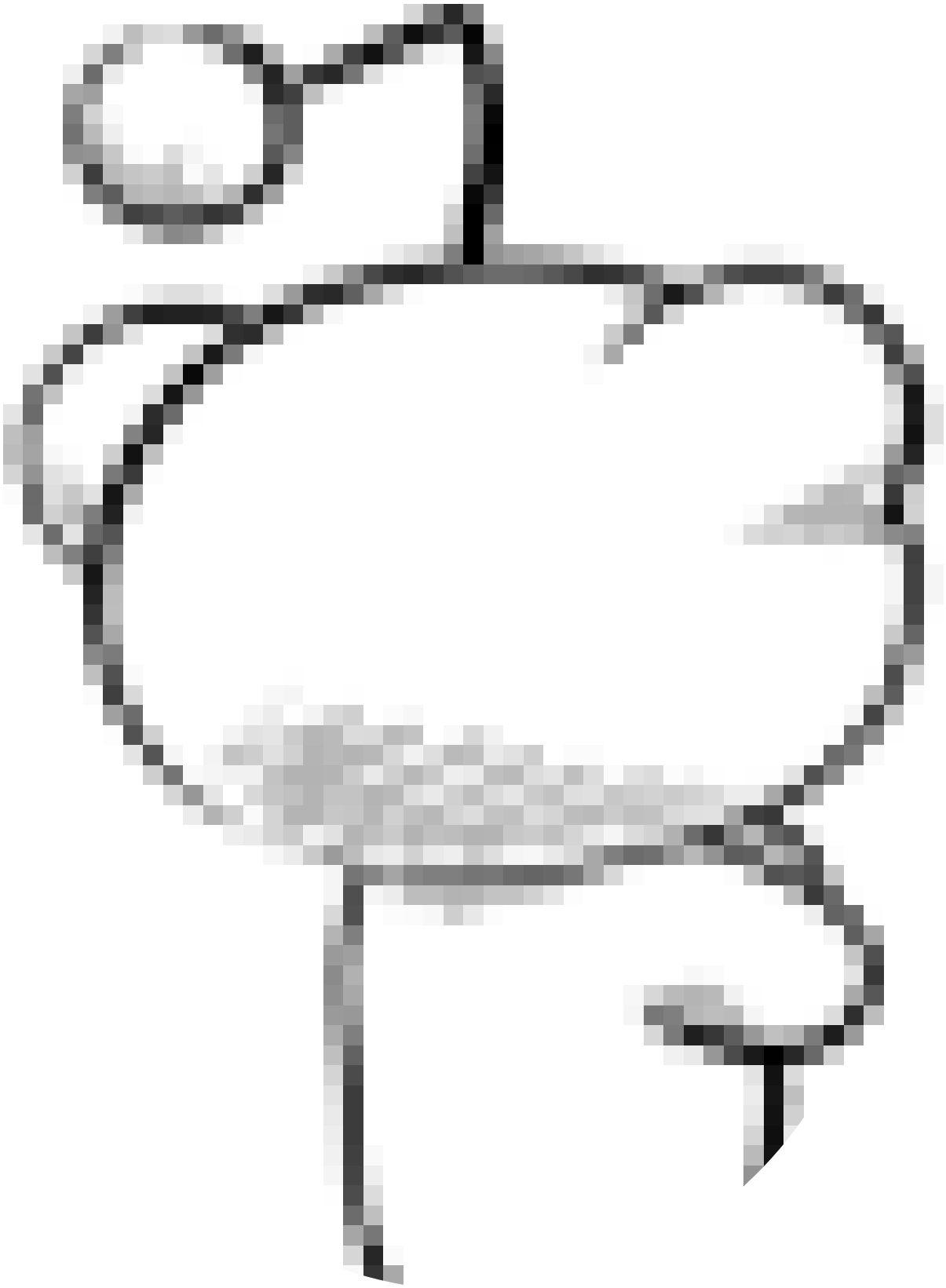
"Scared?"

I reply, "Yeah!"

Dude puts his gun away and walks back to his seat.

I fucking sprinted away from the train when we got to my stop all the way to my apartment.

Since then, whenever I have to come home late, I carry a huge craftsmen wrench in the inside of my jacket. Scariest fucking thing thats ever happened to me.



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• 13y ago

I remember about a year ago, I was working late with a co-worker and had to walk like 5 or 6 blocks to the bus stop that runs late nights. I work in the office district of my town's downtown, so by now the entire district was deserted. I was standing and waiting for the late bus, when the tallest, thinnest man I had ever seen walked out of the darkness of the parking garage across from my bus stop. He was unnaturally pale completely bald, lacking even eyebrows. I jumped at first, then felt bad, because he was probably born with some kind of disease to make him look that way. He kept starting at me from across the street and I thought it was because I offended him, but then he slowly raised his pole-like arm and pointed at me. His eyes rolled back and his jaw opened lower than I had ever seen. I was about to shit myself and run, when the bus finally came, so I scrambled onto it. When I looked out the window of the bus he was gone. I often think about that night and wonder why he was pointing at me. I hope to god I never see him ag

1 more reply
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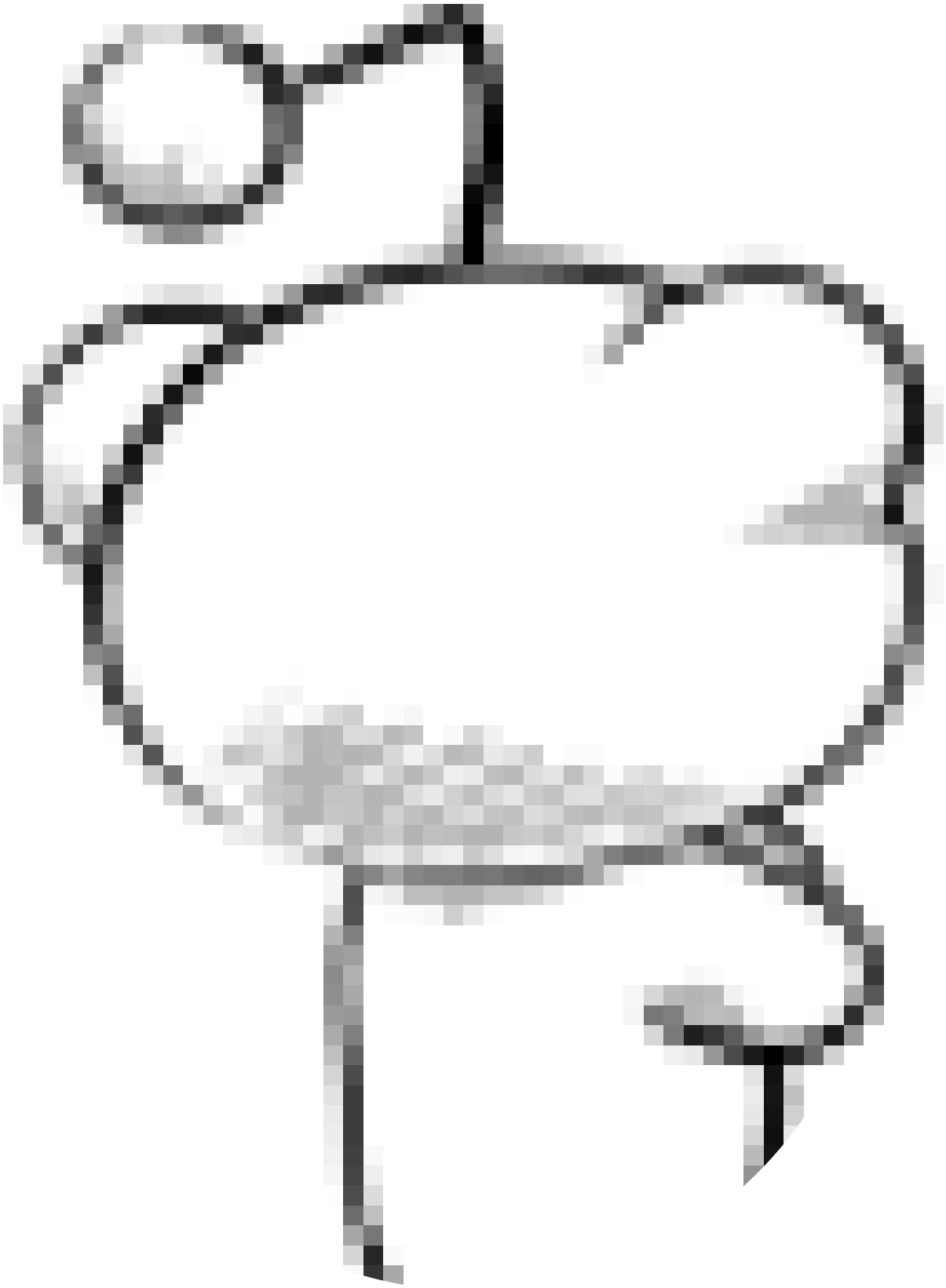

lalaemi
• 13y ago

I live in a pretty decent neighborhood and as I was streaming some movie on my laptop I heard a gunshot. I thought it was in the movie and thought to myself "wouldnt it be crazy if someone was actually getting shot outside and I did nothing?" and just went back to the movie. Turns out some crackheads abducted my neighbor downstairs while he was walking into the apartment building and made him and his roommates sit in the tub while they were looking for money and were so high they let a few gunshots rip. My roommate saw them while they were walking him to the building with a gun in his hand and called the police. They tried to run upstairs to our top apartment but thank goodness the door was locked (sometimes my roommates forget to lock it) They ran out the back to the alley and one of them shot themselves in the foot by mistake. Funniest thing was probably the cops calling them dumbass #1 and dumbass #2.

ShootTheBull
• 13y ago

I was 7 and taking a bath at my grandmother's house. My mom and I were the only ones in the large house. Right before I was going to get out of the water, a dry, raspy voice said my name. I froze and the hair stood up on my neck... Then, it said my name AGAIN. Clear as day. By that time I was screaming for mommy. I heard her come from all the way down the hall, kind of annoyed with my yelling. My first thought was it had to have been my brother pranking me but he was out with my dad... It was just my mother and I... and something else. I have never been able to explain this nor have I ever experienced anything of this magnitude EVER again. I don't want to, either. I'm not a believer in the paranormal nor am I crazy but because of this I am a skeptic and open to the possibility of "the other side".

One interesting thing about the bathroom this happened in: there is a powder room connecting the bedroom and the bathroom that you have to walk through to get to the bath. In this powder room there are 2 big mirrors facing each other. I've heard that 2 mirrors facing each other can cause weird stuff to happen. That's the only information that can really begin to explain why.

7 more replies
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UncleCoyote
• 13y ago

Non-supernatural:

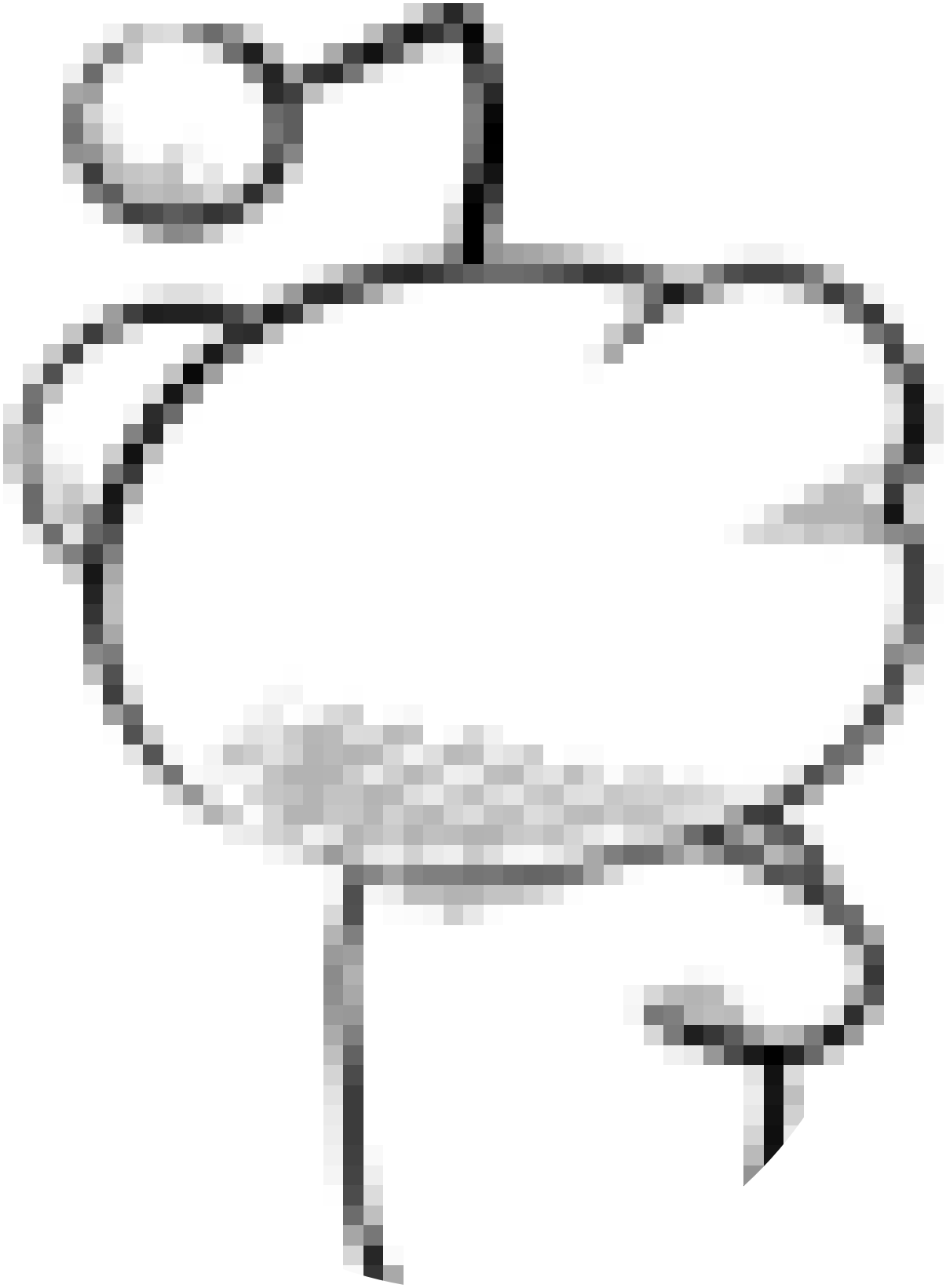
I work an early morning shift, so I'm usually on the road by 6:00am. I was getting gas in a small, nothing little town in the middle of nowhere when a school bus ran a stop sign and hit a guy on a Harley. Bike went to pieces with most of the guy still riding it, tumbled off the road into a ditch.

It was literally me, the guy on the bike, the girl at the gas station and the driver of the bus. I went into Grown-Up mode, and checked on the guy, (He was alive, but an ungodly shade of grey and shaking in shock), told the girl to call 911 and stayed with him until the police showed up a few minutes later.

They had me find his hand, and his boot which contained his foot and cover them with towels that I had in my car.

I did everything without question, and when more official people showed up, I gave my statement and went to work. I was literally NUMB all day, like I was walking in a fog.

Guy lived, but is pretty disfigured now. Lost his right eye, hand, and leg.



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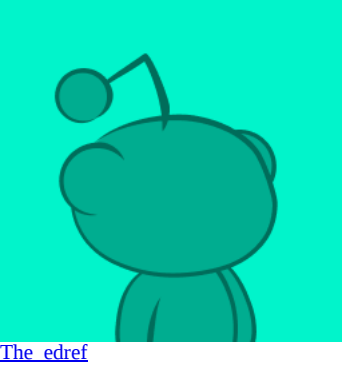
• 13y ago

First: At my old apartment my cat was scared of the spare bedroom. Every now and then he would look at the door and his hair would stand on end. I was chasing him around one time like I always do and he ran into the room so I ran after him. He jumped at me with his back arched and hair on end then ran out of the room. It scared the shit out of me. I was also pregnant and that was the babys room.

Second story: Moved into a new apartment last year. same cat won't go into the babys room. He's scared of it just like the last room. The other night I went in there because my daughter woke up. When I went in there she was standing in her crib pointing at the closet saying her version of "what's that?" I picked her up and she kept pointing. She has never done that to anything in her room before. I had her sleep in the bed with us that night.



The_edref
• 13y ago

ok, so it's probably too late anyway but ill tell you. I lived in the outskirts of a city growing up, and we lived like 2 minutes from some small woods. One time, when I was like 12, me and my cousins went for a walk through the woods, and we got to a small open area. i'd walked through these woods regularly most of my life, so we were walking along pretty happily. Anyway, we get to the clearing and there's a tall guy standing at the edge. He looks at us, but I couldn't see his face, and he says calmly "get the fuck out of my woods now". We just shat it and ran home, but i still wonder what he was doing there.

Zobos
• 13y ago

This is a little lengthy, but very interesting, it still creeps me out from time to time. It's called The Watchers and can be found here

http://creepypasta.wikia.com/wiki/The_Watchers

I highly suggest you read! Let me know what you think if you do.

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philosofik
• 13y ago

I lived in an on-campus apartment at a university as a graduate student. Most of my neighbors were foreign-born, and most kept to themselves. There was a friendly, if reclusive, couple living in the apartment directly above me. Every night, usually around 11:00 pm, give or take a half-hour, there would be a tremendous commotion coming from my ceiling/their floor. I can't describe the noises precisely. They were mechanical, like an old printing press, but with a weird, low-frequency drone that I can't forget. Whatever was making the noise had to be huge. I had a friend over one night who speculated that they were binding books. I never found out. Anyway, it would go on for just a minute or two, always long enough for me to consider going upstairs to ask them to quiet down, but never long enough for me to actually do it.

Near the end of the semester, when I was pretty stressed out over exams and papers, the noise started up again. I had finally had enough, so I marched upstairs. Of course, by the time I got to their door, the noise had stopped. I knocked anyway. The woman opened the door, just wide enough for her body to block most of the view into the apartment. I asked if she could keep the noise down, I was trying to study, blah blah blah. She apologized profusely, promised to be quieter and I thanked her. As she turned to close her door, I got a glimpse inside. The apartment was practically empty. There was no furniture, no decorations, no belongings that I could observe except a single folding card table and a pair of sleeping bags on the floor. I cannot begin to imagine what was making the noise, but I moved out at after exams and never looked back.

Reply Share

vi1987
• 13y ago

A little over a year ago I had surgery at a hospital on an army base. Apparently after the surgery finished there were issues with my breathing and waking up went from an hour process to 3-4 hours. But when I woke up I could remember vividly the dream I had been having as a civil war/old time era soldier recovering in an army hospital with screaming soldiers around me. Creeped me the fuck out.

Reply Share

jakerivett
• 13y ago

I wanted to post a creepypasta I red on a deepweb ask Reddit thread last night, but the original thread seems to have vanished. Congratulations Reddit,mI am now paranoid and terrified.

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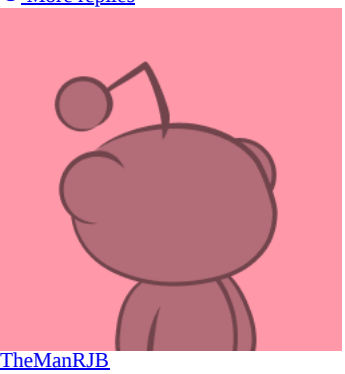


TheManRJB
• 13y ago

I have a creepy story to tell you guys... From the ages of about 11 to 13 or 14 I would always see things in the darkness of my room, I would always hold on to my big plush dog as I thought it would protect me against nightmares, demons, aliens, and everything else! So you bet I treated that thing like my best friend. Well some nights when I didint have my plush dog next to me in bed my mind would drift off into the depths of creepy thoughs and "what if's". If I started thinking of this certain thing, it would literally actually appear at night near my bed for minutes at a time. Im getting goosebumps just writing all this because I swear to you it's true and I have never told anyone until now. But anyway, when I would think hard about this "little dark haired man" I would actually see him soon after I thought about him. It was so real to me I developed a llegit fear of thinking about it. I still try not to think about him as I don't know if he will ever come back.

I remember some nights I would see a small figure crouching, with long black hair, near my closet. I could see the outline of him but not its face or too many details. He would never say anything, I would never say anything, we would just kinda stare at eachother. The moment I started thinking about something else, likes puppies, sports, videogames. He would dissapear when I looked over to where he last was. This thing was so real to me, whenever I was alone in a dark somewhere he would always appear. Sometimes I would expect him to come and I would simply wait it out for him to go away. Many many sleepless nights as a kid because of that man thing.

Reply Share

rj_inthe412
• 13y ago

I was pumping gas one night around midnight in my college town. The way the gas station was set up there are pumps on either side of a convience store. This woman came out of the store and was finishing her conversation with the attendant about how to pump gas and use her rewards card. So obviously she was new to this whole "put gas in your car yourself" deal.

Just as I'm about done filling I notice this car pull up between her jeep and the store. The driver gets out, opens the woman's passenger door and takes her purse.

He then looks up, sees that I've been watching him and puts his index finger to his mouth in a SHHHHHHH motion before getting in his car and speeding off.

At this point I'm freaking out. I get the first 3 of his plate. By now I'm done filling so I put the pump back and think how I'm gonna tell this woman her purse was stolen. At the time I couldn't believe this was real so I just got in my car, pulled around and told her that I just saw her purse stolen, the first 3 letters were XYZ of the plate, and maybe the attendants can use the security cams to get the rest then I drove back to my dorm.

Reply Share

scampbe999
• 13y ago

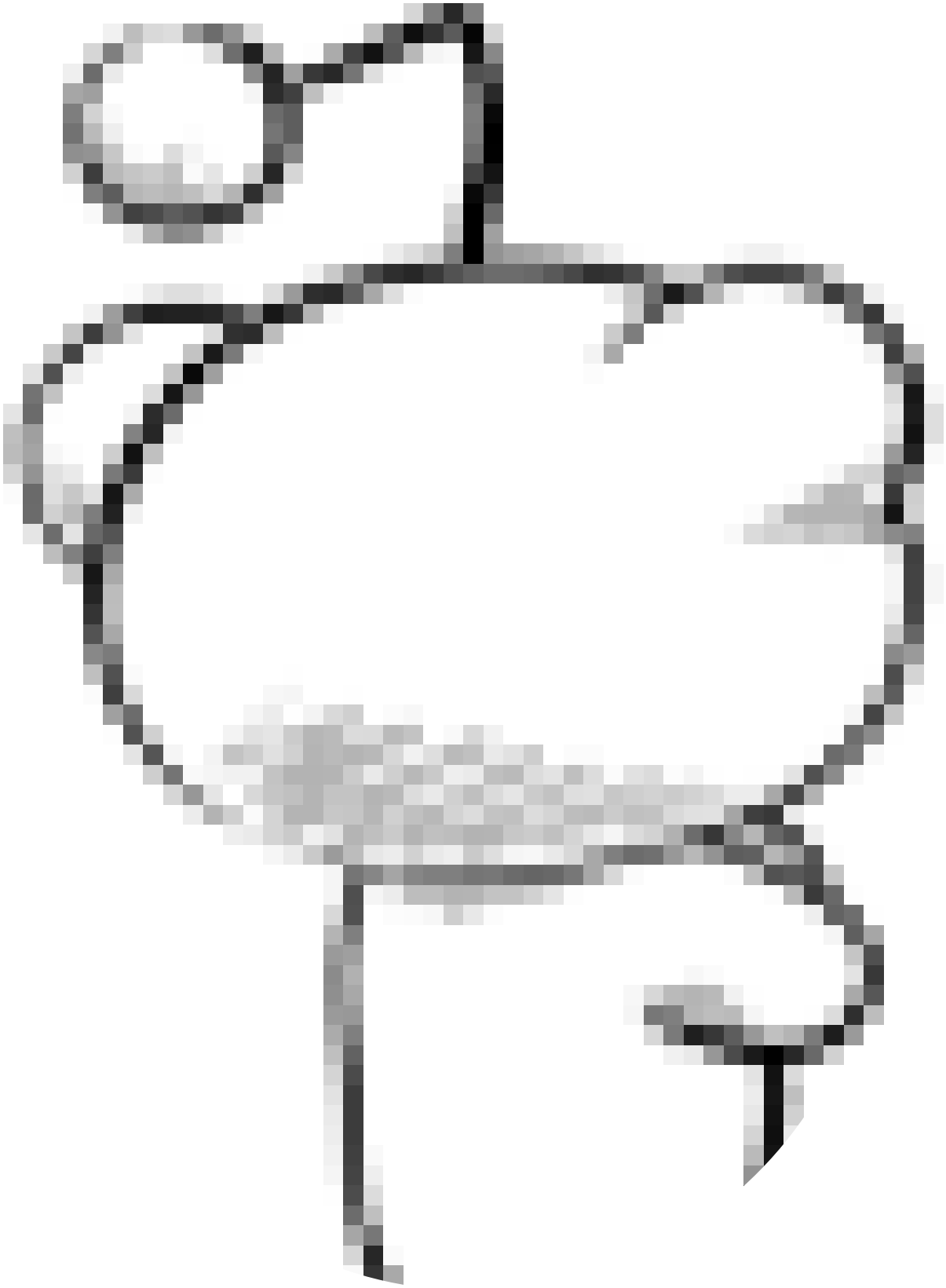
Normal Porn for Normal People. God dammit.

Reply Share

Real_Riskers
• 13y ago

Girlfriend told me about this one.

When she was a kid, her and her kid sister would sleep in the same room/bed. One night she said she woke up because she felt like someone or something was in the room with them. She noticed her kid sister was awake also and had the same feeling of uneasiness. She said suddenly this thing appeared at the foot of their bed and began laughing meniacly really loud. They both hugged and cried out for their parents or older siblings. Her dad and brothers ran into the room to see what was happening and so she told them. Nobody was in the room or had snuck into the room. Nobody but them heard the laughing. There were no signs that anyone had been there or had left. My girlfriend and her sister have no idea wtf that was but they were mortified. To this day they both tell the story and are still terrified of what happened.



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• 13y ago

A couple years ago I was taking my dog out on the lawn for her to do her business at night. It was pretty dark, no moon and my front porch lights weren't working.

While shes squatting she perks up and stares and her hair stands. This freaks me the hell out. I'm standing there when I hear EXTREMELY heavy breathing coming from the woods. Think of when you get out of breath, amplified by a good 50x. I swear I have NEVER run as fast in my life. I know they say stand your ground, but fuck that. My front door was 50 feet away. My dog knew too and she bolted with me.

I have no clue what the fuck it was and I never will know. It probably was a bear but I've no clue. It scared the ever loving shit out of me.

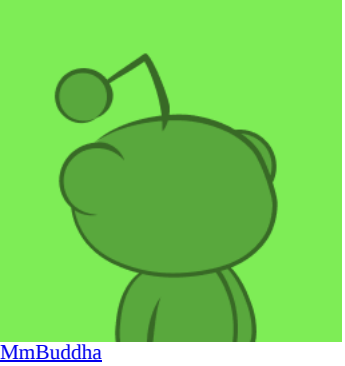
danimarie82
• 13y ago

Not my story, but it happened to a friend of mine in the mid-70's when she was about 11 or 12 years old. So she was walking home from school with a couple of friends, and somehow she ended up lagging behind a bit. As she turned the corner pass by a side street, there was a pick-up truck sitting on the side of the road a little further down. She is kind of just standing there looking when a guy gets out wearing a ratty old wig long wig and combat boots. He looks at her for a minute, and then starts walking pretty fast towards her. She said it was one of those moments where you think that you would take off running, but she was just kind of stuck there. Luckily her friends had come back to see where she was and yelled her name and it snapped her out of it. She ran towards them, and when she looked back, the guy was gone. She said that she doesn't even like to think about what would have happened if she had been walking alone.

This was also the same person who lived in California at the time that Night Stalker killer was around (I think his name was Richard Ramirez). A woman was actually killed 3 houses down from where she and her brother lived. That shit is too creepy for me to handle...

svenGhoulie
• 13y ago

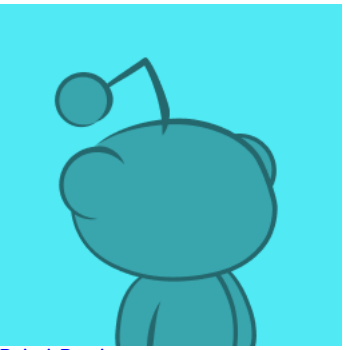
I worked for a linen service, delivering to clients 3rd shift. One account was a bitch... Cobble stone parking lot, no freight elevator. I grumbled and groused about it a lot. I had to lug the linen down a flight of stairs, across a landing and up another flight of stairs, putting the stuff on a set of shelves. It was 3 PM. There was NO one in the kitchen. I lugged the first load in and was returning with the second when I got to the shelves I found eveything I had carried in was thrown to the four corners. I gathered everything up and went to the front desk to get my invoice signed. I commented to the night clerk that "Your Ghost is Active Tonight". He asked what I meant and I told him my story. He went white. The man who designed the hotel has died in ithe hotel one year ago to the day. The clerk knew because he was the one who had found him.



MmBuddha
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

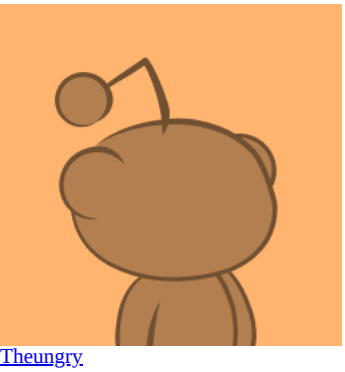
When I was little I was walking in the woods (in broad daylight) down the lane from my house. My parents and a friend were somewhere behind me, but I had run ahead and they were at least 2 minutes back along the path. I walked out of the mouth of the woods and there was a guy standing there, it looked like his car was parked 10 meters away and the doors were open. I was quite trusting and not used to feeling suspicious of anybody, but immediately I got a very bad feeling about this guy. I can recall the 'atmosphere' of the moment more than specifically what he looked like, but I remember feeling like I'd never met anyone who seemed so suspicious and creepy. He asked me "where are your parents" and I said "they're just coming". He had a look on his face like he was contemplating what he was going to do. Then he got back into his car a drove off.

On reflection I can't help suspecting that I was almost kidnapped, whatever moment of doubt that crossed his mind while he was standing there, thank fucking christ for that.



PoiesisPraxis
• 13y ago

Not so long ago me and some other friends decide to trip on magic mushrooms. As an experienced psychonaut I feel I earned my stripes to guide people into this new world. One of friends was new to the whole experience but he looked like he could take it. We started to trip and we where standing next to a fire talking about philosophical subjects. I noticed my friend who was new to the circle was very quiet (not like he normally is). I asked him 'everything okay?' he answered 'yes but I have nothing to think about'. I told him the following 'Do you believe someone who tells you he always lies?'. He stared saying nothing when he suddenly started to shake like uncontrollable tremors and just smacked down on the ground. I picked him up and immediately he got purple under his eyes which were completely rolled back in his head. After some minutes he got up still mumbling when seated and seemingly being back okay. He was quit for another 10 minutes when he sprang up and said 'I forgot I fell'. After this ordeal he was a nice person to have a trip with.



Theungry
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This just came up in another r/movies, so i may as well tell the full story. When I was an undergrad I was a PA on the production crew for Session 9 which was primarily filmed at the abandoned Danvers, MA mental hospital. It's a huge building up on a hilly campus overlooking the surrounding area, and it's been largely untouched for decades since (parallel to the plot of the movie) it's filled floor to ceiling with asbestos fixtures. There is no power in the building. The campus is full of underground tunnels. We filmed a number of scenes overnight.

This place was creepy enough in full daylight. It's the kind of old abandoned building where you come around a corner into a long dark hallway and there is a single child's shoe just there in the middle of the floor. All your willpower cannot stop you from telling yourself the horrific story of the poor mentally damaged little girl who lived in this terrible place of shock treatments and ice baths. Her entire painful life story that led up to this one shoe being abandoned here creates itself in your mind, and you can't even speak. You just have to get OUT of the building to save your sanity in that moment and hopefully the sun is shining and the air is clear because otherwise the crazy might infect you.

The building is full of these places and scenes that remind you what sort of facility it was, and how tortured the lives of the patients clearly were. Again, parallel to the plot of the movie, you could find stacks and stacks of patient files... and you did not want to read them.

So that being the setting...

The scariest moment of my life was scouting around a rundown tower in this complex at night trying to keep up with a group of 3 or 4 other people. We had flashlights, but outside there was a giant floating light bright enough to film by. So, anytime you passed a window your dark vision was totally wiped out for the next 30 seconds. At one point I lost the group around a corner I didn't know was there (because depth perception in the dark), and suddenly I was alone there.

I didn't have a walkie on me. I couldn't make sound anyway because I wasn't sure if sound was rolling for a take nearby or not, and I was so turned around I couldn't have found my way out.

I tried to move as quickly toward the last place i knew other people were as seemed safe without tripping and falling into a pit fill of rusty metal and crumbling asbestos tiles coated in lead paint dust. The physical danger was a distant second from the traumatic thought of being stuck helpless in a pitch black building rich with the memories of suffering of the sick and deranged

... there was this feeling that if you died there, your story and your memory might be tied to that place forever. It was nearly paralyzing.

After one of those terrifying minutes that has more than 60 seconds by an exponential factor, I made it a spot where I could see the light of the group's flashlights and catch up to them and did my best to pretend I hadn't just flirted with the edge of gibbering madness.

I had repressed that memory until someone brought up Session 9. I feel fortunate to have not soiled my underwear that day.

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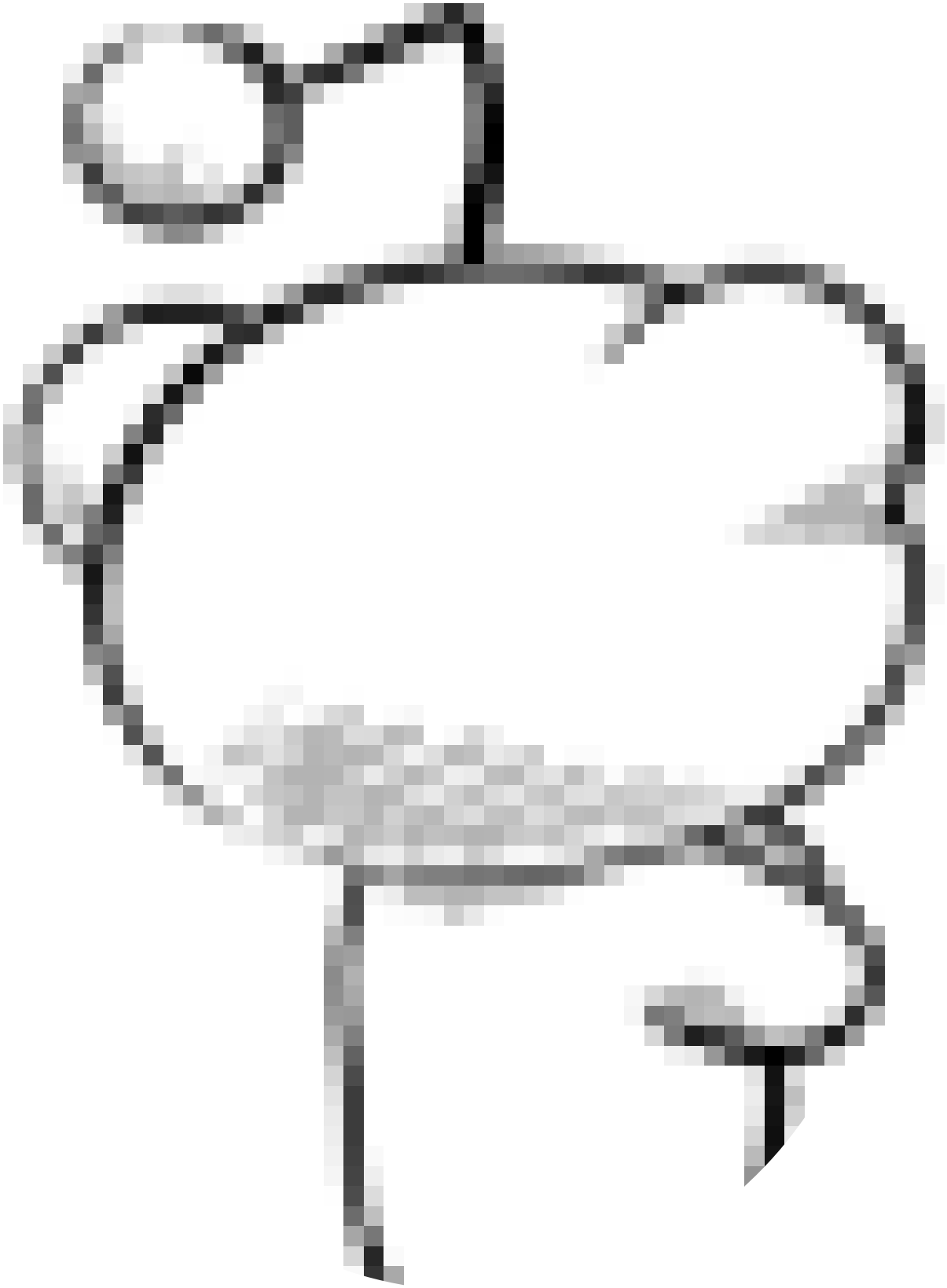
LazyLemur
• 13y ago

I have two real experience that still haunt me to this day.

The first one happened to me when I was very young. When i was younger I always called my dad into my room before bed, he would "check for monsters" etc. Well,one night I was calling him and he yelled from the main floor, "I will be up in a little bit". Immediately when he yelled that I saw someone - or something walk into my doorway, he looked a lot like my father except something was off. He was a little shorter and a odd shaped head if i remember correctly, he said (in a strange higher pitch voice) "I'll be back soon,I have to make sure your mother is ok".

Since I was so young I just nodded, I knew something was off but I thought it was my eyes playing tricks on me. Then what made my heart jump is my dad walking in the doorway a little bit after. I told him what happened, he said the EXACT same thing that thing said, "I'll be back soon,I must make sure your mother is ok", she was fine and he still thinks i was just dreaming, but that things face still sticks with me.

The second story is more recent. My sister and I use to babysat this little kid (lets call him Irving, he was 4 at the time), every weekday in the summer. One day we were playing hide and go seek, my sister was hiding and Irving and I were looking for her. We had started counting in her bedroom, adjacent to her room was a bathroom with a bathtub at the other side. Right as we walked out of the room i could see a girls hair sticking out of the tub. Then the girl lifted her head,I could just see her eyes and I nonchalantly nodded at her thinking it was her and wanting to prolong the game, for Irving's sake. We walked around downstairs, and then Irving yelled something that still gives me goosebumps, he yelled "I found her!'. My sister then walked out of the closet she was hiding in the basement. I flipped shit, I said "Hey lets play catch outside!", I knew i saw someone upstairs and i was trying to get everyone out of the house in case it was a criminal. We ran outside and I told my sister was happened I grabbed a knife and went upstairs to investigate while my sister distracted Irving. There was no one up there, I though i was going insane, until my sister yelled for me to come outside. My sister said, "Irving, tell Anon what you told me", Irving then said, "Can we play with the lady in the window?" I looked up at the upstairs window (which is for the room right next to the bathroom) and there was no one there, we called our parents and we all searched the house and we found no one. It was the scariest thing I have ever experienced. I drew a sketch of my upstairs to help explain the stories. http://imgur.com/2krprQW



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I have plenty of scary stories (fortunately? unfortunately?) but this is one I haven't talked about for a while.

When I was a kid, my brother, my sister, my cousin and I got lost in the woods one summer. Really lost. My brother insisted on taking this trail that wasn't marked on the map and it didn't work out so well for us. We had to stay overnight in a heavily forested, deep gorge. We built a huge fire and huddled in a circle around it.

The darkness was something I'd only read about in books. There was the light that the fire made, and past that tiny sphere of light about three feet out from the fire, it was pitch black. You could put your hand out and sink it into the blackness and it would just vanish like you were putting your hand into black water. It was terrifying.

And then there were the eyes reflecting the light of the fire in the darkness. A lot of eyes that glowed green and yellow. Eyes at every conceivable level - on the ground, in the bushes, at head level, up in the trees... we're talking tens of pairs of eyes, small eyes and big eyes. We were being watched all around by a multitude of unknown animals out there in the pitch black.

At one point all the eyes just vanished and a minute or two after there was a crashing thudding sound in the underbrush. And then there were big orange-red eyes staring at us. They winked out on one side and appeared on another side, so close that I'm convinced that if we reached out into that blackness we would have touched that animal. There was a low growling and heavy huffing noise. The eyes were fairly close to the ground at one point, but another time they were very high up, maybe seven or so feet. It circled us for at least forty minutes but it felt like hours.

Then those eyes went away and about a half hour later all the other eyes came back. I can't describe how scary it was. I understand why ancient peoples were so afraid of the dark.

We somehow all managed to fall asleep in front of that fire and woke up in the morning to the embers of the fire slowly dying in front of us. We later found tracks in the mud of the nearby stream that looked like these.

Needless to say, my brother never chose the trail we hiked from then on. Actually, I don't think I ever went hiking with him ever again.

RamonaBetances
• 13y ago

I had a short stay at a mental institution about a decade or so ago. I was one of those young adults who had a bad reaction to anti depressant medications. After spending a few days in the high risk area, i was admitted into the lower risk area. The 2nd day of my time in the lower risk area i come back to find a very pretty girl as my roommate. Just luminescent. No more then just over five feet and just under 100 pounds, about 20 years old. She looked quite a bit like jessica alba or jennifer lopez, but tiny like alba. She wore a light blue cardigan, a cross necklace, and a severe bun. She was holding a bible in her hand and by the look on her face it was clear she did not feel she belonged here. After a few minutes of me attempting to awkwardly make some small talk with her, i invited her to go with me to the rec room for movie time. She declined and said she just wanted to read her bible.

When i came back, she was asleep with the lights on, bible still in hand. I turned the lights off and went to sleep myself.

Around 4 am, i was shaken awake by this girl. She drags me into the bathroom and closes the door. She is terrified. She says "say this with me: Jesus is in my heart, Jesus is in my soul. Jesus is in my heart, Jesus is in my soul." I repeat this with her a couple of times. After a little while a calm her down and put her back to bed. I go to sleep. I wasn't frightened. I was in a 'looney bin" after all, i should expect to meet some colorful people.

At 7 am i am awoken with the rest of the floor for our morning meds and breakfast. After I come to get my meds, i return to the room to see a nurse over by the girls bed and a small crowd of 2-3 other patients. My roommate is in an odd state. She is clearly awake, but unable to move. Just paralyzed. The tech said to for us to all get our breakfast, that she would come out of it soon and join the rest of us.

I return with others after an hour or two, and she is still is this paralyzed state. Her ayes are moving. She sees us. She is clearly afraid, but can not move. She is not in a relaxed position, her muscles are clearly tense. you can see her struggling to move, but just cannot.

Agin the tech says something along the lines about how this is part of her disorder, and she will come out of it. The other patients, along with me, don't like this answer. We start to protest that something needs to be done. I look to two of the other patients and say "Get the priest. She is religious and maybe the presence of a priest will calm her down. Go get him." (There was a priest who had hours at the hospital a few times a week- the incident happen to coincide with the time the priest was at the hospital)

The priest finally shows up, and looks at us like what do you want me to do. He seemed annoyed by this whole show. I asked the priest if he could just sit down and read to the girl in bed from the bible. I explained that she was religious, and that this might help her get out of her state. He sits on my bed opens the bible to what seems like nothing in particular and starts reading. the girls eyes fixed on the priest. After a few moments of reading, i see her finger is starting to move, then another finger. Its working! I am very pleased with myself, and my doctoring.

I start to gather my things as it was time for group session, convinced my roommate will be ok soon. I was not prepared for what happened next.

She leaps out of her bed, from a paralyzed to full force and screams the most unnatural scream i have ever heard. one that would come from something five times her size and something with far more testosterone. She grabs the beds she was sleeping on and hurls it against the wall. Not the mattress, the entire bed, frame and all, like it weighed two pounds, all in one swift motion. the tech shove me out of the room and close the door, another comes in with tranquilizer. i never see this girl again.

Reply Share

Adrxone
• 13y ago

My toilet flushed by itself this one time.

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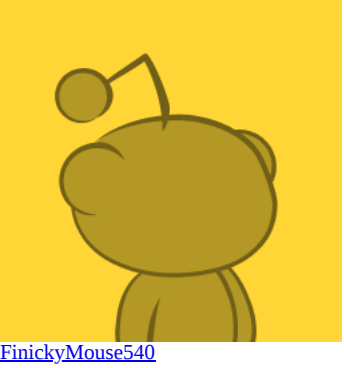
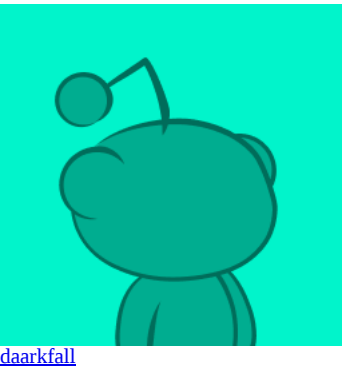


FinickyMouse540
• 13y ago

First, my grandfather died a few years ago; 4 years on last valentines day. The day before my birthday. The night of my birthday. He died roughly midnight on valentines day. So roughly 44 hours after he died, 10PM on my birthday. I woke up for no reason. I fell asleep around 7PM, I heard thumping in the kitchen so I thought one of my parents were walking around. I went out there and my grandfather was sitting in a chair, staring at me as I walked in. I greeted him with a smile and he got up and I hugged him. He gave me a present and said "when you pass, cobe, Wayne, dot and I will be there" I stared at him with a confused face and said "what are you talking about?" "You'll know in 70 years." So I went back to my room and opened the present. It was a big metal fighting falcon model jet. Thunderbird paint. I went out to say thanks but he was gone and the lights were off. I realized what happened after I was laying in bed. I could feel him, the present is still on the shelf. But he is gone. And FYI the names are relatives of mine and an old pet if his



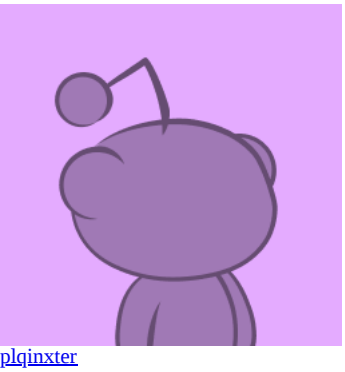
daarkfall
• 13y ago

This is a little bit of a TL;DR but this is the only time in my life, where i genuinely thought I was going to die.

I work in a venue which hosts lots of weddings in the upstairs function suites with a restaurant down the stairs. One Saturday night at closing up time we had some trouble trying to get people out of the door, so needless to say as soon as the last persons foot left the door i slammed it shut and locked it.

After maybe about ten minutes we heard banging on the door which we assumed was just some drunkards asking to use the toilet so we carried on our end of night routine. I went into the restaurant to make sure everything in there was all locked up, as i got to the bar (side note all the lights were off) i heard a small person foot steps coming from the furthest away section. I froze for a second. I started to walk towards that section when a little girl appeared in this beautiful white dress. She turned to me and said "can you help me find my mum?". Now instead of being a responsible adult and taking her to the front door to look for her parents. I stood still and screamed at the top of my lungs until someone appeared. Turns out the "drunks" were the little girls parents who had let her go to the toilet saying they would wait outside for her.

TL;DR if i where in a horror movie i would die, also young girl got locked in my work, scared the crap out of me.



plqinxter
• 13y ago

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TheladyEl
• 13y ago

Since I've had a bit of a rough night and I should probably get it off my chest anyways, I'll tell you about one of the most horrific nights of my life.

I've mentioned before that my mother died and my father is an alcoholic. He is not a happy drunk. He is a mean, vicious, demonic drunk. When I was really young I thought he was just having fun in the living room. He'd blast his music and practically howl the words to the song. He would constantly call the radio stations, request songs and go bat shit crazy if they mentioned his name. I learned, after trying to stay up with him one night, that he was not "having fun" in the living room. I began to hate nights when he would do this and for a while they were often. Different things happened during these nights. One time he even called the cops on himself which I thought was kind of funny. The last night he got drunk and blasted his music was the worst. I remember waking up to a song that sounded really scary. It was blasting throughout the house. I don't remember the exact song, just that it sounded really ominous and after just waking up to it it scared the shit out me. So I wake up my sisters mom. We don't get along to this day because of how she treated me as a child but I still regret waking her up that night. I should have just stayed in my room and kept my mouth shut. I remember I told her that that song was scaring me and I started crying. So she went out to the living room and asked him to turn it down. She didn't ask though. She barked at him and he didn't take that well. I could hear more yelling and then scuffling. She screamed and I ran into my sisters room. I shut all the doors, told them to not peep a word and I just stood there in front of their bunk bed. At some point my sisters mom was crying for me to call 911 and I was going to but then I heard my father rip out the phone. I was too scared to run into the other room and make the call. The timing is still a bit hazy. I remember the sun was coming up when he came into my sisters room. He said, "Sometimes adults do things that children don't understand." I think I said something along the lines of, "Just because you're an adult doesn't mean you get to do those things." and I immediately shut my mouth and was mentally kicking myself for saying that. He took a step closer. He made a fist and said something about how children shouldn't talk to adults that way or something I can't remember. I just remember the immediate relief when he walked out of the room. I went back to bed and when I woke up there was a policeman in our house and our parents were nowhere to be found. I guess my sisters mom had gone to neighbors, leaving us alone with my dad wtf?, and my dad had actually gone to work that day. I guess they picked him there

and even impounded his car. Probably because he left it parked there. After that my life changed drastically. I was stuck with my sisters mom who would leave us alone all night. My dogs were given away. Our birds and plants died. My lizard that I didn't even get to name died. I remember having a birthday party and a big group of kids showed up...and then they left after seeing the kitchen.

tl:dr My father scared the shit out of me and my sisters as children one night after beating the crap out of their mother. He even chopped some of her hair off.

DnB_Pulse
• 13y ago

There was a story I saw on here once that must've gotten deleted or something because I couldn't find it again.

So a guy checks into a hotel, the receptionist gives him his keys and tells him that there is a room next to his that does not have a room number on it, and to leave it alone. So he proceeds to his room where he sees the room the receptionist was talking about. It looks completely ordinary other than the missing number. He peeks through the keyhole and all he can see is an ordinary woman sitting on a bed with her back to the door. He goes into his room, and later falls asleep. He wakes up in the middle of the night, and is still curious about the room, so he gets up and has another look through the keyhole, and all he can see is red. Not blood, just red. He thought they must've been hanging something like a red shirt on the door handle. He dismissed it and went back to bed. The next morning he is still curious about the room, so he goes to the receptionist and asks what the deal is with the room. The receptionist says that there was a murder in that room a few years ago, and some say it is haunted by the victim. He explains that the ghost looks like a human, not white or see-through. The only thing that is odd about the ghost is her red eyes..... I couldn't stop thinking about just how disturbing that is. I told some of my friends this story, and it took them a while to get it. God, the look on their faces when they did though

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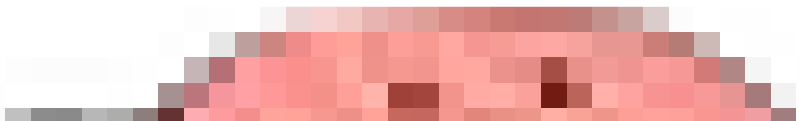

UnderwaterPianos
• 13y ago

I was working at 5am and I went out to the sales floor alone, dropped off some merch and was making my way back to the stockroom when I heard crying in the bathroom, I got so scared I ran out with teary eyes. It wasn't any of my coworkers because there was only 3 of us at the time and they were busy outside opening merch, Shit gave me nightmares

Reply Share

mr_midnight
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Not supernatural, or anything, but a couple months ago some friends and I went on a kayak/camping trip by ourselves in Arkansas. It was the first time most of us had been camping in about 10 years.

Anyway, one night we all went to bed and had been asleep for about 4 hours. I think it was about 3am. I was sound asleep, when through my dream I hear someone shouting my name. I wake myself up and hear, "SHIT!! WHAT THE FUCK, GET THE FUCK OFF ME!! MR_MIDNIGHT, HELP!! HELP! MR_MIDNIGHT!!"

It was my best friend a couple tents away, he was screaming like he was being attacked. I bolted up and threw on my flip flops and started shouting back, "I'm coming, Adam! I'm coming dude!" I wasn't sure what the fuck I was going to find once I got out my tent... My friend Adam is 5'9" and about 230lbs of muscle, works out all the time. I'm 6'2" and 175lbs soaking wet, if *HE* can't handle it, what am *I* gonna be able to do?

I grabbed my heavy MagLite and a machete and ran out my tent.

Poor Adam had had a night terror and was totally confused, still half asleep, begging me to 'Let me out of here! Where am I!' He'd stood up in his tent and run around a bit, like a hamster in a ball. To make matters worse, he broke his glasses in the ruckus, and he's blind as a bat.

By now a few other of our friends had gotten up and we opened his tent and calmed him down. One of my friends just ran off into the woods by himself when he heard the commotion, that damn coward!

It was definitely enough to kind of freak all of us out for the rest of the night.

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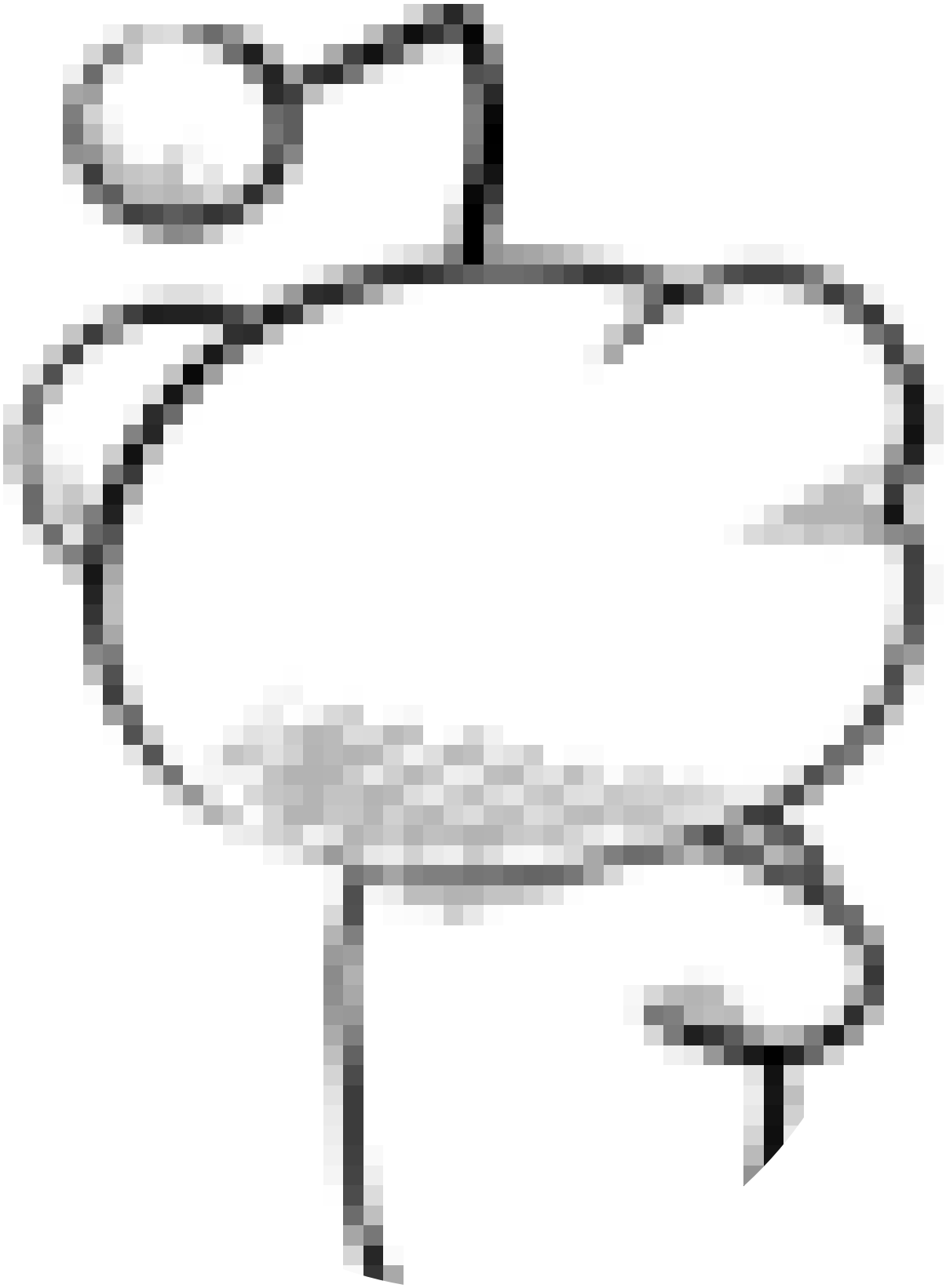

[deleted]
• 13y ago

My brother has told me this story a couple times. I actually wrote about it on no sleep, but I'll give a quick jist.

Him and his friends take a road trip out to a cabin in the middle nowhere in Hope, BC. There are four of them including my brother and when they get there they realize they forgot to get booze - so they all loaded back into the car to take the hour drive back into town and my brother stays back to unpack and start dinner. His goofball friends end up staying in town and getting drunk and leave Jody there for 6 hours. Over those 6 hours he kept seeing a big, ashen white face press itself against the windows in the house. He said the face looked Asian and had big black eyes. At one point he worked up the nerve to go outside and look for footprints to see if someone was fucking with him or to see if maybe it was a wolf or something and his eyes were playing tricks on him. No footprints. The final time it happened he saw the face pressed against one of the windows at the top of the 30 foot ceiling. He locked himself in the bathroom for the rest of the night until his friends returned.

Reply Share

Reagansmash1994
• 13y ago

When I was about 12 years old, a teacher of mine from Newfoundland, teaching in the UK, told me and the rest of my class this little, short, horror story.

There was a girl who had just had her birthday, she was 13 and her parents, thinking that she is now old enough to trust, got her to house sit for one night. Baring in mind she had never slept in a house on her own, this was scary enough, but she had her dog and felt safe.

Well, as you would expect, as night drew she became more worried and anxious. Every bump she heard, she thought it was a thief or ghost. So after watching TV, she turned all the lights up and ran to bed as quick as she could, the safest place in the mind of child.

Like all of us, she still felt uneasy. But, every night since she was even younger, her dog as laid by her bed, sometimes licking her hand. This made her feel safe, feel protected. So she dozed off to sleep without a care in the world.

Later, she woke up. It was still dark out. She heard a mysterious noise coming from her bathroom, a dripping noise that she couldn't quell. She rested her arm over the left side of the bed, her dog licked her to let her know she is safe and without a care in the world, she got up on the right side and went to check the bathroom to see if she left her tap on.

Usually when she gets up, he dog follows. This time it didn't.

She entered the bathroom, the taps were off. No drips. How about the shower? She opened the curtains and there she saw her dog soaked in blood, dripping one drop at a time into the shower.

She ran as fast as she could to her room, thinking it was safe, she rang her parents and explained that something has happened to her dog and for them to come home.

They told her not to worry and to await their swift return. They told her to rest. So she went back to bed, put her arm to the left side of the bed and immediately felt another lick and the warm pulse of a mans breath.

He parents returned to find their daughter besides their dog, in the shower, slaughtered.

philliperod
• 13y ago

I went to a major airport to pick up a friend flying back home around midnight. The drive itself is an hour commute into the city from a small town. On our way back, I took a back-road for a shorter route to get home quicker (quick note: this back-road was notorious for car accidents and deaths. Was named "Death highway" for a period of time and they would paint white X's on the road to mark where each death occurred and there was an overwhelming amount at that too).

I was driving a 99' green Taurus at the time. Approaching this uphill, there was a car behind me. I told myself I guess I didn't see him before because my friend and I was talking. I was doing the speed limit and this car decided to speed up and pass me in the opposite lane. As Yue car was pulling up my left I noticed it was the same model and color as mine. Didn't think too much of it but he stayed next to me for a bit going on this uphill. I tried to look in his car but it was too dark to see anyone. My friend and i were asking what the hell is wrong with this person. Well, he sped up to pass over. As his car was moving up enough to pull back in the lane I looked at his license plate just in case this fool thinks of doing anything that could cause us off the road. Read his license plate and it was fucking familiar. It was the same license plate as mine. I told my friend, actually screaming at him, that his license plate is exactly like mine and his car is obviously the same as well. As we reached the top of the hill and start the descend, that car disappeared in front of us. Just gone. And there was a pretty good stretch of a straight road to not be able to spot a car. We're both freaking out and trying to state that maybe we're too tired and we're seeing things. Dumb move after: I sped all the way home. We both sat silent the rest of the way. No sleep that night. Too creepy.

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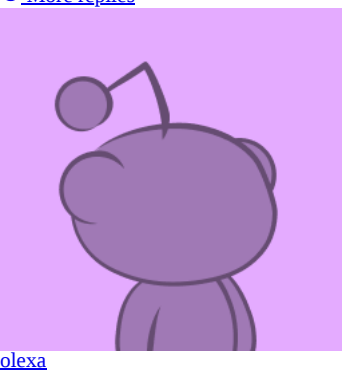

olexa
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, a tornado hit my neighborhood. Some of my family members got home and crammed into the closet with us sheer moments before the tornado hit our house. The sound was horrible. I heard the windows shaking violently but somehow the house was okay - some speculate it was a "jumping" tornado. When we walked outside, the entire neighborhood was demolished. A woman down the street thought she and her kids would be safe in their car. I don't think I need to explain what happened to them. There were terrified, violent dogs roaming the area and I was almost attacked by one. Definitely one of the scariest moments of my life. It's safe to say I have a deep fear of tornadoes and dogs.

Reply Share

Raptorj10
• 13y ago

One night, after I finished working, I went back home and notice that there were many police cars park in front of my house. Filled with anger and worry, I ran to the house thinking someone called the cops for a misunderstanding and blamed it on my family. When I went inside I ask my sister what happened, she and my brother had a shocked look on their face and told me to ask my friend what happened. Then my friend told me that he found a dead body in woods in the backyard and the police are looking for evidence and what happen to this women that died back there, though they didn't ask much from us and all they found with the body was makeup and a bible. A few weeks later, before we moved out of the house, our neighbor came to our house and told us that the person that they found dead was his girlfriend and left. Afterwards the police never came back and my neighbor stayed in his house, and we never knew what happened to her or how she died.

Reply Share

AdmiralMoonshine
• 13y ago

This happened about a week ago. I get nervous every time, thinking it's going to happen again.

I live in a large city without a car. Instead I bike everywhere. The city is pretty cycle friendly so it's not really that big a hassle. The only annoying part are the many hills, especially in my neighborhood. I work all day and usually go out afterward so I'm often biking home late at night alone on the road.

So one night I'm riding home from the bar at about 2am. I'm almost home, about to go over the last hill before I get to my house. This hill is a particular pain in the ass because there's a red light intersection right in front of it. The hill's steep so if you miss the light and stop you loose all your momentum. Instead of riding up the hill you have to get off and push. Sure enough, as I'm racing to get the green, the light changes. There are no other vehicles on the road, but I dutifully stop anyway. Cars often come flying around turns here and I don't feel like getting surprised. As I'm sitting there waiting for the light my eyes wander past the intersection and up the hill. Immediately, my heart starts pounding.

At the top, coming down towards me is the creepiest person I have ever seen in my life. He was about 6'5" with long, greasy blond hair. Kind of shambling down the street. He wore all black including a long trench coat, even though it was about 75 degrees out. He also carried a half full black garbage bag, which somehow made him even scarier. Obviously, in my mind, it was full of organs/mutilated babies/decapitated heads. Seriously, this guy was spot on for the serial killing hitchhiker of urban legend. Now this wouldn't be that bad if I was riding by him, but to my dismay I realize I'm not going to have enough speed to make it past him. I'm going to be walking my bike when we pass each other.

I'm nervous when the light turns green, but not yet terrified, so I ride towards him. I keep watching the figure as I start up the hill. Soon enough, I run out of speed and have to swing my leg around to start walking. The guy is about twenty feet away at this point. As soon as my feet hit pavement, he stops dead in his tracks.
Now I'm terrified. Shaking, I force myself to keep moving towards him. I can see his face and it's just as frightening as the rest of him. Think a gaunt, long-faced Gary Busey. Dead, gray eyes wide and staring straight at me, mouth half opened with mangled teeth, not moving a muscle, all yellowing skin. With every step that this-is-how-I-die feeling gets stronger. He keeps staring straight at my eyes and as I pass within a foot of him his head slowly lolls to the side to follow me. I've never been more terrified of another human being. I fully expected him to lash at my neck with a hook hand or pull out a machete.

I get past him and start breathing again. Without looking though I can feel that he hasn't moved. Finally, I glance behind me and sure as hell he's standing frozen were I passed him, head still to the side and everything. This was the creepiest part. He stayed like that until I got to the top of the hill. As soon as I could ride I jumped on my bike and tore off home, glancing behind me the entire way. I haven't seen him again, but every time I come to that intersection now I start sweating.

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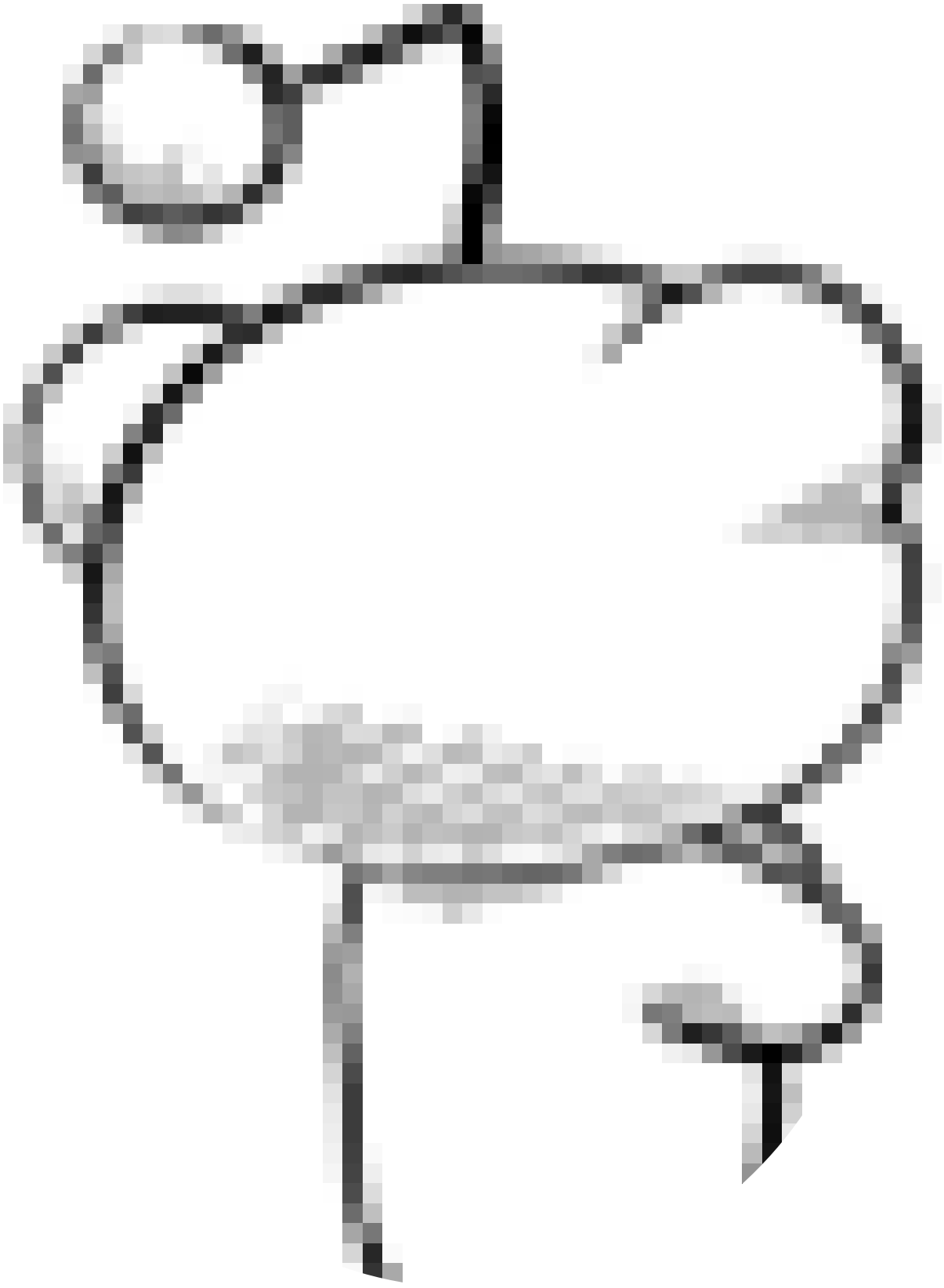

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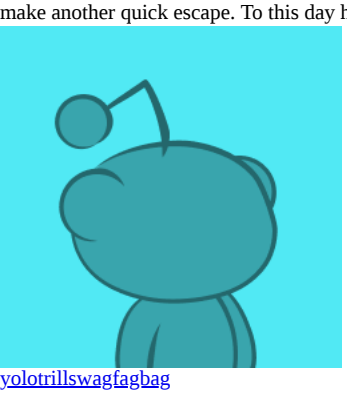
• 13y ago

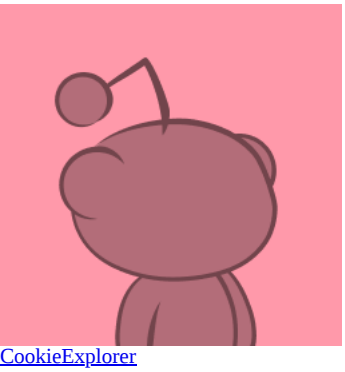
Was being babysat by my older brother when I was five and he was thirteen we thought we heard someone walking on our deck and five minutes later hear pounding running along the exterior wall until it got to the window which shattered. We freaked and called our neighbors who lived behind us I remember the sheer panic of running out of the back of our house meeting

our neighbor who was a 300 lb high school wrestler grabbed me by my collar and hoisted me over their fence to get to his yard. It was terrifying and that same neighbor and his brother went over to our house with a gun to see what was up and all they found was a hammer they figured it was some kids. About a year later a string of home invasions/murders occurred in the surrounding sub divisions we weren't sure if it was the same person but I remember for like a year my older brother would sleep fully clothed with his shoes still on just in case we had to make another quick escape. To this day home invasion movies creep me out the most.



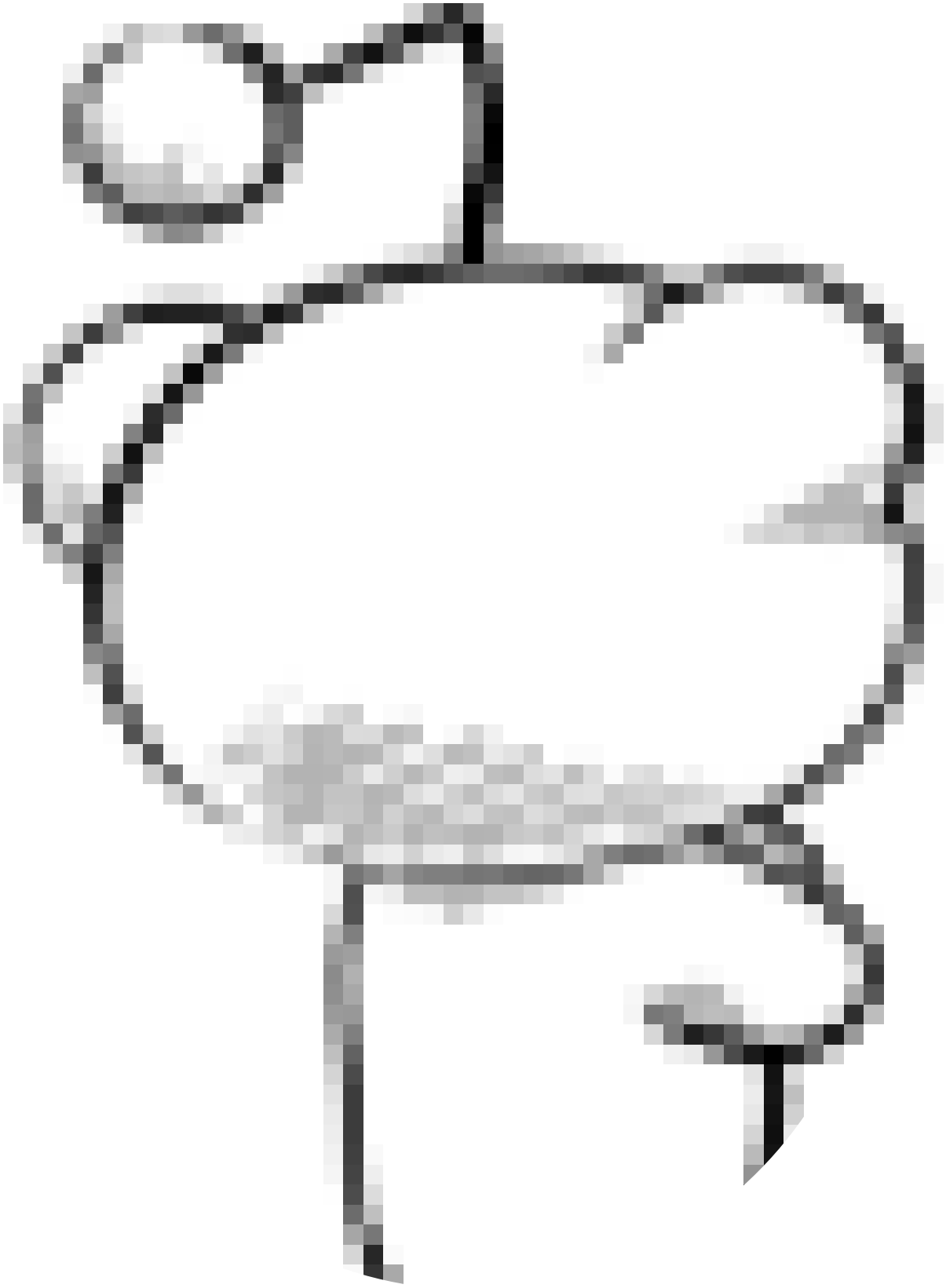
yolotrillswagfagbag
• 13y ago

When I was about 9 or 10 I rember it being pretty late at night, i wasn't asleep, I don't even think I was in my bed. I was kneeling by the side of my bed for whatever reason and suddenly when I blinked or just closed my eyes for a few seconds all I could picture was me sitting in someones house and not being able to move. Anytime I closed my eyes at all this would happen. The bad part was that I was so tired so my eyes kept shutting. It might have been a relatives house but I could just sense that It was completely empty in every way. I just felt really negative and soul less in there but no matter how hard I tried I couldn't move in the scenario or get the scenario out of my mind. It felt so real like I was just moving from that world and back every second. This happened for at least 5 minutes and I've never felt so trapped in my life. It may just be me but that feeling of being trapped and helpless Is one of the worst feeling ever.



CookieExplorer
• 13y ago

Happened to me a couple months ago actually. So, my mother, my brother and I moved into a new house and the first night there is fine but the second night there was a nightmare for me I was up almost the whole night. I was up because I could hear footsteps outside my door at 2 in the morning and the only bedroom close to me is the guest room and no one slept in there that night. Then I kept hearing scratching on my window and there's no trees near my window and I could also hear faint whispers outside my door.



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• 13y ago

I was once masterbating in my room. I turned around to see an arm slam my bedroom door shut.....I live alone.

TheCorruptableDream
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Here you go!

And, just in case someone doesn't realize this (I guess the foreign language confused my boyfriend), you do have to scroll down. It's quite entertaining.

edit: And, fuck, it still works on me. Yikes. I'm going to go have a cigarette on my nice, sunny porch now.

Atheist_Redditor
• 13y ago

Scariest thing I have ever seen? I remember when I was a kid, we were walking up to the check out line at the store and I saw a magazine cover that scared me so bad I couldn't eat for two weeks. It was Weekly World News. Now, I had no idea what this magazine was at the time, but it had a picture of Jesus on the Cross and flames behind it and it said "The world is ending" or something a long those lines. I was scared shitless for about two weeks that the world was coming to an end. I wasn't eating. I was depressed. Finally, my mom and family asked what was up at dinner, and I told them. They laughed at me so hard. They spent an hour telling me about the silly stuff in that magazine, and my big brother bought a magazine the next day with a picture of a dinosaur attacking a city to prove his point.

Stupid Weekly World News.

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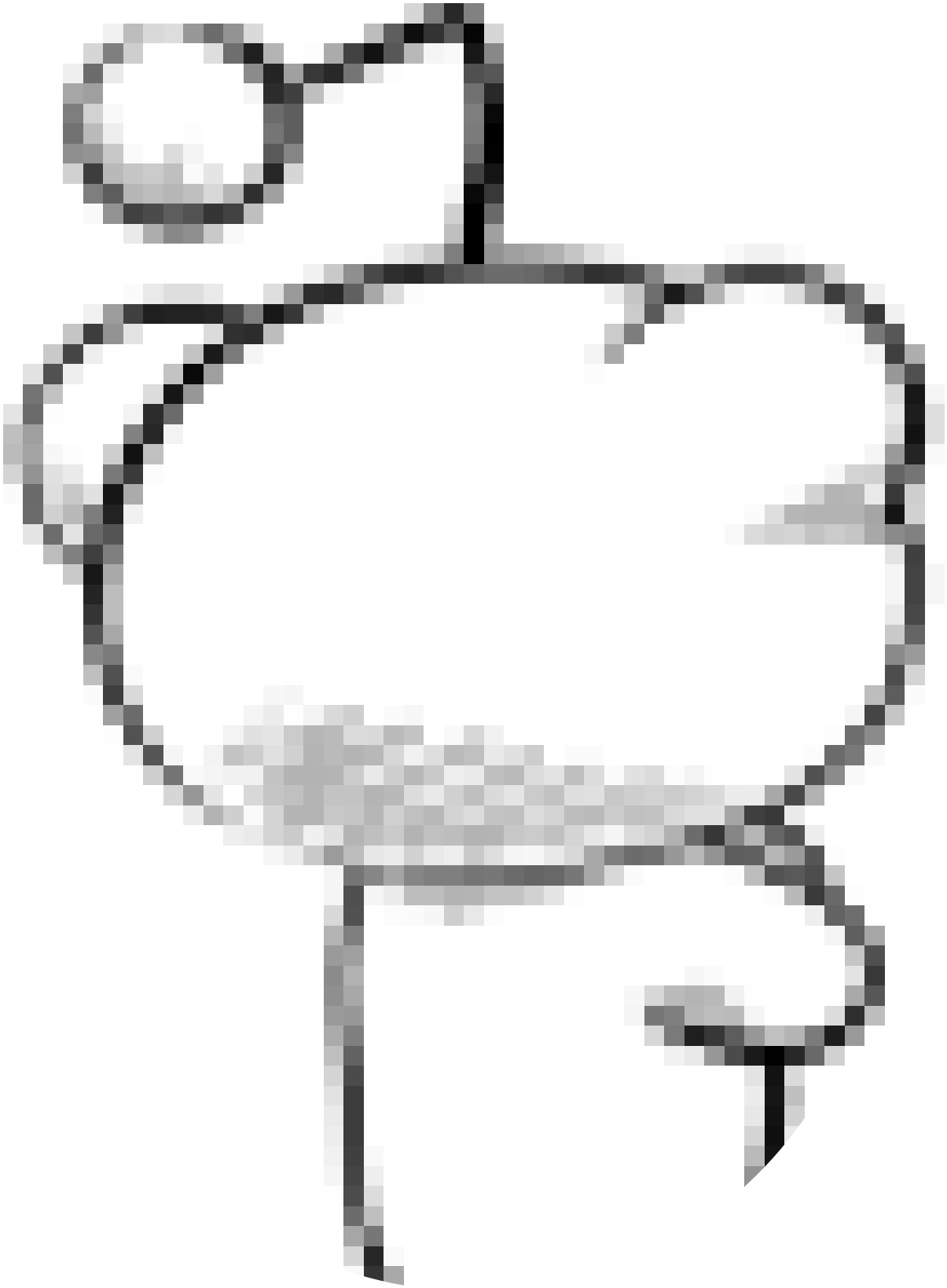

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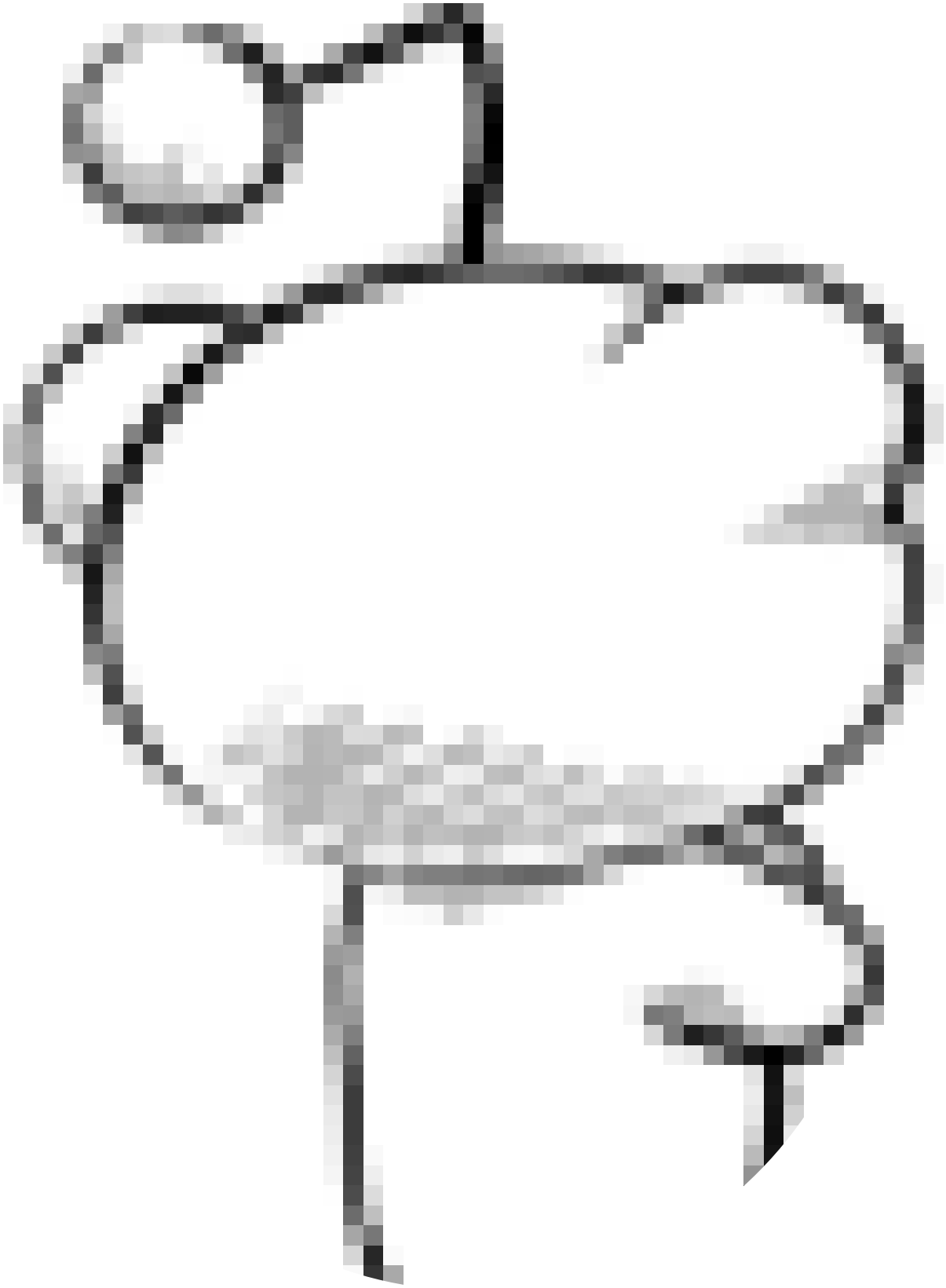

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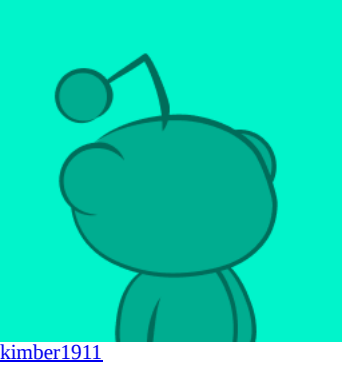
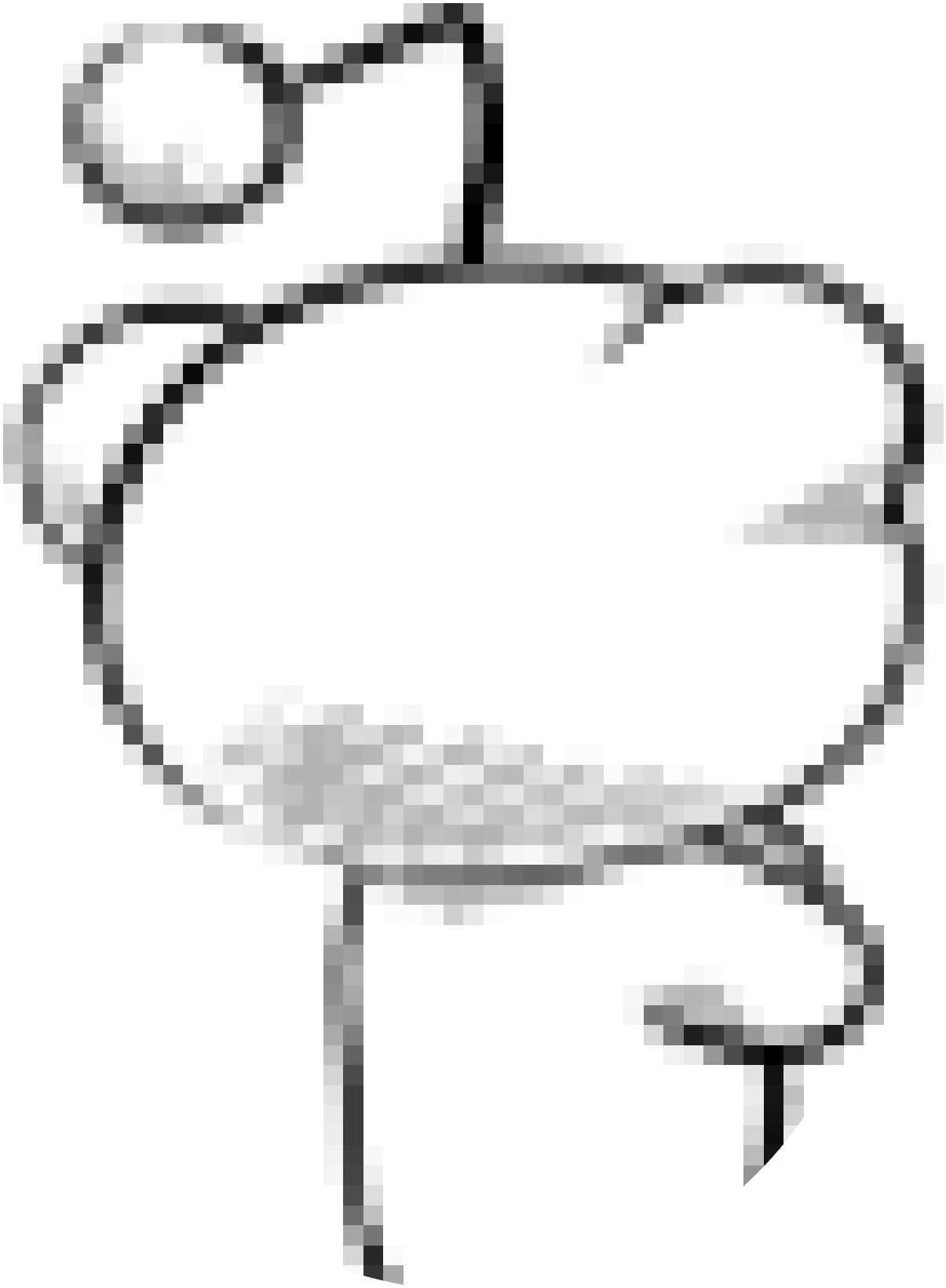


kimber1911
• 13y ago

I was working at walmart in produce. I was getting some stuff out of the cooler with the door shut and someone called in a bomb threat. They paged overhead and evacuated the store but I didnt hear it. I went out to start stocking and there were all of these shooping carts full of groceries but no people. I freaked out for about a minute and walked over to the front doors and saw everyone outside. Pretty creepy to think youre the last person alive.



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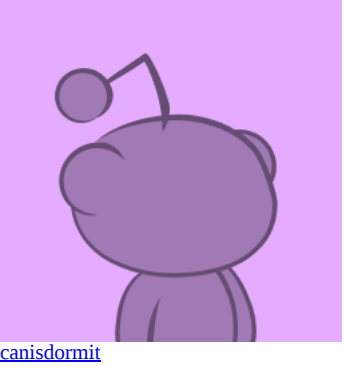
• 13y ago

I know this is going to get buried as all hell but my old house was haunted as fuck. Footsteps in the attic every single night, faucets turning on by themselves five seconds after you walked by the bathroom, picture frames slamming down at random etc.

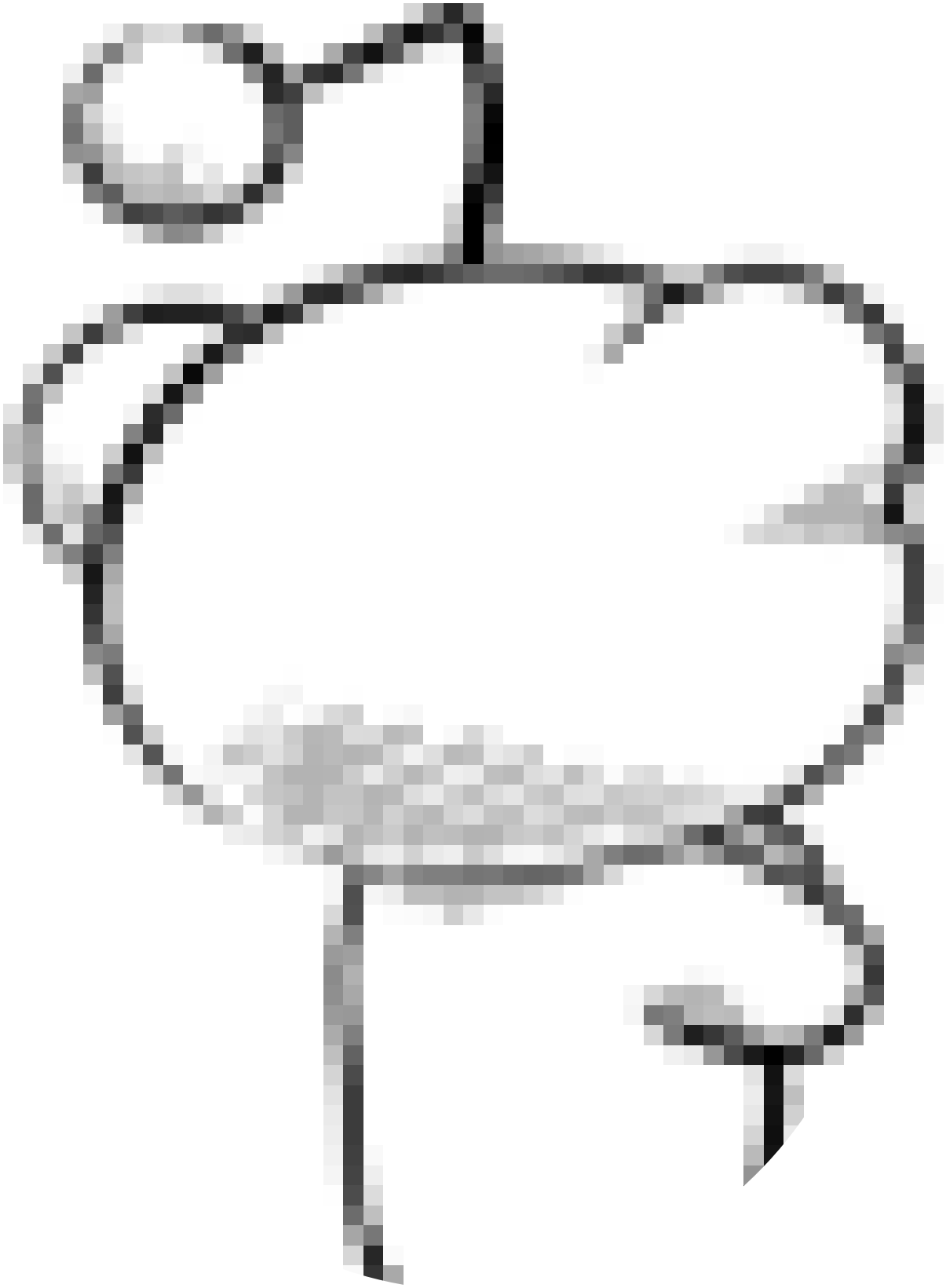
I was upstairs getting dressed for a zero period one morning (only me and my mom were ever up at that hour, about 4:30 AM) and barely saw my mom walk around the hallway corner in the blue robe she wears while getting dressed. She always irons before work so I didn't think anything of it and said "Hey Mom!". She didn't answer, which I thought was weird but maybe she didn't hear me, until I heard her close the garage door downstairs. All I saw was the trail of the robe but I definitely saw someone.

Another time my dad was adamant that he had heard my sister or I crying in the living room from where he was sitting downstairs, but neither of us knew what he was talking about. Weird stuff.



canisdormit
• 13y ago

Children screaming as they burned to death in a housefire. The parents were not home and the thug uncle entrusted with their care was "round da corna" buying smack or crack at the time. And of course, the house had burglar bars, probably so nobody could break in and steal their drugs. So, even some of the neighbors got burns on their arms having a go at the bars. And the children burned alive...to death.



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• 13y ago

When I was in college, I lived in an older building with 3 other roommates. When I went to sleep, I always had to lock my door or I would leave myself vulnerable to pranks and whatever.

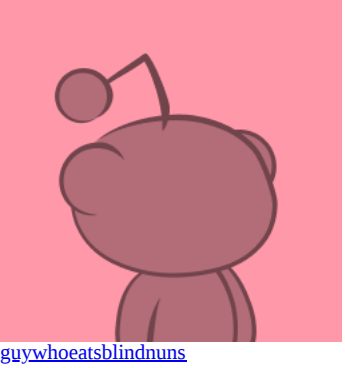
I went to bed one night and something woke me up. Now anyone that knows me knows that I absolutely cannot go to sleep with any lights on. What woke me up was a light coming on. But it wasn't just one light. My floor lamp and my desk lamp were both on. I was confused for awhile. I looked around my room and on one of my posters, I swear I saw the face of a woman, so vividly that I can still see her face. She was looking at something, then her eyes met mine, and she got this look of 'oh shit' and disappeared.

I had to get up and check things out. My door was still locked, all my roommates were asleep and the house was completely quiet. I still to this day have no idea what went on. Before this, I'd strain myself rolling my eyes so hard at the mention of ghosts or strange encounters. To be honest, the rational side of my brain keeps rejecting the notion of anything paranormal. But I still can't shake what I saw. And who the fuck turned on my lights? (for the record, I was 100% sober...had class the next morning).

Lizziloo87
• 13y ago

Oh, I have another one!! This one happened personally to me and my roommate. Around three in the morning I woke up and went to the bathroom, I lived in a townhome at the time and my roommate was dating this guy who, swear to god, never slept. They were always awake. I heard male voices (my roomie is a girl) coming from downstairs and figured it was her and her boyfriends and perhaps a few friends of theirs. I knew that she had said she was going to bed earlier, but hey, plans change. I went back to bed and thought nothing of it after that.

The next day we found out that we were robbed. Someone came into our place, while my roomie was sleeping on the couch, and robbed the crap out of us...all the while my roomie was sound asleep (thank god) on the couch in the same room they were rampaging in.



guywhoeatsblindnuns
• 13y ago

Before my dad had passed away he would always joke around with me and my mom saying how he's going to pull our legs if when he dies or he's gonna haunt me until i get straight A's.

Anyhow, a year after his passing i was up late late one night playing fallout 3 and i was laying on my stomach on the floor with my under the bed. (it felt warm). Im playing when suddenly i feel two cold hands grab me by my ankles and pull me under my bed up to my thighs... I noped the fuck to the top of my bed and turned on the light. I cussed at my brother thinking it was him. When i looked There was no one there... I told my mom the next morning and she smiled at me and said " don't worry, He just wanted to scare you"

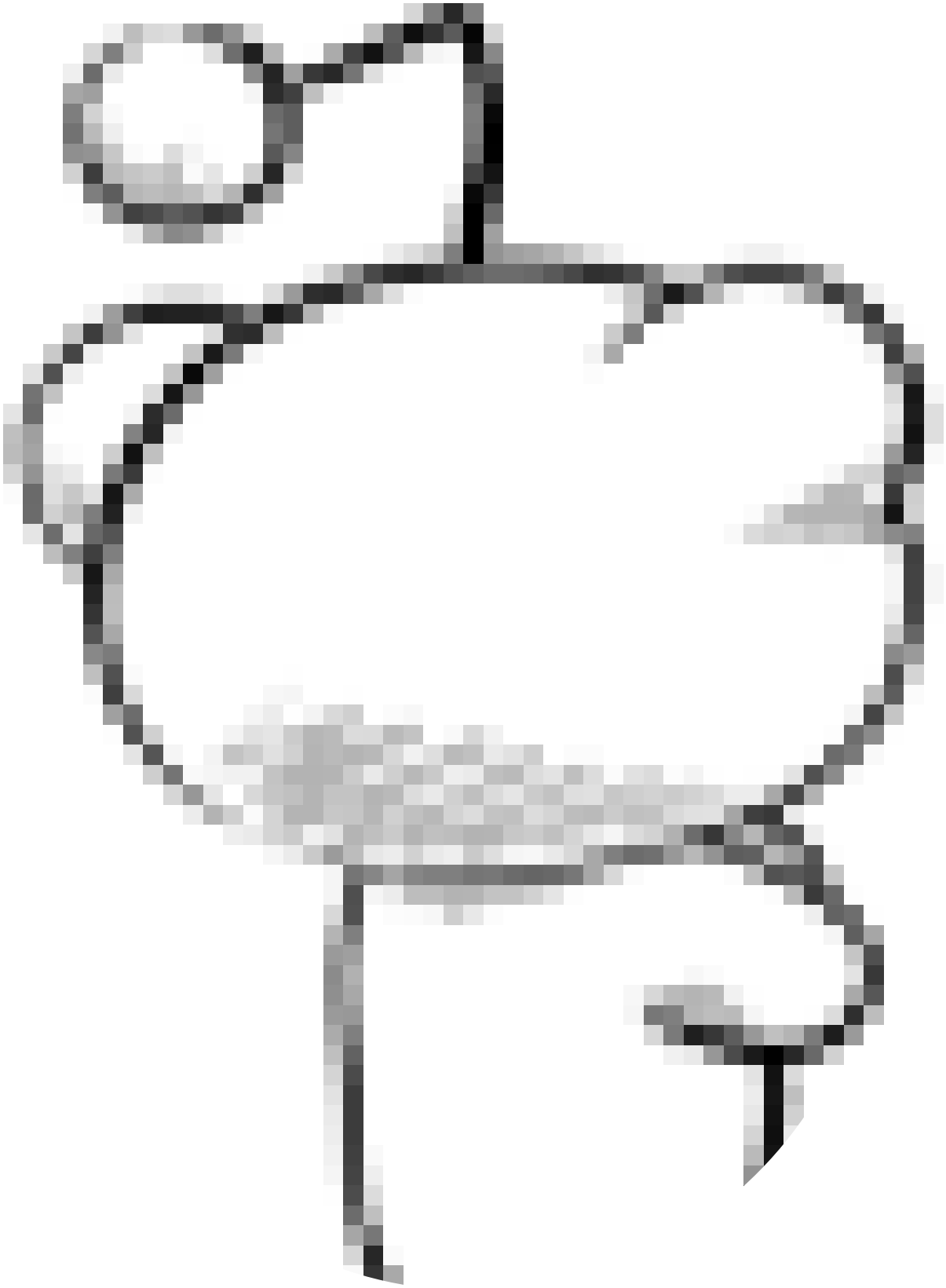
My dad always was a kidder.

FloridaMullet
• 13y ago

About 12 years ago, in college, I lived in a large house where 20 years prior, a student living there had fallen off a balcony to his death. The house was rumored to be haunted and other people I knew who had lived there prior reported having weird experiences. I had two very strange experiences while living there:

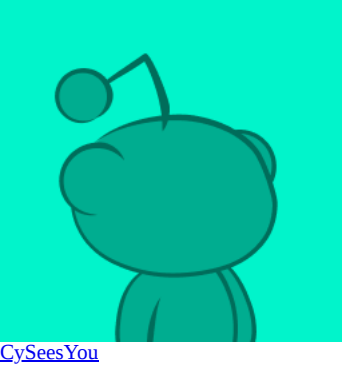
1. One night, I was studying for finals in the dining room. I was the only one home. The floor of the dining room was ceramic tile. There was a long hallway to my left that ended with a metal door (with one of those large horizontal press latches to open the door) which led outside. I could see the entire hallway and metal door from where I was sitting. I heard the metal door open, but paid no attention to it b/c I think it's just one of my roommates. I heard the distinct sound of someone walking with leather soled dress shoes, down the hall towards me. As the sound of the footsteps became louder/closer, I look up from my book to see who it is....no one is there. I find this weird, but didn't I go back to studying. About 20 minutes later, a sound comes from the door like someone had pressed the latch to open it. I immediately looked at the door and no one was in the hallway. A few seconds later, from the basement comes a sound like someone was beating the washing machine with a baseball bat. I jumped out of my chair and ran out of the house.

2. I came home late one night. Again, no one was home. I was walking through the small, ground floor hallway to my room. My room was very close to where the student had fallen and died. The house did not have any air conditioning. All of a sudden, the air temperature in the hallway seems to drop from about 75 to 50 degrees. I could feel goosebumps rise over my entire body and I look down at my arms and all of my arm hair was standing straight up, like it was being charged with static electricity. And then I felt this presence, like something was in the hallway with me, watching me. So scary.



mbeason1977
• 13y ago

My friend and I were sitting out on his porch one warm summer night in Louisiana. It was a Saturday night, and we had been drinking and smoking. He lived in a townhouse that had a field in front of the house. As the night got late, I heard out of nowhere this sound that chilled me to the bone. It literally sounded like someone had dropped off a newborn baby in the field. It was terrible. I looked at my friend, he was looking at me, we both had this look of terror on our face. My first instinct was to run into the field and get this baby from whatever was attacking it, because I thought something or someone was out there harming a child. As I jump up to run into the field I see this huge cat run across the field. It wasn't a domestic cat, I could tell that for sure. It looked black and stood about a foot almost to the shoulder. I stopped in my tracks and slowly started walking backwards. At this point, I knew it wasn't a baby making this noise. It was a Louisiana panther in heat. A lot of people don't believe that there are panthers in Louisiana. I didn't either, until I heard it that night and saw it with my own eyes. One of the most terrifying noises I have ever heard. I will never forget that sound.



CySeesYou
• 13y ago

Two years ago my parents set up security cameras around the outside of our house since we live in a neighborhood filled with break ins. One of the cameras faces our fence gate, and there is a bench next to the gate. For three days in a row, when my nana (godmother) went outside to go to work, she noticed that the bench was always flipped back. She thought that there was some kid trying to get into our yard and messing things up so she told my mom to check the camera footage to catch the kid. So we're all sitting around the tv trying to find the time when the kid came. Then, at around 2:30 am, we saw the gate, which has a lock that is sometimes hard for myself to unlock, open all the way, the bench flipped over, then the gate slammed shut. Nothing was there, there was no wind. We checked and this occured for three days straight. Gate open, bench fall, slam shut. Freaked me out

Marzhan
• 13y ago

Between the ages of 5 and 10 I lived in a creepy old house. From the outside, and even from the inside, it was pretty nice, if not a little beat up. For some reason it always scared me though. Before I moved there, and after I moved out, I never got any nightmares. Not. Ever. But when I lived in that house I had horrible recurring nightmares every fucking night. They all had a common theme too; things aren't what they appear to be. It became so bad that I had to sleep with the lights on and music practically blaring. I also had to block the door to my creepy closet that had a set of stairs leading to nowhere. Even when I was awake I was constantly afraid, but only in that house.

About two years after I had moved away and had come to actually enjoy sleeping, I suddenly got extremely vivid nightmares again. I was living in a modern apartment in a completely different country, and yet somehow I had that same feeling I had when I was younger. I was constantly afraid, but only when I was at home, and in the hallway I had this horrible sense of being watched. I couldn't understand why, after all that time, I was reverting back to being that scared little kid. Then my parents told me something that chilled me to my very soul.

Apparently, my old house had a cistern beneath it that had been covered for years. One of our family friends had been doing construction on the house since we had moved away, and in an attempt to even out the driveway, he had uncovered it. He was a nice guy and so would sometimes bring his daughter to work with him so he could spend more time with her and give her mom a break. After he uncovered the cistern though, her behavior changed. She became more quiet and withdrawn and began to ask if she could go play on the porch with "the girl with no legs."

The people living in our house at the time also told us about some strange things that had been happening to them. The lights had been flickering and they had been feeling like they were being watched. Sometimes it was as bad as seeing something move at the corner of their vision or even feeling a hand in their hair. These were the exact same things I had experienced at that house and then in my new house 2 years later.

Then, suddenly, as quick as they had come, the feelings disappeared and I was sleeping easy again. I didn't really question it, because it was just so nice to be comfortable in my own home. Turns out though, that the family and the man working on the house eventually just got so freaked out that they re-covered the cistern. That was when everything stopped. Since then I haven't had a single nightmare, and I actually enjoy my incredibly vivid dreams.

I've actually become someone who rarely gets scared, and I enjoy horror stories/movies. Not much rattles me anymore. I did go back about a year ago to visit the house though, and as soon as I stepped in the door the horrible feelings were back. I know there is something wrong with that house, I just don't know what it is. And, to be honest, I'm not sure I want to find out.

LucidBrain
• 13y ago

So I live in the basement of my house. Aside from being in the kill room (the room where if a murderer were to enter my house, I would be the first to kill), it wasn't all that creepy...except at night when it was pitch black.

So I was sleeping - dreaming about sitting in my computer chair, browsing the internet, when suddenly my friend came in. I turned around to greet him, and as I turned around, i realised his face was covered in blood and i could see the hilt of an axe sticking out the back of his head. He collapsed on the ground to reveal two girls staring at me - kind of like the shining. I knew I was dreaming. I had been practicing lucid dreaming to combat nighmares, and so far it was working. But that's not the scary part.

As soon as i realised I was dreaming, I tried to wake myself from the nightmare. I awoke in my bed, in the dark, and attempted to assure myself that it was over. After about a minute, I finally said to myself, "I'm glad that's over." As soon as I said that, a loud whisper rang in my ear, "IT'S NOT OVER." At that moment, I felt someone grab my legs and begin pulling me out of my bed, stabbing at my torso with a knife.

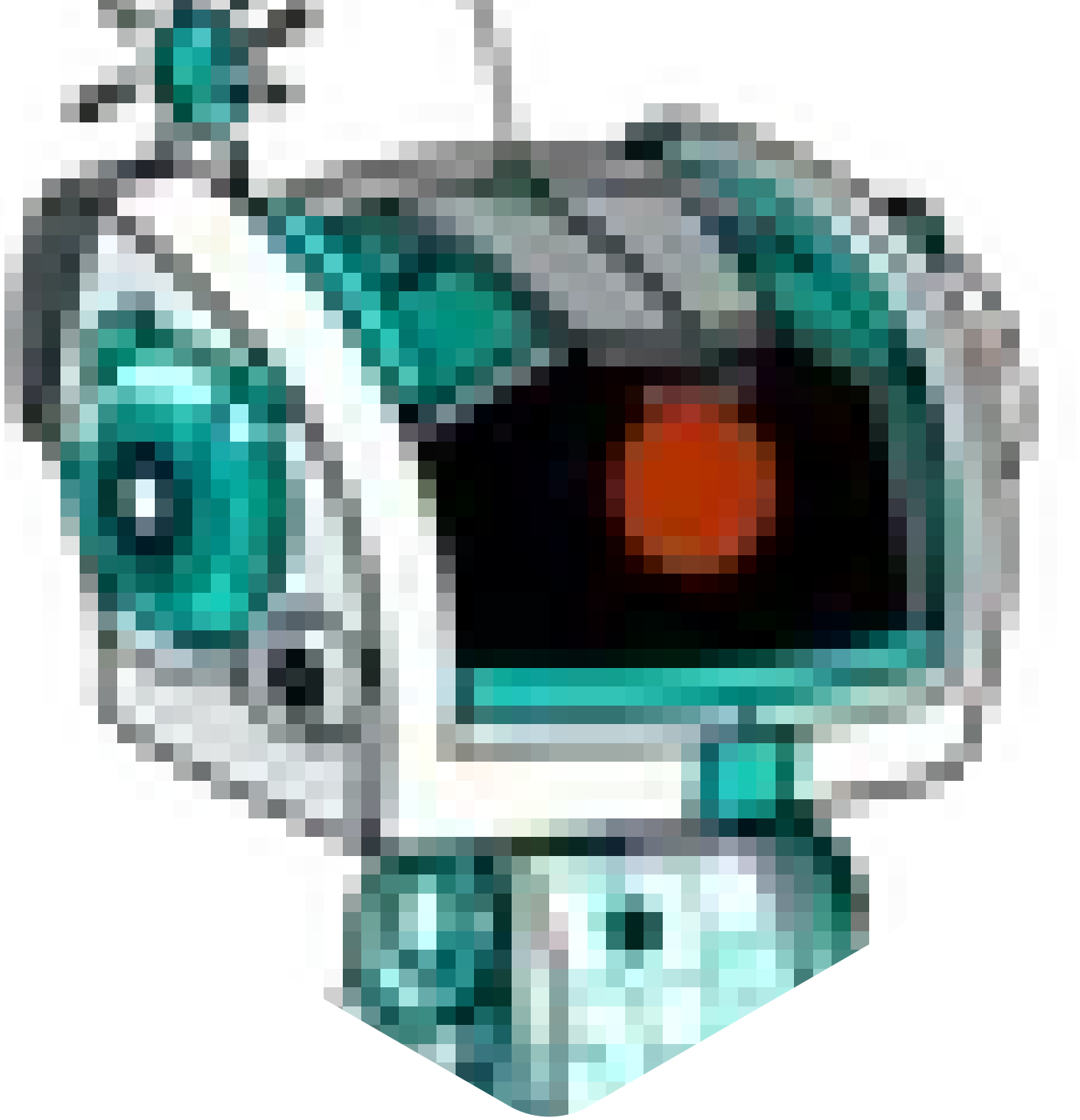
I suddenly woke up - for real this time- in the dark. I tell you, that 5 seconds where I got up, and ran to turn the lights on were the scariest 5 seconds of my life. I swear, I could see the outline of the two girls at the foot of my bed., staring at me.

So yeah, more of a nightmare that a real story. But still creepy as fuck.

1 more reply

1 more reply

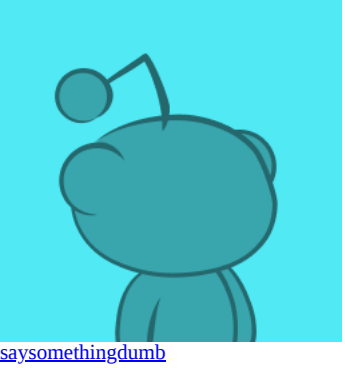
More replies



goggris
• 13y ago

When I was a kid I would hear moving and scratching noises coming from the attic above my ceiling as I went to bed every night. Every few hours, scratch scratch scratch scratch. I put pillows over my head and stayed completely under the covers so that whatever it was couldn't find me (kid logic, right?). This goes on for months, but it wasn't 100% of the time, and every time I would mention something to my parents it would never happen in front of them. Obviously to them I was probably just a kid freaking out over nothing, but this just went on and on and on to the point that I was terrified to go to bed at night.

Eventually one day my dad is doing some yardwork and he notices a hole in the side of the house that leads directly into the attic above my room, hidden behind a tree. Turns out I had a family of squirrels living above me for the better part of a year.



saysomethingdumb
• 13y ago

When I was 10 years old I was walking home from my friend's house around 12am, the street lighting was not brilliant near his house which often made the journey home quite nerve racking.

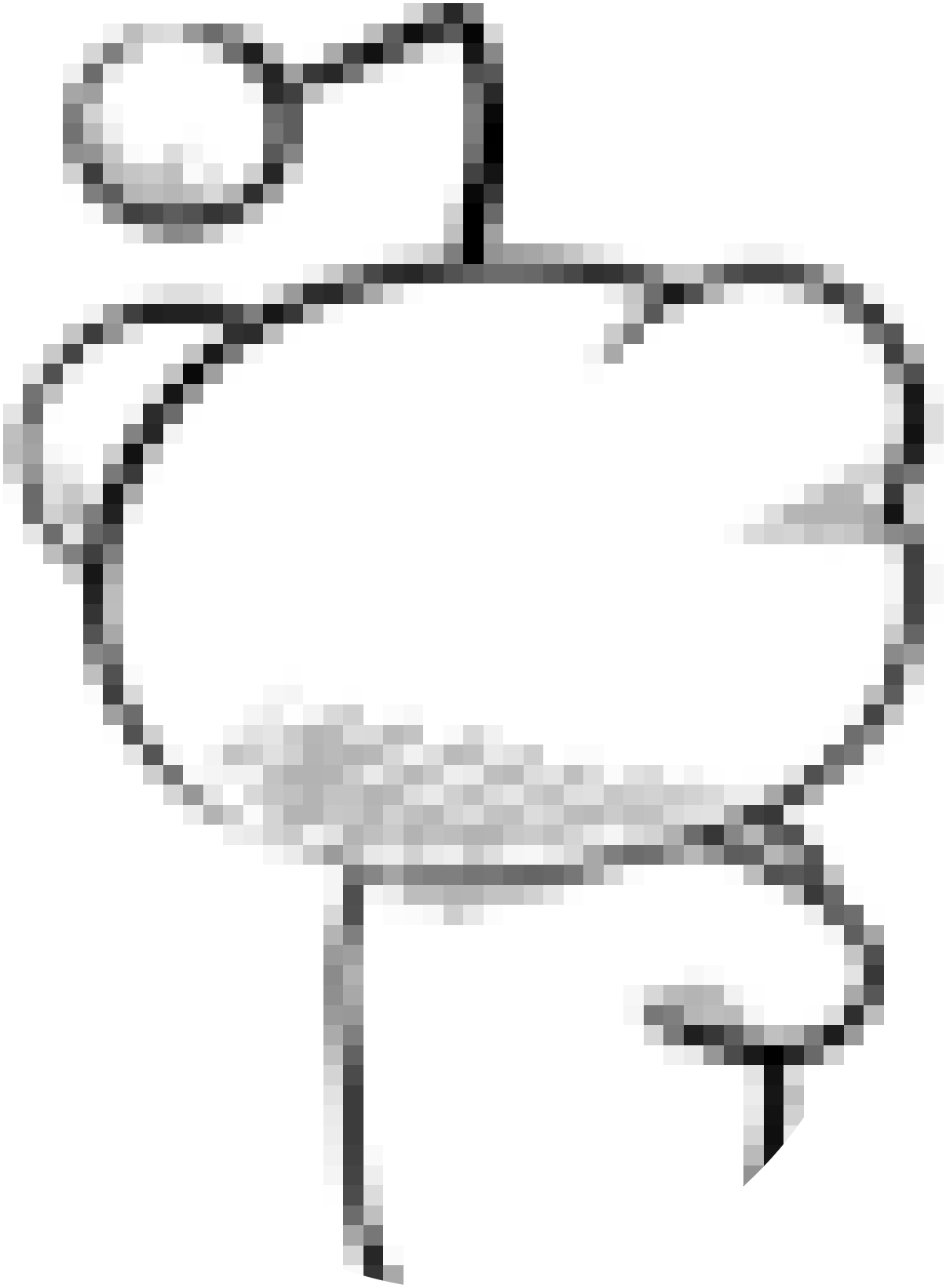
A few minutes into the walk I heard someone behind me, I turned around to see a figure walking down the path about 25 feet behind me. I couldn't make out his face but he was thin and very tall, his tracksuit pants were making a swish/swoosh sound as the fabric passed the opposite leg creating a rhythmical march like sound.

I carried on walking and didn't look back but before I could put it out of my mind the swish swoosh sound got a bit faster, almost as though the walk turned into a speed work.

I refused to look behind me and instead picked up the pace. Now going at a semi jog, I heard the swish swoosh sound once again pick up speed, I was terrified but couldn't look back out of fear. A corner was approaching and I had decided that the second I was out of view I was going to sprint as hard as I ever had.

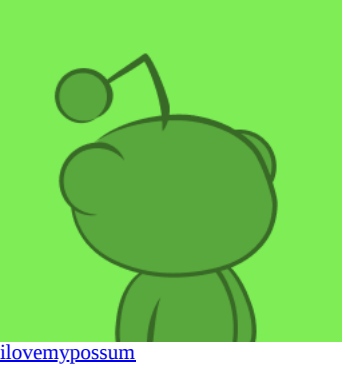
The sound of his tracksuit pants suddenly went from a jog to a run, at this point I passed around the corner and fled at a speed I didn't think I was capable of.

I sprinted for 15 minutes non stop and arrived at my house both completely broken and gasping for my inhaler. I'd somehow lost him on the way to my house but having no been able to make out his face it's always scared me to think what it was he was trying to do.



Averagekody
• 13y ago

I remember back when I was maybe 11. I was pissing at a stall in a walmart bathroom. Then, this man, scary as hell, comes and begins to urinate next to me. Out of about 9 open stalls, he goes right next to me. Trying to keep my cool, I stare foward and ignore him. I decide to turn my head and see if he's looking, and he's staring me right in my tiny, innocent eyes. I was frightened as fucking hell. "Did you know that legally, urinals need to be atleast three feet away? So, technically right now, *we're breaking the law*" *he snickers a fucking horrible laugh* I mutter "Yeah." as I walk-ran away. Forgot to put my dick back in my pants and walked out with my willy hanging out. Which only made it worse.



ilovemypossum
• 13y ago

I'm probably way late to the party, but I'm gonna tell my story anyway. Hopefully at least one person will get to read it.

I've seen/heard/read some creepy stuff in my life, most of it on the internet and whatnot. But as for the creepiest story I've ever been told firsthand that may or may not be true, this is the one.

When I was in college, I dated this guy who lived in an old house that had been turned into three apartments. All the houses on his street were like that. One of the houses (next door to his) was empty. It was a small two-story brick house with a concrete driveway and a chain-link fence partly surrounding it. It was obviously abandoned, with vines and moss growing all over it. Every time I walked past it, I imagined it being haunted or something, having a dark and mysterious past.

One day, I decided to ask my then-boyfriend about the house. I was honestly expecting a boring answer. I think I asked, "Does anyone own that house?" He replied, "Well, so-and-so owns the house and property now, but they don't go in it anymore." When I asked why, he said there were two reasons. The first reason was simple enough: The foundation of the house was cracked, and the house was condemned. It wasn't apparent from the outside, but if you stood in just the right spot, you could actually see daylight coming through the crack down the middle of the house. It remained standing, but obviously was not safe to enter.

The second reason was a bit more disturbing. The previous tenant was a seemingly normal and kindly old man. He liked cats. He had several cats inside and outside his home. Eventually he died in his home. It was from old age; nothing out of the ordinary there. The strangeness came when the paramedics (or whoever comes to collect a dead body) looked around the house.

There were a lot of dead cats. Not just dead cats; dead mutilated cats. I don't know if he was killing them, or just cutting them up after they would die naturally. Either way, there was a shitload of dead cut-up cats. My then-boyfriend's exact words were, "He was performing unnecessary surgeries on the cats."

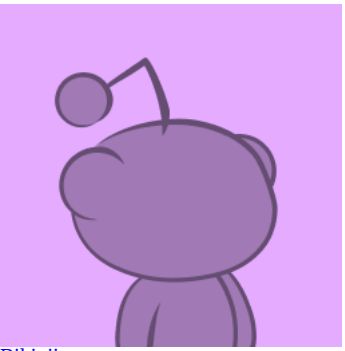
It's possible my ex was messing with me. It's also possible the story was somewhat of an urban legend that he believed was true. It's also possible that the whole thing was 100% truth. I never found out for certain. Regardless, I was very uncomfortable any time I had to walk by that house from that point on.

Wintersocks
• 13y ago

I was at a thrift store looking to score a sweet jacket for the winter (because I'm cheap and Minot is cold) and while walking around I saw that they had an alarm clock for $2. Apparently I thought this was a bargain and being that I didn't already have an alarm clock I went ahead and bought it.

Fast forward to that night. I need to be up at 8 am (two hours before I usually wake up) so I set the alarm and went to sleep without worry. Some good dreams are happening when suddenly I found myself in a dark warehouse with meat hanging on hooks. Okay, cool, no big deal. Then I hear this terrible, evil, (I don't want to call it a screech but I don't know how to describe it) screeching noise and my immediate in dream reaction is to look up at the ceiling. There, about twenty feet high, nestled in the rafters was this dark, menacing *figure* staring straight at me. I couldn't make anything out except, at least I don't remember, these piercing red eyes and a basic outline of the thing. Terrified, it seemed like I was locking eyes with it forever before I finally woke up. It was 8:10 and my alarm was going off.

Within thirty minutes the alarm clock was in the trash and I was creeping my roommate out with my dream. Oh, and I didn't get an awesome, warm jacket from that thrift store.



Bikinii
• 13y ago

I use to work as a traffic officer up at this quaint town called Brimmingham, and on a particular week we started receiving multiple calls of people hearing loud noises outside one of our mountain roads. They all said it sounded like a car crash, which was not surprising considering the road was next to a pretty steep hill and was pretty narrow. Officers were dispatched to the site every time, with no avail. The fences were always intact and there was never any skid marks. We started to just think it was folks playing a prank or something until one time, one of our officers called in and said he actually found something. When we got to the site he was pretty far down the hill and waved us over. There, we saw a car, completely totaled but the wreck has

definitely taken place way longer than a week ago because vines were already growing around the car and the corpse in it is pretty much done decomposing. The weirdest part is that there was no record of anyone going missing from the town or anywhere near the 5 mile radius, and there were no matching dentals. The guy was never identified. Strangest thing I've ever witnessed.

1 more reply

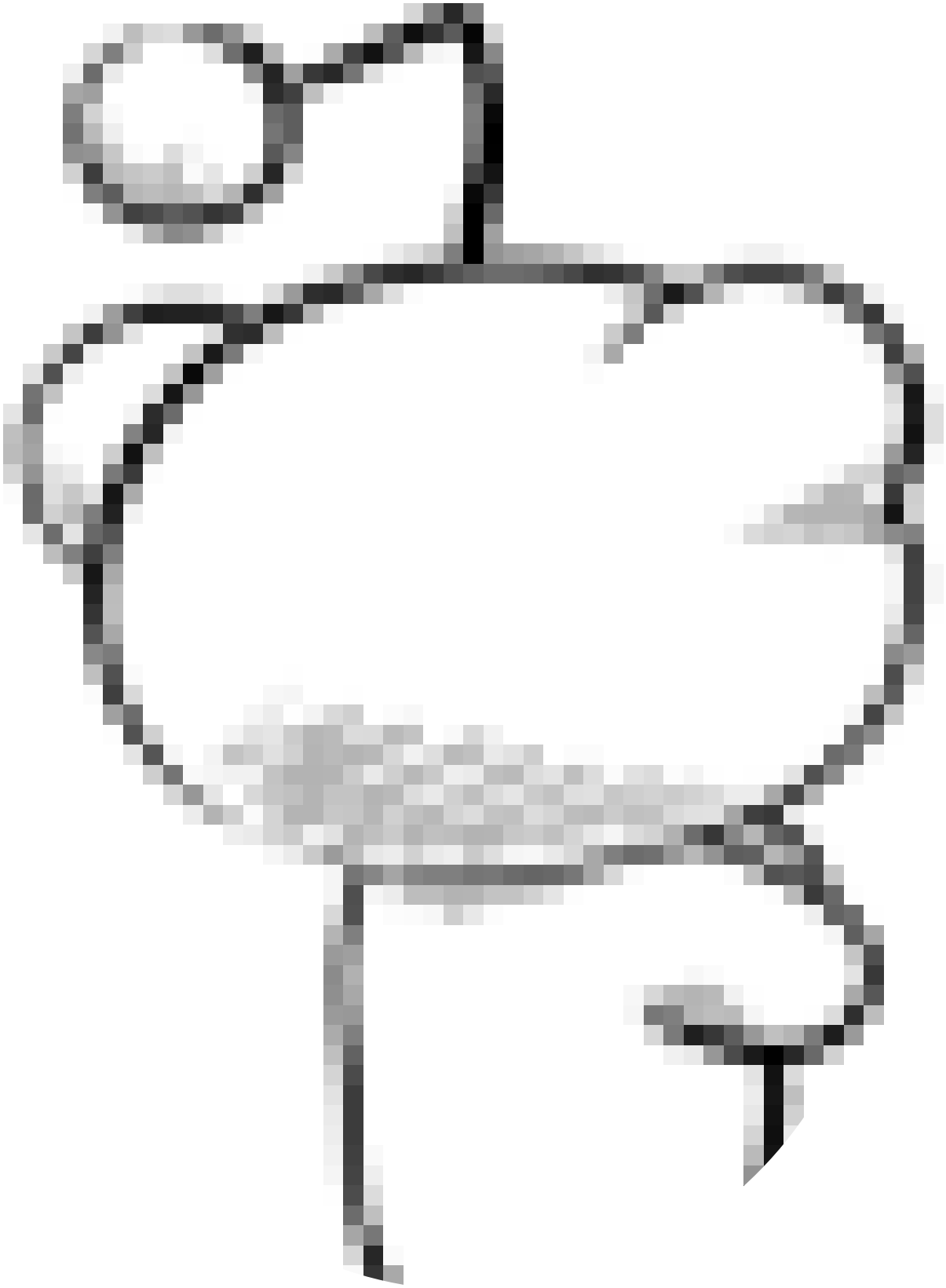
1 more reply

More replies

dana_niels
• 13y ago

Not a very good story, but it's all I have. I was 15 years old and I was in the downtown area of my city at around 9 PM. I was with a friend (let's call him John) and we were just walking down the street looking for something to do. Background: John was 17 and he was a heavy smoker and he drank, but whatever. Ok, so we came across these homeless men who had cigarettes. John wanted one (like I said, he couldn't go 20 minutes without one) and the homeless man asked if I was his girlfriend. John responded with "no, she's my sister." The man asked what my name was, how old I am, and how much for an hour. My friend didn't know how to respond, so he just said some incoherent "uhhhghhhh" sound. The homeless man gets up and grabs me and starts pulling me into an alley. I started to scream and kick him and then my friend punched him in the face (and took his cigarettes) and we took off running. As I was running all I could think about how sinister their laughs were. I sometimes think how I was almost raped (or, y'know, worse).

TL/DR: Almost raped.



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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

3 more replies

3 more replies

adgal617
• 13y ago

My boyfriend and I are renting an antique house. Several things have happened that scare the crap out of me.

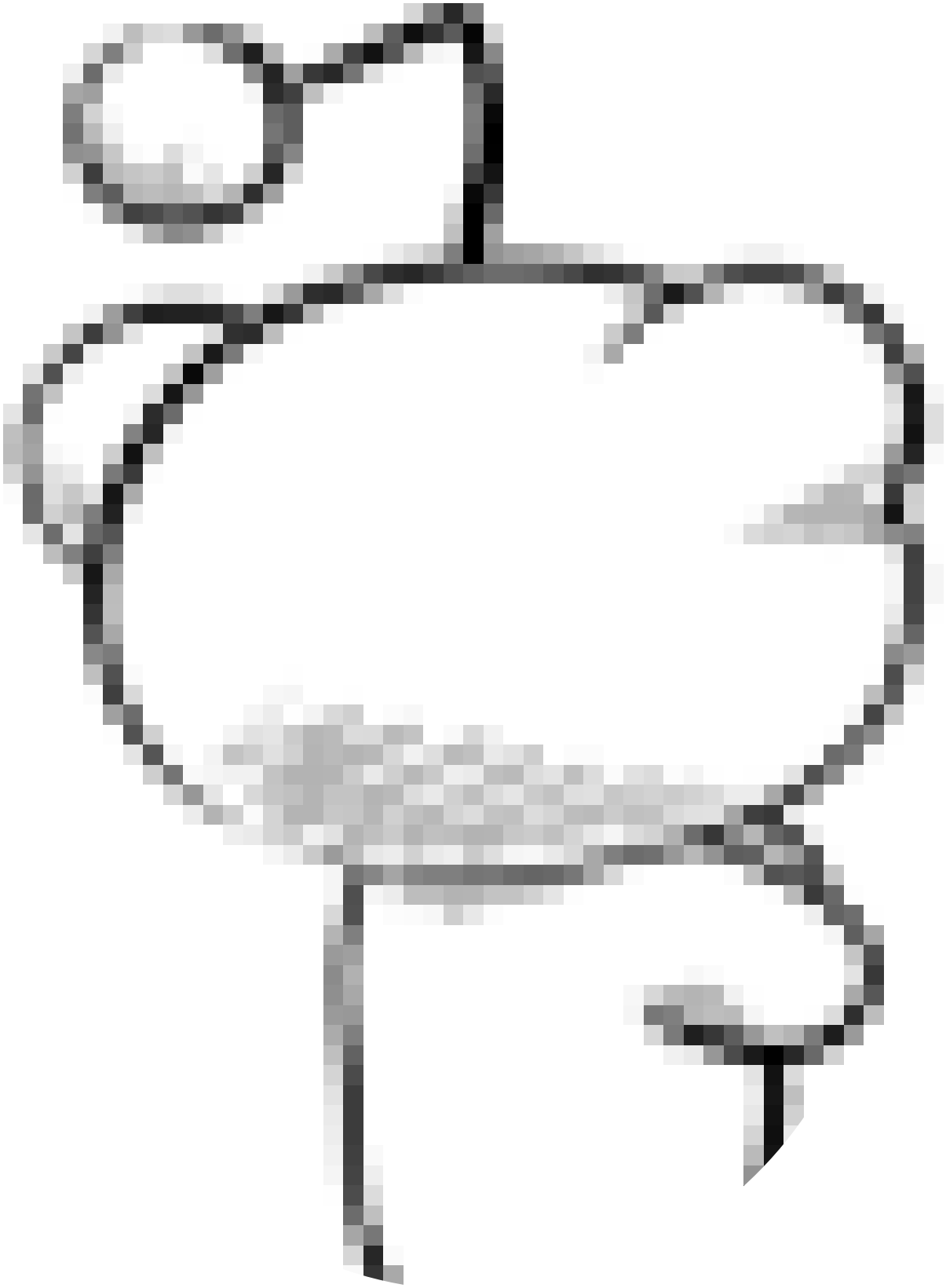
In the middle of the night while we're sleeping, the tv in the living room turns on with the volume at full blast.

Appliances in our bedroom turn on and off for no reason.

We've awakened to items like the tv clicker flying across the room and hitting the wall that's about 10 feet from our bed.

What really gets me though, the front door keeps flying open in the middle of the night. Ill wake up to use the bathroom or go out I he kitchen for a glass of water and the front door will be wide open, rocking in the breeze.

Our landlord has claimed to see "orbs" traveling through the apt. Haven't seen any of that but am pumped to be moving in two weeks (to another antique in the historic section of our town... Yikes!)



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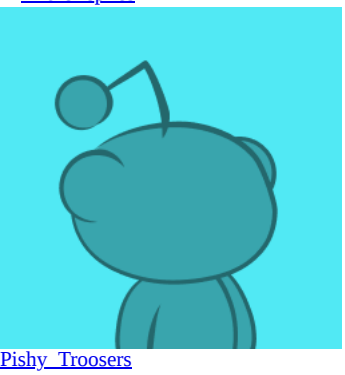
• 13y ago

Set up cameras and record! That sounds awesome!

More replies



Pishy_Troosers
• 13y ago

When I was 7, my older brother and I were playing in the garden. He opened up the shed to get a football or whatever and then began frantically calling me over. When I ran into the shed he pointed out a huge active wasp's nest that had been built underneath an old wooden table.

We had never seen anything like it and crept slowly up to the nest for a better look. When I bent down to see under the table, my asshole brother thought it would be hilarious to push me towards it. I tripped and fell forwards, my hand demolishing part of the nest and knocking it hard against the wall of the shed. He then ran outside and held the door shut as I screamed like a little girl for about three minutes until my father ran out to see what was going on and rescued me.

Afterwards, I was practically catatonic and had to go to hospital to make sure I was ok. I had been stung just about everywhere including my mouth and my whole body was swollen. The Doctor estimated that I'd been stung over 40 times.

To this day I still get freaked out by confined spaces and most flying insects. On a side note, when my mother took me home from the doctors, my 11 year old brother was nursing a cut lip, where it turned out my father had been so pissed off that he'd punched him square in the face for what he'd done.

1 more reply

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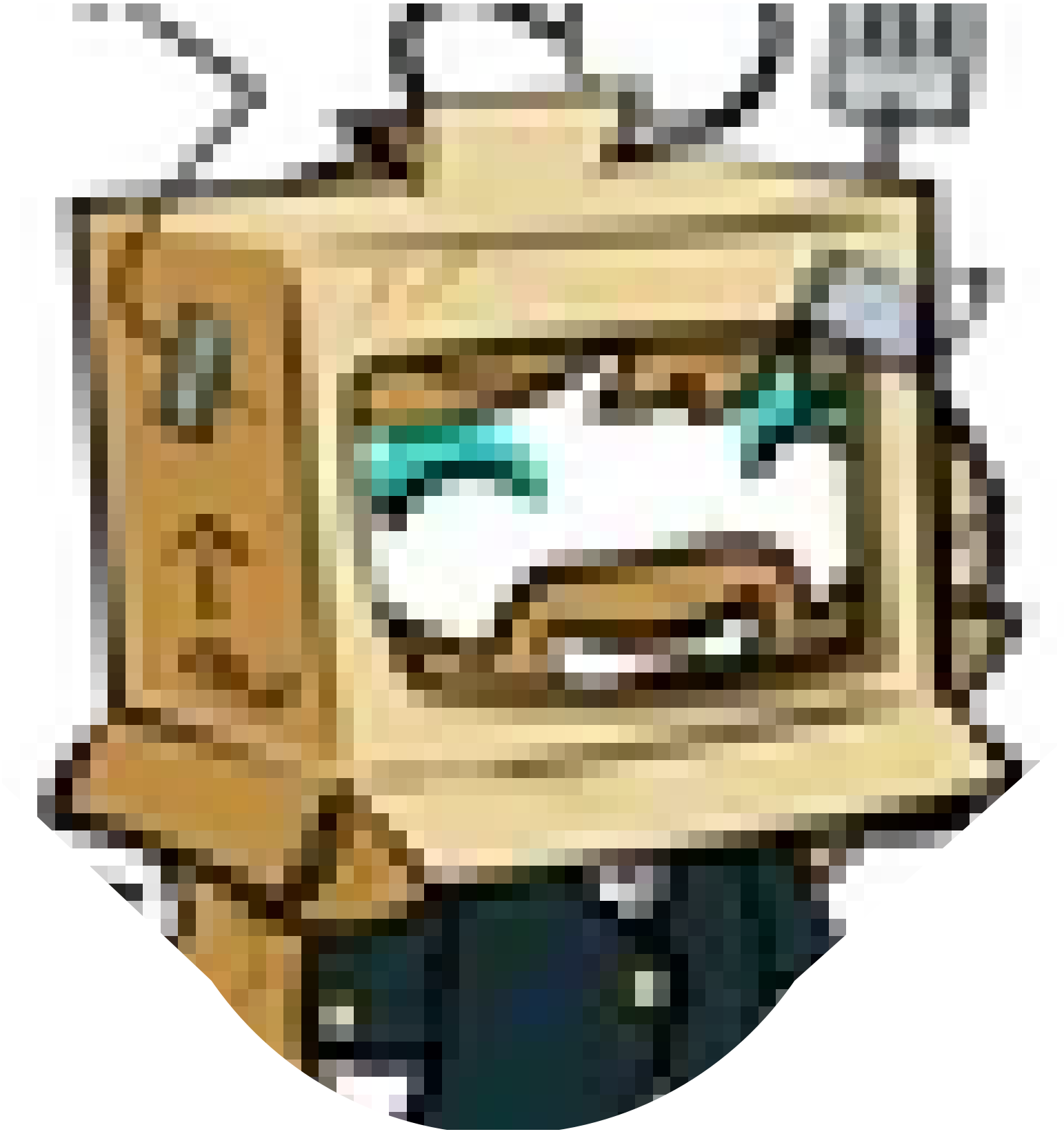
More replies

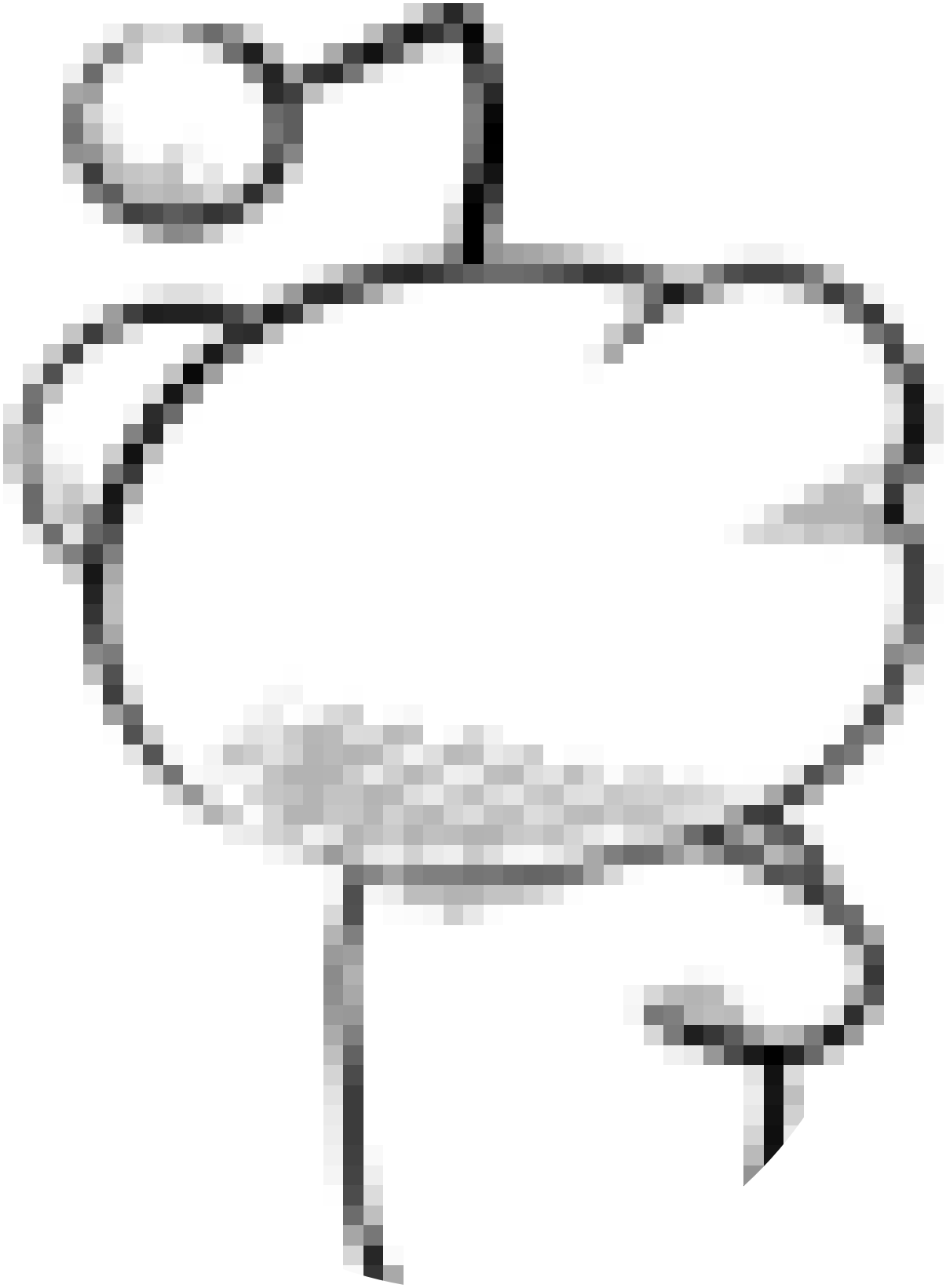


Or1g1nOfDeath
• 13y ago

Here's a story from my old US History teacher, AKA Coach Bradley.

So, Coach Bradley was driving to a family reunion/wedding (can't remember which one it is) and sees a wrecked car on the side of the road. After looking at it for a minute, he notices there's a man lying on the ground, and it looks like he's breathing. After he gets out of his truck to investigate, he lifts up the man by the shoulder to get a look at his face, and his skin is just not there. He has an eye hanging out of his head the other one crushed and smushed in its socket. His lips and all of his teeth are gone, and in an attempt to speak he just mutters "Grbgrbrbgrbbrb". Coach Bradley booked his ass back into his truck and called the police. Once they got there the man had apparently died, police said he was probably drunk and crashed, flying out of the car.

Just the thought of that mans face hanging off and in pieces always terrifies me...



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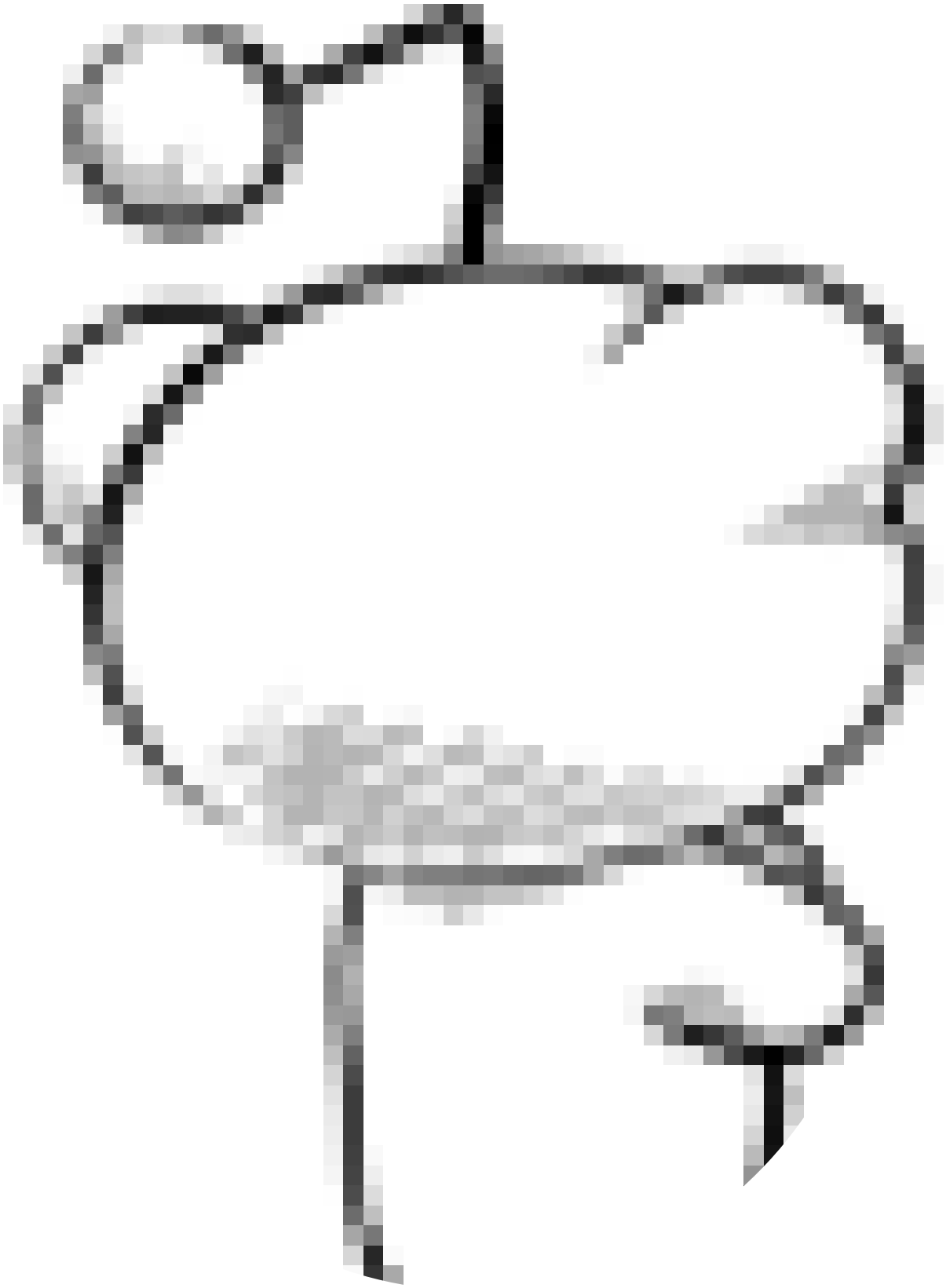
• 13y ago

One night when I was about 14 or 15 me and a group of 5 or so friends decided we would go camping. One of our friends' parents were having a new house built way out west of town, (as a note, The foundation of the house was done, the roofs and walls were all put up but it didn't have any doors so it was pretty open). First off, this house was extremely secluded, it took multiple dirt roads to get to it and was right on a small lake. You could see some neighbors in the distance but basically just surrounded by land, they had some cows and stuff.

Anyways we had a fire going out behind the house next to the lake and hung out for a while and everything was going fine. Then we decided we'd move inside since they're were lights inside. My one friend fell behind to take a piss, and then regroups with us inside and seemed very distraught and says "I saw somebody out there", at first we're like "bullshit bro" but he insisted. So then we start getting a little worried, and grab "weapons" or whatever we could find. We then decide to go outside toward the front of the house and start talking about how we'll kick the shit out of someone if they're really was someone, and at this point I'm holding some sort of long metal pole ready to activate kick-ass mode. Then as we're out front we here this commotion coming from inside the house so naturally we're like "what the fuck is going on?". We all move back into the living room and one of the guys and myself decide that we'll go down the hall and scope out the rest of the house. We go down the hall and end up about to walk into the master bathroom at the same time. The shower in this bathroom had a wall facing the door and you could walk into it from two sides. So my friend who is holding the flashlight decides he'll walk through the left side and I'll go on the right side. Just before I peak my head around the corner I could see the light coming from the other side and a shadow on the wall, so I jumped around the corner and locked eyes with some man I had never seen in my life. Mind you I was still holding this long metal pole that I could've beat the shit out of him with. But I yelled at the top of my lungs and was out the door before the pole hit the ground. I regrouped with my other friends and explained what happened, all freaking out and sorts, and I start to wonder where my friend from the bathroom is. He then comes out with his sister and his older male cousin who were trying to scare us needless to say they succeeded.

That was by fart the most scared I'd ever been in my entire life.



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• 13y ago

By fart I tell you!

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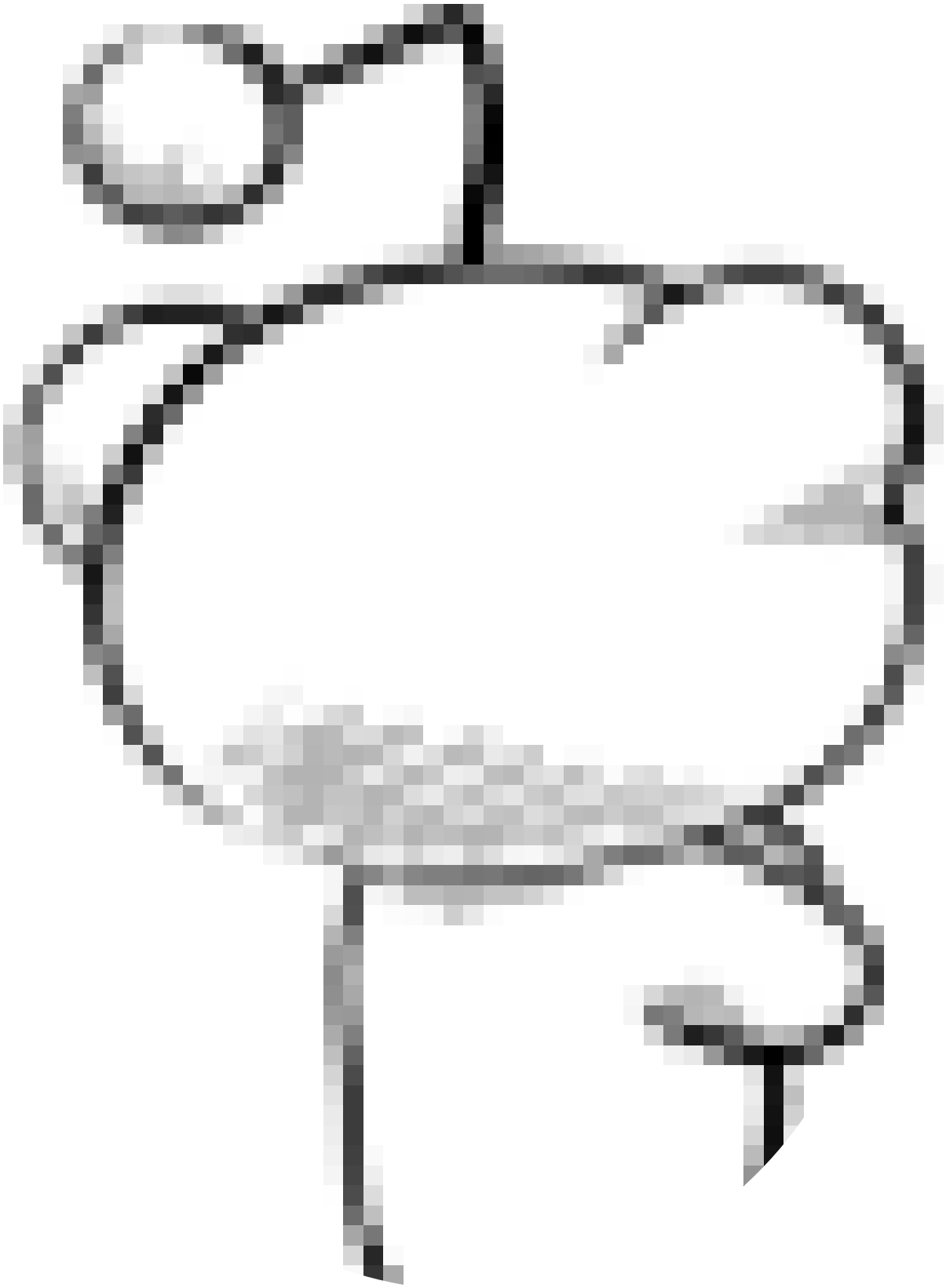

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• 13y ago

Zdzislaw Beksinski - Polish Painter who will give you the willies.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies

Preebos
• 13y ago

I'm not a fan of horror movies. At all. I simply refuse to watch them most of the time because I get pretty bad nightmares and/or can't sleep. But this time my boyfriend had convinced me to watch The Ring with him. We were in the basement, so there were no windows. During a very suspenseful moment leading up to what was clearly going to be freaky, the power suddenly went out. I ended up screaming in this pitch black basement and when the lights came back on it was the biggest feeling of relief ever.

LogeeBare
• 13y ago

Russian sleep experiment.

1 more reply
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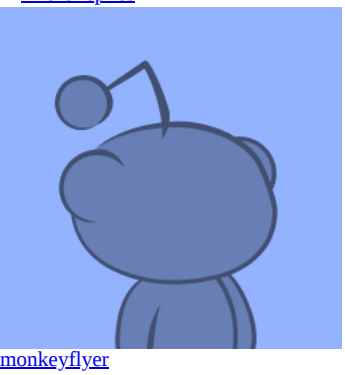
More replies



monkeyflyer
• 13y ago

I thought it was creepy when this happened to me.

It was summer 2001, my friends and I flew to Boston to go see a Red Sox game at Fenway. We managed to find a Holiday Inn that was a block away from the ballpark and stayed there for two nights. The first night we were there, I was sleeping in one bed while my friends were sleeping in the other. I remember suddenly waking up in my bed and sitting up, I then saw a dark figure in the corner of the room staring at me. I thought it was one of my friends just goofing around so I looked over at the other bed, but both were still there and asleep. I wanted to yell out, I opened my mouth and tried to yell "Go away" or "Knock it off", but I had no voice. I panicked and noped myself under the sheets and forced myself back to sleep.

It was only years later I discovered I experienced an instance of sleep paralysis. It is the only episode I remember vividly.

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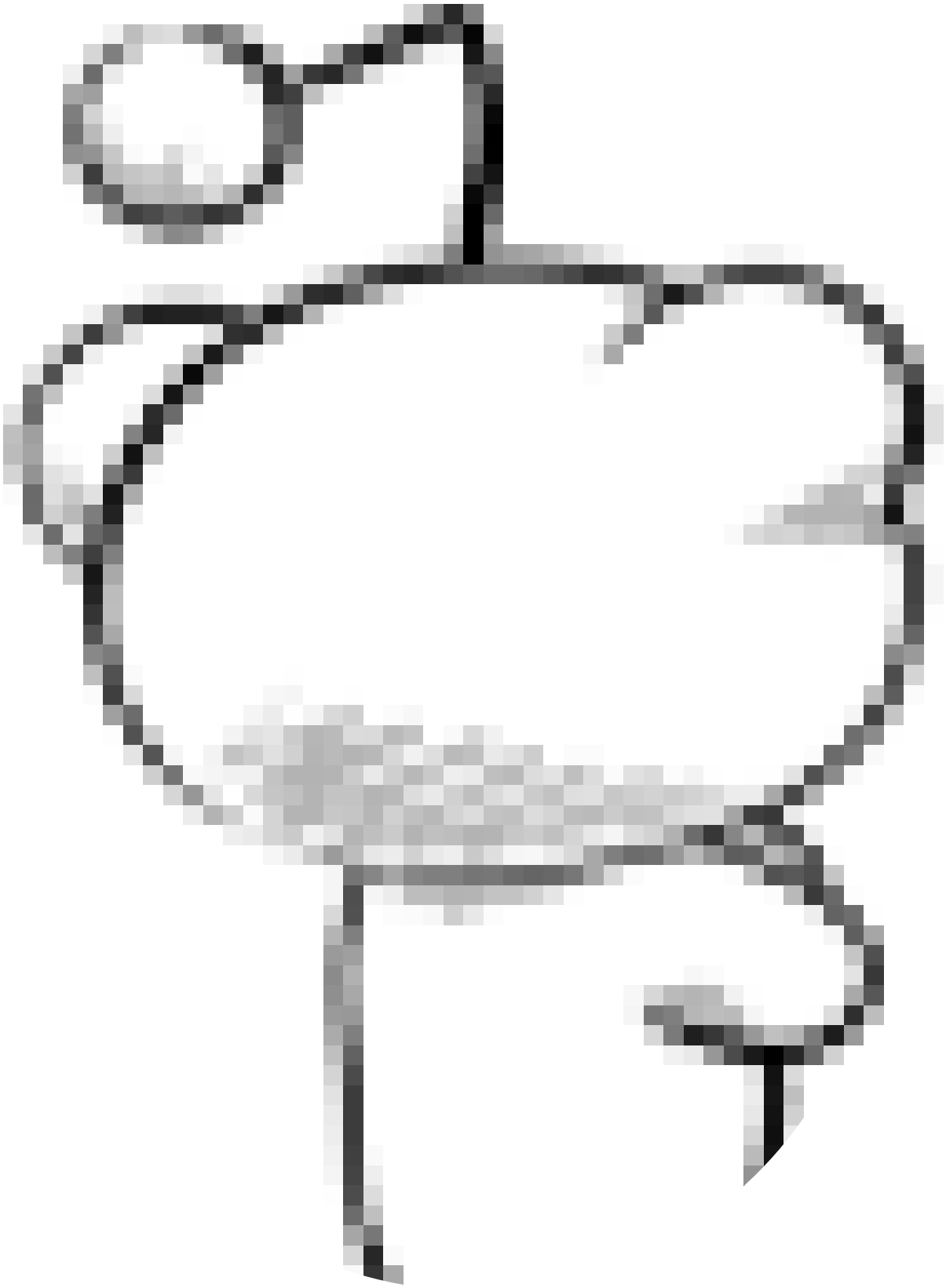


TheW1ldcard
• 13y ago

I had this experience not once but twice actually, years ago, cant remember when exactly but lets say around 2007. It was in my dads house and we lived way out in the middle of nowhere, there was nothing ever creepy or even remotely weird about our house or the area. But I used to stay up really late into the night, 3am or so, and one night as I'm laying in bed watching a movie what feel like someone punching the bed right next to my face happens, and I mean it was extremely forceful to the point I jumped up and thought something had fallen from the ceiling. I looked around and....nothing. I sat there for a few minutes trying to figure out if I imagined it or what. I moved on and kind of forgot about it, didnt mention it to my dad. Then one night months later the SAME thing happened again, something punched or slammed down on the area of my bed right by my face again. This time I was much more freaked out about it and just stayed up all night because I remembered the first time it happened and I thought 2 times isnt a coincidence. I didnt know what else to do and it never happened again while I was living there but it really did freak me out and I never knew what it was.

LD1996
• 13y ago

Look up Holmewood Bothy, there are good YouTube videos

Basically it's a cabin with a huge lake in front of it, and it surrounded by mountains and forest. We go every year, and have barbecues and such on the 'beach' infront if the lake.

One night after going to sleep in the bothy, my dad realised that we had left some things outside.

He looked out the window, and saw a woman with either dark hair or a hood, stood looking out into the water from the beach. Considering its very secluded, (about an hours by car from any villages) the fact that she was there in the middle of the night was very strange.

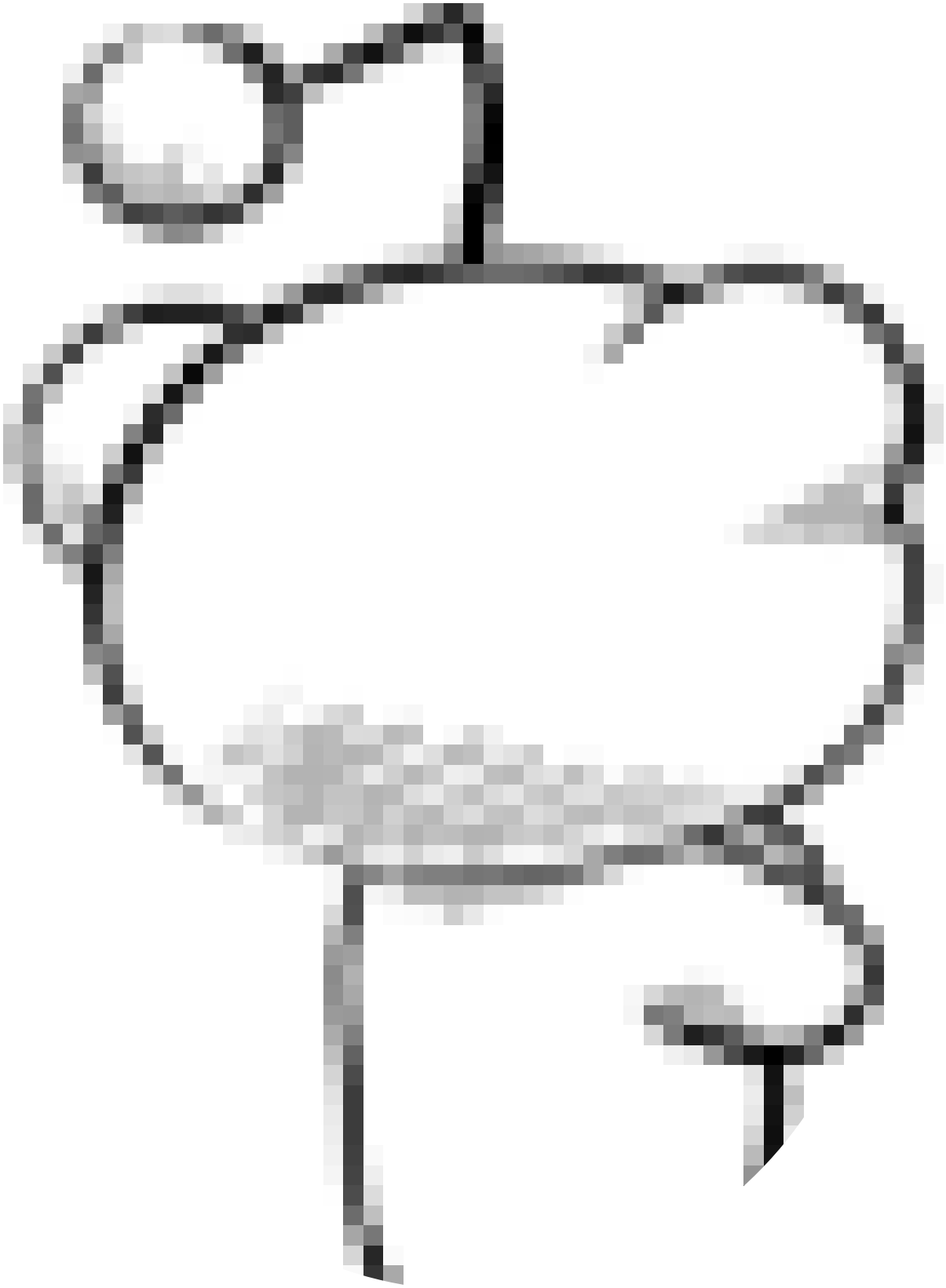
My dad went to go and check she was OK, it only takes a few seconds to go from the door of the cabin to where you can see the beach, but by the time he got there she was nowhere to be seen.

I'm going back tomorrow, it was about three years about since my dad saw the woman, and since that time we have learned that the mounds on the forest are mass burial grounds for plague victims.

tuuurdle
• 13y ago

I don't have any super creepy stories, but this one really freaked me out. When I was about 14, I was at my grandma's new house visiting for thanksgiving. At this point it had been about 2 years since my grandpa (her husband of 64 years) died. She had always had a habit of talking to herself but everyone was used to it, but this time when I was at her house I was listening to her talk and she was laughing, there were pauses as if she was listening to someone else. She speaks Italian so I could hardly understand her but she was staring off into space and it genuinely sounded like she was having a conversation, compared to her normal chattering about random things she was doing, some of which I could usually understand. This time I thought it was really weird, and apparently my dad did too because he was just looking at her strangely so I asked him what she was talking about. He understands italian but he didn't know either so he asked her who she was talking to and apparently she said "Eugenio is here, he visited me yesterday too and hit me in the head with a broom." 'Eugenio' is my grandpa's name. I don't think she was actually seeing his ghost but it was chilling to hear that, being in the room and everything :P

edit; I also have no idea what the broom thing was about but apparently that's what she said xD



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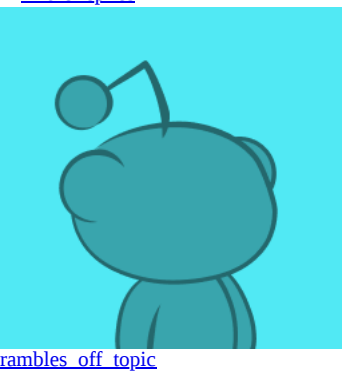
• 13y ago

The Smiling Man.

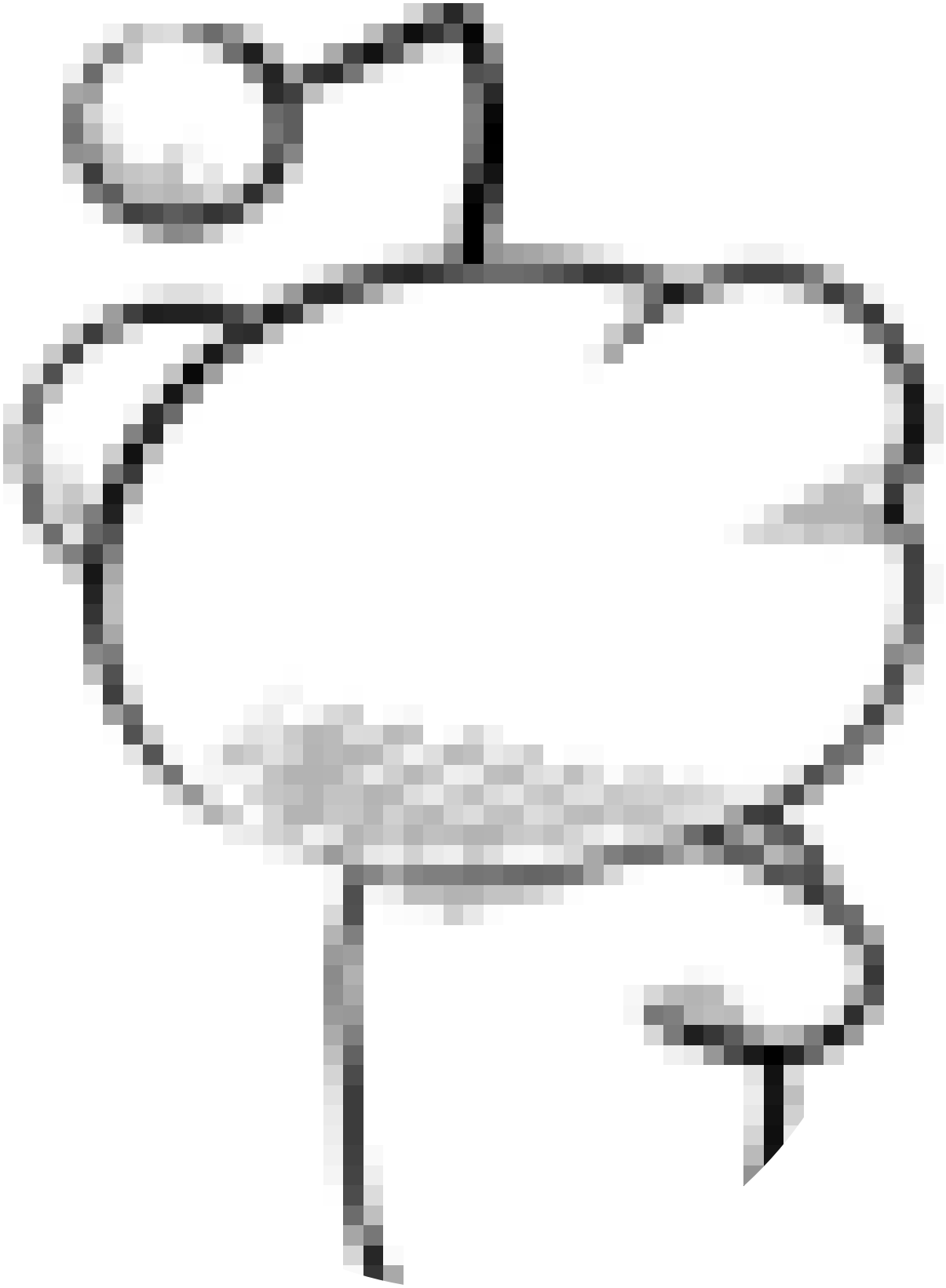
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



rambles_off_topic
• 13y ago

The scariest thing happened to me in an old house I used to rent back in 2008. I came home from work one day and heard a bloodcurdling scream come from my crawl space. The entrance to my crawl space was in my coat closet in the foyer. The hatch to get in was still shut, but there was a trail of blood leading up to it, and bloody scratch marks all over it. I knew there was nobody else in the house because my roommate was in Atlanta on a business trip all week. If he had been home, I wouldn't put it past him to have injured himself dicking around down there. He constantly had to go down there because he would disconnect the speaker wires running from my receiver to the outdoor speakers. Whenever he pulled the receiver out to plug his laptop in, the wires would yank out of their ports and fall through the hole we drilled in the floor. They didn't have any slack because the idiot at Home Depot that cut them for me didn't know what the hell he was doing. I asked him for 100 ft of 8 gauge speaker wire and he started cutting me CAT5 cable. How the fuck do you confuse Ethernet with speaker wire? That was the last straw with Home Depot. They already screwed me twice with that shitty Ryobi brand of tools they carry. I bought a Ryobi leaf blower and weed wacker and neither of them ever started. I think Ryobi is Japan's way of getting us back for nuking them. Fuck Ryobi and fuck Home Depot.



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• 13y ago

every.fucking.time.

I kept reading the home depot shit and im like GET BACK TO THE FUCKING STORY

24 more replies
24 more replies

More replies

Youdonotsay
• 13y ago

Fuckkk.

I read it, I didn't look at your username. Well done, well done.

107 more replies
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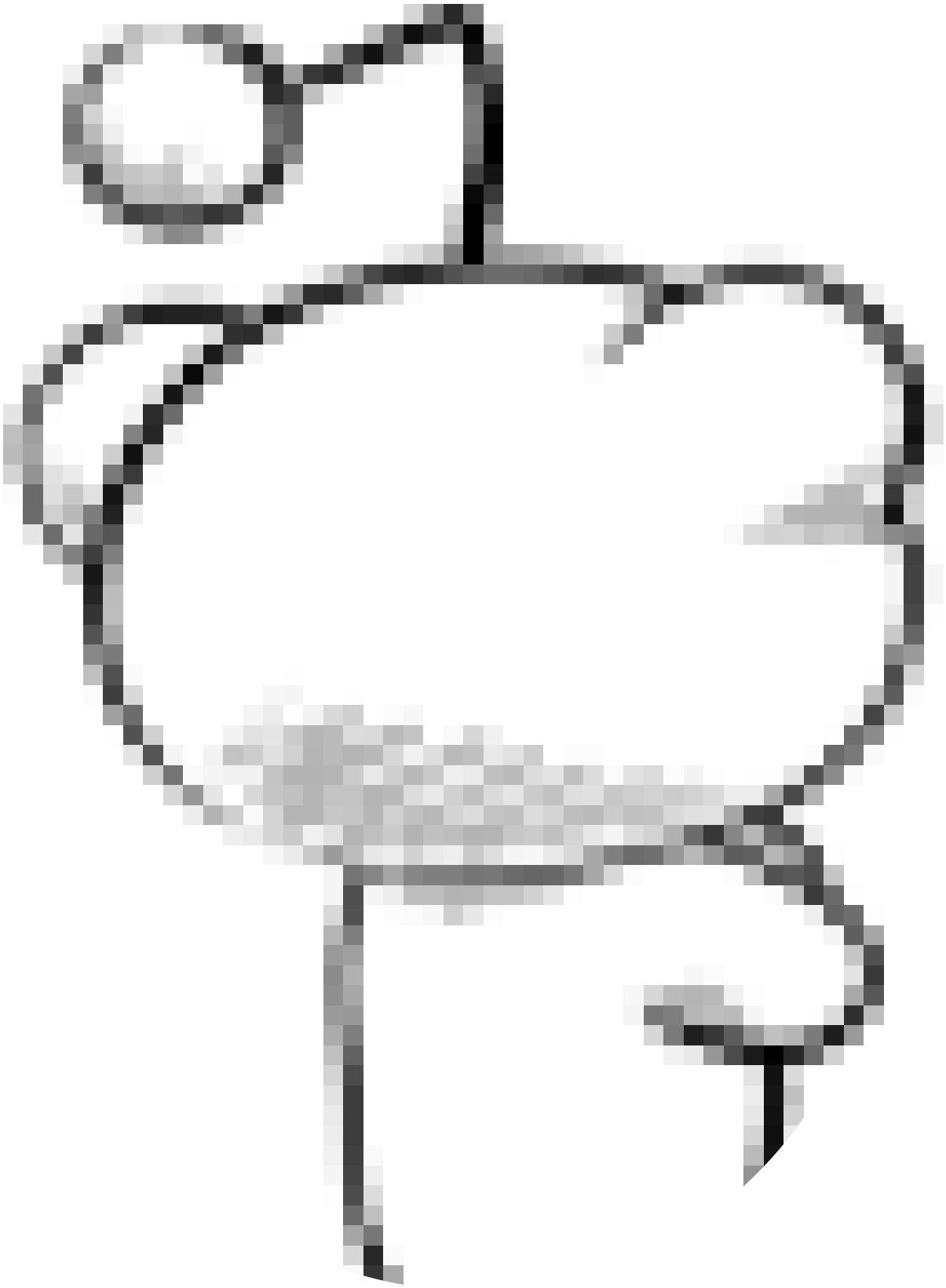

[deleted]
• 13y ago

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lizlegit000
• 13y ago

Fuck you! Ugh.

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Vaeb41
• 13y ago

This story has always found a way to creep me out:

A man went to a hotel and walked up to the front desk to check in. The woman at the desk gave him his key and told him that on the way to his room, there was a door with no number that was locked and no one was allowed in there. Especially no one should look inside the room, under any circumstances. So he followed the instructions of the woman at the front desk, going straight to his room, and going to bed.

The next night his curiosity would not leave him alone about the room with no number on the door. He walked down the hall to the door and tried the handle. Sure enough it was locked. He bent down and looked through the wide keyhole. Cold air passed through it, chilling his eye. What he saw was a hotel bedroom, like his, and in the corner was a woman whose skin was completely white. She was leaning her head against the wall, facing away from the door. He stared in confusion for a while. He almost knocked on the door, out of curiosity, but decided not to.

This disinclination saved his life. He crept away from the door and walked back to his room. The next day, he returned to the door and looked through the wide keyhole. This time, all he saw was redness. He couldn't make anything out besides a distinct red color, unmoving. Perhaps the inhabitants of the room knew he was spying the night before, and had blocked the keyhole with something red.

At this point he decided to consult the woman at the front desk for more information. She sighed and said, "Did you look through the keyhole?" The man told her that he had and she said, "Well, I might as well tell you the story. A long time ago, a man murdered his wife in that room, and her ghost haunts it. But these people were not ordinary. They were white all over, except

for their eyes, which were red.

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sallydreams
• 13y ago

My dad shot a cat ten times.

For a couple weeks there was a stray cat that had made a home in the bushes under my parents bedroom windows. It meowed and whined all night, I guess. The poor thing was keeping my parents up. Instead of helping the cat my drunkard redneck father did what any other miserable bastard would do: he stayed up all night on our back porch waiting for the cat. At first he had my airsoft gun that had plastic bullets. "Imma scare that fucker." He says.

Night one, he shoots and misses but the cat scampers off. He decides to go to bed and a few hours later the meows happen.

Night two, he's moved up to a BB gun that has aluminum pellets. He gets him but the cat still runs off. My father had shot the cat in the eye leaving this gnarly black hole. The cat was scrawny, matted and with the hole in his head reminded me off of a bad omen in the scariest movie you've ever seen. Just thinking about the cat made me get shivers and a lump in my throat.

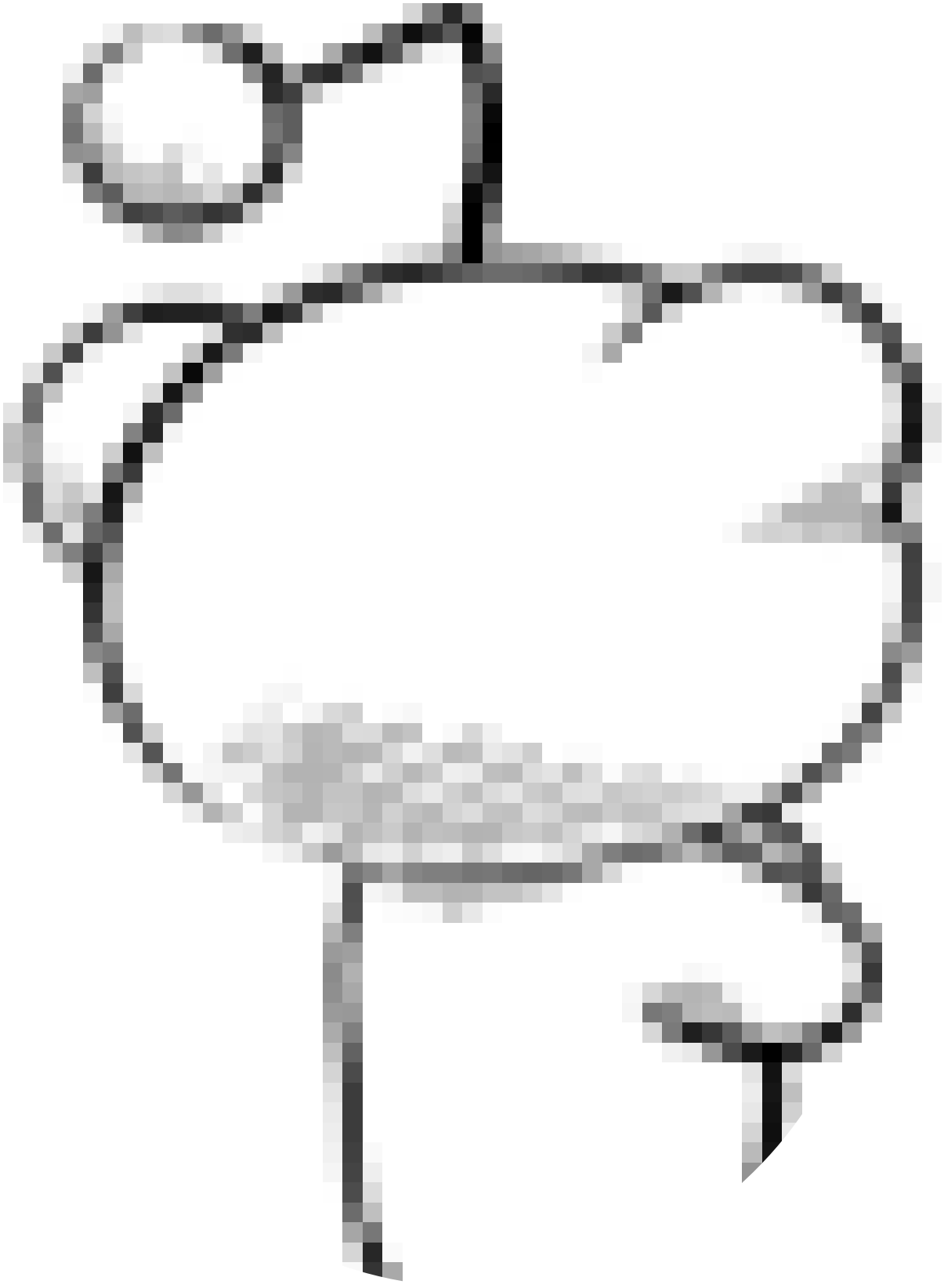
A week goes by, we hear nothing of the cat but the entire extended family hears about it and takes to calling him "ghost cat" my uncle even comes by a couple times hoping to rescue the thing from my asshole father. We all decide that the poor thing is dead and try to move on with our lives.

The meows creep in and we don't see the cat during the day anymore but mom says they still hear him. Like the beating heart in that Edgar Allen Poe story.

One more week goes by and I'm sitting by the window when I see my sister pull up on the driveway. The phone rings, its my sister, "The cat is staring at me. I'm not getting out while that thing is out there." I yell through the house at dad. He barrels through the house like there was an axe murderer outside. He has a very low gage shotgun.

I watch as the cat causally struts to my sister's car. My dad shoots him once, my sister covers her face and I hold my breath. The cat wavers only a little and continues its stride. *Pop*, *pop*, *pop*. Dad shoots him three more times. My sister is now sobbing in the car and I am trying to look away. Dad tells my sister its okay, the cat is laying down now. As dad picks him up by the tail I see the cat start pawing at him. He shoots him again, still holding the tail. The cat screams, I swear it was a scream and then weakly keeps pawing at dad with all his might. Then dad tosses the feline into the wooded area between us and the abandoned house next door. He pops off a few more rounds, "I shot that fucker for every life he had... And then one more for good measure."

I had nightmares for weeks after that and refused to be outside after dark. I was convinced the soul of that cat haunted our yard.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Well as i said before there is a special place in hell for those who abuse animals.

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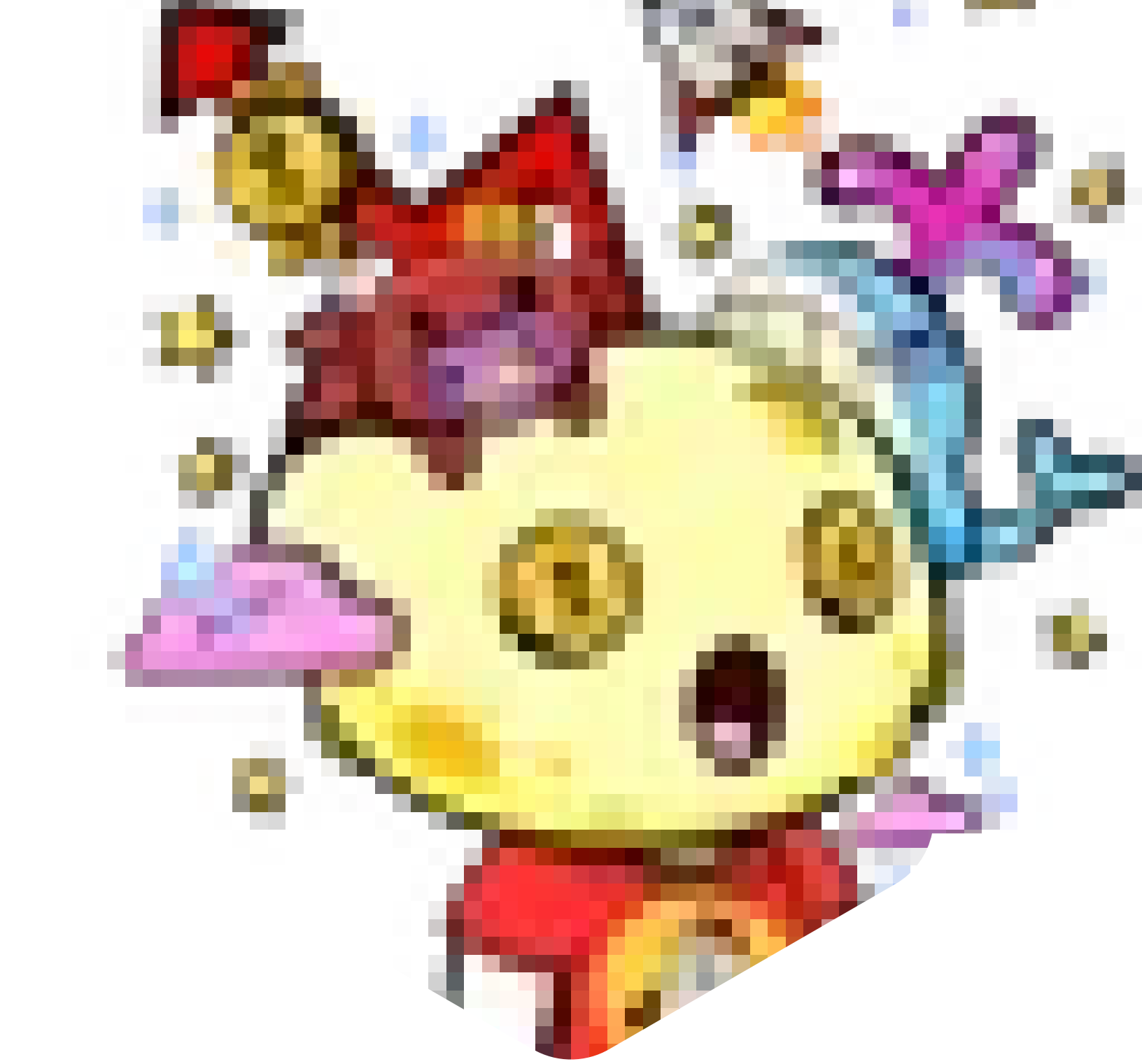
Koldekurt

• 13y ago

http://i.imgur.com/asmerZr.jpg



Smashreddit
• 13y ago

Any time I click on a link to a picture with no description in a thread about creepy or scary experiences the anticipation is always the worst part.

More replies

Havel_the_Rock
• 13y ago

One night at summer camp, I couldn't sleep. I remember lying awake in the cabin, staring at the ceiling. We slept on bunk beds, and I had the top bunk. I heard someone under their blanket kind of whispering to themselves and laughing. He was sitting up ,but kind of hunched over, and his blanket was covering his face and body. The room was completely dark aside from the moonlight shining through the dusty windows and he was on the top bunk in the corner of the room. Slowly his blanket slid down his back and his head seemed to perk up. Sitting straight up, back facing me, his head, very slowly, begins to turn around. I could feel a slight tension in the room, and my vision seemed to hone in on him, I knew something was off about this. It felt like minutes ticked by, and I felt he could feel my eyes on him, I couldn't look away. His head is nearly completely turned around now, contorted in a very unnatural way. He slowly cracks a smile, then suddenly his face and eyes light up with a brimming demonic smile. I immediately panic, and rather loudly blurt out "WHATTHEFUCK" He throws the blanket back over himself and slams into the pillow, at the same time the blanket sinks back into the bed. That bed was empty...

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Styroman57
• 13y ago

I was listening to Anthrax's song "Fight til you can't" one fantastic night. it's probably close to 12am. My iTunes was on shuffle and the song came on. I was watching a lot of scary movies that night and I had this coming to me I guess. As the song starts, I hear him say "City authorities in your area have reported that the bodies of the dead are rising from their graves and attacking the living" as soon as the last word is said, my house's power shuts off. I grab my gun, run to my living room "IT HAS BEGUN". Power comes back on. Family is scared and confused. It was just a coincidence, but I WAS READY TO GET DOWN

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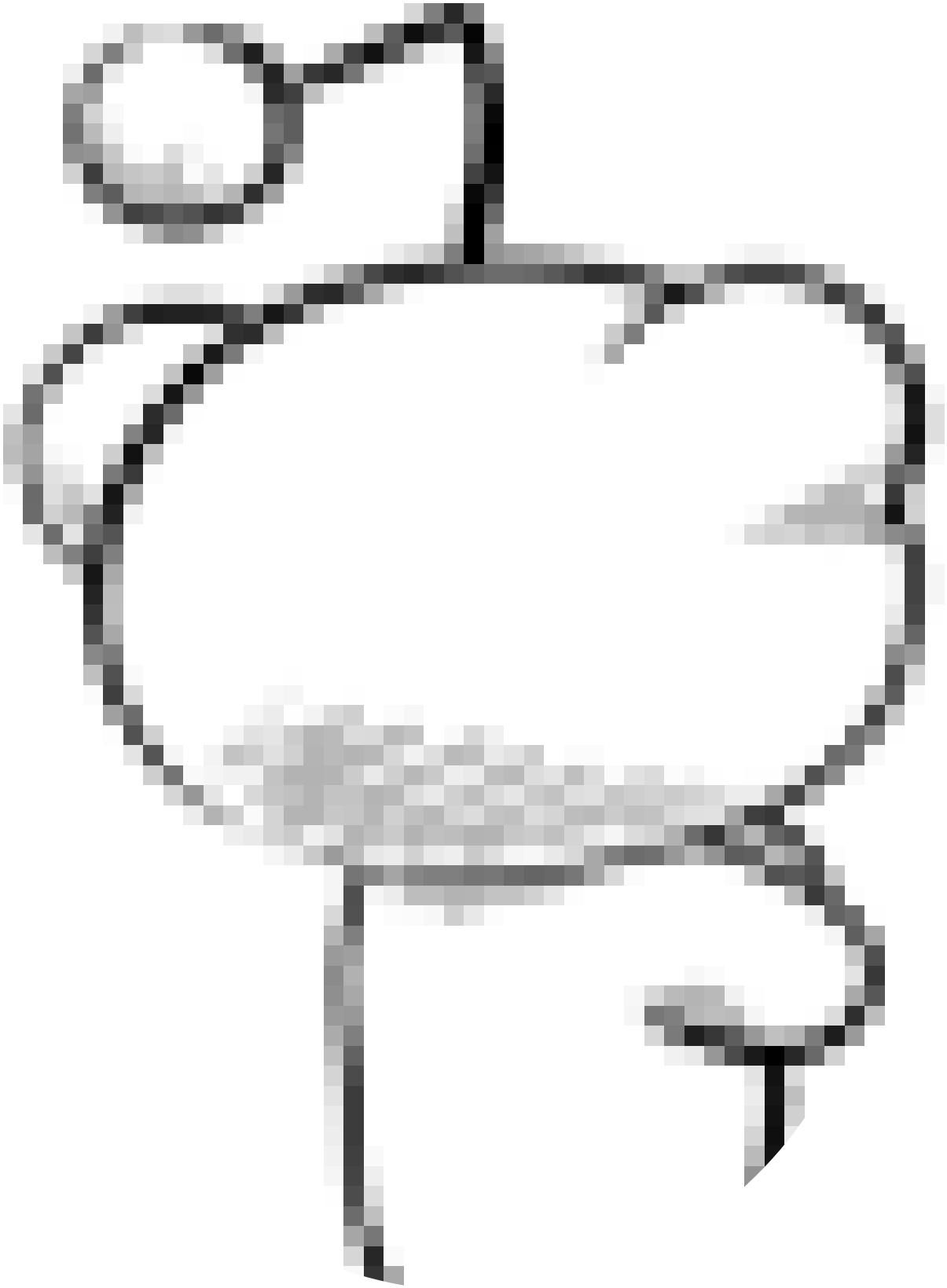

silvernarnia
• 13y ago

This is a story I told in another thread, but it will fit here very well. I apologize in advance for the length.

Background:

While I was looking at colleges, my dad graciously agreed to take me to Louisiana State University for a tour. We made a vacation out of it, and stopped in New Orleans for several days. We stayed in this hotel, the Lamothe, which is supposedly haunted by several little kids and their mother. That's part of the reason my dad picked it, he knows I love the paranormal and am a full believer in spirits and ghosts. Anyway, I know realistically that the stories are probably made up to generate business (it's NOLA, after all), but I'm still loving the place. We get to our room and it's set up pretty neat - you walk in and you're standing in a small living area that has a bathroom off it, and you walk around a sort of half-wall to get to the main bedroom. There's a tiny second bedroom about the size of a walk-in closet behind a slatted door. This is where I slept (pertinent information).

First incident:

The first night, we're all setting up our stuff in the bathroom. There's a little table thing with a drawer that we decide to put some stuff in, but when we try to open it, we realize it's painted shut. Oh well. We get settled in and decide to sit out by the pool a while. We come back an hour or two later and my then nine year old, easily spooked brother goes to the bathroom and discovers this drawer pulled all the way out. Dad ends up telling brother that his opened the drawer before we went to the pool and left it open as a joke. Dad pulls me aside later and nervously explains that he did no such thing and has no idea how the drawer came to be open. Gives me goosebumps, but I think it's cool more than scary.

Second incident:

Our second and last night there. Dad goes to get ice from the ice machine for our ice bucket for tea or whatever, but the machine was empty except for a recently-used crack pipe, which my dad (a cop at the time) confiscated. Oh well, we drink warm tea and go to bed soon after, leaving the bathroom light on for my brother. At exactly three-fucking-AM, I wake up, for no good reason. I look at my door and see a vague outline of a person through the slats, but the light's too dim to really make out any details. "Dad?" No answer. It's way too tall, but, "Gabriel?" Nothing. I keep staring at this thing and I get the odd feeling that it's staring back, though I have no reason to think it's even facing me. I get this feeling of pure hatred directed toward me, and I start shaking, but I stay in bed. A terror I haven't felt since the time I thought my stepdad killed my mom creeps over me, all because of this black, human-looking mass. I try to talk myself down in my head, try to calm down, because I'm on the verge of an all-out panic attack. It kinda works, and I start to think I'm overreacting and maybe it's a weird shadow or something, because it didn't move for several minutes, when suddenly it just drops to the floor, faster than I've ever seen anything fall. Before I have a chance to do anything, I hear the unmistakable sound of ice being shaken in a plastic bucket and a wet sort of sliding sound. I briefly consider going to investigate, but decide "nope fuck that" and roll over and go back to sleep. The next morning, I wake up with MASSIVE bruises up and down my legs. I bust out of the room and show my dad, and I'm telling him what I saw the night before (brother's in the shower, so I'm not scaring him) when I notice the ice bucket is on the opposite end of the dresser from where it had been and there's a line of water behind it all the way to where it had been sitting originally. I feel the blood drain from my face and ask my dad if he went and got ice finally. He tells me no, looks and sees what I see, and goes white. We didn't even look to see if there was anything in the bucket, we just packed all our shit and hustled Gabe out of the shower so we could check out early.

TL;DR Went to New Orleans, stayed in a haunted hotel, hotel is haunted by something way more sinister than they advertise.

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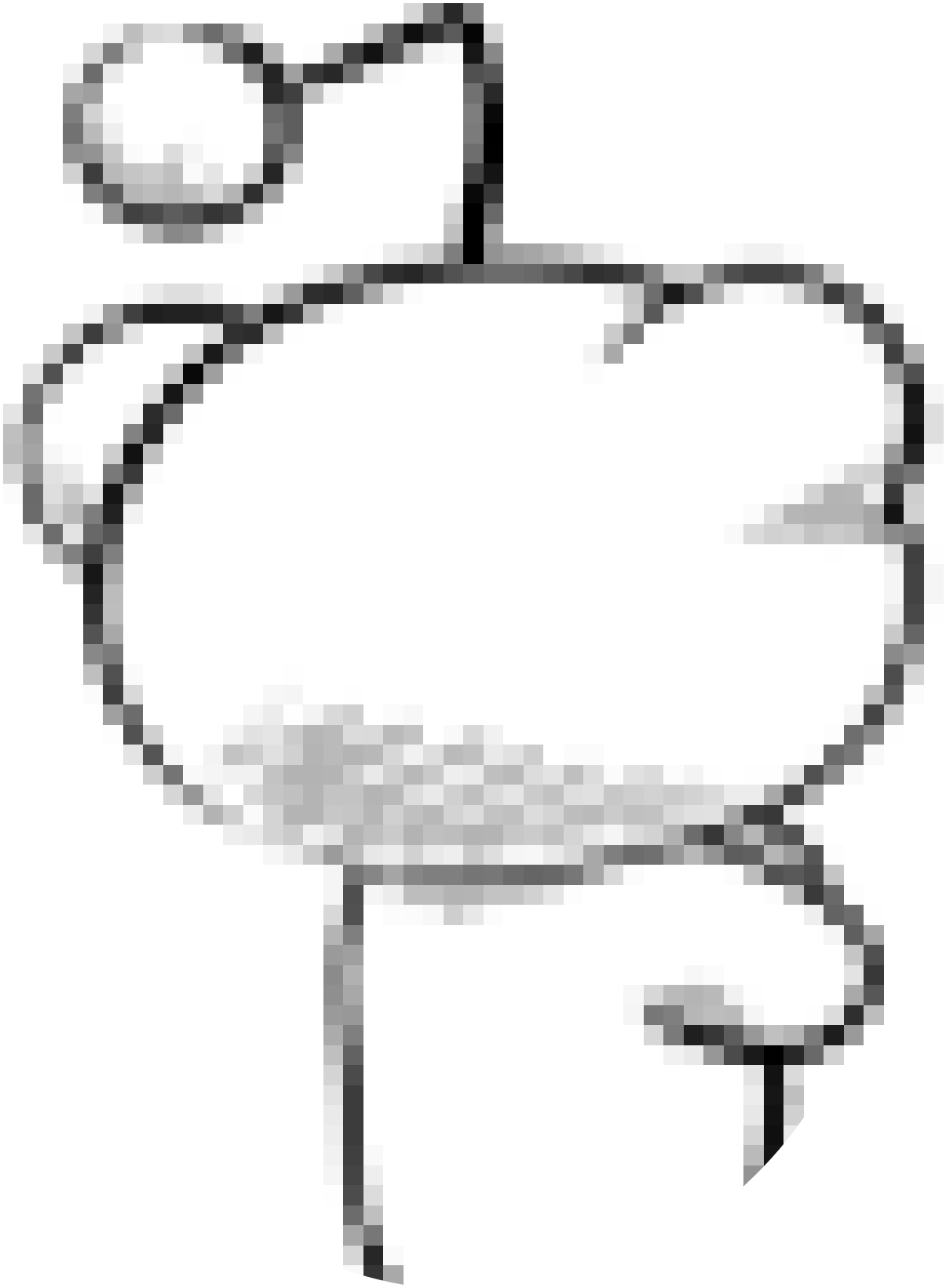
Ctpdreams
• 13y ago

When I was younger my dad lived in an old house, one of the first ones built in our town. Well I would go visit him on the weekends. I got the room across the hall from his on the second floor and slept in it when I was seven to about ten. Every night that'd I slept in the room I would have a nightmare no matter what. The room it self always had a creepy feeling to it. My friend had an experience were he would sleep in my closet (I had a lot of stuffed animals in there and he found it comfortable to sleep in) and he got locked in. He said he banged on the door and yelled for me for about an hour. I'm not a heavy sleeper either well since I never woke up he kept yelling asking to be let out. My sister finally heard him and let him out and she was in the room below mine so it was a shock I didn't hear him first. The thing that really scared me of the room before I left was one night I was watching ren and stimpy in the living room which was also below my room and the connecting hallway. My dad told me he was going to sleep so I decided to stay up a little later to watch the show. Well my dad went to bed and I was minding my business when I hear heavy steps going into my room and they never came out. Yes while my house was old with creaks nothing compared to the heavy steps I heard go into my room. I instantly freaked out and had to run to my dad's room across the hall of mine. I switched off the lights downstairs and ran up the stairs to his room never glancing at my room too scared to see anything. I closed my dad's room door and slept on his floor scared the footsteps would come back to the room I was in. I quickly fell asleep, but I was never really comfortable in my room again.



StillVirginxP
• 13y ago

When i was 11 i was skateboarding near a train station. I heard a train comming so i sit down because my mum said it was dangeourus. Just when train was 20m away some guy ran onto the rails and the train killed him. i couldnt sleep normal for about a year and now i still sometimes have nightmares and im 16.

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9GAGGERSGOTOHELL
• 13y ago

I really need to stop reading these type of threads at 1am

writer1981
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Back in 2003 I was about 23 and I don't scare easily at all. However one night I'm lying in bed and I can't sleep. Not unusual for me as I always have trouble sleeping.

It is about 2am in summer when I suddenly hear his freaky very deep growling noise that sounds like a cat growling when it is really agitated or angry but it sounded far more guttural and deeper in tone. I've experienced things about as strange as this before so I get out of bed and take a look around in the dark with just a near full moon outside to light my room through the gap in my curtains.

Just as I am walking around I see as best as I can describe a dark shrouded humanoid floating about a foot off the ground and you could not see it's face due to this weird black veil obstructing it's features.

I imagine it had to have a face and not being able to see it's face freaked me out more than it following me around the room as I try to walk to it.

I then either did something very foolish or very brave. I punched it in what I thought was it's stomach to see how solid it was. That's when I freaked a bit more. As my fist went through it's abdomen it did not go through easily and it felt like my fist was passing through a thick icy fluid. I freaked and pulled my hand back and I seemed to pull some of whatever that stuff was it was made out of with me and the thing then came apart only to reform itself.

I then quickly and quietly went back to bed. I then heard it make that awful inhuman growling noise again even louder this time and closer. It then zoomed right up close to my face to the point where it had it's face about an inch from mine.

At this point I didn't need to see it's face to know it was really angry at me for messing up it's stomach with my fist. That was when I closed my eyes tightly and threw the doona over my head and said you are not really here, you not really here, when I open my eyes you will be gone.

I open my eyes and I can just make out it's shape staring at me through the thin summer doona and trying to get at me through the doona while still growling loudly. I then believe very soon after that I fainted from shock.

I woke up the next morning shaking and the bed was drenched in sweat. Although it was summer it was not hot all that week and quite cold at night through to the early hours of the mornings.

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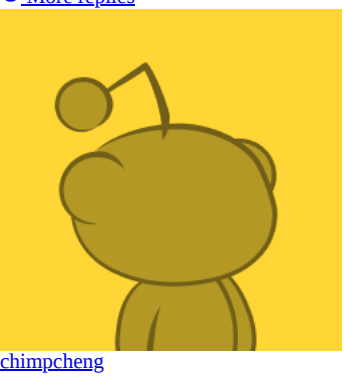

chimpcheng
• 13y ago

This thread is awesome and I kinda wish that I wasn't reading it all alone, but reading through the stories have reminded me of something that a friend told me, so you'll have to forgive me if it doesn't make sense as I'm trying to recall the details from years ago.

Anyway, over drinks we started on ghost stories (it's either that or football and I hate football) and my friend told us, how, when he was a child his mum would despair because in one particular bedroom in the house they were living in, he would scream and scream and scream each night. In his mum's room he was fine.

She took him to the doctors who could find nothing 'wrong' with him despite, when asked what was wrong, he claimed that old women are in his room. Out of desperation, she took him to see a spiritualist, who said that his 'third eye' was wide open and he was seeing things that he shouldn't be seeing. What he was seeing, each night, was two old women appearing in the corner of his room and moving towards him - which as I'm sure you'll all agree contributed to the screaming.

Anyway, the spiritualist closed his third eye saying that, when he was older, it could be re-opened if he wanted - quite why anyone would have it re-opened, if such a thing exists, is beyond me... That night, my friend was in his room, waiting to begin screaming, when the two women appeared but, get this, from under his bed, the spiritualist appeared and told the old women that they weren't welcome. All supernatural beings then vanished and he never saw the old women again...

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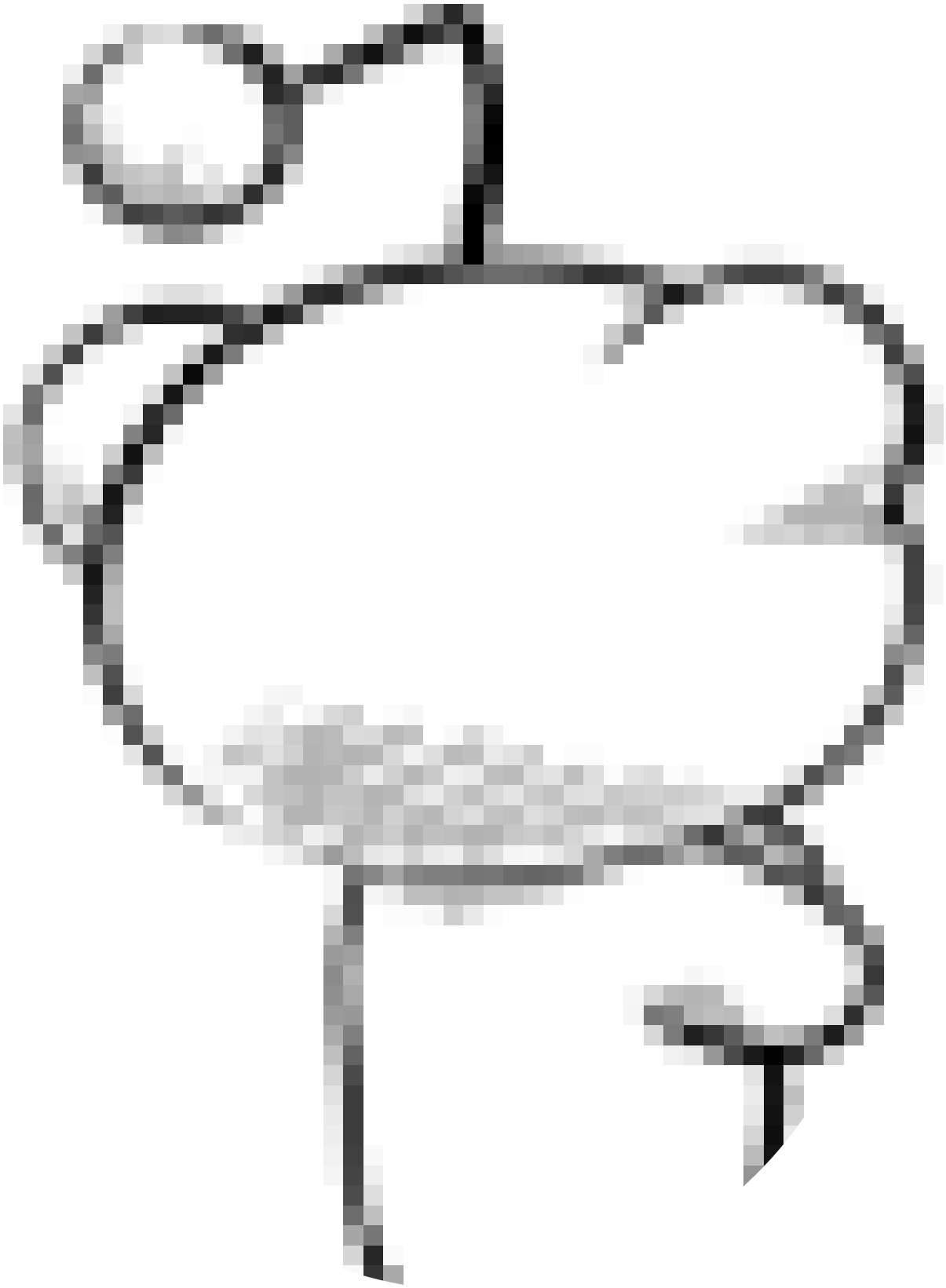

flightrulez
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

So I’m from small country in central Europe. Loads of people have probably never heard of it. It combines small patch of Adriatic Sea and Alps, but landscape is mostly small green hills, each with a little church on top. Almost two thirds of land is covered with forests and capitol is famous for its middle age architecture. It is an adorable country in which most of the time nothing really happens.

Like most of the population I live in the countryside, few hundred meters apart from closest neighbour, right next to the forest. I spend most of my childhood in that forest. I can still remember which the best trees for climbing were and where certain flowers grew. But the thing I will never forget happened in the summer of 2001. I was just around twelve back then and I was spending my whole afternoons in the forest. Most of the times I was roaming around with my best friend, but that day I was alone. As I said before, most of the land around here isn’t flat. The hill behind our house is quite steep, right above our house is old orchard my great-granddad planted and when you come on the top of the hill you can almost see the capitol city in the distance. Then there is big forest that extends across the karst landscape practically right to the Italian border with a few smaller towns and villages in between. I never really went very far because I mostly stayed in the area my family owned, but that day I decided I want to see some more.

I didn’t have much with me and I didn’t tell my parents I was going anywhere far. I always felt very safe in the woods even though bears were often seen in the area. In reality the most dangerous thing you can bump into are drunken hunters. Forest is pretty in the summer, leaves and tall trunks made me feel like I’m in a big cathedral. I started to sing a tune I have heard on the radio some time ago. At that point I was about hour and a half walking distance away from home.

I decided to stray away from the main road that leads through the forest in big curves and to take the shortcut. Sun was setting and light was making leaves glowing in sharp colours. But soon all the light disappeared and I find myself wandering in the twilight on territory unknown to me. Wind was blowing and dry branches were making weird noises. I started to feel uncomfortable. And in one sheer moment I discovered I am lost. I could feel the panic in form of adrenaline that started to flow through my veins. My instincts were screaming to run away, but I forced myself to focus and tried to get orientation. It was all pointless; I had no idea where I was. I started to walk around aimlessly, hoping to at least find the road. Suddenly I saw a small figure standing far off in the distance. From what I saw it could only be a small child, with a long slender neck, scaly but smooth skin and deep red eyes. I started walking towards it, but the figure noticed me and ran away. I chased figure in forest for quite a long time, I never came enough close to actually distinguish any of its features, but it looked like I small girl, no older than I was at the time.

In one moment I was running and in the next the floor under me disappeared. I felt that dreadful feeling of falling, similar to one in very bad nightmare when everything feels like slow motion. Then that awful sound of body hitting the floor, a moment later also came the pain. For moment I motionless lied on the ground, finally I pulled myself together and opened my eyes, waiting for them to adjust the thick darkness in the cave, where I landed.

First everything was pitch blackness. And then I saw. There was a single pair of eyes staring at me, for less than a few inches in front of my face. I quickly backed away, until I hit something dry and crumbly. Somewhere in the back, fires were lit. First there was one, and then more and more, until chamber was fully lit. There were thousands and thousands of eyes watching me. Dead eyes in dry sockets, skin that was stretched over the bones, mouths hanging open like in big shock, but that was only because lips rot in the time that passed.

I stared, I wasn’t able to move or scream. I am not even sure I was able to breath. I blinked, hoping for dreadful image in front of me to disappear. As I opened my eyes all otherwise motionless copses moved. In the matter of fact, I didn’t really see them move, but when I blinked it was like everything got one step closer. I felt cold sweat slipping down my neck and my eyes began to water. I could help myself I blinked again. This time, I was completely surrounded. I simply closed my eyes, wishing for all to be just a bad dream. I didn’t hear a single sound; I smiled thinking that soon I will wake up. When I opened my eyes, there was a face, almost touching my face. I could clearly see dried and rotten face, eyes filled with numbness. I started to feel dizzy, I felt something like dust and bones grabbing my hair and tearing my clothes. I felt it and I didn’t feel it, because I became so damn dizzy and sick. I tried so hard to stay conscious, to fight, but I couldn’t move a single muscle. And then it was again pitch blackness all around me.

I opened my eyes, trying to adjust to the lack of light. I was lying on the forest ground, not so far away from home. In that exact moment all my body started to function normally, I ran home like a wind. I had no idea how I got there and I just tried to forget about whole thing, but my peace didn’t last very long. Next night I dreamed about people I saw back there. I woke up to the face looking at me from the window. It was the face of a little girl, she was also dead, and her empty eyes watched me with wild anger as she was clawing the window, trying to get in. I am having the same nightmare for the past twelve years. It that time I visited many different therapists. They say it is just stress from school and job; that I should try to relax. But how can I relax, when every night as I open my eyes, a girl is one step closer to me? One night she finally got close enough to mutter just one sentence to me, "Ima need about tree fiddy."

It was at that moment that I realized this creepy female figure off in the distance was 500 feet tall and from the paleolithic era.

tl;dr Some scary shit happens when you witness a genocide

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Gollem265
• 13y ago

God fucking dammit

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Youdonotsay
• 13y ago

Fuck that.

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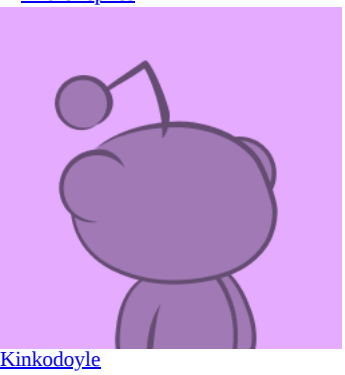

Kinkodoyle
• 13y ago

Got about half way through before deciding to check. Fuck you so much

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thelastblackredditor
• 13y ago

The scariest thing that has ever happened to me was about 5 years ago. It was something that didn't scare me much until I got older ald realized the dangers of the situation I was in.

My mother and father seperated long ago and me and my sister were over my mothers house for our vacation. My mom's car was in the auto shop so we took city buses everywhere. On this particular day we got groceries from a nearby Walmart and were carrying the bags home.

When we left the walmart it was around 8-9pm I think because it was dark. I wasn't scared though because I had my mom & sister nearby to protect me (keep in mind I was the youngest).

Anyway we started walking to the bus stop and it was just us and some weird guy we didn't know. The bus didn't come until another 10 minutes so we all stood there quiet. Occasionally I would glance over at him being the nosy little boy I was. He would just stare at us. I never payed it much attention though.

The bus finally came but because of the weird location of my mom's apartment it wouldn't be the only bus we rode to get home. When we got on the bus that sketchy guy sat behind us. I can't remember where he sat exactly because I didn't pay much attention to him. We were on the bus for several stops and he still stayed on as long as us. When we got off the bus he did too. Heres where things get weird. The stop we got off was like this place where lots of buses came for their last stop and took breaks. When we got off we waited until our bus arrived and sat on a bench.

He was at the same bench as us but he was maybe 10 feet away. Not too close so I just assumed he was getting on the same bus. When the bus came my mom told me to get on and follow her. I didn't know why but I did what she told me. We got on the bus and so did he.

When we got close to our stop we got off just before it and the man did too but before the bus doors closed we hopped back on. I was really confused as to why we did what we did but I didn't really care. He walked away for a moment then turned back toward the bus (this was just after he followed us off). He looked as if he was looking for someone. We were at the window seat and he stared at our window at us.

After that we never saw him again but wheen we got off at the correct spot I asked my mom why we didn't just wait instead of wasting our time getting on and off at the previous stop. She told me it was because we were being followed by the man from Walmart and she did that to test him and avoid him. I'm glad it worked. Back when it happened I didn't really understand but now when I think about it things could've gone really bad had my mom not acted when she did. This story probably isn't as scary to you as it is to me thinking about it now.

TL;DR- If I could write this with my phone, you could certainly take the time out of your day to read it dammit.

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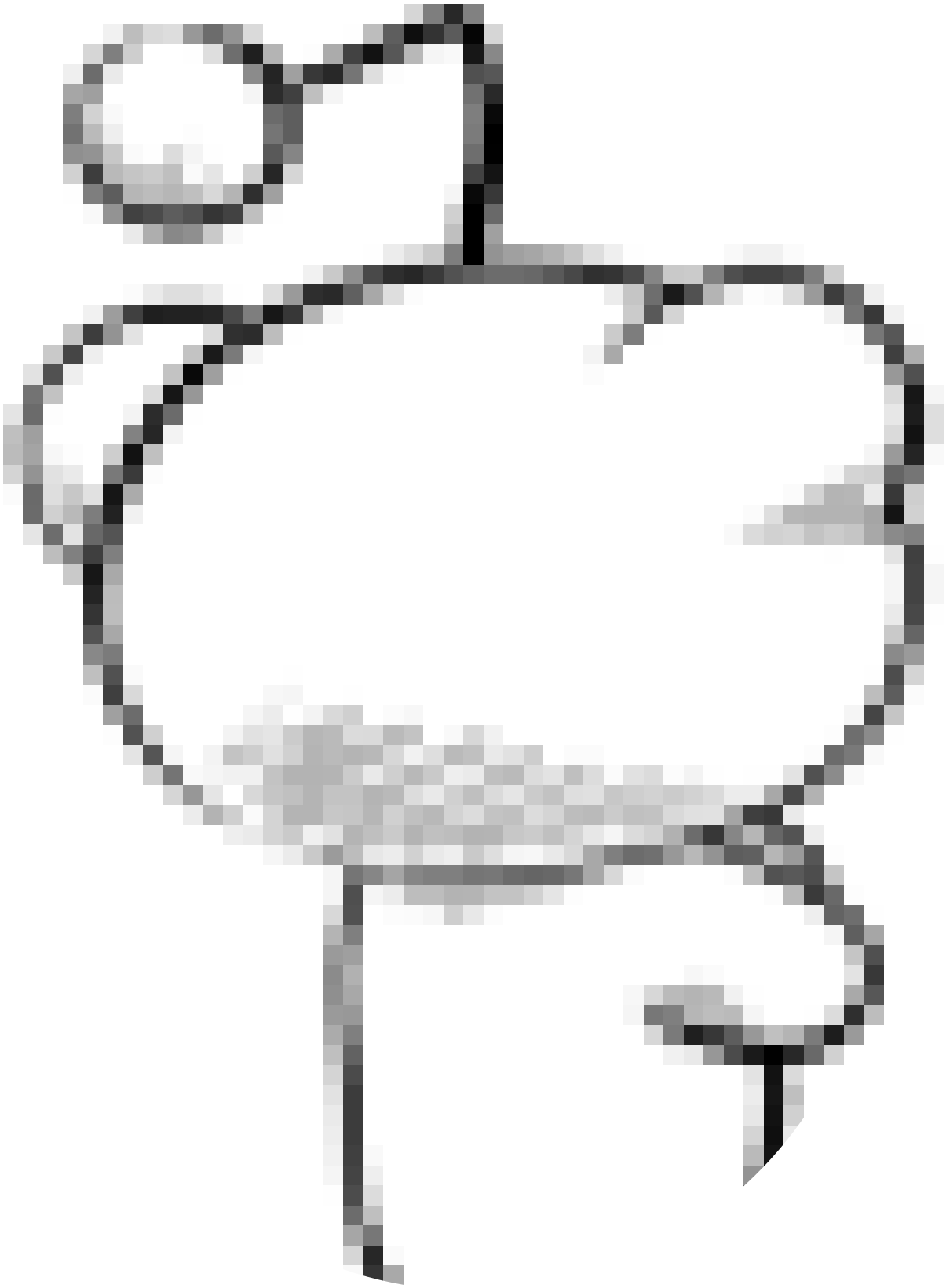


rape_me_with_ape
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Everybody knows that if you surf the web long enough, you'll see some sick shit. This is especially true if you intentionally dwell into the dark underbelly of the internet. I've seen quite a few things I don't care to admit to, but one thing that I'll always remember is a site called "normalpornfornormalpeople.com".

The first strange thing about the site, was that I didn't find it by actually looking for it. It was e-mailed to me by someone I didn't know. The e-mail was as follows:

"Hi there

found this site is very nice thought u might like

normalpornfornormalpeople.com

pass it on, for the good of mankind"

Pretty standard issue chain letter, although the url and the last remark really piqued my curiosity. I was having a very boring day when I got this, so I made sure my anti-virus was working and then I clicked on it.

It was a very average, very generic looking site. It gave the impression that the creators just BARELY gave a shit about making it look professional. The author seemed to have a very tenuous grasp on English, and on the front page was a long, boring, and incoherent rant that I don't remember or have saved.

The site had a strange tagline (which even today people haven't figured out the meaning of), which was;

"Normal Porn for Normal People, A Website Dedicated To The Eradication of Abnormal Sexuality"

And from the sound of that, I wasn't sure whether I was here to watch porn or if I had stumbled onto some kind of eugenics program. But I was here now, and I was very, very curious to see what "Normal People" get their rocks off to. So I scrolled down through the rant and...nothing. The page didn't seem to link to anywhere else, and I was about to leave when I noticed every word of the rant was it's own hyperlink.

So I clicked one of them, and was sent to a white page with very long list of links in the form of:

"normalpornfornormalpeople.com/ (random letters)"

So I stopped for a minute and asked myself if I really wanted to waste God knows how much time clicking random links that will likely give me a virus that will rape my computer. I figured I'd just try it for maybe 5 minutes, just to see if anything came up. I clicked one of the links, and was sent to another page. This page apparently had totally different urls than the last one.

I was just about to say "Fuck this" when I clicked on the 3rd link, and a video download came up. It was called "peanut.avi". It was a 30 minute video of a man, a woman and a dog in a kitchen. The woman would make a peanut butter sandwich, and the man would set it down for the dog to eat. This was all that happened, for 30 minutes. It was obvious that the cameraman had to stop filming and wait until the dog was ready to eat again, and the dog seemed rather sick by the end of it.

I know what you're thinking: "What the hell does that have to do with porn?" I have no clue. I've seen a little over two dozen videos from this site, and the majority had no sexual activity at all.

After watching peanut.avi, I went on a certain image board I frequent to play online show and tell, like I always do with weird shit like this. But someone had already made a thread about it, some guy who had received the same chain letter I did. The image board thread got lots of people with nothing better to do to dig through the site, and that's how I saw other videos.

Most of those two dozen videos where very uneventful, and consisted of people talking to the cameraman in a room with nothing in it but a desk and a few chairs. I mean literally nothing on the walls, or in terms of furniture. The whole room had a very cold, sterile feel to it.

The conversations where just idle banter about previous jobs or embarrassing childhood moments. I kept expecting some kind of discussion about what the people where filming or what the site was about, but of course, nothing. You would never know these videos had anything to do with porn if you saw it out of context. I will say one thing though, the people who appeared in these videos where quite attractive.

However, the other videos that actually did feature content which I suppose could be called "sexual" is where things got weird.

I'll give brief descriptions of the stranger videos, if you're really eaten up with curiosity you can try to hunt them down on a torrent site.

lickedclean.avi

A 10 minute video filmed by a hidden camera in which we see a repairman working on a washing machine for the first 2 minutes. When it's fixed, the repairman talks to the owner briefly, and then leaves. The owner checks to make sure the repairman is gone, and he begins to lick all over the top of the washing machine. This goes on for 7 minutes.

jimbo.avi

A 5 minute video of a obese mime performing his act. It was actually pretty funny, particularly one part where he pretends to pull up a chair, then pretends that it breaks because of his weight. In the last 30 seconds of the video, the camera cuts to static briefly and cuts back to the man sobbing quietly, still wearing mime outfit and makeup. Some kind of obscure fetish?

dianna.avi

4 minute video in which the camerman talks to a woman in a room different than the "interview room". This room looks like one you'd find in a normal person's house. Exactly where they are is never specified, as Dianna only talks about her violin playing. She obviously plays her violin, but she keeps getting distracted by something.

I didn't notice this until someone on the image board thread pointed it out, but if you look at a mirror in the background, you can see a fat man in a chicken mask masturbating.

jessica.avi

Another 4 minute cameraman video. This time he's outside a house, talking to another young woman. They talk about canoe rides. The camera zooms out to reveal the city streets behind them occasionally.

The strange thing is: No one so far has been able to identify where this street is. Guesses have ranged everywhere from Europe to Australia to The Philippines, but there's yet to be a match for the street shown in the video.

tounguetied.avi

10 minute video. The first 5 minutes consist of an elderly woman making out with a mannequin. The video cuts out like it did in jimbo.avi halfway through, and the scene is now a group of mannequins huddled together in a circle around the camera. The lights have been dimmed, and the elderly woman is nowhere to be seen. From this point on, there is no sound.

stumps.avi

5 minute long video where a man with no legs is attempting to breakdance on a DDR mat in what looks like the kitchen from peanut.avi, but much dirtier. There's a radio playing music unseen in the background, but it stops at the 4 minute mark when the man collapses on the mat in exhaustion.

He breathes heavily and pleads with someone off-screen to let him rest. This off-screen person becomes terrifyingly enraged and yells at him to keep dancing, which he does. You can hear this off-screen person begin to scream as the video ends abruptly.

privacy.avi

The woman from dianna.avi is masturbating on a mattress in the "interview room", while the man from stumps.avi walks around on his hands while wearing some kind of goblin mask.

The door in this room was always closed in other videos, but it's now open. In this video the only light is in the room, and the hallway is dark. Near the end of the video, you can see an animal quickly run through the hallway.

And finally the last video we uncovered, which was *useless.avi*

In this 18 minute video, a blond woman from one of the previous interview videos is tied down to a mattress in the interview room. She attempts to scream but her mouth is taped over. After 7 minutes, a man in a black suit and mask opens the door, but he does not enter.

He holds the door open for the animal that was running in the hall in the previous video. It's revealed to be an adult chimpanzee, it's hair shaved and it's entire body painted red. It seemed to be starved and abused, with several wounds along it's shoulders and back.

When the chimp enters the room, the masked man closes the door behind it. The chimpanzee sniffs the air for a moment (it may have been blind), and notices the woman tied to the mattress. It goes into a frenzy, and begins to maul her.

The assault goes on for a grueling 7 minutes, until the woman finally dies. The chimp eats flesh from her corpse for 4 minutes as the video ends.

The thread exploded with activity after this video was uncovered, and people discussed it long into the night. When I came back to the image board the next day I found that the thread was deleted. I tried to start another one, and they banned me. I tried e-mailing the guy who sent me the chain letter with the site's url, sent him 5 messages and never got a response.

I have tried to discuss this website on various places, and I got banned frequently. The site itself was also deleted about 3 days after useless.avi was uncovered, likely because someone contacted the authorities about it.

The only proof that normalpornfornormalpeople.com ever existed was a few screencaps people took, and videos from the site that people saved and uploaded on torrents. The most popular of which being useless.avi, which found it's way onto a few gore sites.

Wherever you upload them to, all of the videos from normalpornfornormalpeople.com get deleted after a while.

mrmacky
• 13y ago

What. The. Fuck.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies More replies

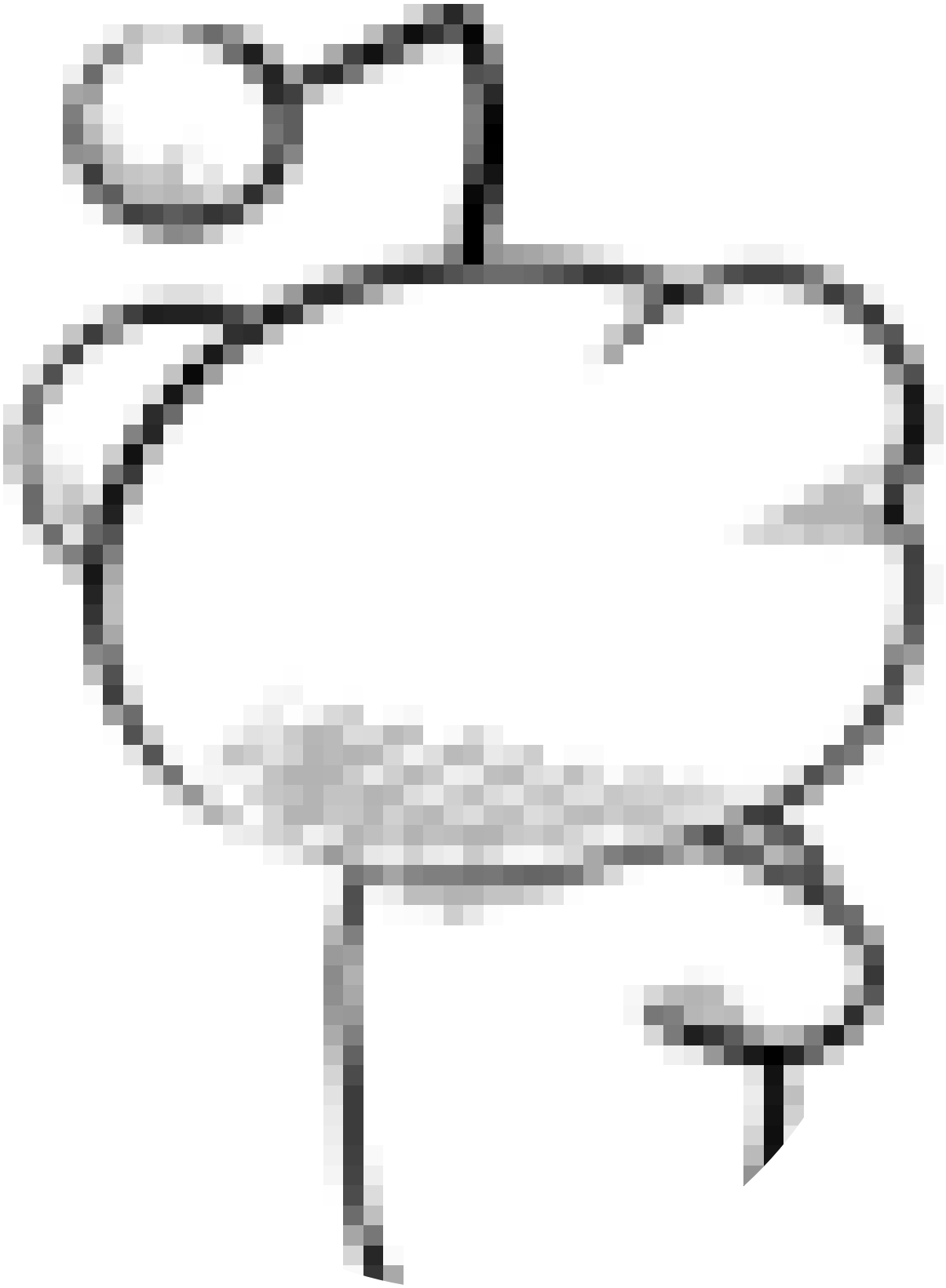
GrandFrame
• 13y ago

Watching "Spirited Away" while high was pretty messed up..

5 more replies

5 more replies

More replies



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• 13y ago

I was a young nurse, working the night shift on a cardiac ward. One of my patients was a fairly young woman. She rang the call bell at around 2am, said she was having trouble with nausea and couldn't sleep. I got her a dose of phenergan, an anti-nausea medication that is pretty harmless, though it does kind of mess with people's heads sometimes. Most people just get sleepy.

So I gave the woman her medicine, she thanked me, and I left the room. No sooner had I stepped out the door, then he call light went off again. Puzzled, I turned around and went back in.

The patient was sitting bolt upright in bed. I asked if anything was wrong. She looked at me with big eyes and exclaimed, "You were just here!"

"....Yes, I gave you your medicine and left the room."

"NO!" she said even louder. "You left, but then you were standing at the end of my bed, and would you PLEASE tell those children to get off the cieling!"

OK, so, bad phenergan reaction. It happens. I explained it to her, and planned on a long night. (It was; she rang the call bell constantly for almost an hour before finally falling asleep.) When she woke up, she had no memory of any of this.

Here's the creepy part: that section of the hospital used to be the pediatric ward. So as much as I know that she was having drug-induced hallucinations, I've always kind of wondered.....*were* there children on the cieling?

MisterJibeto
• 13y ago

I live in an old, renovated church and there is.... nothing. Perfectly, disappointingly normal.

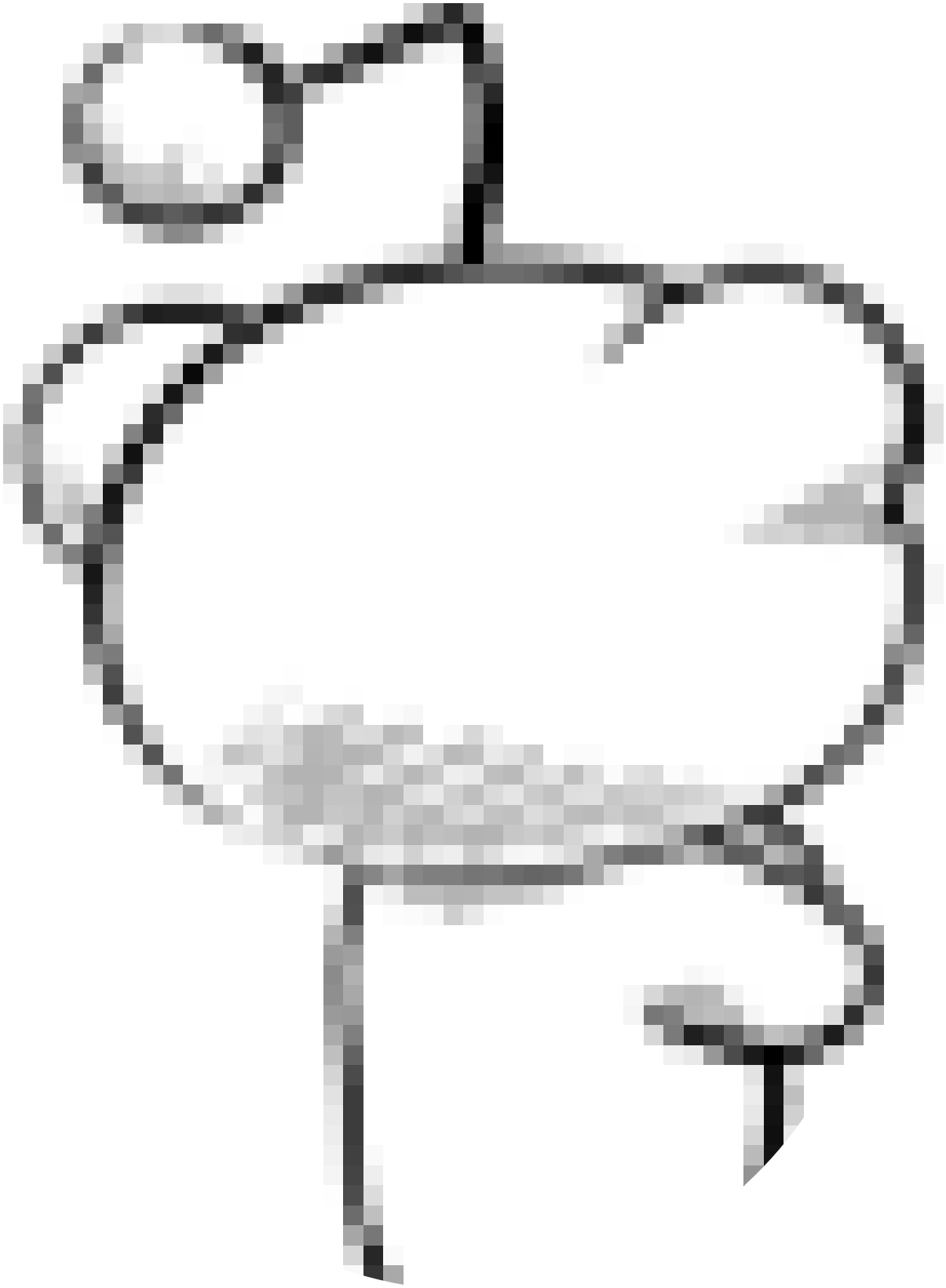
That_Urks_Me
• 13y ago

One night a few weeks back my girlfriend and I came back from a friends house close to midnight. When we walked in the door she started back towards our room and quickly turned around and said "Someone is in our shower!."

Me, half buzzing called bullshit until I got down the hallway and could clearly hear the shower running. I freaked out at that point because all of the guns are kept in our room.

After a quick huddle in the living room I decided that iPhone flashlight and bum rushing the fucking room was the best idea. I was scared shitless, but it turned out to be the water line going to the bottom of the toilet tank ruptured and was spraying a geezer of water into our bedroom/bathroom.

The floors got fucked and I nearly had a heart attack at the time.



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• 13y ago

Was drinking at a friend of friends house once. He lived in a very old home that was being renovated. After arriving at the house I used his bathroom that was in the basement. I sat down and noticed love letters to this guys dad from his boyfriend. Being 17 and dumb, I found it hilarious reading gay guys love notes. All of a sudden the door knob started jiggling. I said, "fuck off, I'm in here." my friends like to harass me about my IBS. The door opened about six inches and I could see the face if a little boy looking in at me, And softly closed the door. After I went upstairs I asked if they had a nephew or little brother or something. He got very excited and told me that I had seen a ghost. They informed me that they see him periodically, and researched the history of the home and found that a 5 year old boy died in a house fire in the 30s. They had his name and old newspaper article about it. Easily the creepiest thing that ever happened to me.

Reply Share

namesRhard1
• 13y ago

The apartment block I was living in in Japan had only recently been built, about two years prior, but a good few people were talking about ghosts and unexplainable things happening like bathroom doors locking when nobody was in there. I don't believe in ghosts, so I didn't give it any second thoughts, but on two occasions I was in bed and saw people standing in my room. Light blue, translucent Asian people to be precise. The first time around it was a child in the corner, not moving, just minding his own business. I was kinda high so I just put it down to that and tried to sleep (despite being creeped out). The second time I came home drunk from a party down the hall and hopped into bed. I was facing the wall (which my bed was up against) when I rolled over, and my room was full of the same translucent blue Asian people, but this lot were far more active, chatting to each other and moving around the room as if it were a social event. I was fucking terrified, and for some reason the best solution would be to roll back around and hope it all goes away. So I rolled back towards the wall, where an Asian girl was standing on my bed, leaning down so that her face was almost parallel with mine - her hollow, expressionless face staring me right in the eyes.

That was probably the creepiest thing that's ever happened to me, and still sticks with me. I don't believe in ghosts, and I've experienced a similar kind of hypnagogic hallucinations during sleep paralysis so that's not really going to change. But given the circumstances; I was completely free to move, the 'ghosts' were quite clearly Asian people and I was living in Asia, and the building was recently built in this old neighbourhood with at least two graveyards within walking distance, I wouldn't be surprised if people jumped to the conclusion of ghosts.

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2 more replies
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ProtonMorph
• 13y ago

I have posted this to another subreddit before and this will probably get buried but here is mine.

My story did not happen to me, i was there but just watched it happened to my parents and my brother when I was younger.

My brother was about 14 or 15, he suffered from what the doctors called "night terrors". Basically in the middle of the night he would get out of bed, still asleep, and start walking around the house talking. Now this would be normal sleep walking but he was having nightmares the whole time.

Normally he would wonder around the house sweating profusely shaking and mumbling to himself. My parents would follow him around and make sure he did not hurt himself but they never woke him up. But this one night he stood up out of bed and went straight to the middle of our living room and sat down. He started sweating again and mumbling to himself things like "Leave me alone" and "Get out of here". My parents did not even know he was out there until my dad got a weird feeling and went to check it out.

Now my parents being very religious, my dad is a Presbyterian pastor, my mom started praying profusely and my dad was sitting next to my brother rubbing his back. My brother suddenly stood up eyes wide open darting around the room like it was on fire or full of the scariest thing his mind could imagine. You could see the terror in his eyes, like he thought he was dead and woke up in hell. All the sudden they snapped shut and he started shaking. (Literally the scariest moment of my life) My dad immediately grabbed him and held him as close as to his chest as he could. While my mom started praying out loud right as she said "LORD JESUS HELP HIM" my brother opened his eyes again his head snapped towards my mom like he was possessed

and screamed at the top of his lungs "STOP!!! I HAVE HIM NOW!" My dad and mom both started praying as loud and hard as possible, my dad never once letting go of him, until he just dropped. My brother has never had those night terrors sense.

I have literally never been that scared in my life, I still get goose bumps and scared shitless just typing this out.

Please excuse my bad grammar and spelling :(. I am not very good at either of those.

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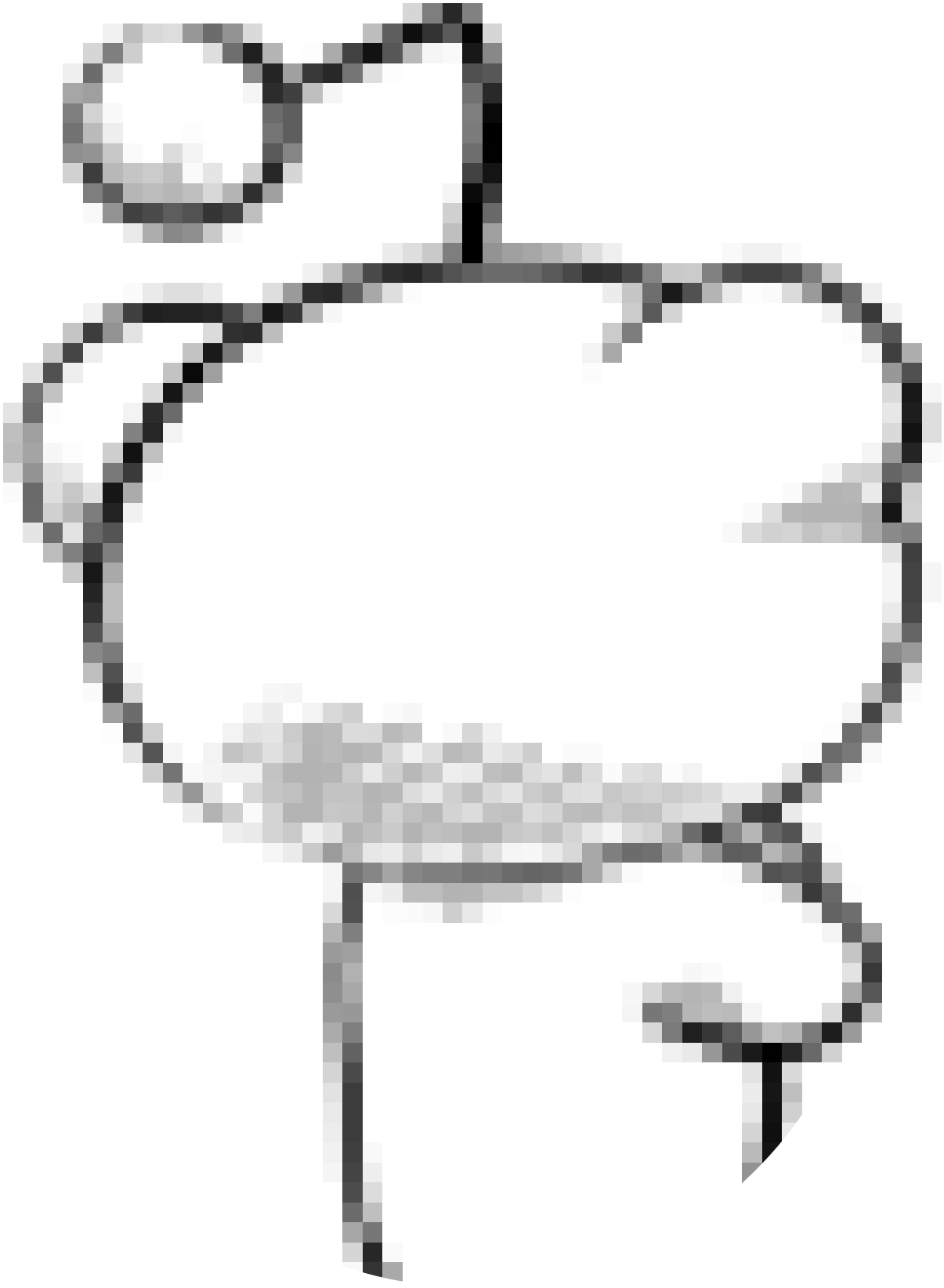

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• 13y ago

I grew up in a large house that will turn 100 next year, in a very rural town. It was originally the home of the only doctor for many miles. A nearby town is actually named after his father. Him and his wife and daughters lived in a tent for four years up on the hill overlooking the site, while he hand built it from a Sears "kit house" which was delivered on the local train, in between treating local farmers. My grandmother was delivered by this doctor, and in a strange twist of fate, after moving all over the country, died in our care in the house.

That's not the creepy part.

Over the years my parents did several renovations on this house, and early on we discovered a secret area behind the main fireplace behind a wall. In it we found many old newspapers, one of the doctor's medicine bags, a woman's hat, two men's straw hats, in perfect shape, and strangest of all, a beat to hell french horn.

Soon after uncovering these things, my mother donated two of the hats and the doctor's bag to the local town museum. The bag was locked, though I remember trying to open it and failing before we donated it. It had some stuff in it, but mostly it was empty. I remember seeing a bandage through the small crack in the opening. She kept one of the straw hats. The French horn went missing soon we found it and though I didn't know it at the time as I was still very young, it had gone missing before we donated the other objects.

A few years later we went to look at the display in the tiny local museum and I noticed the french horn was not in the display. I asked her about it. She told me only that she felt it was "evil" and that it needed to be out of the house. She had placed it for sale in a flea market for a dollar. Now, my mother has always claimed to be very psychic, and I never really knew what to think about it, being more like my father and trusting in things I can see, not feel. So I don't take many of her stories very seriously having never seen anything myself.

For example, she claims that when she first looked at the house (I wasn't present for this.) she went upstairs and saw a little girl sitting in the corner of one of the rooms, and that occasionally she can feel or hear people moving from room to room, and on occasion sees them. If I were to believe her stories, I suppose it might make sense, as this house served as both his family home and his office.

Essentially it was a frontier hospital in it's early days and I know of at least one story of someone dying in the house besides my grandmother, though I'm sure there were many others as he performed surgeries there. The only one I know for a fact was a soldier who had just finished basic training and was about to leave for active duty during WWII but drowned in the lake just outside our front door. He was brought up to the house by his fellow soldiers after they discovered him floating face down in the lake, and the doctor tried to resuscitate him but was unable to and declared him dead.

The doctor himself was known as a bit of a sucker for people down on their luck, and during the depression took many people in, often children, and was known to have a legion of dogs that were mostly strays he cared for. He was a nice guy by all accounts. Which is why it was quite a surprise when we heard from one of the elderly neighbors some years later, the doctor in his twilight years had become addicted to morphine. After he died, our kitchen, a room that was built later by his son-in-law, had been found littered with glass morphine bottles stacked waste high. We actually found a couple of these bottles stuffed in to the walls in various parts of the house.

Now the creepy part.

So it turned out, the house next to ours was actually built by the doctor and his son-in-law a few years after one of his daughters married the guy. I ever so briefly visited this house soon after we moved in to ours, and had playdates with the boy next door. The house itself had to have been only a few years younger than ours.

Well, at first it was a rumor we heard, but we later found the newspaper article that confirmed it. Originally the story went that this son-in-law, had gone missing and was found many miles from his house, along a country road. The official newspaper story we saw said he appeared to have been killed by a car, in a hit and run, and that he had been intoxicated. A sad, cautionary tale about the dangers of drinking.

The stories we heard from older locals who apparently had seen the body, were far more chilling. He appeared to have been beaten to death by a blunt heavy object. But it doesn't stop there. According to a few of the old timers, this all happened soon after the doctor had found out his daughter was being beaten on a regular basis in the house next to his, by his drunkard son-in-law.

I could of course have it all wrong, and it all may be entirely innocent. No one will ever know, as all potential suspects are long dead and buried. But my theory? The french horn was beat to hell, because it was the murder weapon. The doctor seems to have murdered his abusive step son. It would make some sense, as the time this all happened was around the same era the hats were from. Perhaps his later addiction to morphine was a way to release the pain of guilt he felt. Maybe he took in all those other people later on, to make up for the murder?

Last little creepy bit for you.

Remember the doctor had been very fond of dogs? Not even a year ago my wife and I were living briefly with my parents while we closed on a new house. (There was an issue with the length of the driveway. Stupid B.S. zoning laws.) We had sold our previous house already, so staying there was the only option besides renting a place while we waited.

One day while we were out, my mother's very old dog ran away. We came home unaware that my parents had spent the better part of the day searching for him. They never did find him, and they for some reason neglected to mention it to us. We retired early for some sleep. In the middle of the night my wife went to use the bathroom. The same room we found the secret area behind one of the walls actually. I woke up to hear her calling me from the bathroom and went to see what the problem was.

She had a spooked look on her face and proceeded to tell me she had just heard a rather loud male voice say to her, "Where is the dog?" which she assumed was my father's voice through the locked door. Long story short, it wasn't my father. We told my mother later, and she explained that the dog had run away. My wife was very adamant about getting out the house after that.

TL;DR I grew up in a possibly haunted house, and we think we found a murder weapon behind a wall.

4 more replies
4 more replies
More replies

Bogey_Kingston
• 13y ago

Looks like I got here a little too late, but I'll share anyway.

I had just moved to a new city and was feeling homesick, so I took a trip back and visited some friends. I stayed with a buddy who had a big dog, since I also have a big dog and nobody in the house would be bothered by him since he's a pitbull. The first night I slept on the couch at the end of the a hallway. On the other end of the hallway were 4 bedrooms. One for his mom, one for my buddy, and one for his brother. The fourth room had the door shut, and he always referred to it as his grandma's room, but I knew she had died a few years back. I'm sleeping on the couch, kinda drunk, kinda high when I hear a loud banging noise on one of the doors. My buddy was a drummer for a metal band, and his whole family was a rugged group who would raise a ruckus for no reason. I chalked it up to someone being in the bathroom too long. When I woke up, I asked his mom if the bathroom door didnt close right, and offered to fix it. She said "Oh, did you hear banging last night?" Yes, I responded. "It was just mom. Just ask her nicely to stop and she will." Assuming she was kidding I laughed it off. The second night I slept in his brothers room since he was out of town. In the middle of the night, once again, I heard a door being banged only this time it was my door. The weirdest part is that my dog would have normally been growling or at least standing at the door, but he was on the floor asleep. Creeped out, I remembered what his mom had told me. "Please stop banging on my door." It stopped. I fell back asleep thinking my friend played a prank on me. The next morning I woke up. I asked my buddy about if, and he said it was just his grandma. You're fucking with me, I said. "Nope. She die in 08, but never really left the house." You're so full of shit, I don't believe in ghosts, I said. "Just open the door to her room" he told me. Expecting his brother to jump out, I swung the door open and stepped to the side. A cold, frigid air swept out of the room and dried my eyes. I closed the door and asked why they left the vents open in there. He showed me the AC was off... I've never felt so creeped out. I don't believe in ghosts, but I can't deny them after that night. I never slept over again.

Reply Share

Onolicious
• 13y ago

It's around 2:40am and I lay in bed trying to go to sleep. I click off the T.V. and start to doze off. The front door to my house opened (we have a door alarm that echoes throughout the house) and it was my dad who came home from the bar.

"Cool," I thought, I get to sleep knowing someone's home. As I close my eyes, dad goes into the bathroom, closes the door and starts to shower. He is a prankster, so I'm always expecting him to check on me to see if I'm asleep.

Then, I feel the bunk bed shaking. I was thinking something along the lines of "Ok, he's gonna scare me." Then the shower turned on. Now I'm frantically thinking, "Dad just scare me already!" The shaking continued. The bunk bed continued to rattle and squeak as I try to force myself to sleep.

There was no way in hell that I would be going to sleep with this uncomfortable vibe. 15 minutes later the shower turned off and the shaking still continued. In denial, I kept thinking it was my dad. I hoped he would come in my room to check up on me, but no. The bathroom door opened, followed by the locking of his bedroom and the continuation of this demonic shaking.

3:30am, fuck it. I stood up like a man, turned on my light and quickly turned around as my heart dropped. It was my brother's cat. The cat was licking and scratching herself clean for almost an hour. I could not be more stupefied. I kicked her off my bed and out of my room and was finally able to sleep.

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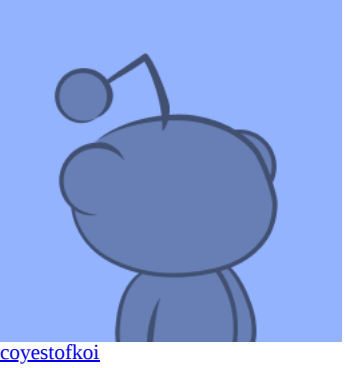

coyestofkoi
• 13y ago

When I was younger (probably about 8 or so) we lived in Sedalia, CO in this house tucked away in the mountains. Our kitchen had this wall of glass, that was framed into small boxes by wood panels, that my mom frequently used as shelves for knick-knacks and heirlooms. We have this small glass piano music box, that plays "raindrops keep falling", from my grandma Jane (dad's mom) and it always intrigued me in some way that I consistently bothered my mom to allow me to wind it up and play the song.

My younger sister (5 at the time) was finishing eating her dinner next to me, when we both sat looking out at the onslaught of snow from the blizzard. Mom was wandering in the kitchen, and I asked again if I could wind the music box up, which got me my usual answer;NO. I sighed in defeat and finished my food, but as I got up to take my plate to my mother, the music box began playing. But it wasn't the song that it was supposed to play, it was more like the cylinder was jumping to the loudest notes and playing them at full force. I began to shake when my mom screamed at me for touching it despite her telling me not to. I just remember pointing at the music box, and crying out that I was not touching it.

My mom threw my sister and I into our warmest coats and packed us into her small ford escort, and all she kept saying was that "dad's in trouble." Lo and behold, my dad had spun his chevy s10 and lodged it horizontally into the wall of the long upward climb to our house. Had he kept pushing on the gas, he would've driven over the cliff and rolled about 50 feet into the heavily wooded area.

We still have the music box, and strangely enough it doesn't even wind anymore, but I'm sure that if my dad's in trouble, that box will sound off.

TL;DR: music box went off playing a myriad of strange notes instead of it's song, leading us to find my dad had almost died.

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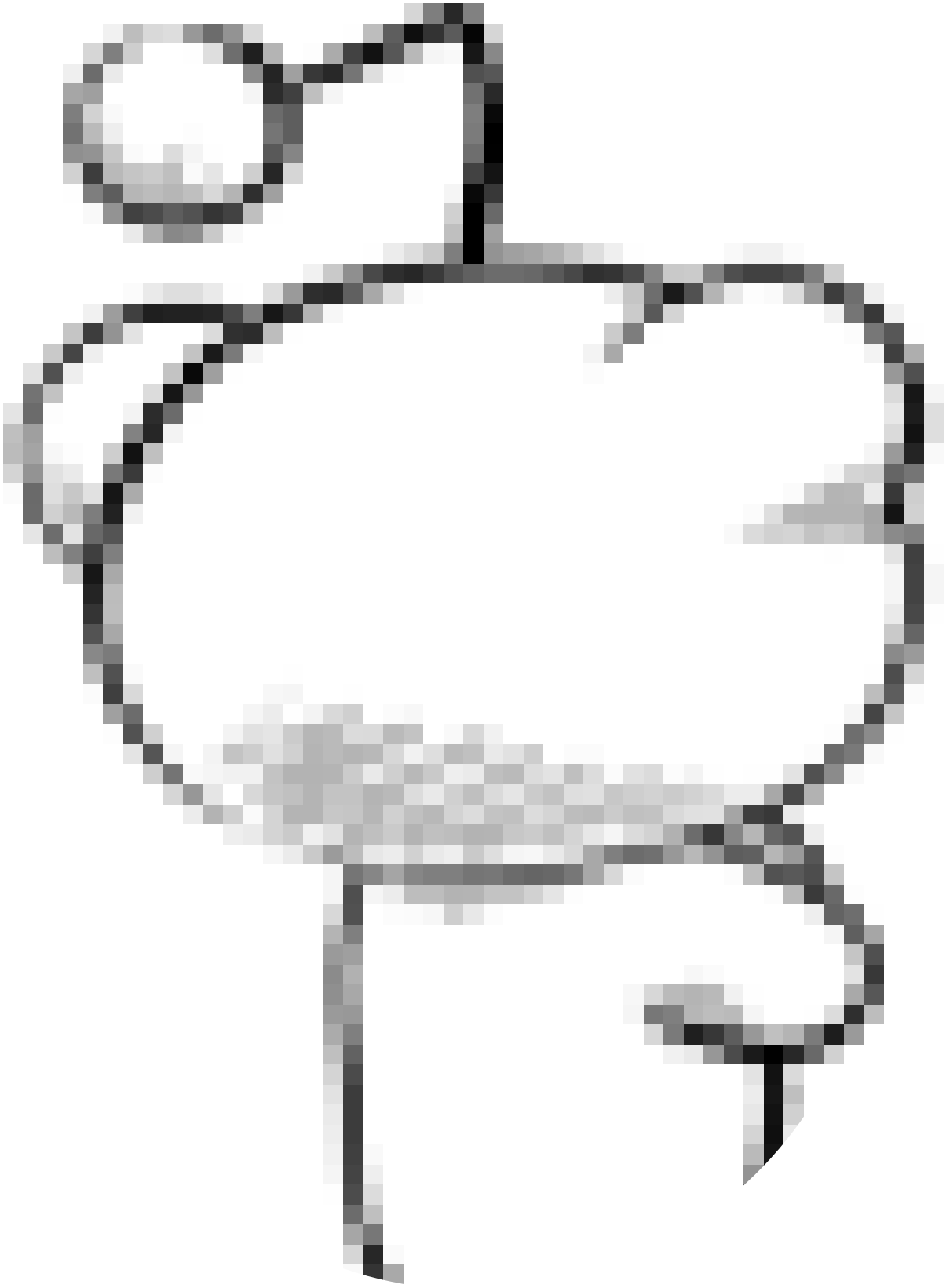

kksuck2
• 13y ago

I don't remember a lot from my childhood which is probably a good thing. One vivid memory that still haunts me was when I was probably around 4 or 5. My dad had a pretty rough life before I was born serving in WW2 then falling in to drugs and crime when he came back. By the time I was born in 1976 he had served two stints in prison and was a pretty bad alcoholic. He also still maintained connections to some biker gangs in our area. By the time my older sister and I were a few years old my mother had cleaned him up enough that he stopped drinking and could hold down a steady job. But I guess things from his past must have still bubbled up every now and then.

All I remember about this one incident was that my mom put my sister and I in her car and drove us to this park in the city we lived in. She took us out and started walking to a group of mean looking men who were sitting/standing around a park bench. I realized that my dad was one of the guys sitting on the bench. My mom started yelling at the guys who were standing around him, something about his car. The entire time they argued my dad never made eye contact with us.

The one thing that stuck out to me the most, and still brings chills to me, was when this burly looking biker told my mom:

"If he gets up we're going to saw off his ass."

That's really all I remember aside form this visual in my head of this guy sawing my dad's butt off with a chainsaw. Nice stuff for a 5 year old to witness.

Edit: They had taken my dad's car (77 Skylark) for some reason and my mom had the cojones to face them off to try and get it back. As far as I know it worked since he had a Skylark for most of my childhood after that.

AAA1374
• 13y ago

A few months ago I went to England and France on a tour. It was a nice tour, we stayed in London a few days, but were about to leave for France. We stayed our last night at a Victorian era hotel by the channel. Sounds nice so far right? Wrong-o.

See- the hotel wasn't where we were supposed to stay, we had changed last minute. Not so bad so far, but when we get in, the overwhelming scent of must filled my lungs. I however, love history, and embrace the scent of it! I continued onwards to get my room and key. 318.

Now, for those of you that don't know how hotels work, rooms have 3-4 numbers on them. The first (on the left) represents which floor you're on. The others- which room.

So I grab my luggage and drag it all up 3 flights of stairs when... 310, 311, 312...

No 318. Everyone was settling in, but the atmosphere suddenly chilled for me. That's when I noticed the tarnished handles, the dark corridors, the yellowed whites and lightbulbs. It all overcame me quickly; I spent 30 minutes searching for a nonexistent room to no avail. Nobody could find this room. Nobody.

By chance I stumbled upon a doorway leading to another staircase that led to the rest of the 300s. I climb the last set of stairs and enter my room, which was nice. Cozy, but there were several unexplained things.

There was a thin wall between me and the rest of the 300s... Why?

Why was the hall, specifically my hall, so musty and dark?

What is that door across me?

I hadn't noticed it when I passed it, but there it was. A plain white door with no lock. My roommate and I decided to open it. We did.

Inside there was a collection of ruined furniture, misplaced items, dilapidated tools, rusty things, and a general disregard for organization. It was creepy. Especially when you pulled the chain to turn the light on.

That's when you notice the reddened walls, the red hole in the ceiling, the cracks in the wallpaper. Everything about this place screamed, "Get the fuck out."

Of course my roommate and I showed it to everyone- who all ran of like the beta bitches they are.

That entire hotel, and it's antique elevator that I won't even go into detail on, was reminiscent of a certain death trap hotel from a world fair. I don't remember the murderer or the name of the hotel, but there was a book *Devil in The White City.*

TL;DR creepy hotel, portal to hell, murderer.

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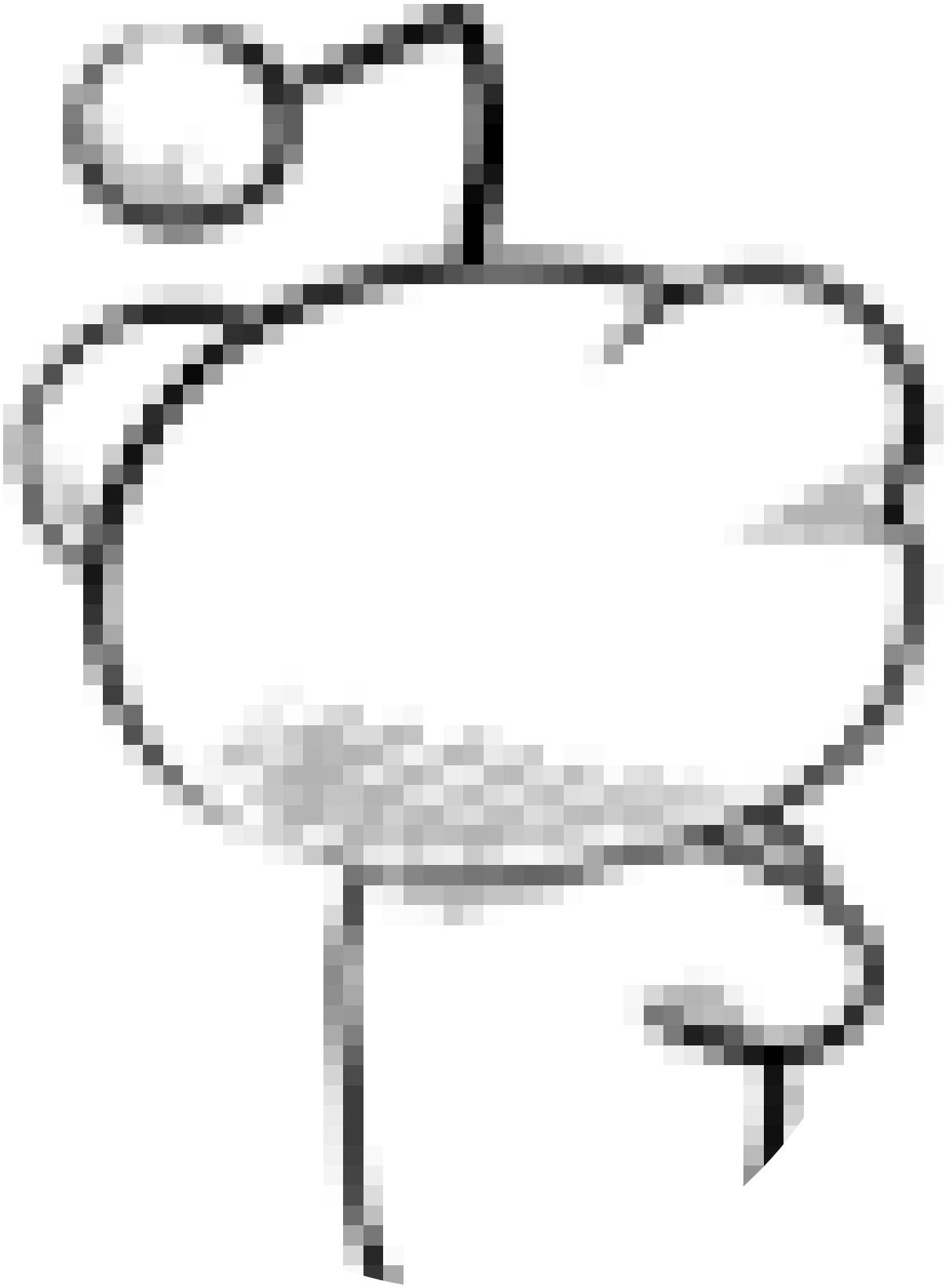

pigPlatform
• 13y ago

Baa.

1 more reply
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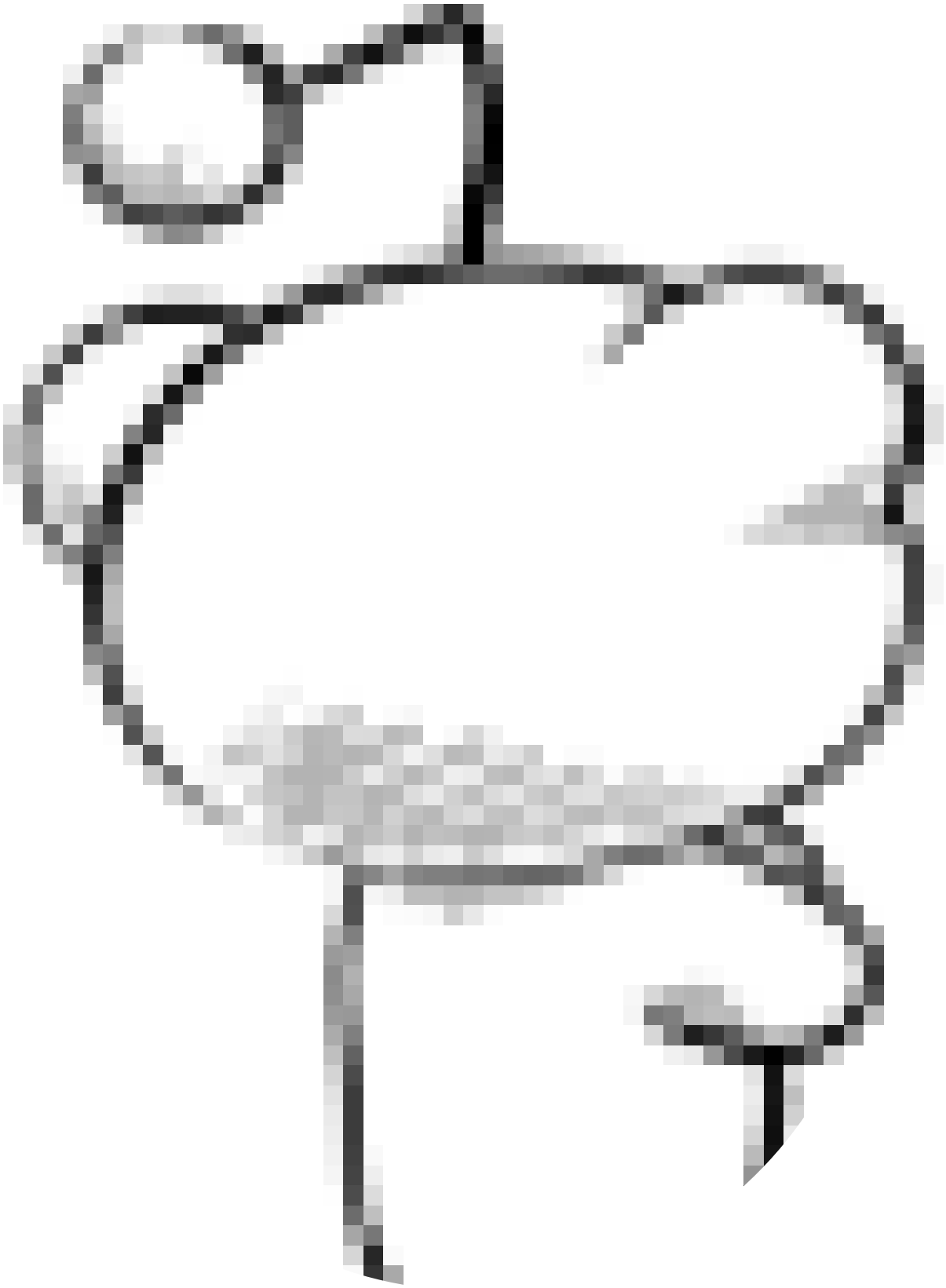

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4 more replies

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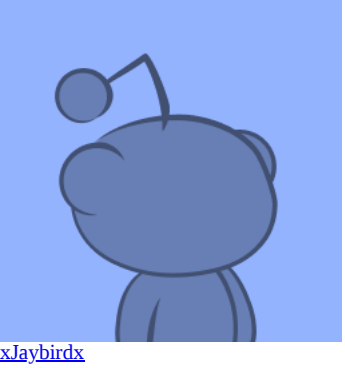


xJaybirdx
• 13y ago

This isn't super creepy, but enough to cause someone to feel nervous.

Last year on July fourth, my grandmother passed away suddenly. My family isn't very emotional save for my mom, so we all just kind of went on with our lives.

A few months after my grandma passed, my mom was in the bathroom by herself, and a roll of toilet paper hits her in the back of the knee as she was heading towards the door to exit the bathroom. The roll was on the back of the toilet, at least two feet away from her. There were no cats in the bathroom.

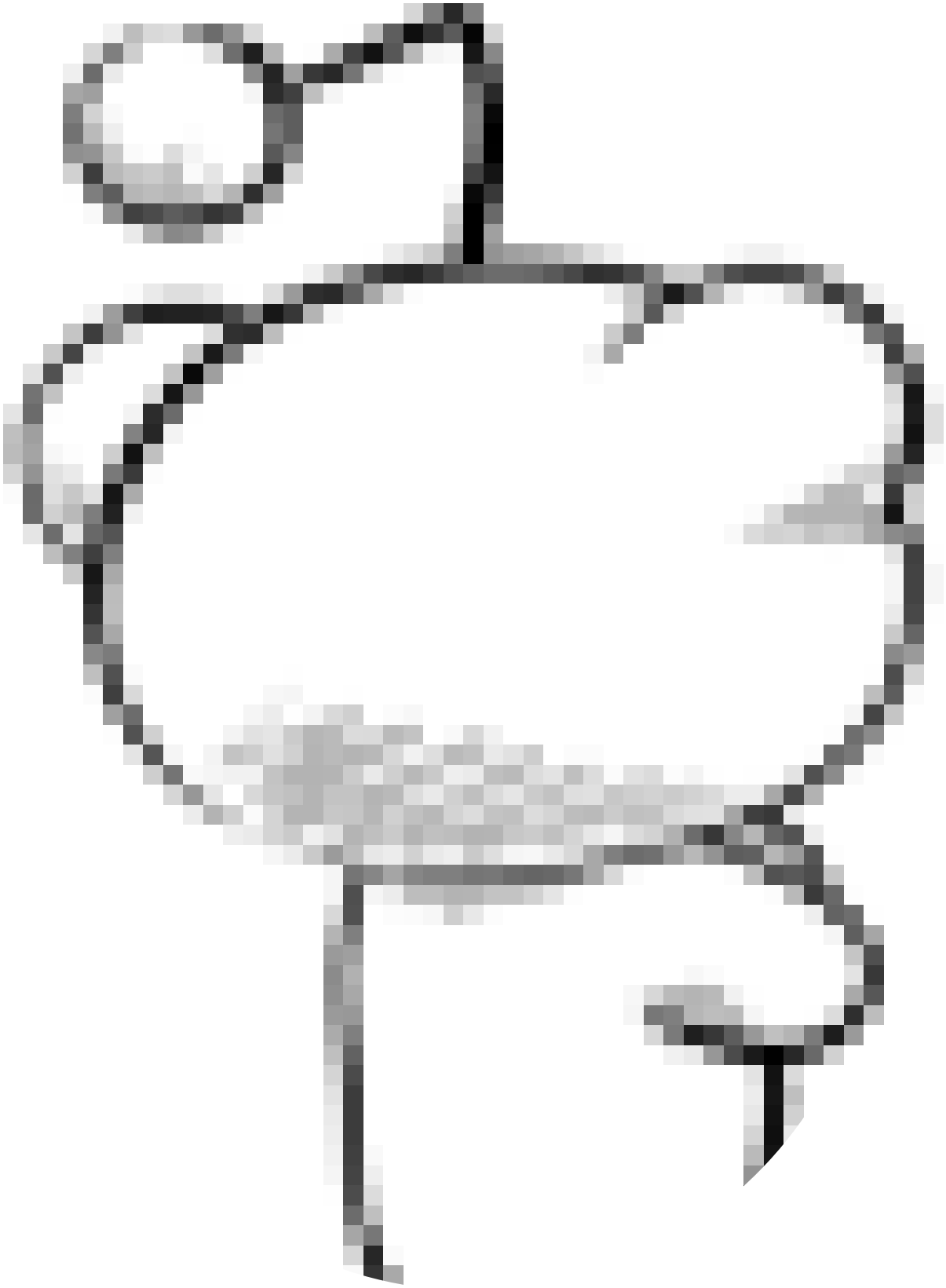
Another time, she was in the bathroom by herself - no animals in the bathroom, nothing - and as she was stepping into the bathtub to take a shower, a hair tie flew across the room and hit her on her shoulder.

About a month ago, mom was pouring herself a drink from a pitcher in the kitchen. All of a sudden I heard her shriek and I went in there to see if she was okay. She was covered in kool-aid, and the drink was everywhere. When I asked her what happened, she said she felt something PUSH down on the pitcher, causing it to slam onto the counter and spill kool-aid everywhere.

Now, keep in mind, I sort of believed my mom, but on the other hand, I was skeptical, until I had a strange experience.

I was in the bathroom, about to step into the bathtub, when I heard a faint tapping and hissing. It sounded like it was coming from inside of the tub, but there was nothing that could have caused it. It was creeping me out so I started to leave the bathroom when a bar of soap flew across the room and almost hit me. I booked it out of there and almost ran out of the house.

Nothing has happened since, but I have a feeling it was my grandma. Even after death she torments us.



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• 13y ago

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hugothenerd
• 13y ago

Probably Sleep Paralysis, look it up!

killing4cookies
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This one time i was just browsing the internet, you know when you sort of get lost, like every link is a doorway and you cant really remember how you got there because you've been through so many. Well it was one of those nights. So anyway I'm on some really dodgy websites, not porn but the typical "would you like a virus with that, sir. Well your fucking getting one anyway!" Kind of website and looks like it was done in 1 hour, black background with red outlines for tables and text. It appeared to be some kind of forum, with only one user as far as i could see. I cant remember his user name but all the posts appeared to be by him, some with comment on his own posts! They were all dated back to like 2005. He appeared to be documenting his satanic shit, it was just insane. It was like browsing someones Facebook wall except all they update is about how satan shall rise and stuff. So he's saying stuff like "cut my wounds for him" with a picture of him self harming and weird stuff like "accept me overlord". One thing is you never saw his face in his pictures (not that there were many), it was always of something he was doing but you could tell (by his hands) that he was white and male. He spoke english though everything was full of typos. Grammar nazies would be all on his ass if anyone else posted there.

So I'm thinking this is pretty sick, i mean this guy is clearly wrong in the head. Thats when i clicked the link titled "i did it"

It took me instantly to a picture, just like anything else. You could see his hand stroking some kind of sack, then I clicked the next. It was of the same thing but from a bigger distance. At this distance i could make out what he was stroking in the previous picture. A dead body of a woman. And lying next to her was a little girl who looked no older than 7. Both just lying there, both with sacks over their heads. I felt sick, i wanted to throw my computer across the room, but curiosity got the better of me and i clicked the next post, his final post. Titled "today i join him" It was the same picture as before only the two bodies were on fire. The (what I'm guessing) mother, the 7 year old girl. Burning. Hadn't moved since the last picture, implying they were already dead. I looked in horror for about 5 seconds before cutting the power on my computer. What was the worst is the build up to it. He had so many posts, like over 500 at least of just crazy shit. Not really pictures, just crazy satanic speak. It must have been a long, slow process before he must have finally snapped. I don't think il ever find out if he got caught, though considering that was his last post I'm guessing he is either dead or in crazy prison. But i do not know, nothing is certain and no i have no idea how to get back to that forum. This happened a good two years ago and i couldn't possibly remember how i got there. For all i know that website is shutdown by now. Please dont go looking for it.

TL;DR went on some forum, only one user with 500 satanic posts, shows pictures of him burning his victims in order to "join him" in his last 3 posts.

2 more replies
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ken1030
• 13y ago

Dead father of my friend calls his mother in front of us. The body was still in their room. We found the cellphone later with no record of the call.

2 more replies
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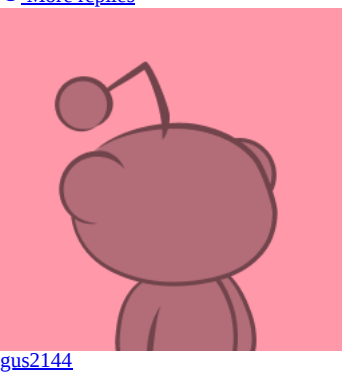
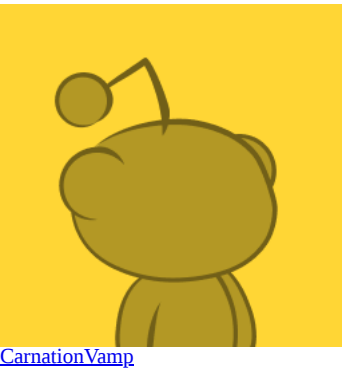


gus2144
• 13y ago

Not really scary but odd. I woke up in the middle od the night once, and I see something hovering over my bed. I think it was my sleepy eyes, but still, it's odd.



CarnationVamp
• 13y ago

Saw a woman getting stabbed to death when I was 14. Was pretty scary.

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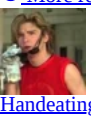

Handeatingcat

• 13y ago

I went camping with my best friend during the week in a campground waaaaay deep in the Oregon woods when we heard the most terrifying scream/yell come from the pitch black woods around 1 AM. The entire campground was empty as it was May and on a Wednesday, we were about 5 miles down some logging trails and camped near the river with about 40 feet of thick brush between the river and campsite. We were sitting around the fire and out of nowhere we here this scream, it was like a yell but a scream at the same time, it sounded completely human and not like any wolf/coyote/cougar I've ever heard. We just froze up and stared at each other with a look of "Holyfuckignshitdidyouhearthat" on our faces. We just sat in silence waiting, listening. No sound of a car before or after, no sounds of crunching twigs or brush. And then we heard it again, closer. Much closer. And much more disturbingly human sounding, almost like a laughing maniacal scream. At that point we decided the best plan of action was to fire off my shotgun a few times and yell and scream back. I guess it worked. I don't know how I managed to fall asleep that night but I did, the next day we looked around the river but found no tracks, nothing. Still not sure what it was, who knows I guess, I hope an animal. I still camp there and I always think of that night as I'm laying in my tent trying to sleep.

1 more reply

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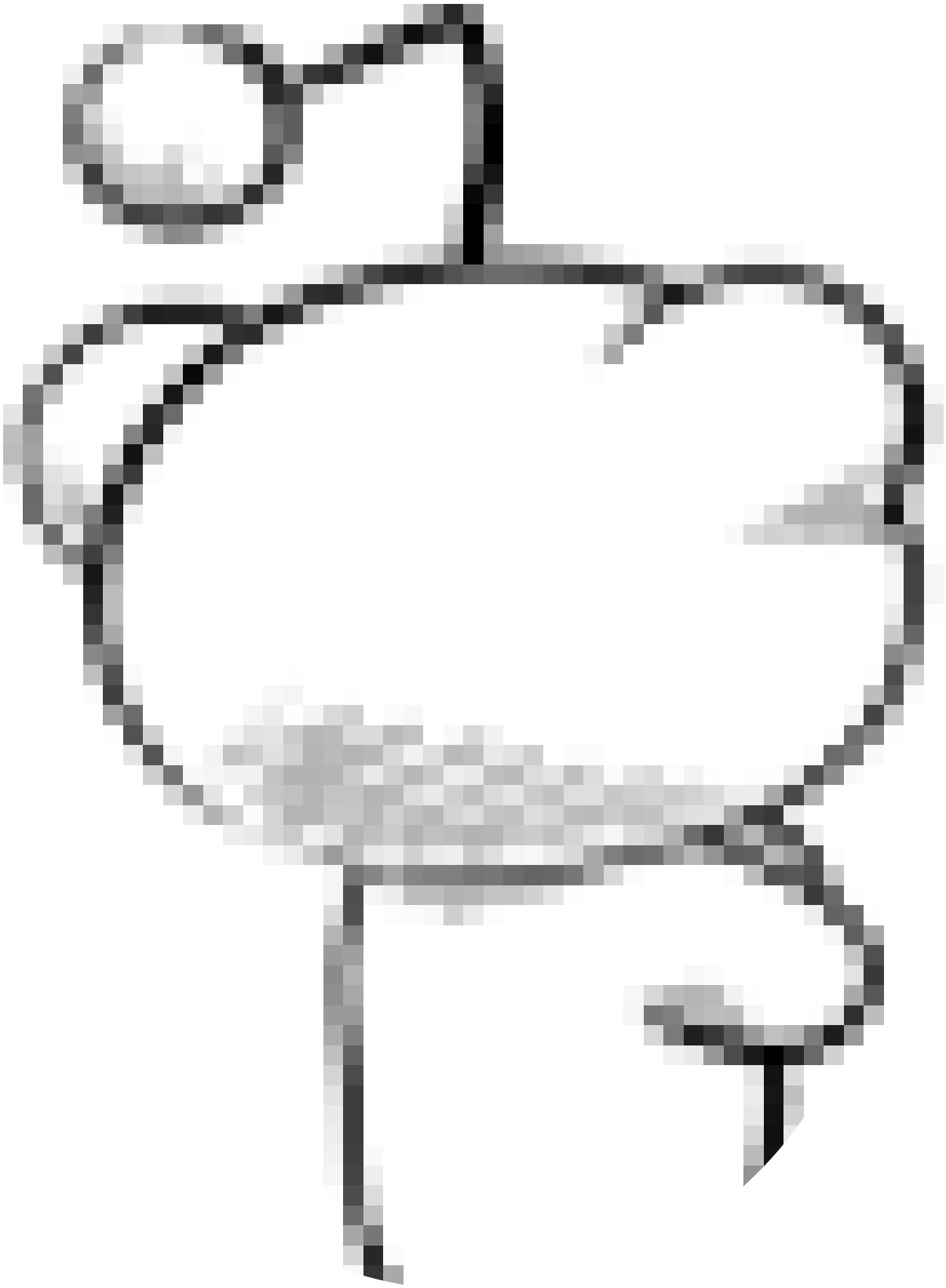

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• 13y ago

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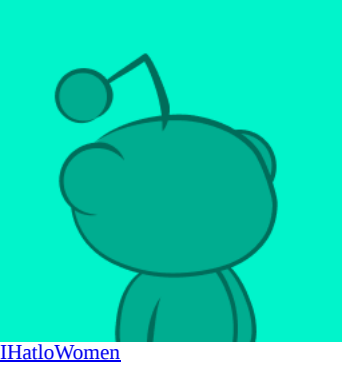

IHatloWomen
• 13y ago

There was a story I read about a really creepy house that was apparently alive. It was written in the perspective of a dude that knew a friend that dissappeard after living in the house. The story is about what his friend told about the house and how the curiousity of the guy writing gets to him and he tries to find out. I can't for the life of me remember where I read it or how to find it, but by god was that some creepy shit. Every noise I heard in the house the next days were like torture.

5 more replies
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tinyjumper
• 13y ago

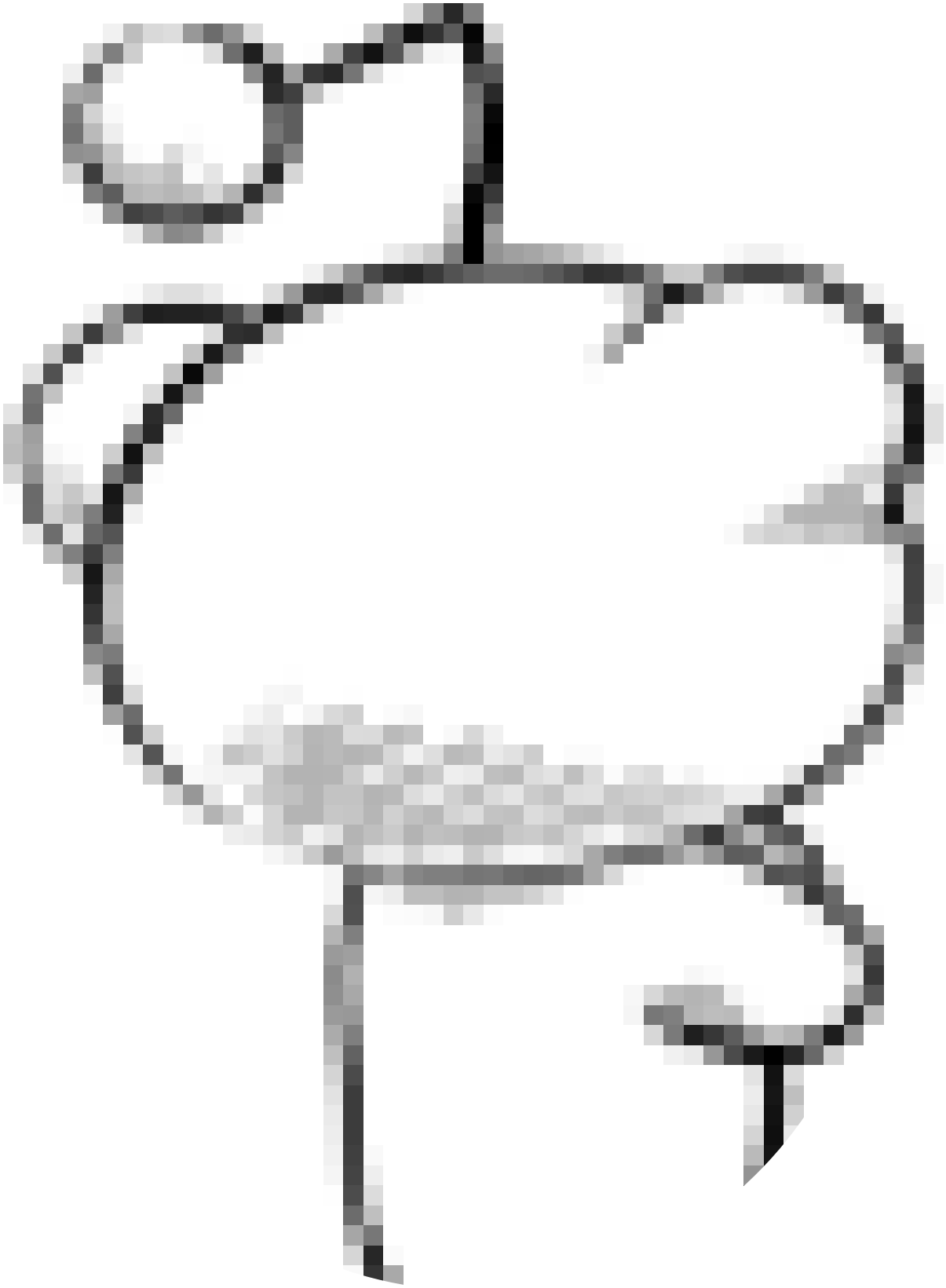
I grew up going to church, attending a Christian school, the works. Stories about demons and possession were common, but one story my friends' mom told me always stuck out.

Firstly, this woman was not an overly religious type, so this story was not something I wrote off, and she seemed genuinely scared/uncomfortable telling it. She was not the type to tell tall tales. Anyway, onwards. When my friends' older brother was about 3, they had recently moved into a new home. The mom was getting concerned because her son would walk around the house and randomly take a couple steps to the left/right and keep walking. She noticed he often had a look of terror on his face as well. This went on for some time, before the mom began to get really concerned. Finally, she asked her son, "What do you keep walking around? There's nothing there." Her son replied, "I'm trying to get around all of the people." Um.

Of course, the mom flipped out. The house was a side-by-side, and she went to the neighbour to see if she could get more information on the house's history. Turns out, it used to be a small funeral home, so tons of bodies were in and out. I guess some never left. She ended up calling their pastor, who came over and blessed the son with holy water, and prayed over the house. After that, the son never spoke of it, or walked around invisible entities, again.

Ugh. The hair on my arms is standing up just thinking about this.

TL;DR son sees dead people, blessed with holy water, ta-da!



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• 13y ago

I found a cat head on the golf course I work at just chilling in the middle of the fairway. Not like another animal chewed it off, it was clearly decapitated with a clean cut. This being said, I work on a golf course where a future serial killer resides.

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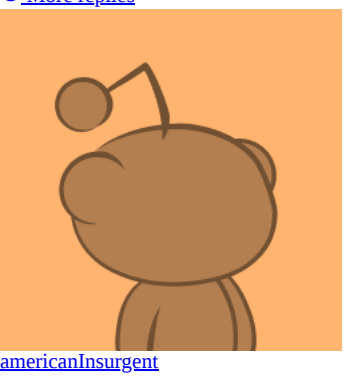
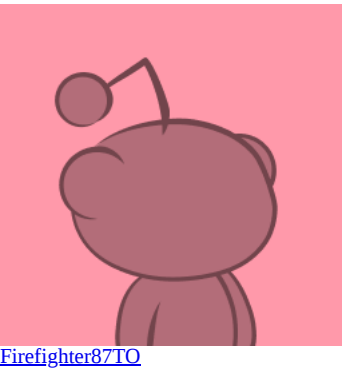


americanInsurgent
• 13y ago

Posted a while ago, so heres the repost complete with picture! As a kid I used to hear random voices/shouts in my house when I was completely alone. I didn't tell people for a while because I didn't want to seem crazy but once Id mentioned it other family members told stories of my rocking chair I had as a baby rocking by itself at night, stopping only once someone came over the staircase to see why I was awake only to find an empty chair. Other times I'd lose an object, the strangest case a ski mask, for months at a time. After coming back from dinner as a family the mask was inexplicably sitting at the doorway to my room. Everyone in my family swears they didn't put it there and had no clue where it was. Fast forward four years ago and my sister ends up dreaming about our house's little friend. He said his name was Ben so that's what we called him whenever we'd notice weird things going on. Now the weirdest thing to happen was when my dog would get up, look at the front door and just growl for no reason. One day we took a picture of our staircase and looking back at it you can pretty clearly see a shadow of a man walking up the stairs even though no one was there. I'll link to the picture if people want later, but I'm on my phone now in a long car ride so it may take some time. Yay ghosts!

Ben the Ghost



Firefighter87TO
• 13y ago

I went to school for firefighting. We trained with the cities fire department on regular basis as well as paramedics. We always heard lots of stories but this one stands out the most.

Our paramedics instructor told us a story about a flatbed truck that was carrying a large tube of some sort.. Must have been at least 6 feet in diameter and 12+ feet long. Anyway the straps holding this thing down somehow came loose allowing the tu to come loose and roll right overtop of a car driving beside it. Inside the car was a Mom, Dad and three kids in the back. Everyone except for a four year old girl in the back passenger side was crushed and killed immediantly, she didn't have a scratch. When our instructor got on scene(he is/was an active paramedic), there was a hells angel biker bulled off to the side of the accident, leaning right into the car next to the little girl, talking to her and trying to keep her calm. Our instructor told us that the utter look of calmness on the biker gave him chills, what could someone have seen or done in tgeir life that would leave them so calm and collected in this situation. When our instructor approached the biker, the angel just asked if there was anything he could do to help, turned, walked back to his bike and left.

The thing that still gives me goosebumps everytime I think about the story is that whatever desensitized this biker to the point that this was no big deal for him, left him with enough of a heart to still try to help a little girl who just lost everything.

1 more reply
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thedude8591
• 13y ago

Watched a couple of beheading videos out of boredom. Two sounds will forever be burned in my mind because of that shit. One is the screams as the victim is being beheaded and two is just the sound of the decapitation in progress. Hearing the person breathing through their trachea is just gross. Sounds like a wet Kazoo.

2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies

Five5ign
• 13y ago

I was painting a gray wall in the corner of a new condo alone at night when two dark red streaks (think blood red) appeared during a brush stroke. They were borrowed brushes but I did not use any red paint there nor were they used for the last few weeks.

I painted over them (no more red) and left for the night.

It's not much but we still live there, and I pretty much am on the fence of completely denying it happened for peace of mind.

1 more reply
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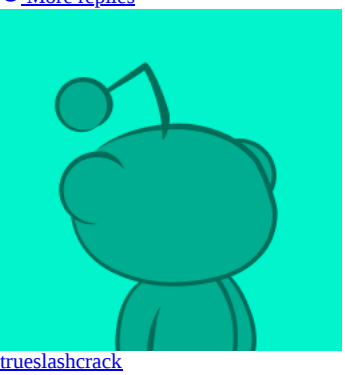

trueslashcrack
• 13y ago

The creepiest dream I ever had: I was standing somewhere in my sleeping room hiding behind a chair and watching a monster eating my body.

ScreamingSkull
• 13y ago

It doesn't matter where you are in the world, these kinds of reddit posts only show up on front page when its past midnight, local time. 3am here, i swear this is true. ohgodwhy.jpeg

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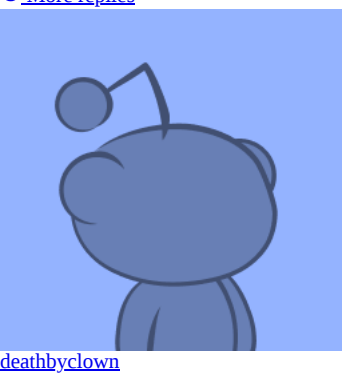

deathbyclown
• 13y ago

I have a baby brother. Back when he was 5 years old, he was already into drawing stuffs, mostly military settings. I remembered he drew something unsettling in that white A4 during our airport trip.

A few months after that, my elder cousin died from an accident. His motor bike skidded on a deserted road back in the county. We had a funeral at his home, stayed there until he was buried.

It was kind of forgotten this day, but I still remember how clear his childish drawing etched in my mind since the first time mom showed it to me.

It was a drawing of a young man, eyes closed, in an open casket, with candles, flowers and a crucifix.

chooseyourwords
• 13y ago

I've been saving this story for a while, waiting for one of these types of posts. I'm sorry its so long. I like details.

I went on vacation with my SO and her family when we were teenagers to visit her aunt and uncle who lived in an old turn of the century mansion in rural michigan. My SO was the middle child of 3 sisters. And all 3 boyfriends were along for this trip. We arrive, have a barbeque, hang out with her aunt and uncle and then get the low down on our sleeping quarters.

It might be good at this point to give you some background on the house. The house was built in the mid 1800's. It looks like any typical old American style house, with the front wrap around porch, large living/sitting areas with sunken floors, white wood sided exterior with the typical red white and blue banners adorning the outside facets. The house is connected by one main long hallway that goes from front door to back door and the rooms and stairways branch off of it. The upper part of the house is divided into two separate sections. One part is the main bedrooms, which are spacious and nicely renovated. The other part of the second floor, again, totally separate from the first part, was formerly the maids quarters. It was a small 20ft by 20ft

area divided into 3 rooms. One of those rooms was an old bathroom that had not been updated or working in years. This was also the only area that did not have a window air conditioner and the reason was the windows were far too small. This area had the oddest placement for windows I had ever seen. 1ft by 1/2ft glass pane windows with no opening mechanism were placed about knee high and neck high with this big solid gap in between them. The whole area just elicited a claustrophobic feeling and a need to escape.

So as I was saying, at the end of the day we were told that our sleeping quarters would be, of course, the maids area. My SO's parents were pretty strict and had requested that her uncle separate the girls and the boys for the night so that there wasn't any funny business. Her uncle is kind of dick, so he decided to stuff us up in the maids quarters to mess with us. We all grab our sleeping bags and pillows and head upstairs at around midnight. The youngest of the 3 boyfriends, Ben, decides he want's no part of sleeping in the maids quarters and bolts back downstairs and sets up his sleeping bag on the back lawn. This leaves Andy and I to decide on who is sleeping where. The room/landing at the top of the stairs has an old couch with its back to the stairwell. Andy takes the rickety old bed in the adjacent room. Andy goes in and flicks on the lights. "chooseyourwords.... you better come here"

I walk in to the room and I notice all these reflective hand prints all over the walls. They look like someone had put down an oil based paint(or something) with their hands and then painted a latex paint of them. When the light hit them just right, you could see the entire hand print glisten under the paint. Of course this freaked us both the fuck out. I step back into the landing area with the couch, hit the light and the exact same thing is on the walls there. They seem to concentrate around the doors and windows.

We try to forget about it and settle into our sleeping bags. Did I mention it was August? Well it was hot as balls outside and as I said, this area had no air conditioning and the windows did not open. I joked with Andy that if there was a fire up there, we'd never get out alive because neither of us could fit through the windows. We both joked that it'd be nice if the place was haunted because at least a ghost would drop the temperature a few degrees for us. It was swelteringly hot as I laid there on top of my sleeping bag trying to get to sleep. A few hours pass and I can hear Andy snoring in the other room. It starts to creep into my mind that I'm alone now technically.

Then I hear a snap and a bang as the door at the base of the stairs snaps shut. It scares the absolute shit out of me and I scramble inside my sleeping bag. "Andy?..... Andy? did you hear that?". Andy is just snoring away. I'm thinking to myself, no one could possibly be cruel enough to shut that door at 3:30am, that was our only fresh cool air up here. We'll both end up baking to death if I dont go open it back up. I laid still for a few minutes mustering up my courage to rise from the couch and go open the door. But as soon as I sat up I heard the creak of the first step. Someone was on the stairs. I laid back down and pulled the sleeping bag tight over my head. I heard another creak. In my head I'm trying to remember how many stairs I'll hear before whatever is coming up those stairs is standing right over top of me. Three, four, five steps. My heart was racing, my hair standing on end. I'm cooking in my own sweaty sleeping bag and trembling, while cursing Andy for falling asleep and Ben for being outside and safe. Six, seven creaks and now I can just feel it over top of me. I can feel someone or something looming over my soon to be corpse. It felt like minutes, but it must have been only a few seconds that I felt like someone was standing there. Either the feeling and whatever it was went away or I had just accepted my demise, so I pulled back the sleeping bag and looked up and there was nothing. All was silent, there was no one at the top of the stairs and no one in either of the two other rooms. I quickly ran down and re-opened the door. Then I sat at the top of the stairs for 3 hours and waited for the sun to rise.

When Andy got up I asked him if he heard anything weird during the night and he said no. I told my SO and her mom the story the next morning and they clearly didn't believe me. But at the following Christmas my story came up again and her uncle told me that around 1900 the maids quarters had a small fire, which did very little damage but killed the maid, her husband and children because of smoke inhalation. He said the hand prints on the walls were actually dirt/oil hand prints from the maids husband who was the gardener and he was trying to find his way out before he died. The previous owners had all just painted over the hand prints and they started showing through the paint over the years.

And that was the most terrifying moment of my life.

TL;DR I spent the night in a creepy old room where a family died and heard some strange noises.

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urbanaut
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was at a family diner one night with my in-laws. They tend to invite different people all the time, whether it be a friend of one of the family, or a college student from the school my mother-in-law teaches at.

This particular night there was a guy I had never met before (nor have I ever seen since) that showed me a picture supposedly taken on a friend's phone that I have never forgotten, and creeps me out to this day.

He told me that this friend of his had misplaced her phone, and it was lost for a few days until her 4 year old kid surfaced with it.

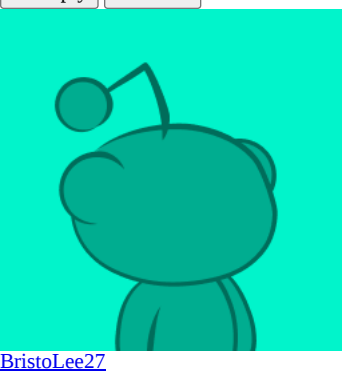
Apparently within the time the phone was lost a new picture had been taken on it. This is the picture that was forwarded to this guy I met. What he showed me looked like some possessed puppet from the Dark Crystal or Labyrinth movies. It had this freaky grin and short black static-like hair with wide little eyes.

After noticing the picture she asked her kid if he knew anything about the picture. When he saw it, he replied that it was a picture of the monster in his toy box.

...It may have been a hoax, but the image of that picture, whatever it was, has stuck in my memory ever since. If this is a hoax and someone has heard this before, I would love to see that picture again knowing it wasn't real.

It was the last picture taken

Reply Share



BristoLee27
• 13y ago

About 8 years ago I was working in London doing a bit of work experience for a well known kids TV channel, unpaid-so had to stay at a nearby bed and breakfast. The place itself was ok, in a decent area of London.

I stayed at this place about six or seven times, and in different rooms. One night in one of these rooms, I was woken up by the sound of a bloodcurdling scream. Looked outside to see nothing, and nobody else seemed to bat any eyelid. I suppose it could have been anything.

Went back to sleep, a little shaken but was pretty exhausted. The next wake up call I received that night was a furious banging at the door telling me to "Get Out!!". Again, jumping up in that semi-asleep state, you never know for sure what's going on. My first thoughts was some drunk nutcase had found the wrong room. No peephole on the door meant I just had to go for it and open the door, at this point I was so tired I just wanted to find out what the hell was going on. Only I open the door, and the hallway is empty. Lovely night that.

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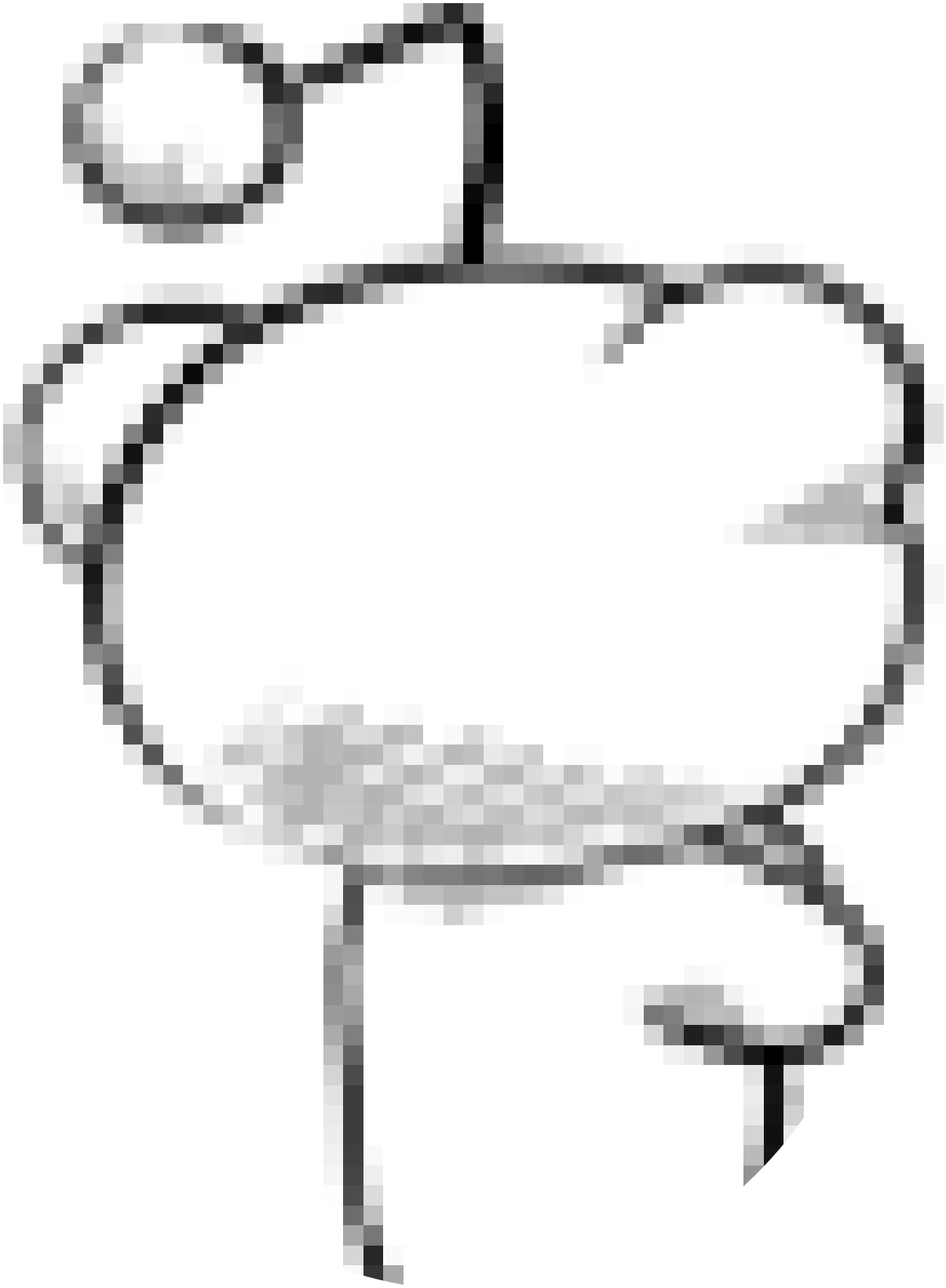

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• 13y ago

Wish I had gotten here sooner. The creepiest things that have ever happened to me have all happened at my friend Mark's house in the Pasadena area. Totally. Haunted.

I won't waste anyone's time with long, drawn out explanations but here is a smattering of occurrences:

Mark had a mohawk for a while and I routinely saw an arm appear behind him and playfully smack the back of his mohawk. Mark would turn and see nothing there, and I would confirm that yes, an arm appeared and did that. I wasn't the only one who had seen this.

The ghosts are very respectful and stop haunting a room (you can feel them or hear footsteps) you are in if you ask them politely. You will hear a "goodbye" or "goodnight" and then no longer feel them or hear their footsteps. He once said "I have a final tomorrow and would like to sleep well tonight, would you please leave?" They told him goodnight. I was visiting from another state (done with the semester before he was) and the ghosts came to the guest room I was in afterwards. We exchanged details and the timeline of events was about when he stopped feeling haunted and I started feeling it.

The ghosts get upset if you are fearful or scared of them. I went there all the time to experience the ghosts, but one time I got scared and asked them to leave "because I'm scared." They left, but not before throwing a Danish trinket off of the dresser.

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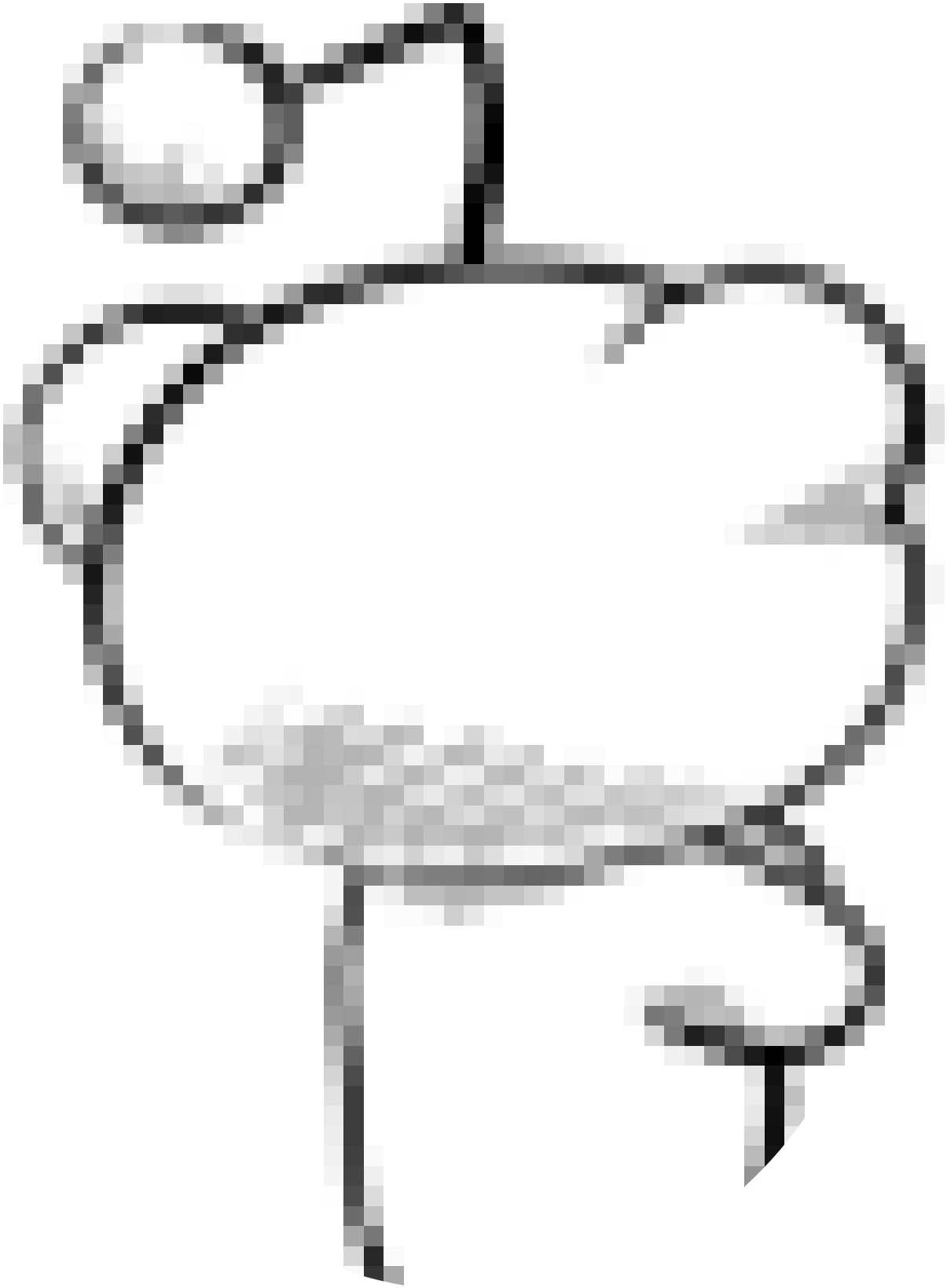

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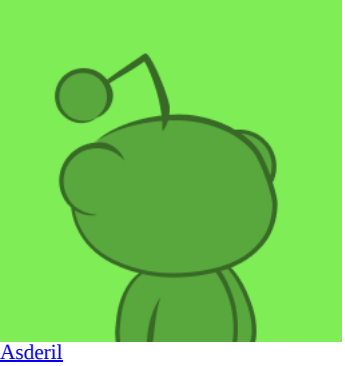
• 13y ago

I don't give it much thought but in retrospect it was pretty suspicious. My brother and I were at a mall and my mom went to grab food for us while we sat at a table at the food court. Two older men sat down with us and were chatting, getting to know us. I want to say this happened when I was in kindergarten or something but I don't remember the time frame.

It was just harmles conversation but when my mom showed up with the food, the two men excused themselves pretty abruptly. That's the part that sketches me out.



Asderil
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I am 28 years old, 2 meters tall, weigh over 100 kilos, and I work out. You could say that I am a quite big fella. Due to my height and size overall, I have never had any troubles with anyone in any way shape or form. That didn´t help me much though, when I was running and yelling like a little girl in following story:

One night I was out drinking. As always, it got quite late. It must have been somewhat around 3 am or so when I started to get on my way back home. I am living in an apartment building, and there is a little enclosed park (rather a big front yard) which I have to cross in order to get to the entrance of said building.

So I am quite tipsy and in a good mood while starting to enter the front yard. I always have my keys ready before entering the front yard, because there is no real light source in the yard itself, so I am always using the light of the last street lamp to find the right key on the keyring.

The entrance of my building is about 10-20 meters around a corner in the back of that yard, so not straight up ahead.

Suddenly, like 3 or 5 meters before turning around that corner, I hear a scream. The scream sounded like it came from close by, at the most 30 meters away from me. It was not your normal scream or yelling you are used or expected to hear from a human being. The closest I can describe it is the following: It sounded like a person yelling from the absolute top of his lungs, like his life was endangered and there is no way out of this situation but sure death. At the same time though, it was mixed with an extreme aggressive undertone! It wasn´t though just a single scream that only lasted for say 5 seconds or so, NO. It was a scream that instantly started, lasted (there was no interruption to it), and which came noticeable closer; Quickly!

Ok, so I am still 3 or 5 meters away from turning around the corner, and then still have the 10-20 meters ahead of me before standing in front of the door, and this shit happens. I shat myself, and instantly started sprinting towards the entrance. My heart was pumping like a motherfucker, you know that kind of hard pumping when your whole body shakes with.

Thank god I still had the right key already in my hand, and thank god it was one of those one in a billion situations, when you get lucky and thrust the key towards the keyhole and it magically slides in with no resistance and on the first try.

At this point I heard that disgusting and utterly frightening scream (what or whoever it belonged to) turning around the corner, which I just had passed a few seconds ago myself. Not daring to look over my shoulder, wasting any so precious split of a second to get a glance of what was coming towards me, I opened the door, smashed it behind me, and sprinted to the 4th floor where my apartment is, all in a record breaking time. I have never in my life moved that fast and swiftly, and I probably never will again.

Once I had locked myself into my apartment, I called the police. When they arrived I went back down again, the heavy glass door which is the entrance was smashed open on 4 different spots. It is one of those glasses, which don´t just fucking break. It takes some effort to bruise it, let alone ram holes into it.

It took me 20 minutes to get my heartbeat and breathing under slight control again, the shaking took way over an hour.

It was the single most frightening experience I have encountered in my life so far.

TL;DR: something comparable to the kamikaze bombers from serious sam popped a few meters away from me into existence, and ran towards me.

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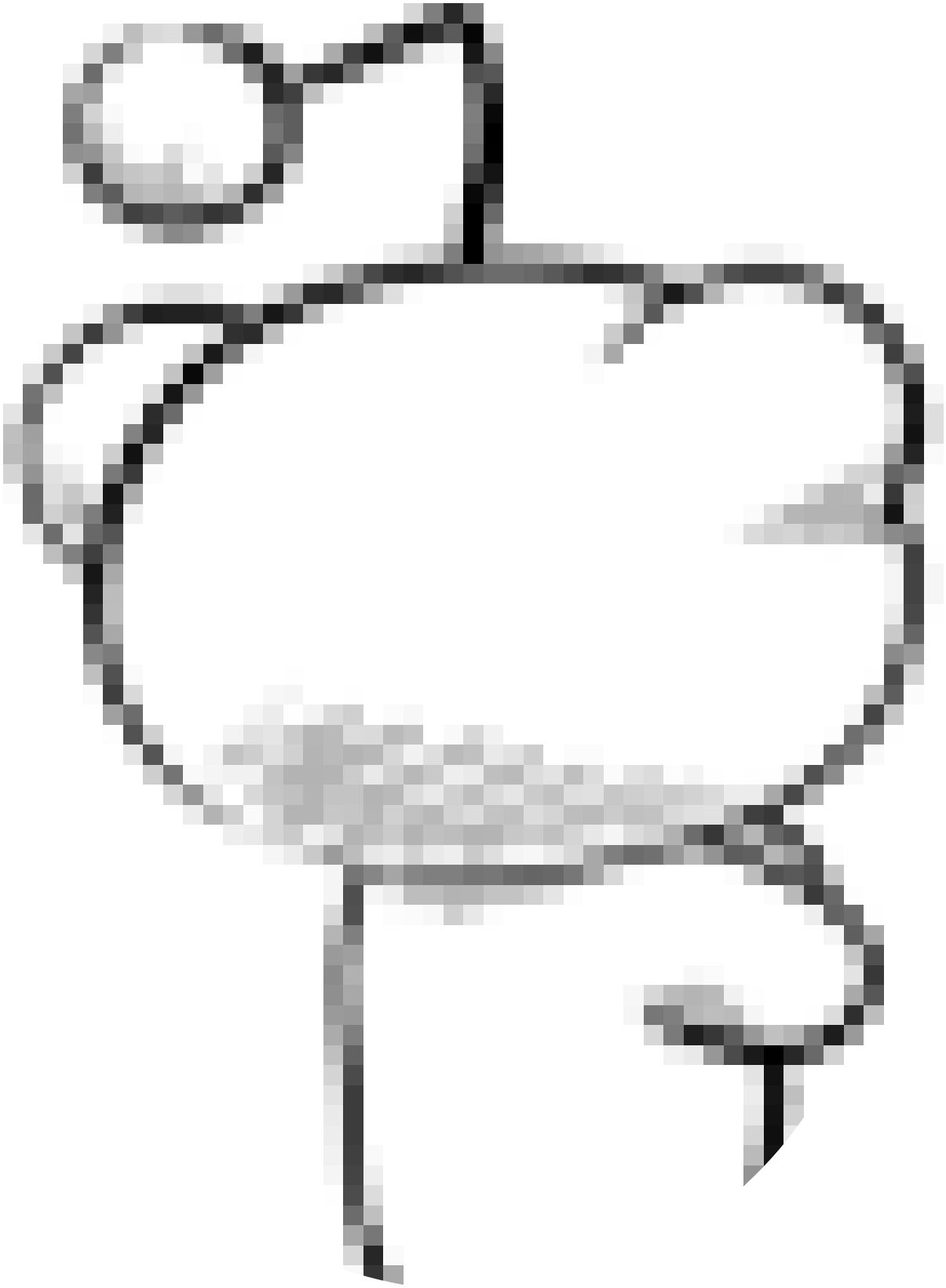
KingWithNoLand
• 13y ago

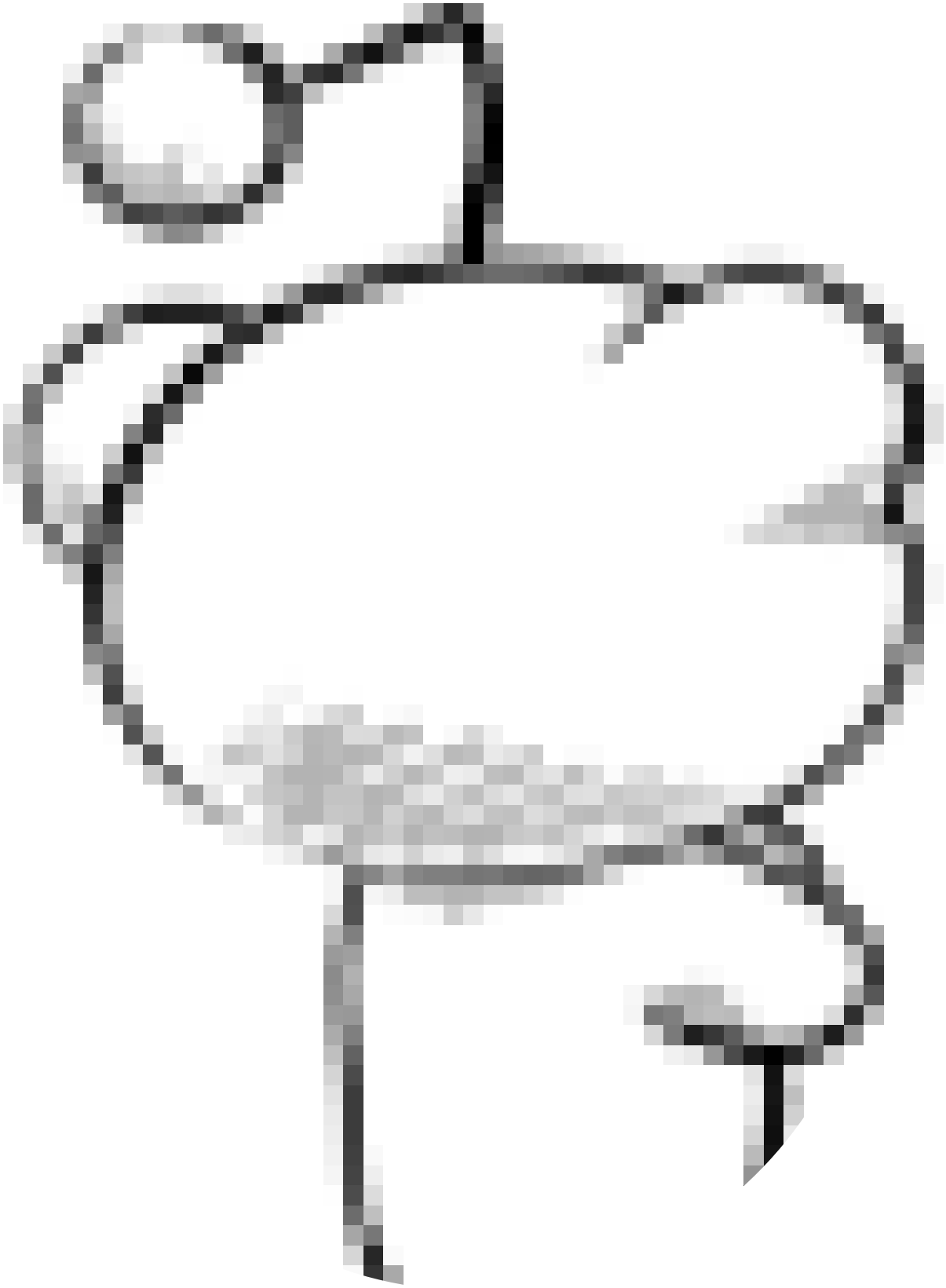
Not really scary, but kinda of creepy here... My best friend and I had gym one time, we had just stretched and were just talking at this point. She said that one time she was in her kindergarden gym (like) class and she and this boy were messing around. He was tickling her, then she tried to tickle him but to no avail. Then he says "Im only ticklish down there, thats where my daddy tickles me" while pointing to his junk. No after she told me this, i will not lie i laughed to to the point of tears, but then i guess it finally hit me he was getting secually assaulted, so after school, we spent a good hour trtying to find him on facebook, but we couldnt.

TL;DR Kinder boy daddys tickled his junk



Luca20
• 13y ago

Saw a guy get curb stomped. Me and a friend were on Auburn Ave. in Atlanta (pretty bad area) going to a rave. It wasn't a very loud argument, the two guys were probably arguing with the victim over a drug deal most likely. It was so surreal. We had never seen a person die before.



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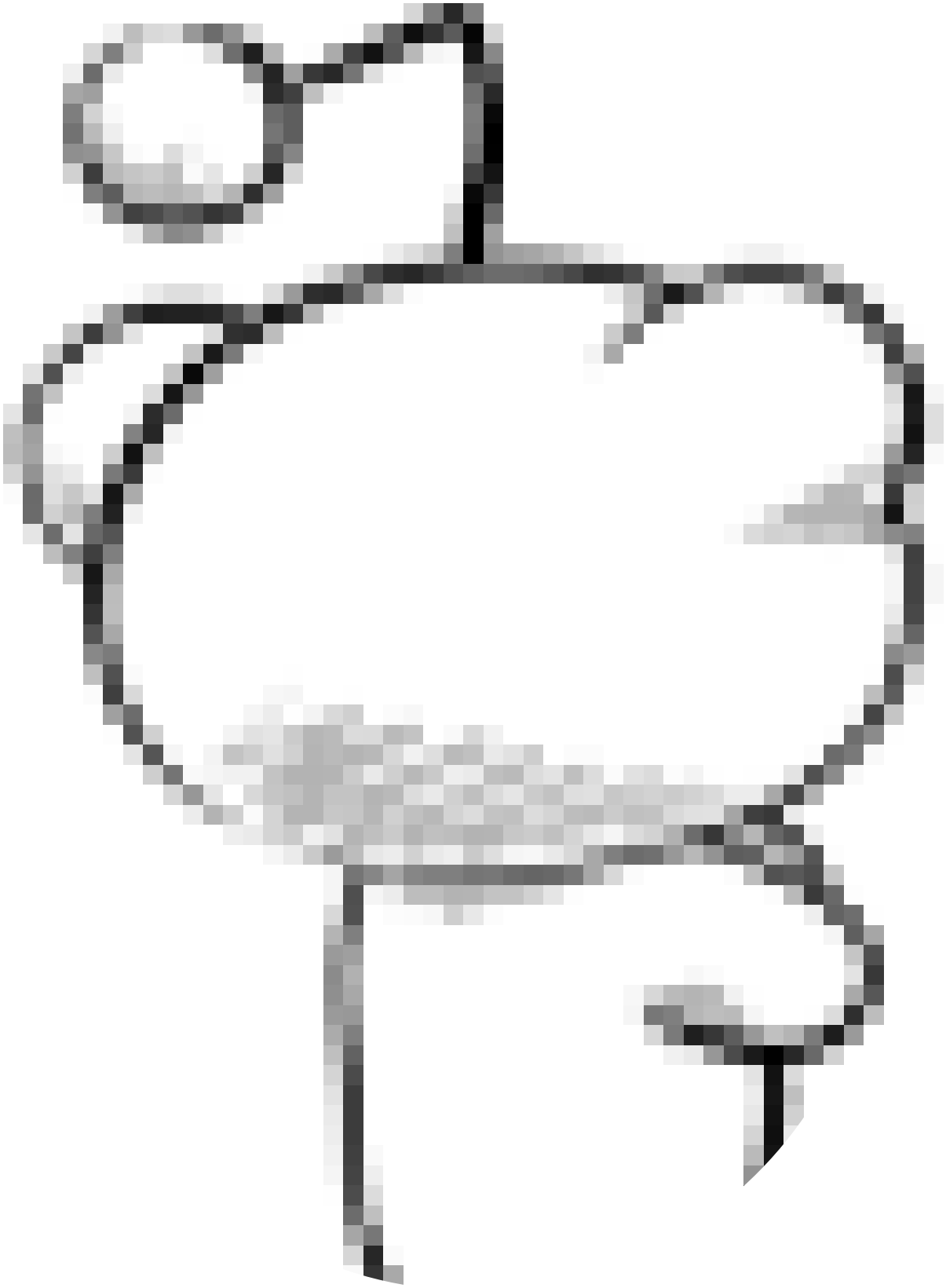
• 13y ago

It has been reported that some victims of torture, during the act, would retreat into a fantasy world from which they could not wake up. In this catatonic state, the victim lived in a world just like their normal one, except they weren't being tortured. The only way that they realized they needed to wake up was a note they found in their fantasy world. It would tell them about their condition, and tell them to wake up. Even then, it would often take months until they were ready to discard their fantasy world and PLEASE WAKE UP.



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• 13y ago

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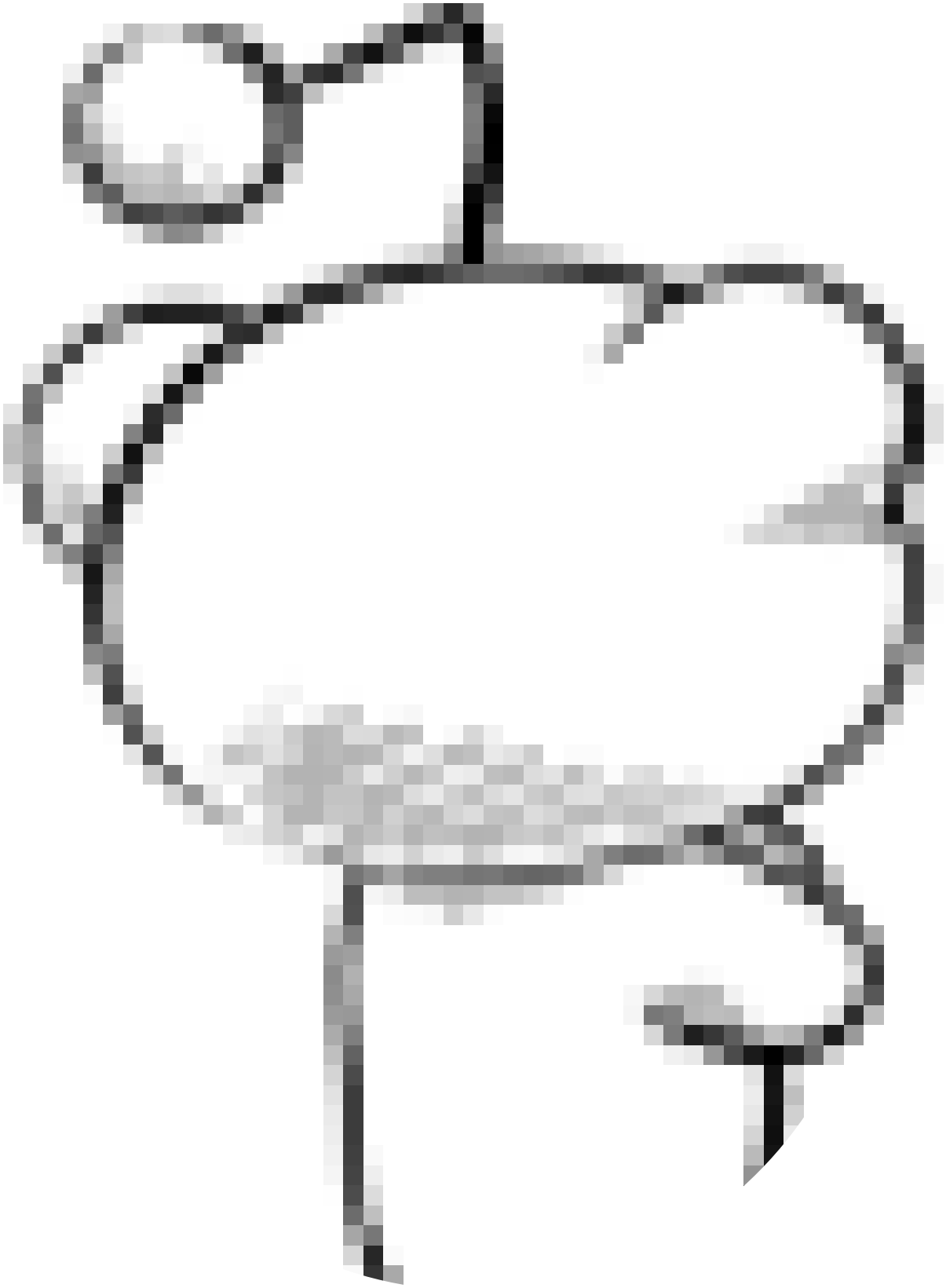

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• 13y ago

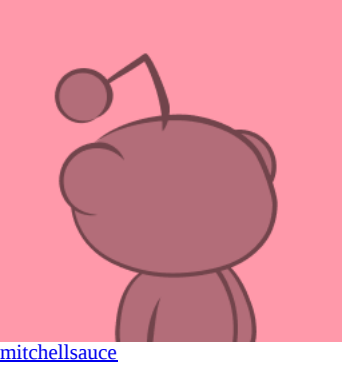
NSFL for sure, but.,.

the station

This is footage for an assignment piece for a RI tv news show about nightclub safety. It goes very wrong when an indoor pyrotechnic catches the wall and ceiling on fire.

the station nightclub fire wiki page

The sound of the folks outside as the people in the doorway scream and moan haunts me occasionally on sleepless nights.



mitchellsauce
• 13y ago

I posted my story to r/nosleep but this picture was found on my dads camera a few years back. The info for the picture showed that it was taken around 3:30 AM at a time it was in it's case inside of the bedroom closet. We don't who/what it is or how it got there (and no it doesn't look like anyone in my family).

http://imgur.com/P5m4c

noxstreak
• 13y ago

I was maybe 4 years old and was being dropped off by a friends family to my house. I do not remember why I was with them just remember pulling into the drive way. We said good bye and I got out. They drove away. I went to the door and it was locked. I knocked. No answer. I wondered what was going on. My mother new I would be home late, my brother should have been home. It was a dark moonless night and the only light on the street was on that front porch.

The backdoor was always open and I knew that. I grabbed my blanky and started to move to the side of the house. As I reached the side a light breeze startled our giant oak tree sending some dead leaves past my head. I clutch my blanket tighter and took one step onto the over grown grass. "HEHEHEHE" a high pitch sound came out from the darkness. Not quite laughter not quite human.

I immediately jumped back into the light of the front porch and peered into the darkness. I wrapped my blanky tightly around me and after a few minutes decided to try to communicate.

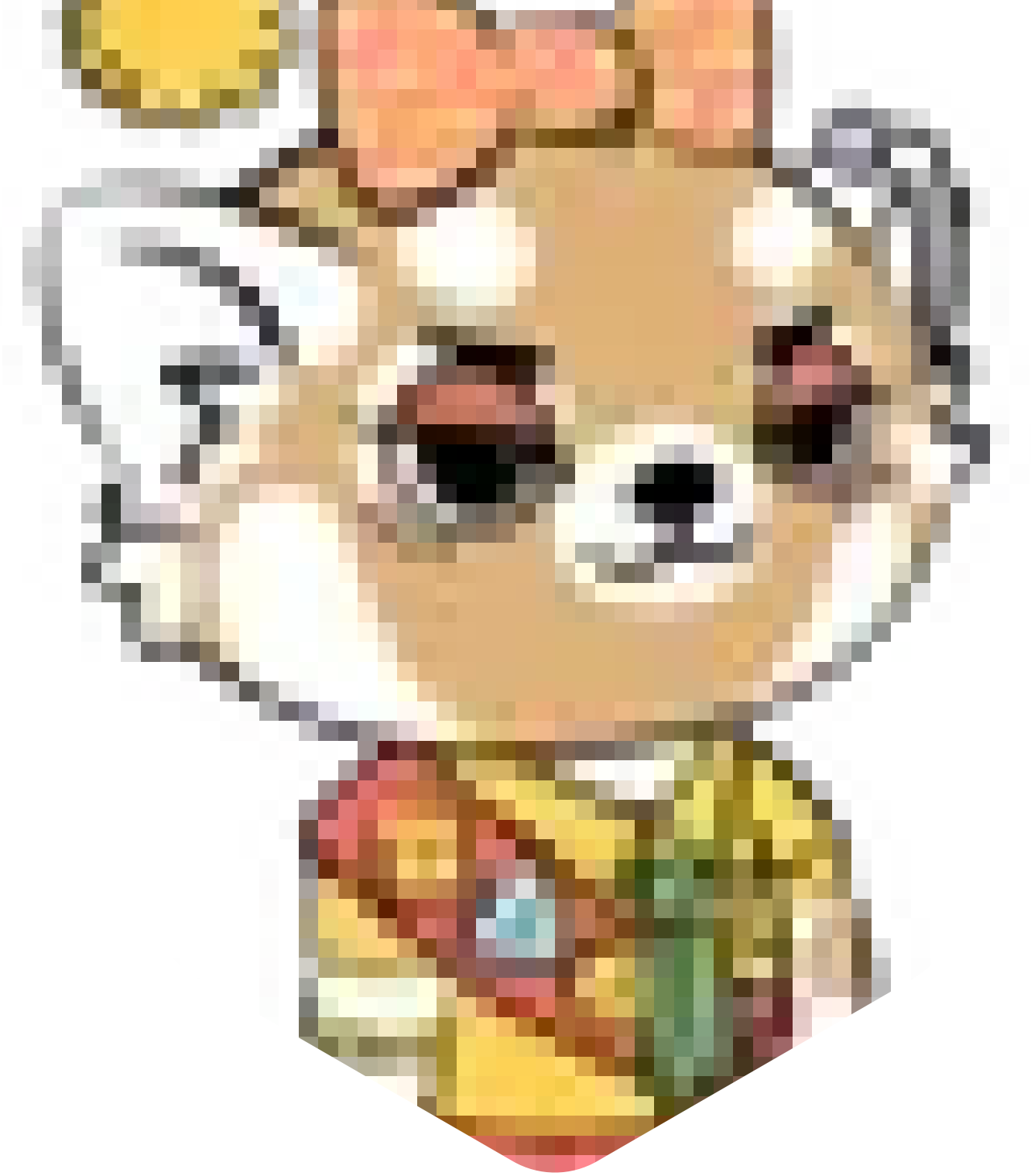
"Hello..." I whispered in my child voice. Nothing. At this point I thought it was a monster but I was told they where not real. It was cold and I knew warmth was just around the corner. I needed to reach that backdoor.

I again took a step into the darkness and waited. No noise came. I began slowly walking. After a couple of minutes of stepping and stopping I reached the corner of the backyard. I looked around slowly and got my nerve up to look past the corner of the house.

As i peeked my head around the side a huge gust of wind hit me. Behind our backyard past the fence was a giant cornfield and the wind had made the corn stalks bend low. Then I saw it flying just above the corn. Flying right at me. It was the size of a full man huge in comparison to me. It came up fast and hit our fence floating above the ground. I regain my mind at this point and saw the hollow face staring me. I ran.

I made it back to front porch in the safety of the light put my blanky over my head and cried. Listening the shuffling all around me, waiting to be taken.

I think about 30 minutes went by of that terror when my mother pulled into the driveway with my brother. I jumped into her arms and cried for hours and refused to let go. That was my scariest day.



2greeneyes
• 13y ago

I think the most scary creepy awful thing I have ever since was the Nick Berg beheading. I was in a class and we were watching live in college. No one expected them to kill him on camera, we only thought we were going to see a bunch of nutjobs with their machine guns yelling their threats and demands. Those images will forever stain my youth. The videos are still out there but I wouldn't wish that on anyone so I won't post the links here. Stuff of nightmares.

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judithpriest
• 13y ago

Sitting in the closet last night holding my kid while a tornado passed over us.. the eardrum shattering roar from the wind and hail while sitting in total darkness was unreal... i have never been that scared as an adult before.

2 more replies

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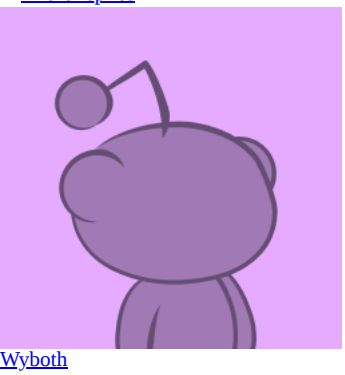

Wyboth
• 13y ago

Probably the No End House.

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dkode80
• 13y ago

When I started reading r/nosleep and someone on the subreddit indicated the more scary stories you read on there, the more paranormal energy seems to be attracted to you. That same night I heard noises coming from the kitchen in the middle of the night. I went out to take a look and found nothing.

Last time I have ever visited r/nosleep

danileigh
• 13y ago

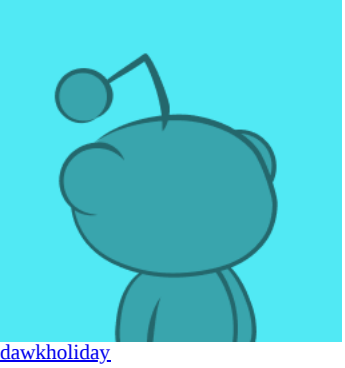
My parents are foster parents and last Summer we had my nieces and nephews living with me. I shared a room with the 2 girls when I was home from college. We have those stow away beds; so I took the lower one and Betsy and Nekole took the higher one. Right before I started sleeping in there my 31 year old sister told me that she thought something was "off" in the room as whenever she slept in there she got terrible nightmares. She said the kids were getting nightmares too. I brushed it off and went to bed and literally prayed that we would sleep well and have good dreams. A few weeks went by and everything was fine.

One night, Nekole decided to sleep with my sister instead of in the room with me. At about 3 am I woke up to one of the girls crying, which wasn't odd; they often kicked each other or got too close to each other and would cry. So, I woke up told them to stop crying and pulled the two girls apart so they wouldn't kick each other. I turned over and started to fall back asleep then thought, "Wait... Nekole isn't in here right?" But decided not to look. 6am roles around and I wake up and look and low and behold, Nekole isn't sleeping in the room with us. But I swear I pulled two little girls apart and laid them away from each other.

DrGrizzley
• 13y ago

Real life creepiness?

When I was 18 I was working for a rental company. A family booked it in the middle of the night before they were evicted for not paying their rent. When we went to clean it out we found naked pictures of little girls being abused and incest magazines hidden in the master bedroom's closet. I've never felt so unclean and creeped out and there's not enough bleach in the world to make that clean.



dawkholiday
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When I was younger my mother had a cocaine addiction. My father really is the one who raised me from about 5th grade up. She never did it in front of me and I never knew about it until she had to go into a halfway house. For those that don't know what a halfway house is. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Halfway_house My mother has had a rough life but it is mostly her fault and she knows it. She is a fun person to be around and I will forever love her and take care of her. She is a great mom to me and always has been when I was with her. She just had her own demons in her younger years that affect her to this day.

My scary story, not a horror story

So at one point in time my mother pulled into a gas station so her friend could use a pay phone. This was way back when people used pay phones. Most likely late 80s or early 90s. Well, while she was waiting in the car for her friend to use the phone two guys showed up and attempted to steal her car. Since my mom is a fighter she did what she did best and attempted to fight them back.

While fighting them off, and no one coming to help, they tried to pull her out of her car. She refused to let go of the steering wheel and the brutally beat her on her back and spine. Since this time, I have never been able to enjoy time like I could have with her. She has been through countless surgeries. She can't walk around without hurting after a while. I can't tickle her because it makes her jerk her back.

The story:

So, one day my father and I come home. My mother no longer lives with us as they are legally separated. So I'm excited to see her but have no clue how she would have gotten in the house. My father and I look around and can't find her.

We go into the backyard and there is my mother face down in the grass. My dog circling her and if I remember right, licking her hand. She is out cold and I freak out of course. My dad tries to pick her up/wake her up and she won't move. I think she is dead because I'm a kid. My father tries to comfort me as he is waking her up from whatever happened.

At that point she does open her eyes and is really groggy. Well, I guess she had taken pain killers and alcohol together and she hit the floor. Problem now is she has a flash back of her brutal beating. Instead of seeing my father she sees her attacker and flips. She begins to attack my father and sees me screaming for me to run away.

Confused, myself and my father are trying to talk to her. He yells for me to run inside and I do. She comes in after me and my father runs after her. In all of this she is yelling at him to get out of the house, he has no business there, that she not be touched, and where is her son! (me). My father had me go into my room while all this yelling was going on. I hear him trying to explain to her who he is, that is it him, and that she is seeing whatever she is seeing.

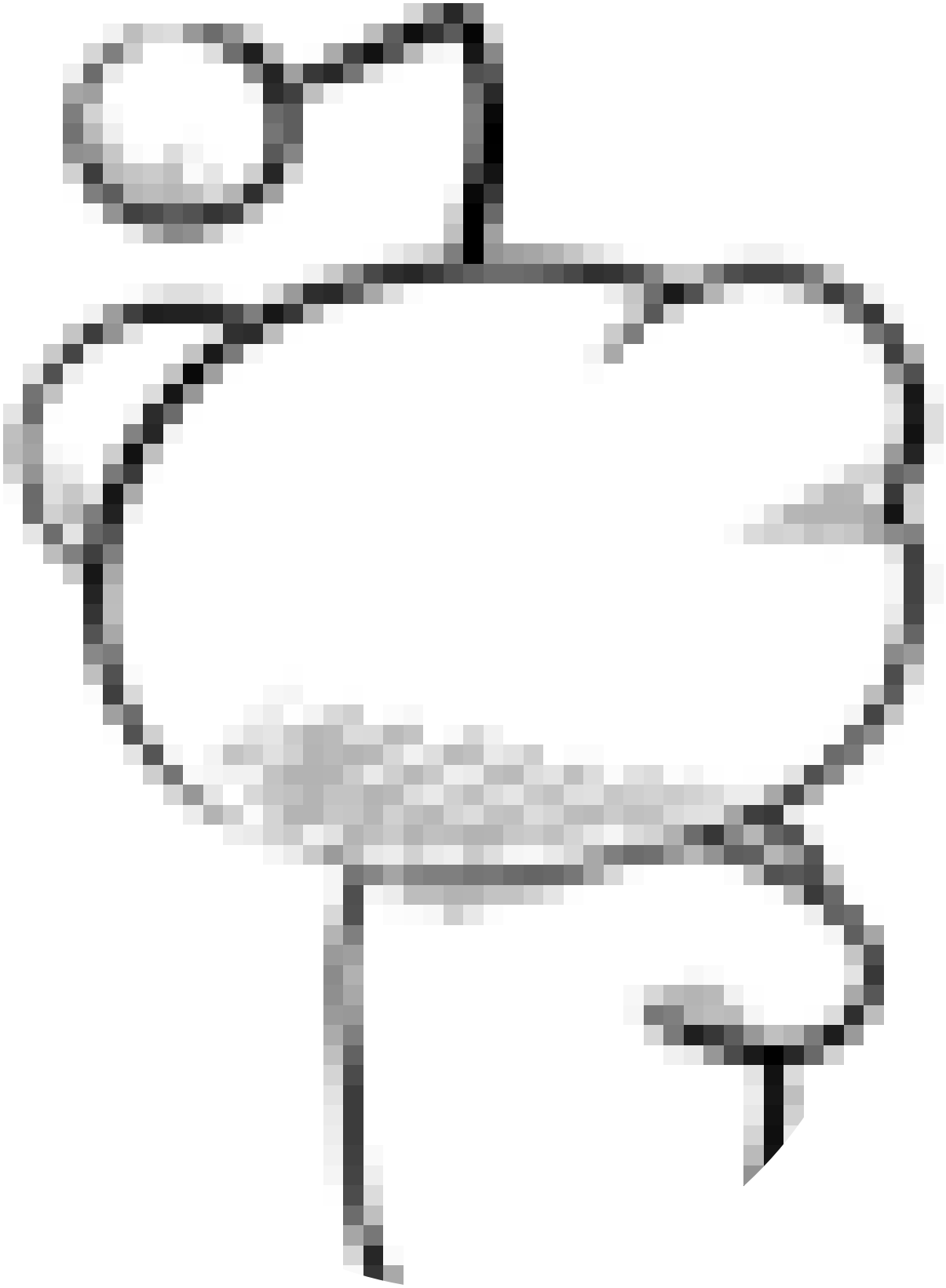
I hide, I hear her screaming for me. Yelling out my name to come to her. She's demanding her "attacker" tell her where I am and the he needs to get the fuck out. Meanwhile, I'm hiding and for some reason laugh. I'm so young I thought it was mom just being silly. After a while though it does hit me and I'm scared.

I come out and yell for my mother and she runs to me holding me. Protecting me from my father as if he was someone else. I tell her its ok, its dad, I swear mom its dad. Just listen. Please! Please! During this time I start crying and tearing up. Something is wrong with my mother and I'm too young to figure out what is going on.

I remember my father pleading. I got loose from my mom and ran outside into my father's truck. I can hear her still, screaming for me. Yelling at him to get away and tell her where her son is. An ambulance arrives and they begin talking with her. Meanwhile I'm crying my eyes out in the truck....confused.

I'll never forget that day. I'll never forget what cocaine did to my mother to get her where she is today. My mother lives in constant pain in her back and her health issues that doctors still cant figure out what is wrong with her. She thinks she won't out live her mother she told me. She is miserable. She can't get certain drugs/prescriptions because of her drug use in the past that is on record. She is in tons of pain in her back and can't even get a proper pain killer because of her history.

TL:DR My mother was beaten into disability by a car jacker, had a huge cocaine problem, took pain killers and alcohol for her back pain and was found face first in the grass in my backyard. She had a flashback of the beating and thought my father was her attacker. I cried a lot



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• 13y ago

So about 2 years ago me and a few mates decided to climb Ben Nevis in Scotland. Due to an extremely long game of poker, we ended up messing our timing up and starting our ascent at 5pm in the evening, when its about a 5hour ascent/descent.

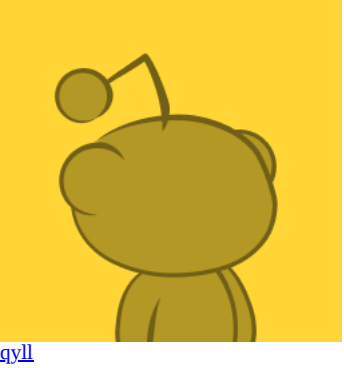
Needless to say we reached the peak with literally 10 minutes before sunset (just after 9pm, this was in august). Realizing we were stupid shits, we figured we had better get down quickly, or it would get pretty cold, pretty quick.

Starting our descent, visibility fell really quickly, and within about half an hour it was near pitch black. Add to that we had to go into the shaded side of the mountain to continue, and visibility was about 10 feet at most.

So with the four of us in single file, with the front 2 lighting the way, we continued slowly on, right until our lead guy stopped dead. We all looked up and saw it just ahead. A pair of glowing red eyes. I think i was the first person to scream and start to panic, thinking that this was how i would die, looking like a rambler raped by the demon of the highlands. As we all screamed, the lead guys torch must have shook about and lit up the beast, so that we knew what we faced.

It was a sheep.

Tl;dr climbing down a mountain, 4 grown men scared shitless by a demon sheep



qyll
• 13y ago

Ah, I wish I'd saved the thread. It was a story with an actual happy ending, and it was from a similar askreddit thread, and I remember a few details:

A husband and wife were driving to Las Vegas and it was starting to get dark, so they pulled into the nearest motel they could find. It was a sleazy place with only a few rooms, all vacant, of course.

The bedroom was in bad shape. Some paint flaking off, and the single light above the bed was dim. Just a pretty dingy place in general. Like one of those rooms you see in Urban Legends where there would be a dead body under the bed.

Wife cracks a joke about how maybe the receptionist was into voyeurism and that there was a hole in the wall with a camera. Not even a minute later, she gets a text that simply says, "hole in the wall". She freaks out, heaves the phone across the room, and almost begins to cry.

The husband talks to the receptionist, but he knew nothing of it. He ended up dailing the number, and it turns out that it was a friend who'd accidentally sent a text to the wrong number. The friend was at a bar and was responding to someone else asking what the place was like.

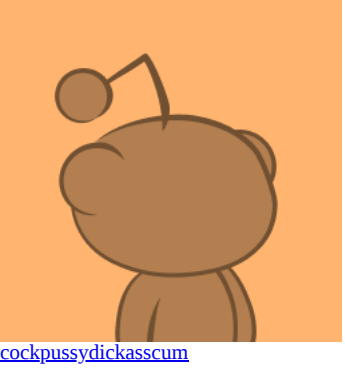
mdski89
• 13y ago

Not legitimately scary, but it was terrifying at the time. I was in my apartment over Christmas break a couple of years ago. My roommate left for the break, but I remained because I had to work. I spent my spare time watching episode upon episode of the X-files on Netflix. Some of that shit is creepy. I went to my room for something and when I went through my door into the hall I saw something out of the corner of my eye following me at about knee height. It looked like a black dog and of course thinking of the grim I freaked right the fuck out - only I realized it was a mylar balloon that I had gotten for my birthday three months prior. You better believe I got the scissors and stabbed that fucker.

wpgjetsgirl05
• 13y ago

When I was 8 years old, I was walking home from school when a man in a pick up truck pulled over and said "Hey, how are you?" And I replied "Good." And he said "That's good. Listen, I have this bag of suckers and I can't possibly have them all, would you like one?" He was sucking on one himself so.. I agreed to take one. He seemed friendly after all. Then he said "Well, you have a nice day." And he winked and drove off.

I think about this now and then. It didn't strike me as weird until I was older. Was he really a nice and genuine guy? Was he a pedophile feeling things out? Was he taking notes seeing how many children would take the candy?



cockpussydickasscum
• 13y ago

I saw this here on Reddit.

You ever notice how you've closed your closet door more times than you've opened it?

Sizlack668
• 13y ago

About a month ago on our way to a Sevendust concert we came upon a traffic jam. We were only a few cars back from the accident and came through as some bystander was pulling a tarp over a body that was strewn all down the highway. From first look I though motorcycle accident, but never actually saw an motorcycle just random body parts. As we pulled away from the scene I could see the guys car parked at the top of the overpass we just passed under.
Apparently a month prior the guy had killed his wife and was awaiting trial for the murder. Had my friend not taken his sweet ass time in the store we stopped at just prior to this we could have hit the guy. It had only happened a minute or two before we came upon it.

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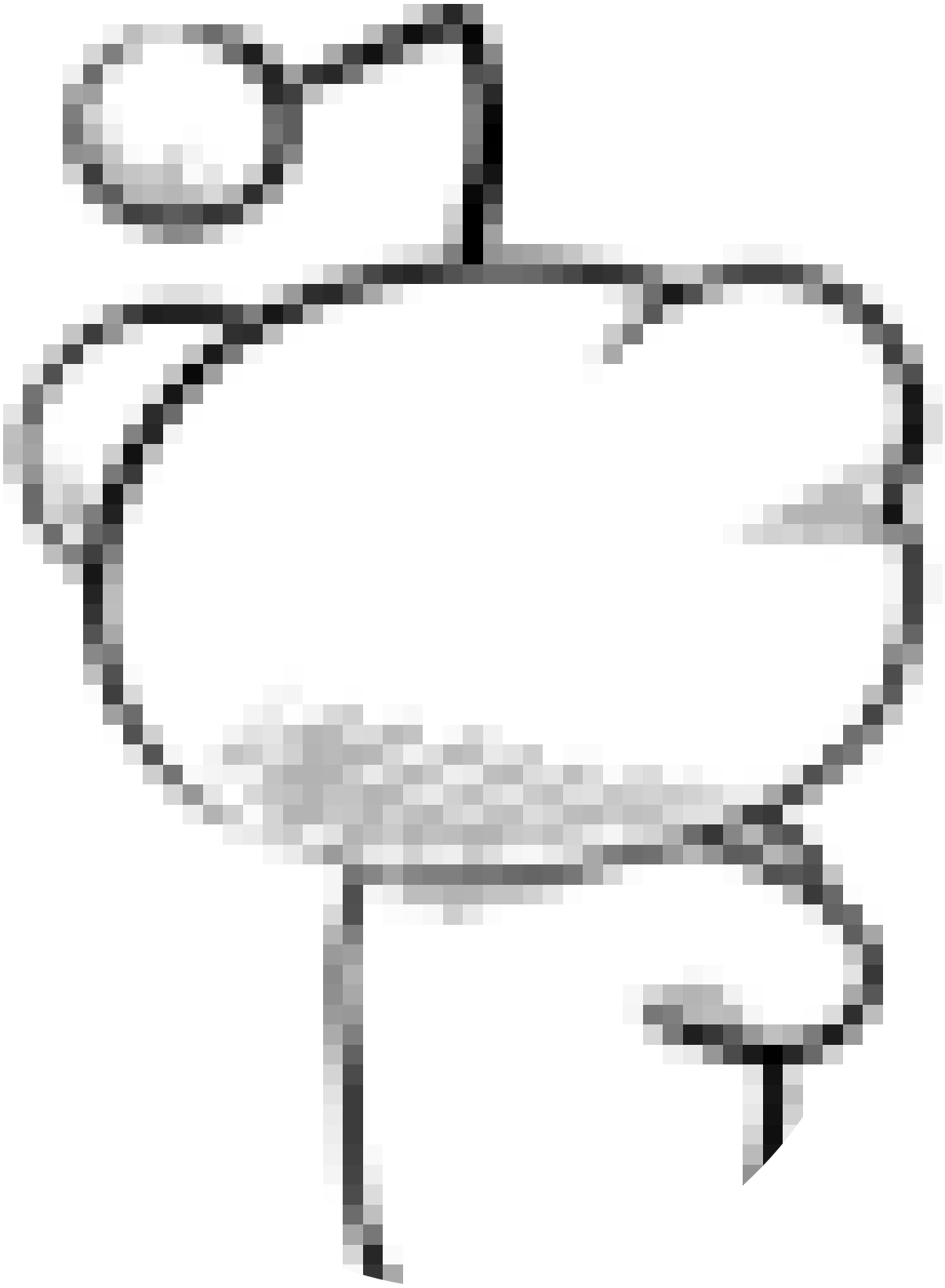


Killhouse
• 13y ago

My fiancé lost her dad and her brother within just a couple months of each other, and she never really recovered from it. She worked at a bank, but spent most of her free time sewing, and would do it around the house when I would play on the computer or watch movies beside her.

She liked to collect bits of cloth for her sewing projects. No discarded rag or tattered old t-shirt was safe. She would clip out small bits of each item and stick them in her pocket, to be used on whatever her next project might be. She had a whole collection of patches of all kinds of colors and patterns she kept near her sewing machine—a contraption she called a serger.

She bounced happily between projects, but rarely finished anything. We bought an old thrift store couch together when we moved in with a wonderfully ornate wooden trim along the back like a piece of old doll furniture, and two years later her half finished upholstering was still falling off every time we sat down.

I thought our relationship was really good, but as time went on she grew more and more distant. She spoke less, and had less energy. She really just didn't want to do anything. She continued collecting bits of cloth, but rarely sewed. Her sewing had gone from daily to weekly, weekly to monthly, and then finally not at all. She cried a lot, and spent more time in our bedroom alone than with me.

I tried everything I could, but she complained about stomach pains and always just asked to lie down and be left alone. She started to look pale, and became really sick. She would lash out at me when I tried to help, and pushed me away. I finally gave up.

I spent a weekend at my friend’s place down state. We mostly drank Mountain Dew and played video games, and I thought it was a much needed relief for me. I thought it might be good for her too, to finally get the time alone she had been asking for.

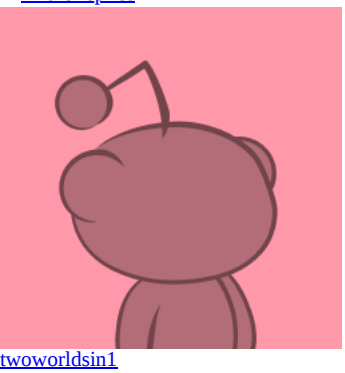
When I got home the entire place reeked like hot, raw sewage. The smell was absolutely rancid, and made my eyes burn and I had to cover my mouth just not to throw up. It was so offensive I felt physically weak, and my knees buckled. I didn’t call out because I didn’t want to breath in, and I made my way to the bedroom, knees shaking, and having trouble walking.

There she was, lying on the bed. She was covered in flies and other buzzing insects and her skin was exceptionally pale. She tilted her head towards me, and I saw that her face was filthy. Brown stains ran down her chin and the skin around her mouth had turned black. She started vomiting. It came first as a yellow bile, then in large brown chunks. It poured in a thick viscous flood over her chin and onto her already stained sheets. I watched her like that, for just a few minutes, and then she died.

She had continued to collect bits of cloth, and had been swallowing them, but she kept eating normally so I wouldn’t find out. They had clogged up her intestinal tract, and she had been vomiting feces for weeks in secret. Her body had eventually gone septic, and her organs began to fail. Her black lips, covered in bile and shit, fell open breathlessly. I batted away the flies on her lips and held her cheek. I started to cry, but only because she finally looked content after months of so much sadness and depression.

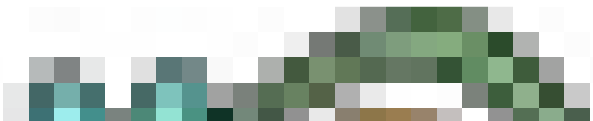
I leaned in and kissed her lips one last time.

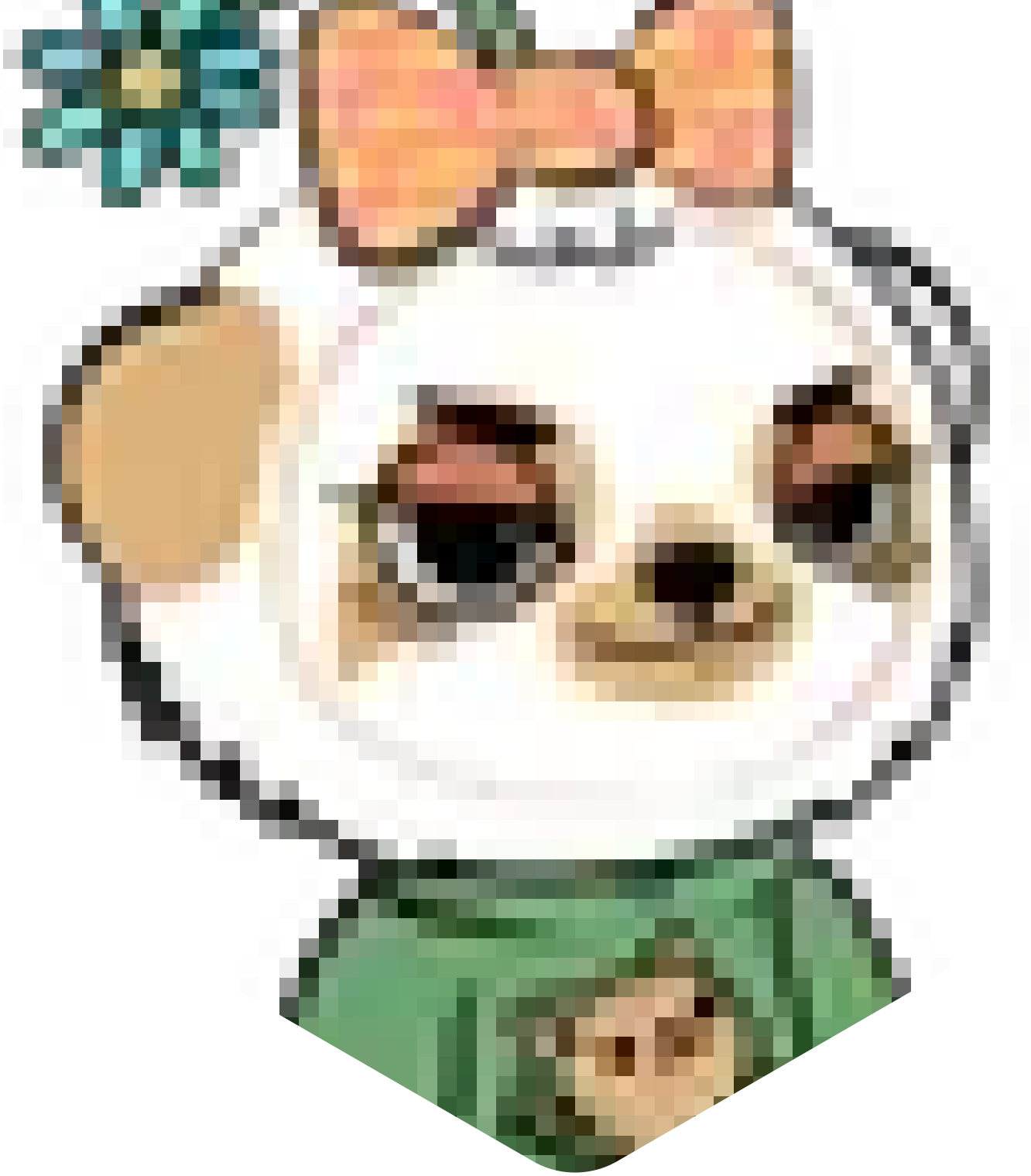
1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies



twoworldsin1
• 13y ago

Here's my story: One night in college I had a few drinks with a friend who had graduated and set up his own small basement bar. I crashed on his couch after everyone else had gone to bed. Later on that night I woke up and my gaze wandered to the bar, and I could've sworn I saw out of the corner of my eye a man's silhouette in the bar mirror, toasting me and grinning. Now, astute readers will point out, how could I tell if he was grinning if it was his reflection in the mirror and, thus, he would've had his back to me? To that, I do not know. All I can say is that somehow I saw his shadow in the mirror--not the person, just his shadow--and that despite it being only a shadow, he was not only lifting a toast to my sleeping form, but also grinning from ear to spectral ear.





Styrofoam_Zoots
• 13y ago

Only 'creepy'/supernatural thing that has happened to me:

I was 12 years old. Back then (2002) I used to play videogames, and at that time the GameCube - God rest its merry soul - was located in my parent's bedroom. It was around 6pm, it was October, it was a schoolnight. I'd gotten home from school and fired up the Nintendo while my brother and sister were watching TV downstairs. After I'd had my fill of Tony Hawks Pro Skater 3, I turned off the console and stood up and stretched. Videogames can be exhausting.

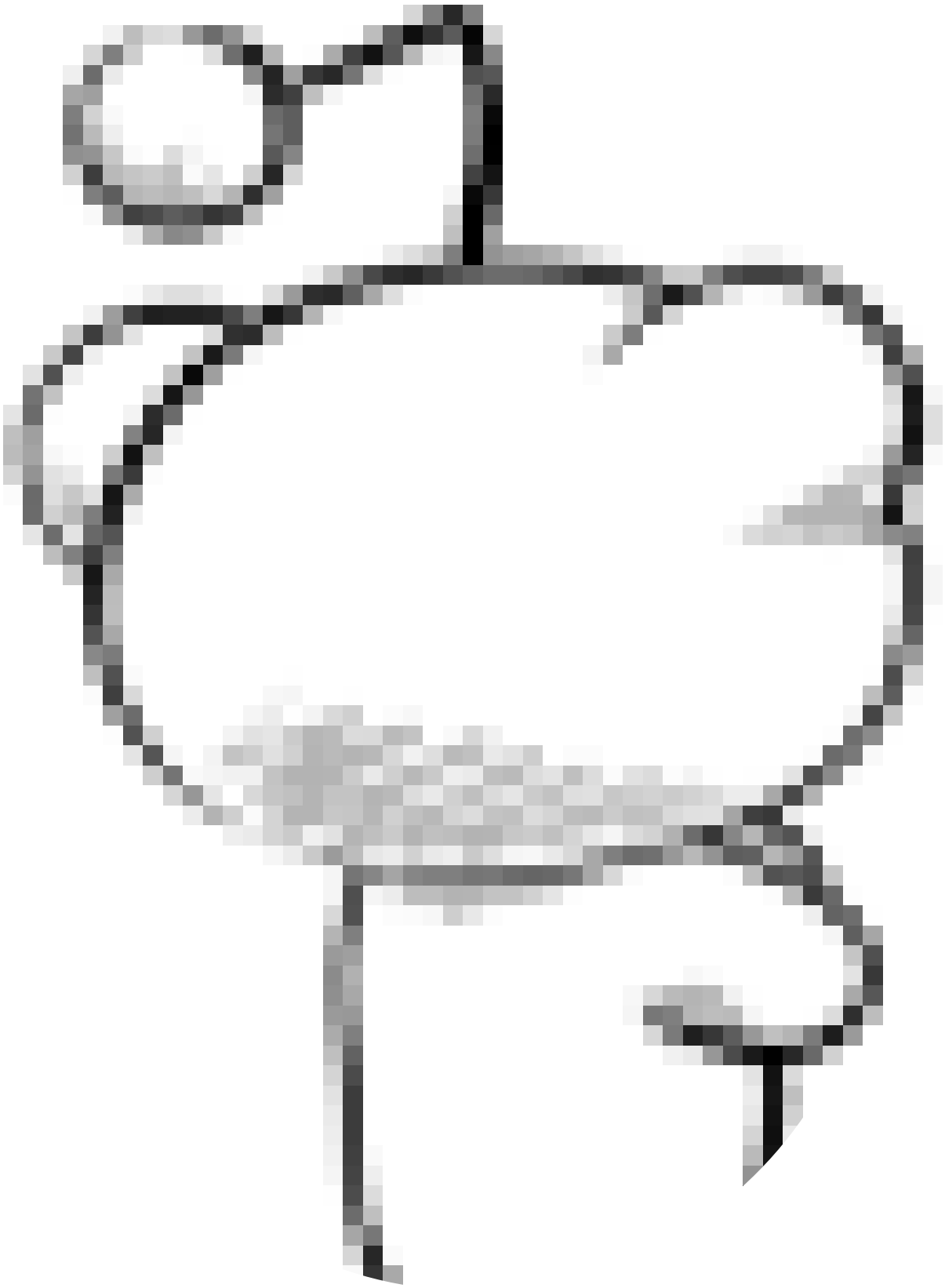
It's dark now, with only the last vestiges of twilight peeking through the curtains. And then I see something. On my mother's bedside table, just behind the lamp, something is imprinted onto the wall. I move closer. A shadow in the shape of a hand is there. That's funny, I thought. And without a second thought, I stepped towards the table and place the palm of my hand on the shadow, like a high-five.

Before I can so much as register the cool wallpaper on my fingertips, the blue curtains behind me billow furiously, as if there is a hurricane outside, lifting off the ground and into the air. Like an animated cartoon character, I leap off the ground and fly out of the room, hauling my body down the stairs foyur at a time until I burst into the kitchen to my family.

The windows were closed: it was a typical October evening. To this day, I cannot understand what caused the curatins - which had previously been perfectly still and lifeless - to billow enormously the moment I absent-mindedly met that shadow.

yodude3234
• 13y ago

This



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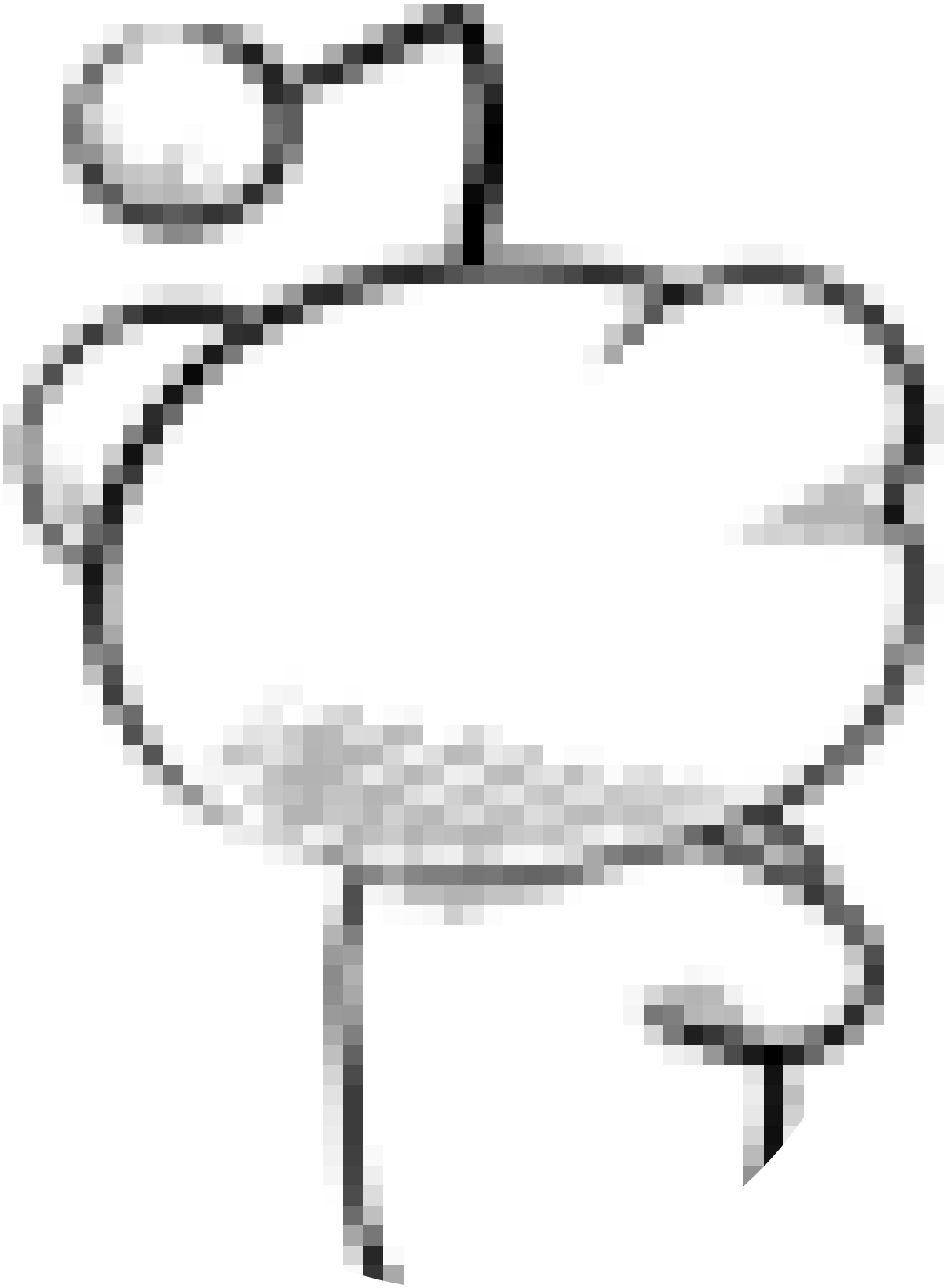
• 13y ago

A woman (apparently) killing herself by stabbing herself in the chest.

On a streetcar station.

In the late afternoon of a Saturday in '09.



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• 13y ago

Well in one thread, I forgot which one but it was on r/wtf but someone posted a video of Sasquatch recordings. Now I don't know if they're real or not. The point is is that they're scary as fuck. Here is the link for those of you who are interested

2 more replies
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BlumeKraft
• 13y ago

Probably that gif on the front page today of the man biting the other man over a bus seat. Made me sick...

1 more reply
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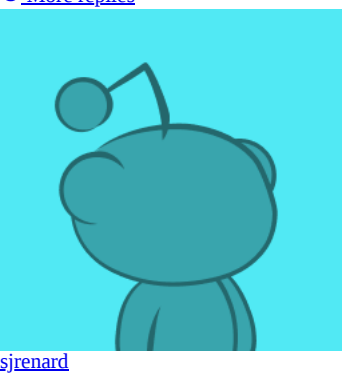


sjrenard
• 13y ago

When I was in high school I lived in a house that had a very large backyard. My sister's room was at the end of the ranch-style house and faced the backyard. One night she had just gotten out of the shower and walked into her room and went to close the blinds and saw a man staring in. She screamed and my dad ran outside to catch the guy but he was gone.

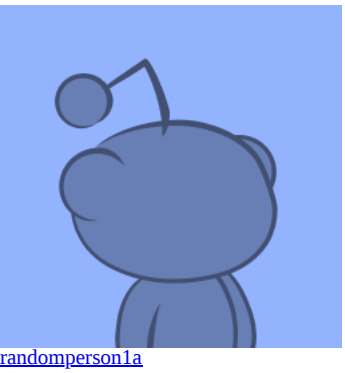
A couple weeks later, I was home alone around 9pm. My sister had gone out on a date with her boyfriend and I was waiting for her to get home before going to sleep. I was watching tv in the living room, which also faced the backyard, when I heard a strange, quiet scratching noise. I immediately froze. The shades on the windows were up, the lights in the house were on, and everything outside was pitch black. I knew someone was watching me, I could feel it.

I decided to act normal and not acknowledge that I heard anything and slowly walked to the bathroom. Once in there I peered through the window (I didn't turn the light on) and I saw a figure walking past toward the back door. I panicked and ran to the other end of the house to my parents room, grabbed the cordless phone (yes we still has house phones then) and hid in my parents closet. My dads gun was in there, so I grabbed it even though I had no idea how to shoot it I called 911 and the dispatcher came on as I heard the back door opening. I told her someone was breaking into my house and only a second later I heard my sisters voice screaming for me.

My sister and her boyfriend had walked into the backyard right as the man was trying to get in. Her boyfriend chased him around to the other side of the yard and over the fence and down the street but wasn't able to catch him. The dispatcher sent police to my house just in case but nothing happened. Still to this day I think about how incredibly lucky I am that my sister came home at that moment, that her boyfriend walked her in, that I am alive.

We never had another incident with the peeping Tom ever again.

TL;DR - peeping Tom tried to break into my house but was caught when my sister and her boyfriend came home at the perfect moment.



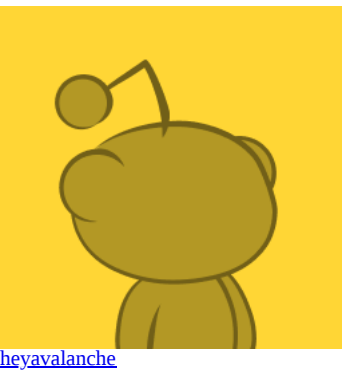
randomperson1a
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Creepiest thing i've seen would be this short web comic

And the story of the Enigma of Amigara Fault, you can read the 1 chapter long manga yourself or here's it narrated by a semi-popular youtuber along with the images

Oh there's also this one, the puppet, but specifically with this youtuber's it's just especially creepy

If you have time these will also creep you the hell out



heyavalanche
• 13y ago

my wife is a flight attendant, and sometimes she gets called in to work around 3:30 am. one morning, after she kisses me goodbye and heads out the door, i get up to take a leak. my master bathroom is in the front part of my house, so the window is facing the street. the window is about head height and to the side of my toilet, so as i am peeing i can actually stare out. i watch my wife back out of the driveway and head off. not even 10 seconds after she has pulled off, an old SUV slowly creeps up to the front of my house. i can see the driver, a man, staring directly at house. then all of a sudden he turns on the dome light, and i see that in the back seat he has a small baby in a carseat. it looks like he's determining if someone else is home/how to get in. i get really freaked out, but somehow decide to turn on the light and start waving and pointing at him. he notices me, and floors it out of my neighborhood. i didn't know whether or not to call the cops, especially since i didn't have any good information to give them. i also didn't know what to expect after that, so i grabbed my phone and the biggest knife i had and pretty much stayed awake the rest of the night.

anelida
• 13y ago

Definitely Earthlings

www.earthlings.com

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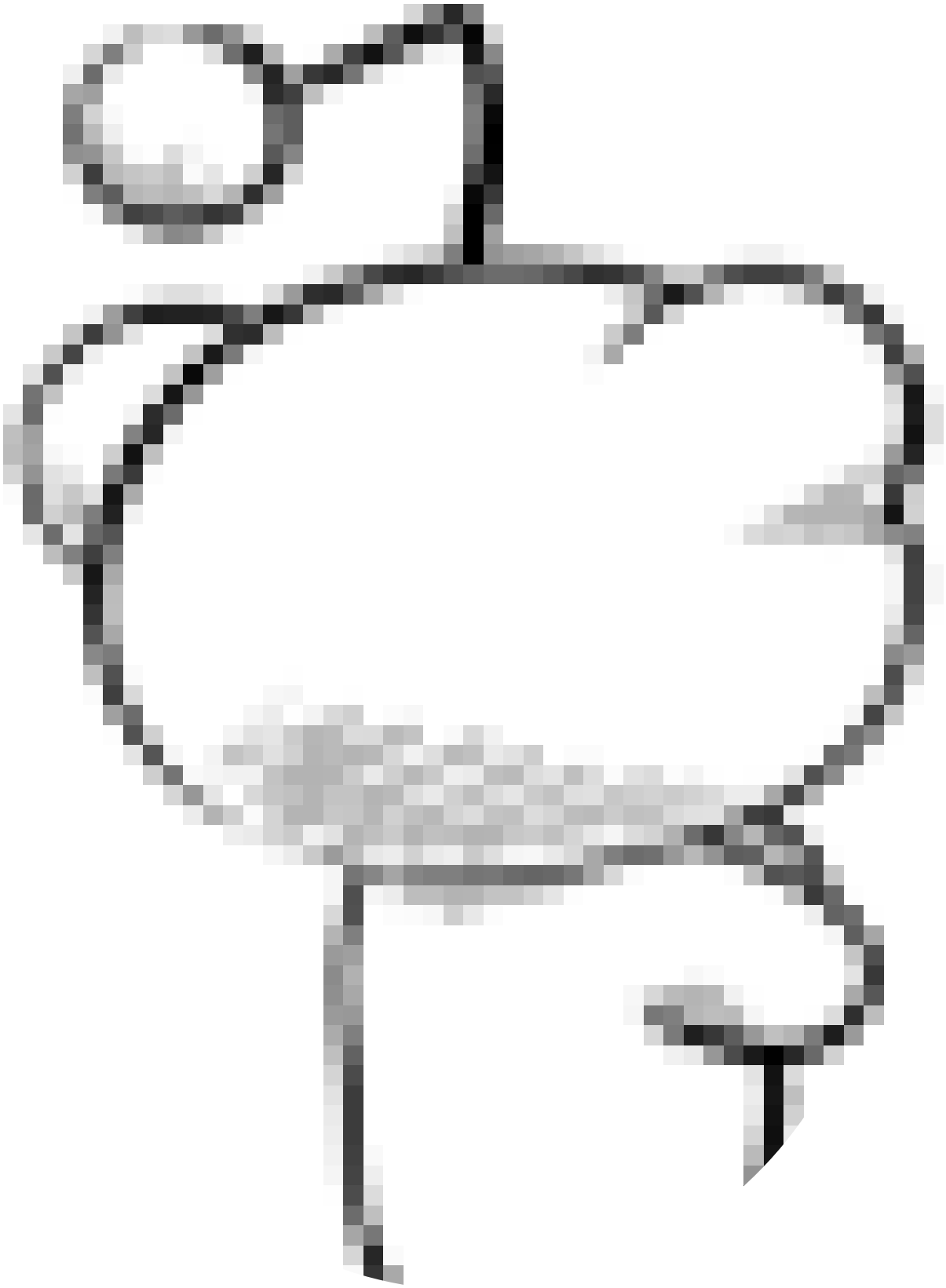

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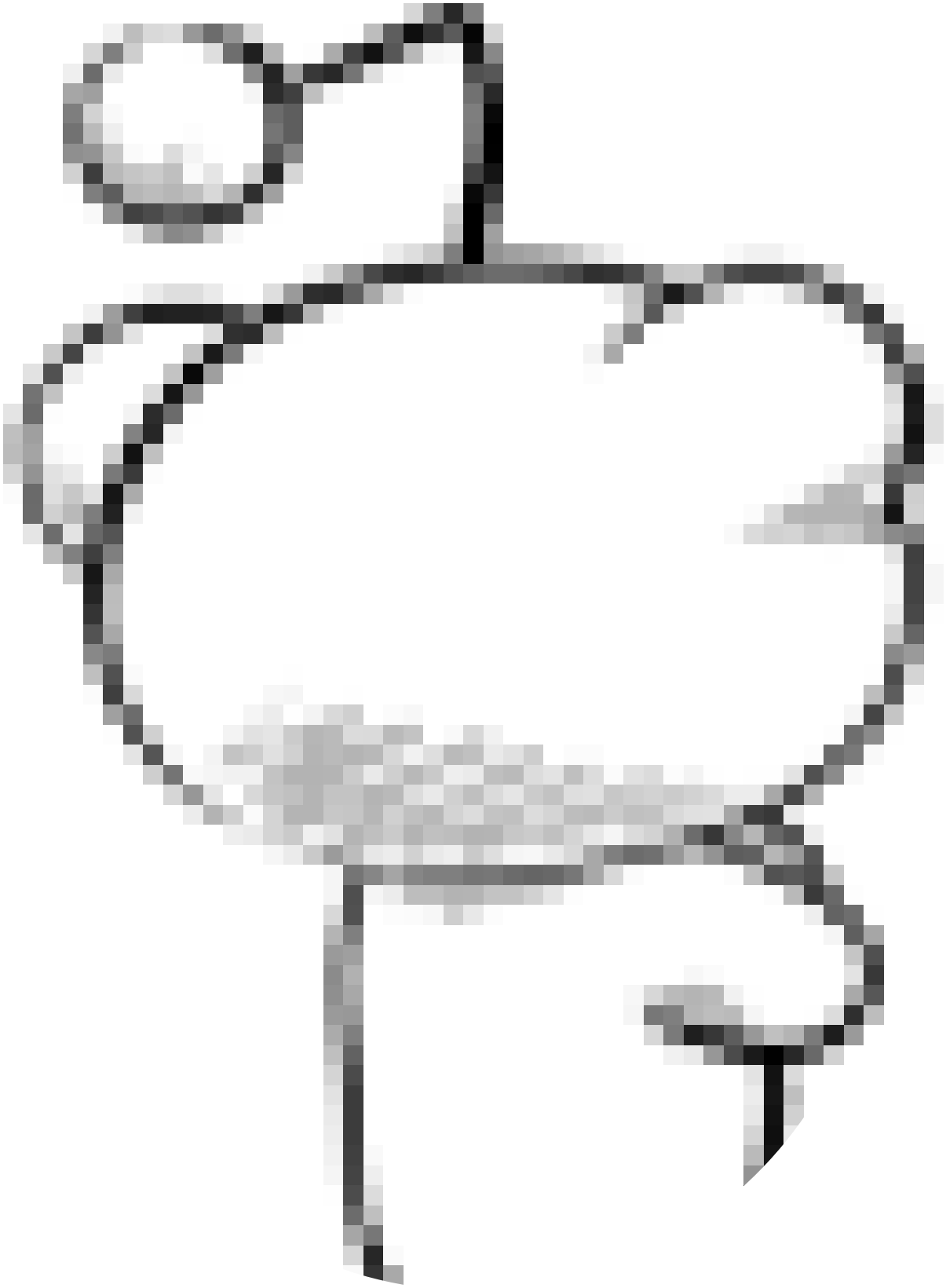
• 13y ago

I'd honestly have to say the time I saw someone just casually shooting heroin.



tkkei
• 13y ago

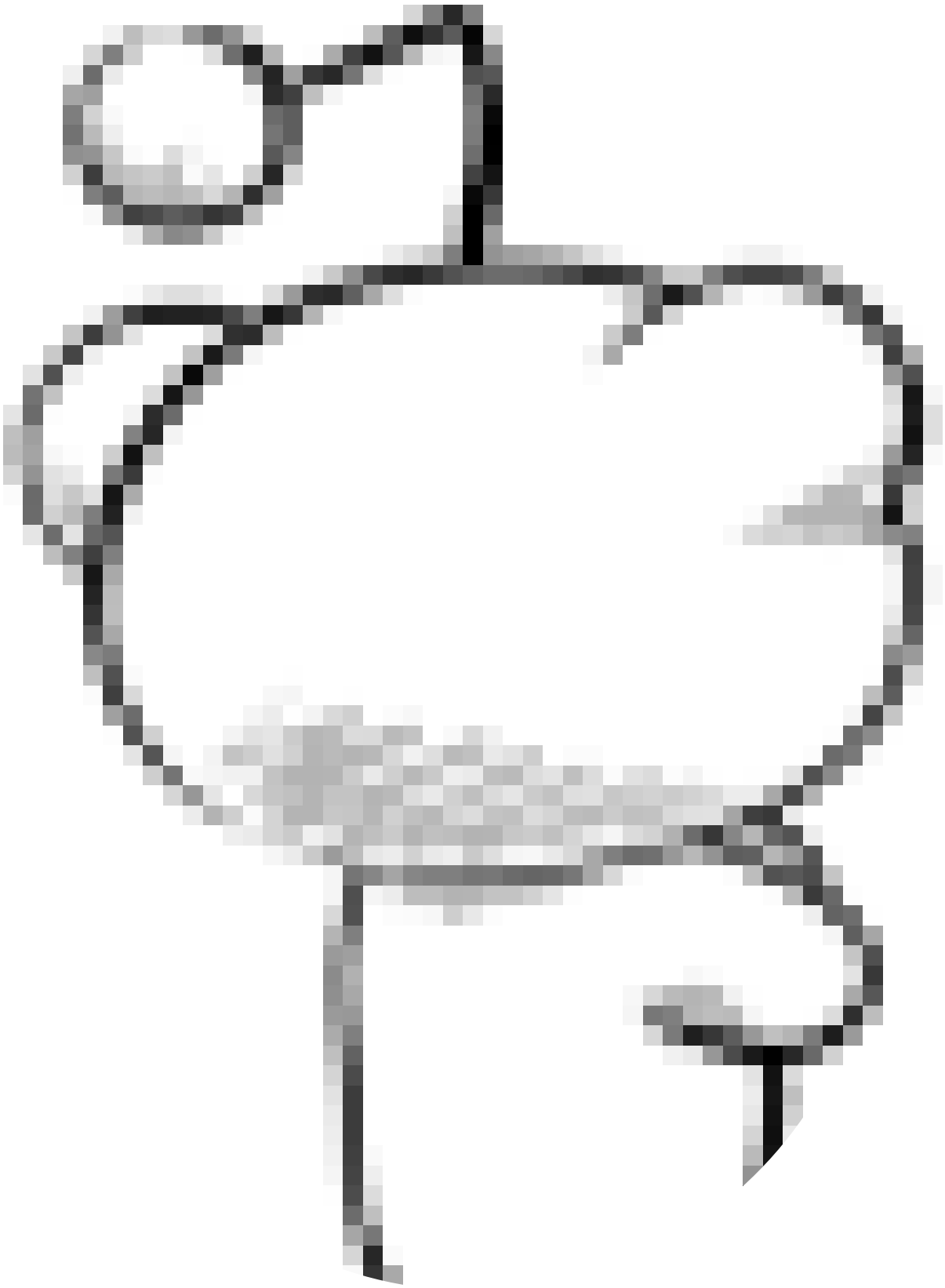
Basically when i was 16-17 I had tough time at school (exams and stuff)...

And umm, one day, err, night, after i had closed my eyes and wanted to go to sleep..I saw a certain older woman with straight long dark hair smirking at me. I freaked out of course... And after that night i started seeing her all the time when I was exhausted (and had closed my eyes)... I remember going to the shower and closing the glass doors... and i started washing my hair and closed my eyes and there she was... leaning against the glass doors, smirking... Other times when i went to bed i saw her lying beside me, like 20cm away from me... She was always in black&white

Anyway I contacted a psychologist and apparently I had locked all my bad memories/depression into a certain place and that took the shape... Why smirking woman? I have no idea... So the psychologist recommended me to talk to the ...phenomena? and tell it that I understand what she tried to explain to me(that I should get those bad feelings etc out) and that was the last of it. I can still kind of remember the shape of the women.. at least the evil smirk..

thegreatmisdirector
• 13y ago

An orange



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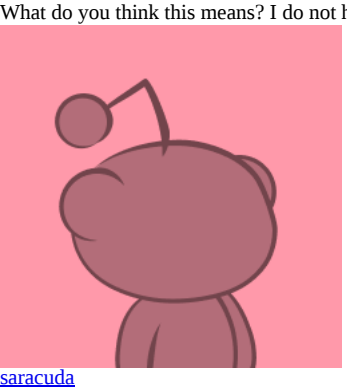
• 13y ago

Today I walked past my neighbor's porch and saw a large, handwritten sign on her door that says "I am very sorry for what I did 30 years ago (It will never be forgotten)".

What do you think this means? I do not have the balls to ask.



saracuda
• 13y ago

This image and it's website Secure Contain Protect

Gateway of the Mind, Creepypasta

> In 1983, a team of deeply pious scientists conducted a radical experiment in an undisclosed facility. The scientists had theorized that a human without access to any senses or ways to perceive stimuli would be able to perceive the presence of God. They believed that the five senses clouded our awareness of eternity, and without them, a human could actually establish contact with God by thought. An elderly man who claimed to have “nothing to left to live for” was the only test subject to volunteer. To purge him of all his senses, the scientists performed a complex operation in which every sensory nerve connection to the brain was surgically severed. Although the test subject retained full muscular function, he could not see, hear, taste, smell, or feel. With no possible way to communicate with or even sense the outside world, he was alone with his thoughts.
>
> Scientists monitored him as he spoke aloud about his state of mind in jumbled, slurred sentences that he couldn’t even hear. After four days, the man claimed to be hearing hushed, unintelligible voices in his head. Assuming it was an onset of psychosis, the scientists paid little attention to the man’s concerns.
>
> Two days later, the man cried that he could hear his dead wife speaking with him, and even more, he could communicate back. The scientists were intrigued, but were not convinced until the subject started naming dead relatives of the scientists. He repeated personal information to the scientists that only their dead spouses and parents would have known. At this point, a sizable portion of scientists left the study.
>
> After a week of conversing with the deceased through his thoughts, the subject became distressed, saying the voices were overwhelming. In every waking moment, his consciousness was bombarded by hundreds of voices that refused to leave him alone. He frequently threw himself against the wall, trying to elicit a pain response. He begged the scientists for sedatives, so he could escape the voices by sleeping. This tactic worked for three days, until he started having severe night terrors. The subject repeatedly said that he could see and hear the deceased in his dreams.
>
> Only a day later, the subject began to scream and claw at his nonfunctional eyes, hoping to sense something in the physical world. The hysterical subject now said the voices of the dead were deafening and hostile, speaking of hell and the end of the world. At one point, he yelled “No heaven, no forgiveness” for five hours straight. He continually begged to be killed, but the scientists were convinced that he was close to establishing contact with God.
>
> After another day, the subject could no longer form coherent sentences. Seemingly mad, he started to bite off chunks of flesh from his arm. The scientists rushed into the test chamber and restrained him to a table so he could not kill himself. After a few hours of being tied down, the subject halted his struggling and screaming. He stared blankly at the ceiling as teardrops silently streaked across his face. For two weeks, the subject had to be manually rehydrated due to the constant crying. Eventually, he turned his head and, despite his blindness, made focused eye contact with a scientist for the first time in the study. He whispered “I have spoken with God, and he has abandoned us” and his vital signs stopped. There was no apparent cause of death.

4 more replies
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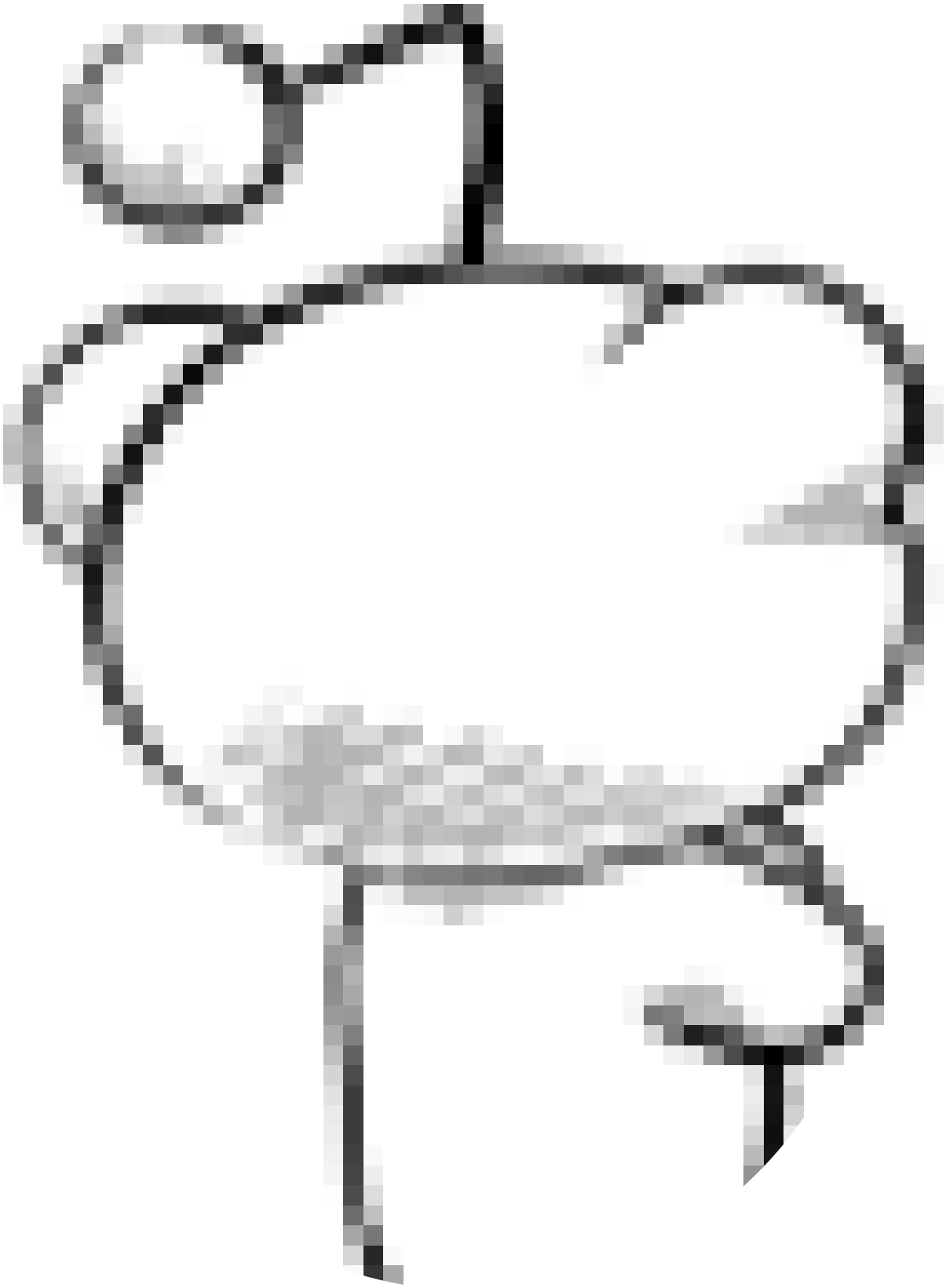
More replies



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• 13y ago

About 10 year ago I remember waking up in a strange woman's bed. I don't know how I got there, when I got there or why. When she finally woke up, rolled over and what she said shit a brick: "Morning Todd" to which she proceeds to smile and kiss me. MY NAME ISN'T TODD. Story goes that she met me at a bar 45 minutes from my house. We hit it off and we went back to her place. I didn't have my phone or wallet to after I left I trekked home and finally checked my phone. There was a message: 'Don't ever speak to anyone about this, or I'll kill you - Todd'

Going to sleep is a concerning activity for me now.

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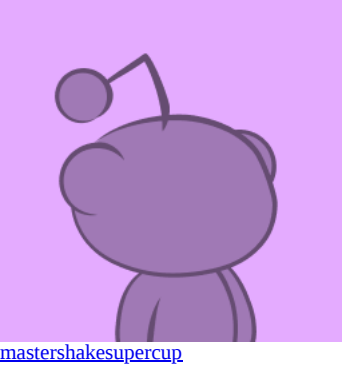


mastershakesupercup
• 13y ago

When i was younger me and my older sister would go to visit our mom on the weekends for her custody so we got dropped off back at home one weekend and my dad told us to run upstairs and drop off our overnight clothes and come back down for a bike ride, so we walk past our younger sisters room who had a different mom and shes sitting on the bed facing away from us so my older sister yells at her to come on, but she didn't move or anything even after we yelled for her a couple times, but we just figured she was pissed off or something since we just got home so we dropped our shit off and ran back downstairs and just then my little sister and my step mom come through the front door, its the creepiest shit that ever happened to me and i'm just glad i went through it with someone so i know i am not crazy, we still bring it up every family event

Reply Share

YaUsedMeSkinner
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Sleep paralysis, man. Fucking sleep paralysis.

I decided to go to bed early one night (I think it was 10pm) and slept for about 8 hours. When I woke up, I wasn't tired so I went downstairs to watch half an hour of TV. I decide that I ought to try get back to sleep.

Here's where things got creepy.

I felt like I was lying down on my bed but I wasn't asleep. I had my eyes closed, my breathing was deep and if you saw me, I looked sound asleep.

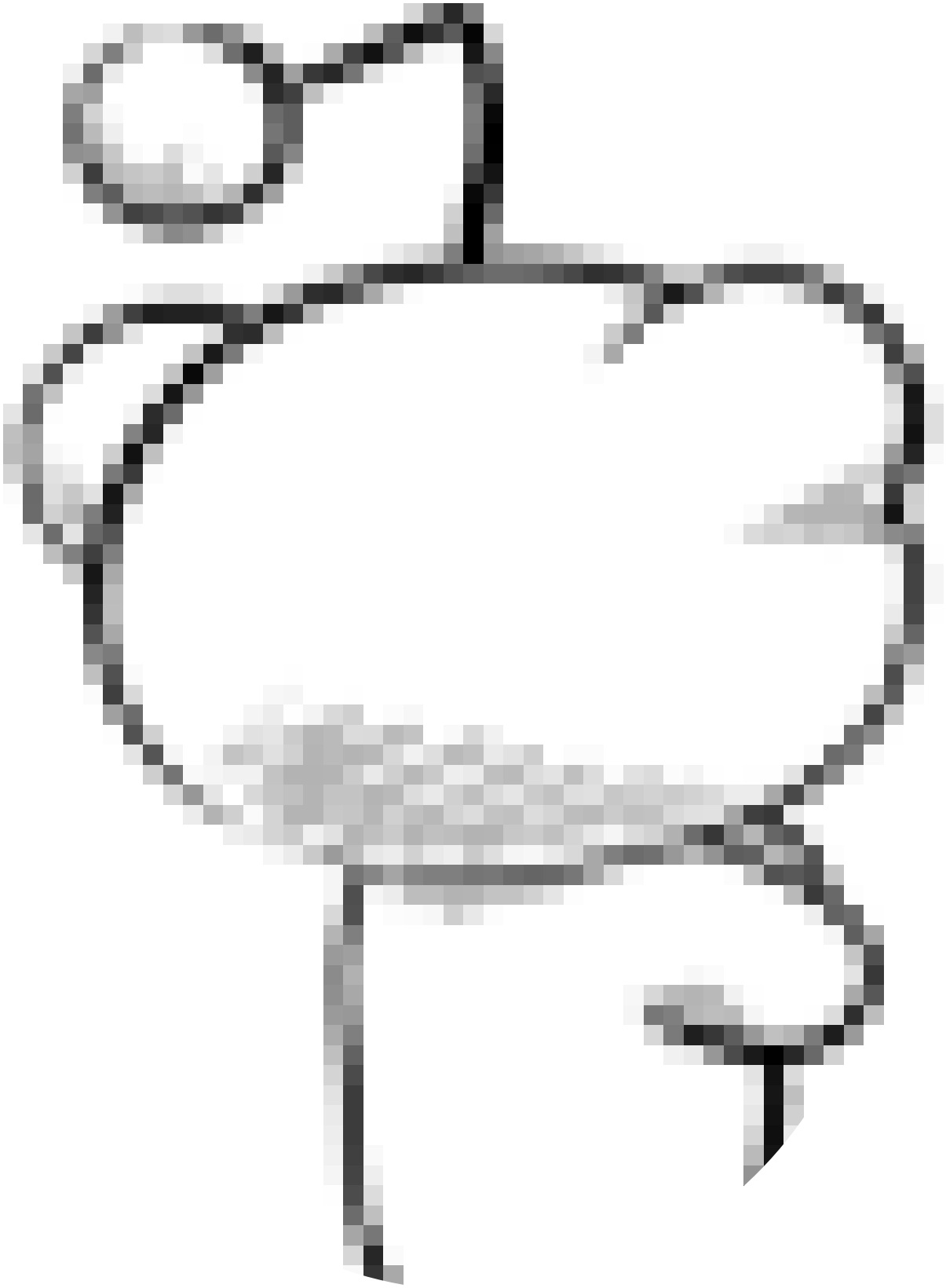
I was anything but asleep. In fact, I was silently screaming. I had sleep paralysis. I couldn't move a muscle or open my eyes no matter how much I wanted to. It felt like I had somehow become a quadriplegic while I slept.

Then, I started to panic. My heart rate shot up and it felt like there was someone in the room with me. It felt like there was a woman with really long hair standing in my doorway. I thought I was dreaming but it felt so vivid and real. She turned around and revealed finger nails that were the length of my arm and she started clawing at the foot of my bed as she climbed onto my bed where she started very slowly crawling towards me. I nearly had a heart attack.

And then, I could move again. I sat up straight and gasped as if I was drowning. I burst into tears and started shaking uncontrollably. Sleep paralysis is the scariest thing I've ever experienced. I thought sleep was a place of safety and serenity. Fuck no. Every time I get a hypnic jerk, I get the same sense of fear I had that night.

Not cool.

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

This will probably never get seen as I'm coming into this thread way late, but it's one of the few things that still gives me the willies. So, a group of young-ish people in my hometown are currently working to purchase and restore an old vaudeville/movie house located downtown. It's sat unused since about 1999. There have some business investors that have walked through the building, but other than its locked up tight.

Naturally, its covered a shittons of dust and mold is everywhere. There's a balcony in the theater that hasn't been used since the 1980s when they stopped allowing people up there. About a month ago I was going through the theater counting chairs because we couldn't seem to find any really accurate numbers on how many the theater could seat. Naturally, only a few of the lights are still working, so I'm doing this counting with a flashlight.

As I'm heading through the balcony, I send my flashlight down one of the rows and see, very clearly in the dust, child's bare footprints. Running down one side only. Next row, same thing - one set of barefoot child's footprints going one way. I can only imagine that a business investor had one of their children with them and they were running around.

But, in a pitch-black theater that was built in the 1920s, all by myself, it was enough.

It was enough.

Reply Share

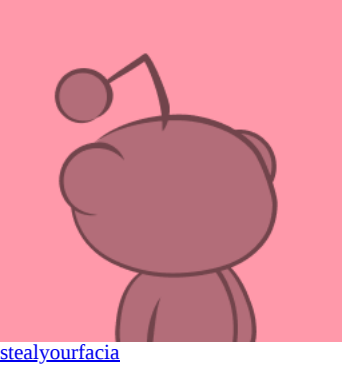
Shinbiku
• 13y ago

During a tour Iraq I was stationed in F.O.B. Rustamiyah. It was notorious for being bombarded with mortars so often. It was a rare day when we didnt see at least two mortars. Usually the insurgents aim was so far off you could barley tell that it was a mortar, never the less, the sirens would always go off and we would have to jam into these little 4 by 10 cement bunkers with 30 other people and sit for an hour.

About 9 months in i was laying on my bunk watching an episode of smallville and i heard a mortar land way off in the distance. So we started headed for the bunker, annoyed that we would have to sit in the bunker again. As i turned into the hallway the air exploded around me. I felt as if every hair was standing around me. Took me a minute to realize that our barracks had taken a direct hit. (Our barracks was a cinder block building with a tin roof). I immediately turned around and grabbed my IBA (armor) and sprinted for the bathroom (the only part of our barracks that had a cement roof, oddly enough.) Me and a couple others waited until the mortars stopped (No others hit our barracks again) and then sprinted to the bunkers.

After we were released they told us to go into the barracks grab only what was necessary and come back out, that we wouldnt be staying in the barracks that night because of repairs. So as we went inside, all the lights were out and the floor was slick. I figured because we had lost power because of the direct hit. Later we found out that one of our company mates PFC Seig had taken shrapnel to the neck and had bled out as they carried him out. They had cleaned the floor before they let us through, but they turned out the lights just to make sure we didnt see anything.) I wasnt exactly friends with the guy. But because his name was so closed to mine, if we had any drug tests, or flue shots, or anything like that we were next to eachother in line and always chatted back and forth. I learned a strong lesson about complacency that day as well as losing a fellow brother at arms.

TLDR: Had a very close call with a incoming mortar and lost a friend to it.



stealyourfacia
• 13y ago • Edited 12y ago

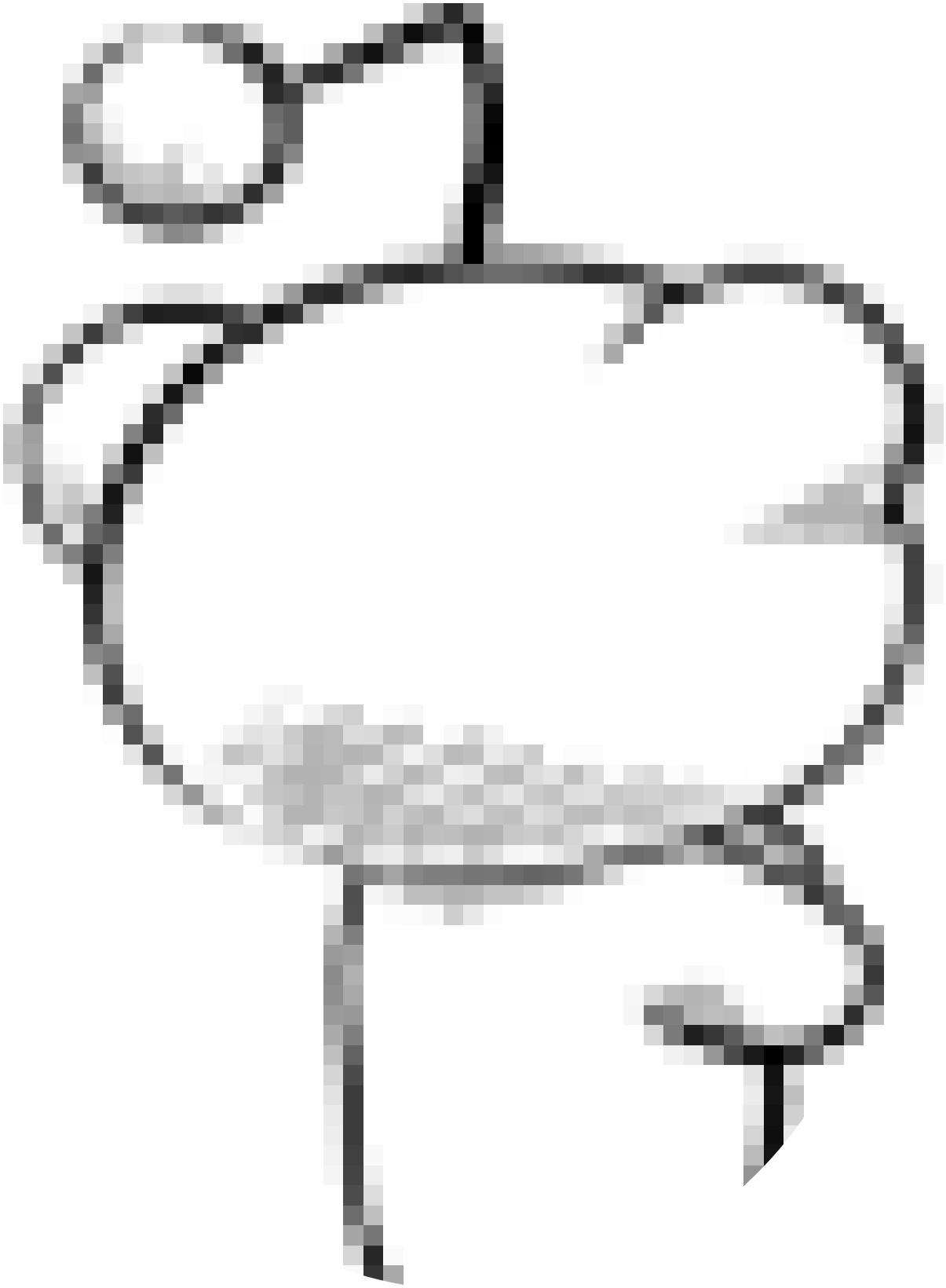
This probably isn't the scariest thing I've seen but definitely the goriest. Working EMS one night in the shittiest town in my state when we get a call that wakes me up at 0400 for the unknown the the shittiest part of the town. We roll up to an abandoned warehouse, there's probably 200 of them around the area. It's a huge warehouse with lots of different hidden areas so we have to go around with our flashlights yelling "EMS" etc. PD is not going to be able to assist for at least an hour, which won't fly if something goes down and we don't have a great excuse not to do this. After about 5 minutes we hear a groan coming from down a hallway. I'm scared shitless by this point, which most of the cops in the area would laugh at, but my partner and I venture down the sketchy hallway through the sketchy door into the most blood I have ever seen.

In the corner of the room lies a man who has been bisected by a metal pipe about 2ft in diameter and weighing upwards of 400lbs. What had happened was a portion of the pipe had gotten so rusted in two parts that it had finally had enough and fell as a 4ft long segment on top of the sleeping squatter.

When I started the job I never thought I'd wish so vehemently that my patient die more quickly than they were currently, but despite my wishes he groaned again and looked directly at me (at least i thought he did) - the look of a man who knew he was going to die but simply couldn't care about that because of how much pain he was in. We had called for ALS/paramedics and a fire rescue squad to extricate him but we knew they wouldn't be there for another seven to ten minutes (it's really understaffed, don't start) and my partner was adamant about getting this guy to a hospital even though I really just wanted the medic to show up and accidentally euthanize him or something.

What I did in the end was find two thick pieces of wood to wedge underneath the pipe (it was ~1in. off the ground, suspended ever so slightly by his internal organs and musculature) and rolled it onto the rods while pulling him onto a backboard. The worst part in my opinion is that he died in the ambulance (crush syndrome/traumatic rhabdo, actually interesting so look it up) and survived about two more minutes after we had removed him from being pinned. The fire department/medics got there as we were leaving and although we aren't supposed to "extricate" people in the sense that we did with this guy, they weren't about to argue with two guys drenched in blood carrying a person basically in two parts into their truck. We took one of their medics with us, he was unhappy in general about the entire situation but that's his problem.

TL;DR sketchy warehouse, homeless guy gets crushed in half by pipe, lives to die from bleeding out/muscle electrolytes becoming not-fun cardiac electrolytes



joejmz
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

In November of '83 I was 16 years old. One late afternoon, I was playing touch football on the street with my 12 year old brother and his 13 year old friend. I was getting ready to "kick off" to them (We were playing with a Nerf football so kicking off consisted of a long pass since those things were absolutely worthless for punting or kicking) The infield was the street, the end zones were marked by our mailbox and the mailbox of the house four houses down the street from our house. I was standing in the middle of the street, maybe 10 feet in front of our mailbox and they were about 10 to 15 feet in front of the mailbox that was their end zone. I was facing toward the sunset, but the sun was setting behind the houses to the south and so it was not in my eyes. It was so quiet I could hear my brother and his friend planning what they would do when they received the ball, "If you catch it, hand it off to me and try to block him..." Out of the corner of my eye I saw a green light turn on in the yard of the house to my right. It didn't really catch my attention until I started hearing snapping and sizzling sounds. When I turned to look at the source of the sounds I saw that the light was inside the foliage of the tree planted in the middle of that yard. I've never been interested enough in trees and plants to learn names, all I know is that this was a smallish tree, maybe 10 feet tall, more like a bush that got out of hand. The snapping sound was small branches breaking, and it turned out the sizzling sound was leaves and branches being burned. As I watched, the "light" floated out of the top of the tree and began to drift towards the street. My brother and his friend suddenly stopped talking; they were seeing this too! The "light' floated across the street right in front of me. At one point it was no more than 20 feet in front of me and maybe 12 feet off the ground. It was bigger than a basketball and seemed to be made of glass or something transparent because I could see a thick green liquid moving turbulently inside the ball. The glass was about 3 inches thick. Around the ball there was a green fog that extended maybe 2 feet from the ball's surface and there were little green lightning bolts dancing along the surface of the ball to the edge of the fog. When the ball was almost directly in front of me, I suddenly had the stupid thought that I could easily hit it with the Nerf ball, it was right in front of me! I even cocked my arm back, but then I really paid attention to all the little lightning bolts flashing around it and decided I might be in it's range too. The ball floated across our next-door neighbors front yard and then when it came about 3 feet from the front of their house it slowed down, floated up until it was about three feet above the roof and then followed the slope of the roof up and over to their backyard until we lost it from sight.

I don't know how long I stood there still looking at where I got the last glimpse of it, but eventually I turned and looked down the street to where my brother and his friend were and I "kicked off" to them. We played like nothing out of the ordinary had happened for about 5 minutes when my brother asked me, "What was that?"

"I don't know," I told him.

"I'm scared, let's go home."

So we ran home.

Reply Share

Prtyvacant
• 13y ago

Does being 13 years old, walking in on a group of adults raping a high school girl, and then being threatened with torture and a slow death count? I was too afraid to tell my parents or any other adult, didn't tell anyone until I was in my twenties. I tried to talk to the girl about it when I saw her in school a year or so later and she denied it. The only guy I knew from the group had died in a drunken/high gasoline fire/theft incident by the time I was in 12th grade.

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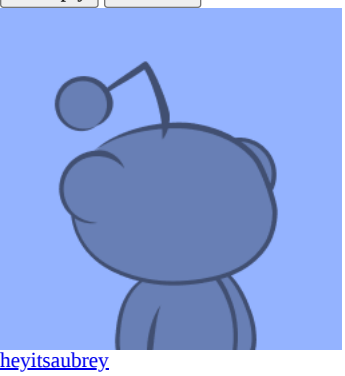

heyitsaubrey
• 13y ago

Nine skiiers were found dead after they ripped their tents open from the inside and ran out in the snow barefoot. Some died of exposure and others of various internal injuries.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dyatlov_Pass_incident

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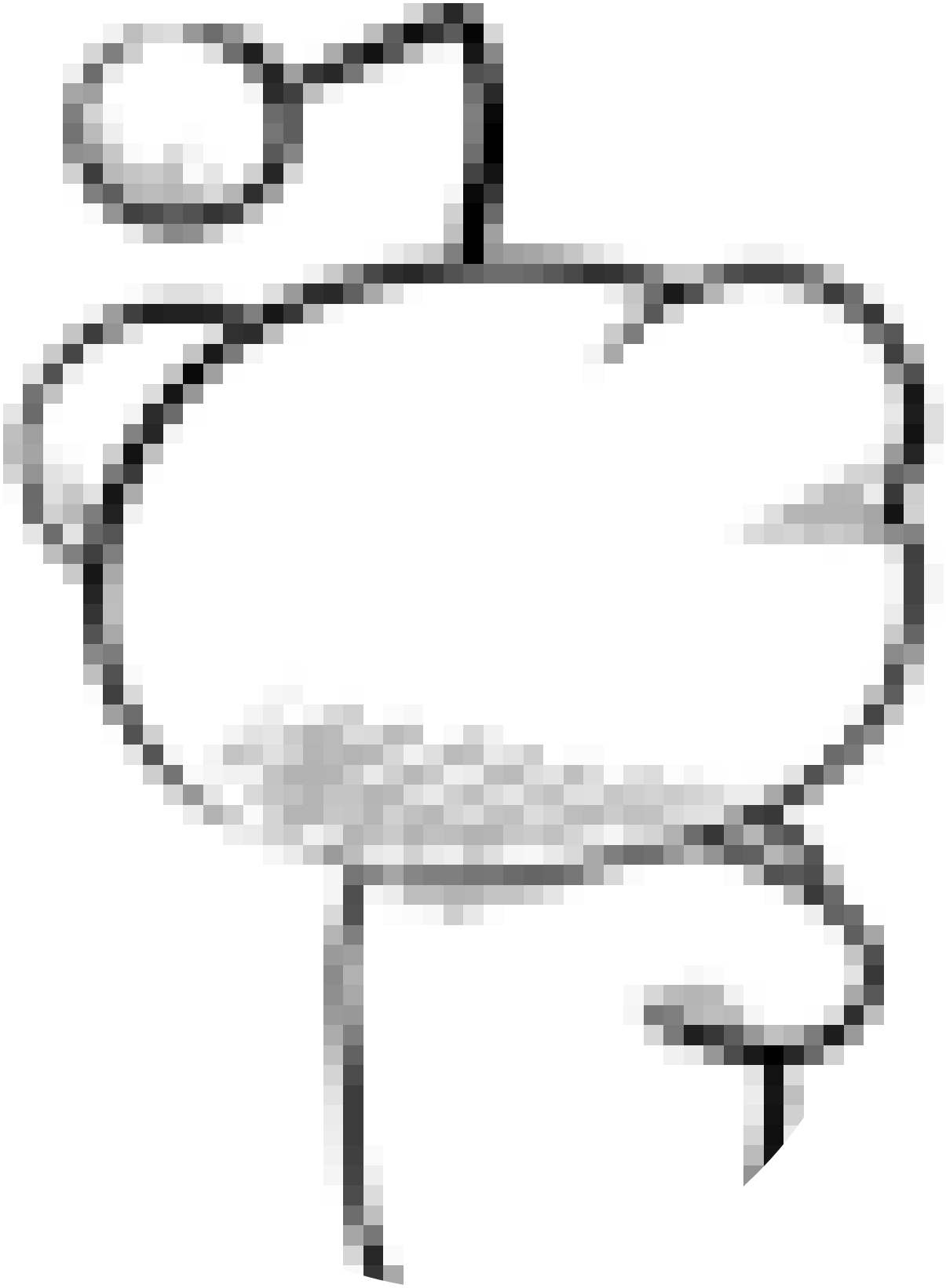

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• 13y ago

Last summer, I worked as an assistant counselor for 7 to 10-year-olds. The camps was and outdoor/wilderness camp and we took the kids out on 2 and 3 day trips to the surrounding mountains.

One night on one of the 3-day trips, we're all in the tent, the kids are asleep and I'm reading a book. Out of nowhere, one of the kids just sits up, rigid as a board and stares at me, his eyes wide open. I'm extremely creeped out but I figure the kid just had a bad dream and woke up, so I ask quietly if he's alright. He continues to just stare at me, eyes not moving, not making a sound. This goes on for a minute and I am seriously getting scared now. I ask a couple more times if he's okay, what's wrong, etc etc. Still no response.

I ask one final time and the kid just starts screaming bloody murder. Imagine the loudest, shrillest, most spine-chilling scream you have ever heard. Everyone wakes up and the kid is still just sitting in his sleeping bag, eyes wide open, staring at me, screaming his head off.

I jump out of my sleeping bag and crawl over to him, but I have no clue what to do. Another counselor comes over and tries to get the kid to calm down, but nothing works. A few of the other kids start to cry because they're getting scared but the rest are silent, just watching this kid scream an scream and scream.

Finally, after a couple minutes, the kid is gasping for breath between screams and he just slumps in his sleeping bad, unconscious. The other counselor and I are just staring at each other, both freaking the fuck out, before the kid opens his eyes, still gasping for breath, and starts crying.

After a lot of discussion with the nurse that worked at the camp, we decided it was something like a night terror, but it was honestly the most freaked out I have ever been in my life, remembering that kid staring at me before just screaming bloody murder.

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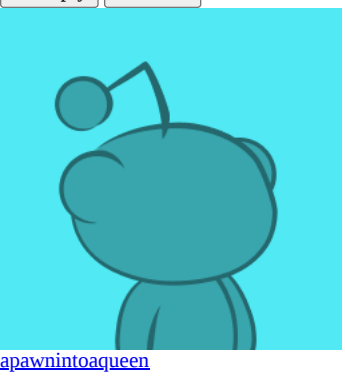

apawnintoaqueen
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

One night, at around 3am, I was driving home from visiting a friend. He had been house sitting for some people that had a house in the country, set back in the woods. I was the only car on this little back road. As I was heading home, on the side of the road coming towards me was this woman dressed in a long white dress, riding a brown horse. She was just slowly going along on the horse, staring straight ahead. In her hand she was holding a flagpole with a Confederate flag on it (I live in the South). There was a kind of aura around her, making her look hazy (but it was also really foggy). Out of shock and disbelief, I hit the brakes and stopped the car on the road. I watched as she slowly rode past me. She never acknowledged me. Even as I started to drive away, I could see her in my rear-view mirror.

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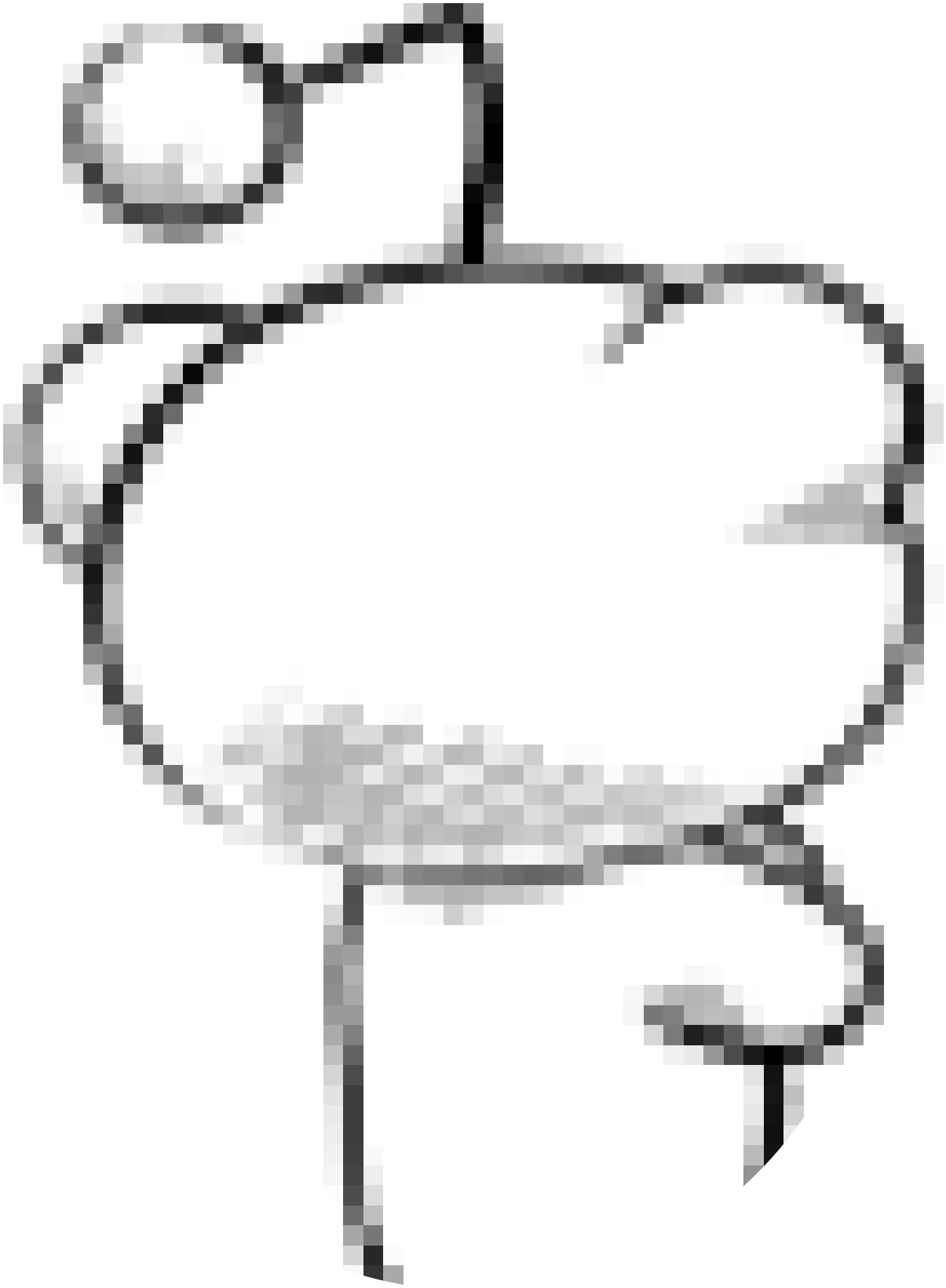

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• 13y ago

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2 more replies

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TheCrazedInsomniac
• 13y ago

This happened not very long ago, and I still haven't figured out what it was. So I was sitting in my room at my aunts house at about ten talking to myself, which isn't really unusual for me. Then I hear this loud knocking on my window. My room is on the second floor, way to high up for a human to do it, and there are no trees nearby to tap the window. So I proceed to freak out and run to the bathroom down the hall. I sit on the toilet, and I hear the same knocking on that window. At this point, I'm pretty weirded out. I leave the bathroom and head to the basement and spend the night down there.

The next morning I go outside and check out the windows, trying to figure out what the noise was. Like I said earlier, there were no trees nearby, and it was too high up for someone to reach the window.

And then there was that time I saw a man in an orange jumpsuit that apparently no one else could see... Yeah, weird things happen.

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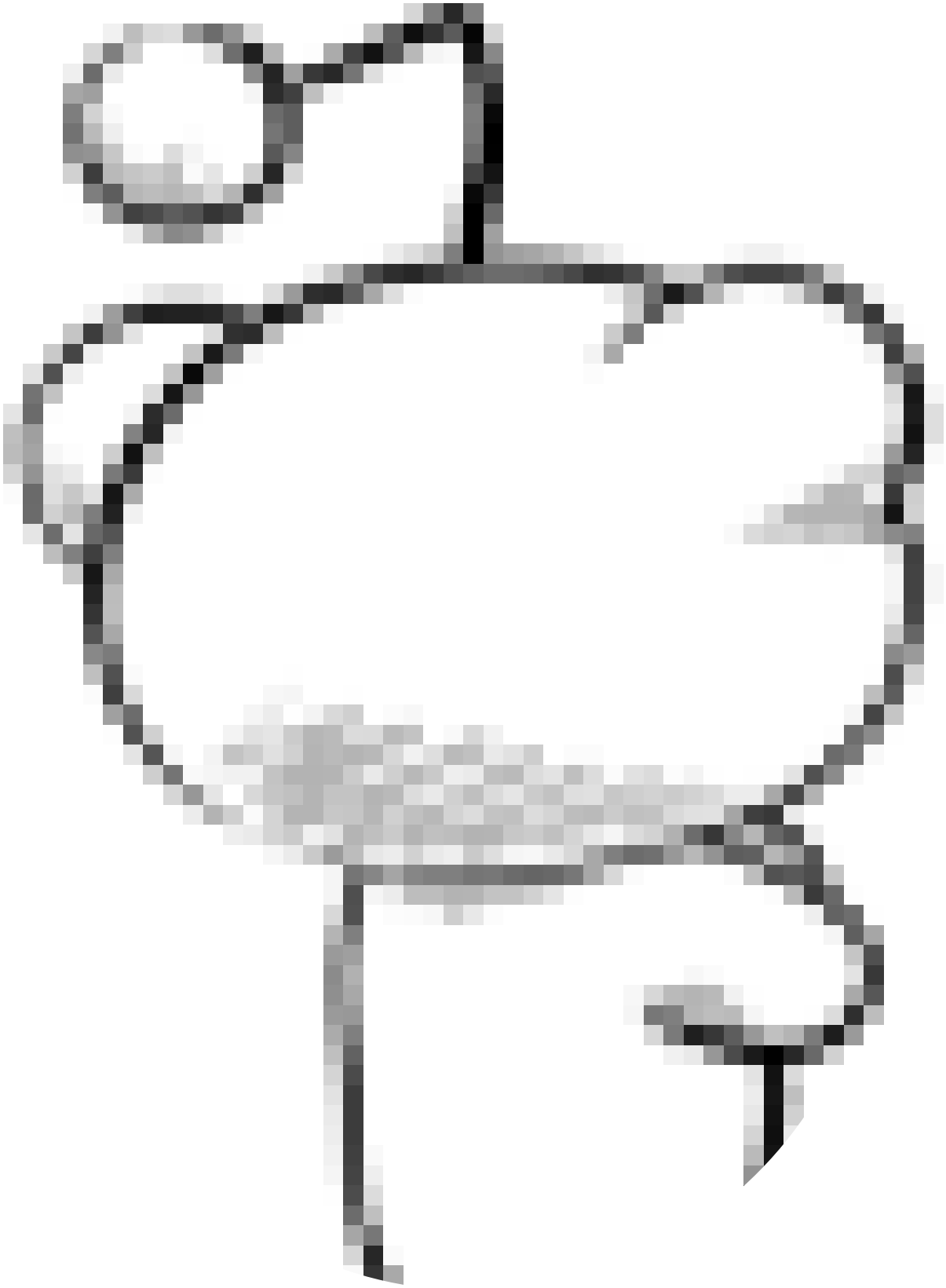

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• 13y ago

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newbewts
• 13y ago

We were driving to California and stopped at a gas station in Arizona at like 3am. There was no one around and it was windy as fuck.

The only lights on were the random neon lights hanging inside the store, the giant sign, and the gas pumps. I was pumping gas and jumping up and down to get the blood flowing. My sister was also walking around the car and throwing some stuff away to kill some time. I had a feeling people were staring at us but there was no vehicles around and we were miles away from the next town. The gas pump clicked that it was done and I put the gas cap back on and got in the car. While I was slowly driving away we saw 15-20 people huddling in the corner trying to keep out of the wind. I floored it so god damn hard.

Reply Share
2 more replies
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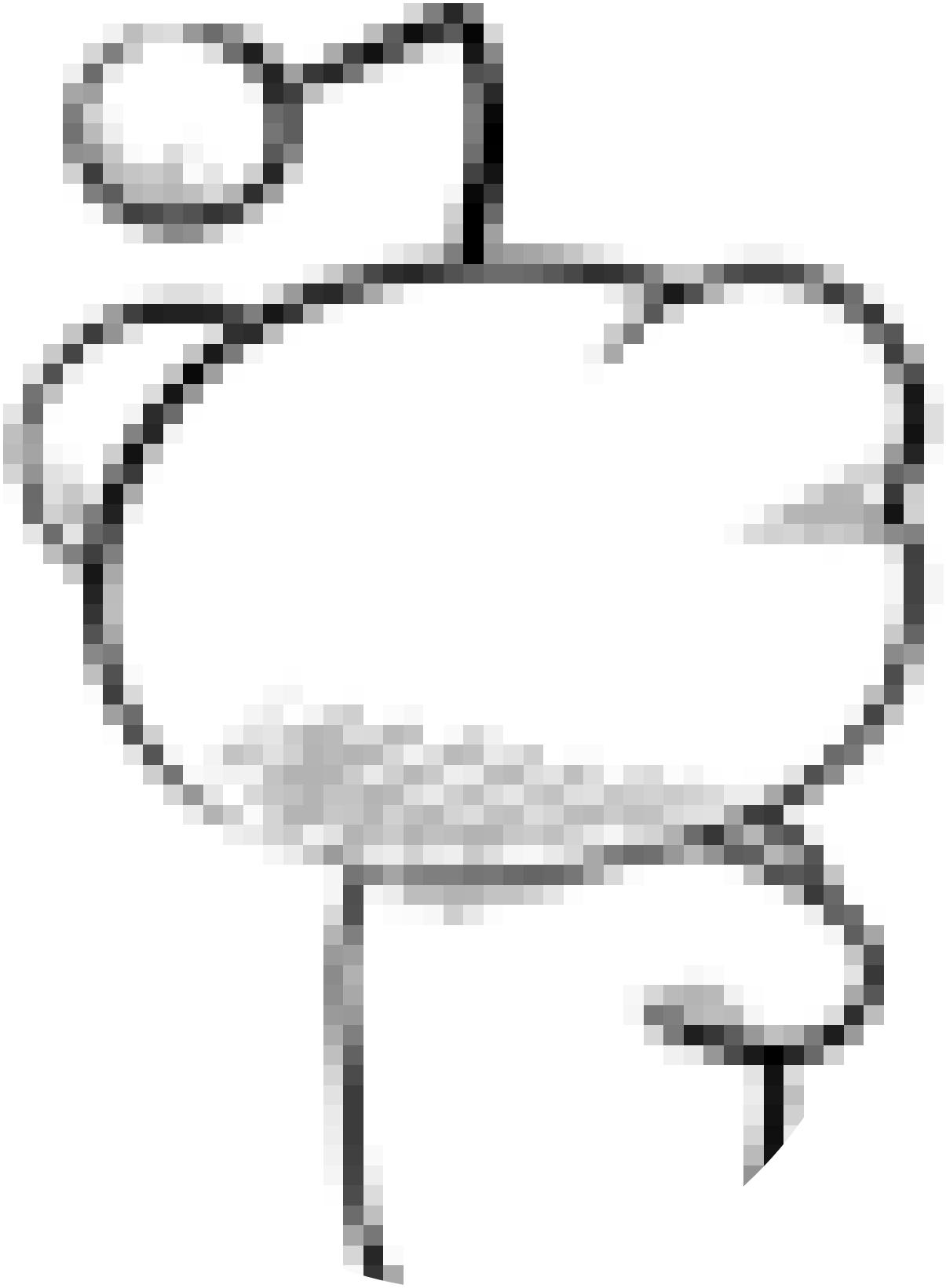
Alektruon
• 13y ago

Dogs attempt to commit suicide at theis bridge. http://rarelyknown.org/2010/11/09/overtoun-bridge-the-bridge-where-dogs-commit-suicide/

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

Read some reddit posts before bed...what was I thinking

Reply Share

sparta981
• 13y ago

I was at a robotics club meeting and we were moving some batteries around on the robot. We always referred to the thing as being possessed because it would hiss and such without being provoked at all. It especially had it in for this guy named Kevin. At one point, it nearly fell on him and he caught it with his shoulder at the last instant and pushed it back. Jokingly, I told him it just wanted to love him. Then it we heard a snap of electricity when two free battery cords happened to touch the metal frame. It burned a tiny heart-shaped spot onto itself.

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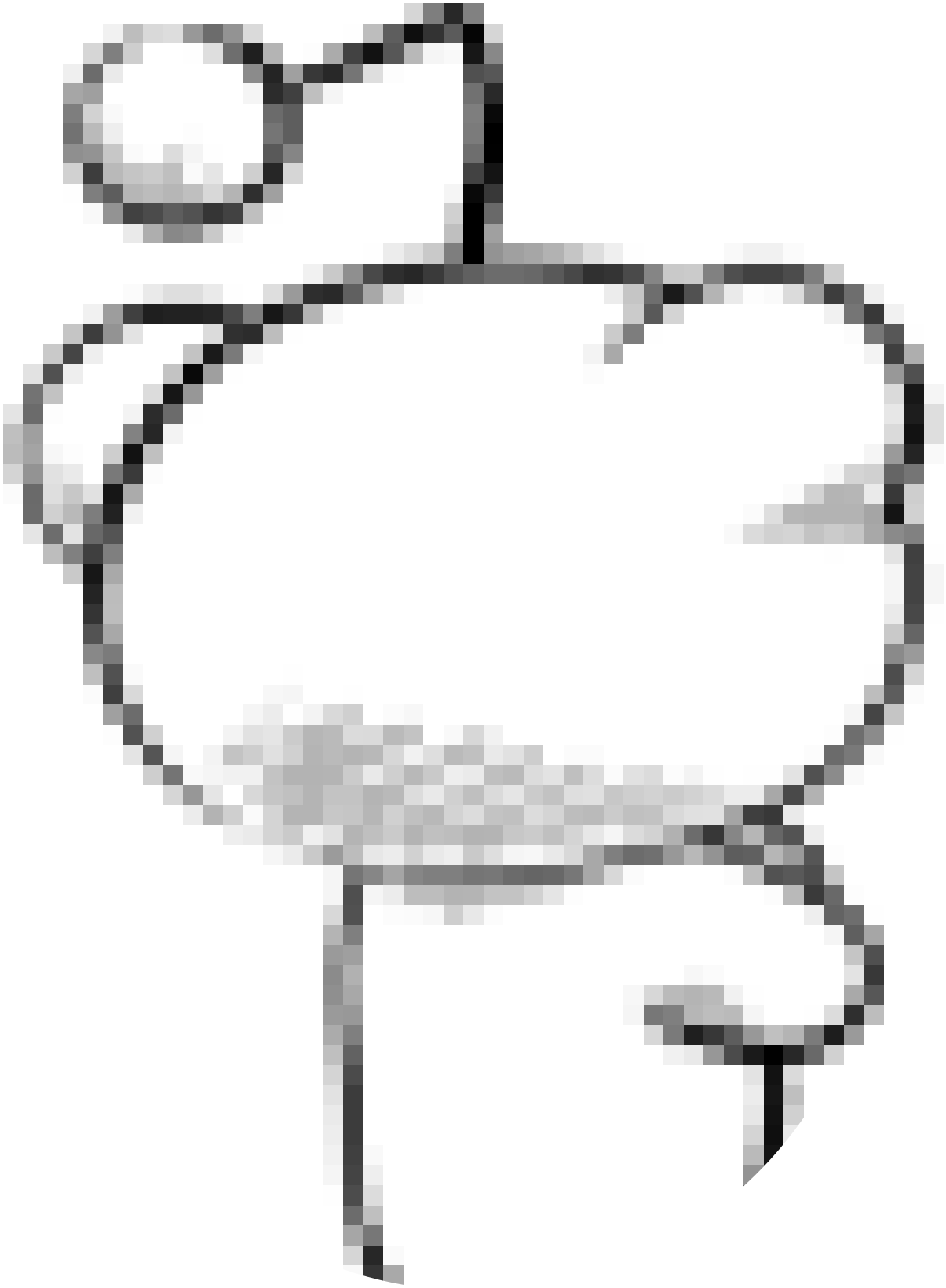

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• 13y ago

None of you have experienced true fear until one of the pictures on your wall randomly falls down in the middle of the night.

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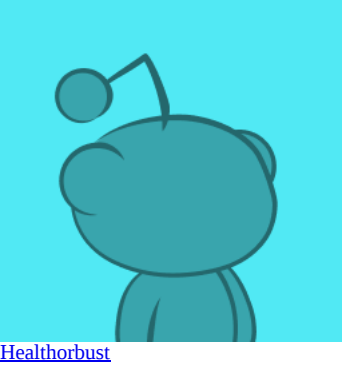

Healthorbust
• 13y ago

I was volunteering in the Dominican Republic, and after my first day of work, and a humid night of little sleep, I was barely awake for my second day. The site had showers, so I decided to get a brisk shower in and breath some life into my brain. I open the door, walk in, and as the door shuts my brain clicks in that the floor and shower wall are moving.

Covered in dozens of these: http://www.reptilesalive.com/animals/animalstwo/hatiantarantula.html

That morning I discovered that the Speed Force was a thing.

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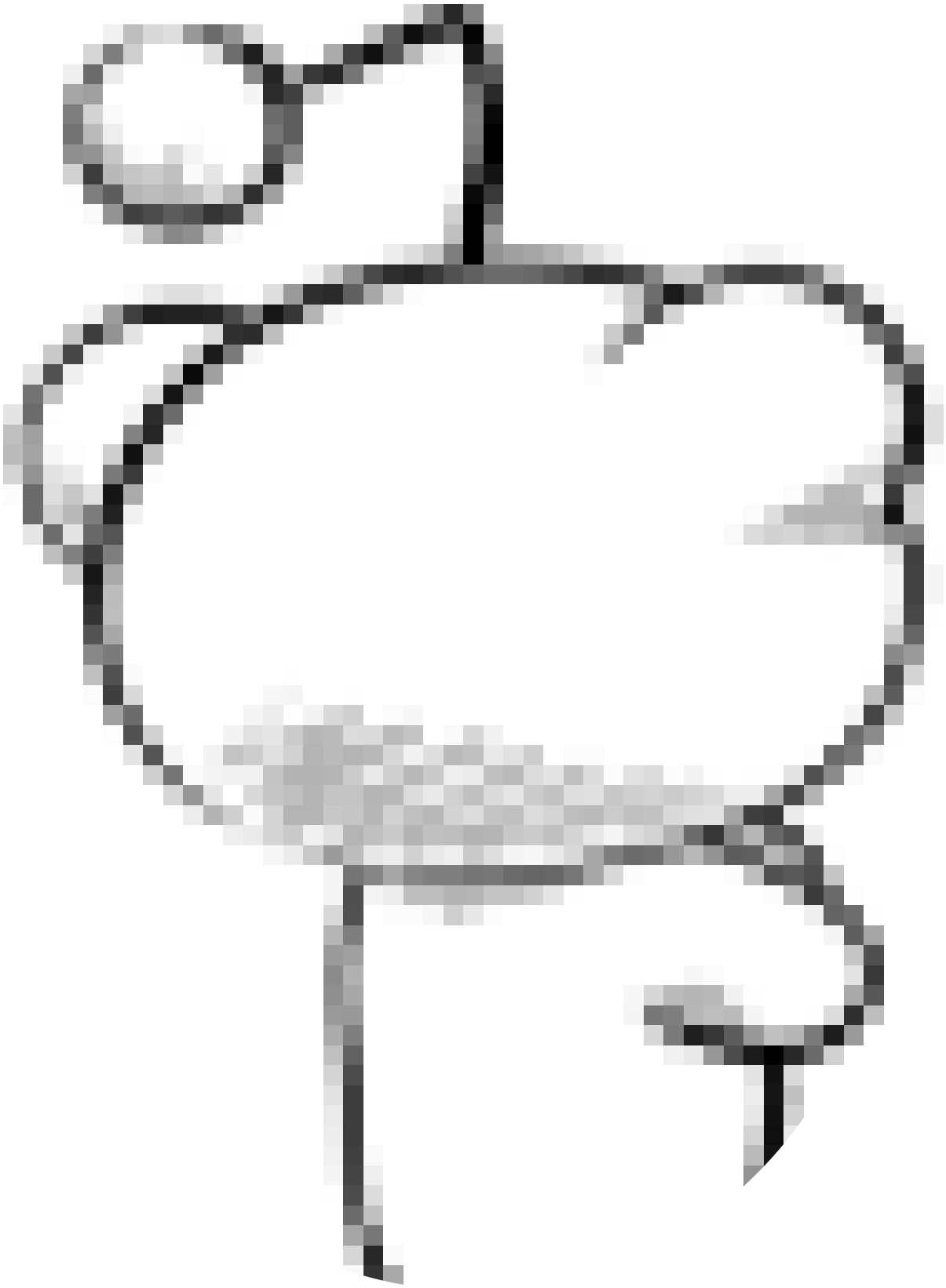

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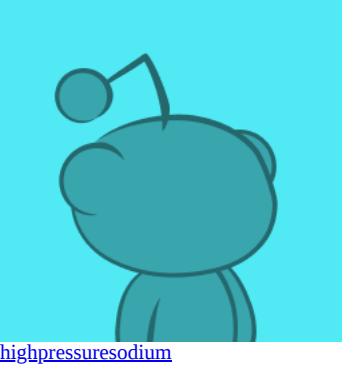

highpressuresodium
• 13y ago

see this is all why i have cats. if my cats are freaked, i know its not in my mind and some shit is about to go down

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2 more replies
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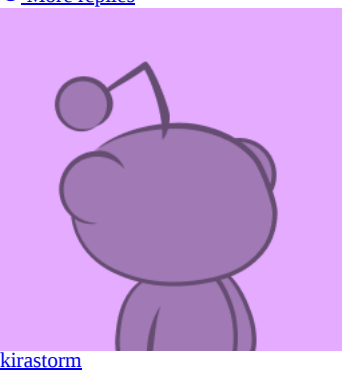

kirastorm
• 13y ago

Plane crashes. The shriek of metal, the impact, the boom when the gas tank goes. The hellish shrieking of the flames. I saw three first hand, and heard one more from the woods by the runway and then watched the aftermath. Two single plane crashes and one 2 plane crash.

The first one I heard a weird noise first, and turned to look. Just in time to see the impact. It was the canopy opening for the ejecting pilots.

The worst was one where it crashed, and the flames were billowing, and my friend said "the pilots not out yet." Then the gas tank went. Luckily, dude had climbed out the other side. He got tossed by the explosion, but ended up with a couple broken bones, and some medium burns. The flames sounded hellish, and we thought we had just witnessed a death.

TLDR grew up on an airforce base, plane crashes sound bad.

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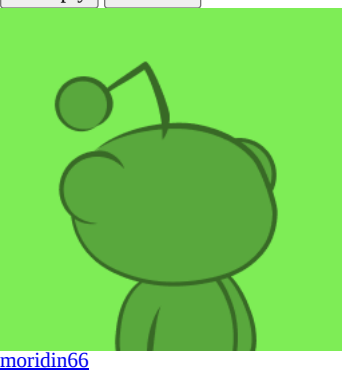


moridin66
• 13y ago

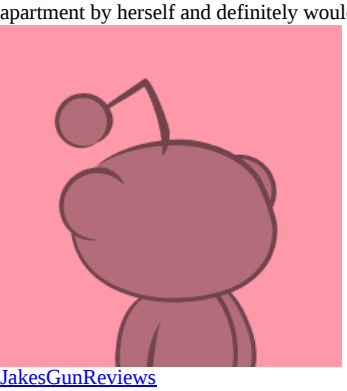
I have two that come to mind, but definitely not on the same level as some of you...

First, when I was 16/17 I got really into Nirvana for a while and loved listening to their album nevermind. I wasn't fond of all their music and tended to skip around between different tracks on the CD all the time. One night it was pretty late (after midnight) and I was reading a book with the album playing and I was really tired, so my eyelids fell closed and I drifted off into a half sleep. If you own this album, then you're probably aware that after the 12th track (Something in the Way) there's about 10-15 minutes of silence and then a hidden 13th track called "Endless, Namelss" which is about the most fucked up recording Kurt Cobain ever made. It's mostly a lot of noise with a vague rhythm/pattern and it's creepy as hell. So, as you can imagine, I drifted off to sleep listening to regular music, then as I half-wake up to near silence, this track starts playing and I just freeze as andrenaline rushes through my body for about 5 seconds. I'd never played the album all the way through, so this was the first time I'd come across the hidden track.

Second story was much more recently. My girlfriend at the time and I had moved into a two bedroom apartment together, but we slept in one room and used the second room for storage while we sorted out our stuff and started buying furniture. One night we had a fight and I decided not to sleep in the same bed as her, so I tried sleeping on the floor in the second room, but couldn't get comfortable. I had a very vague, creepy feeling because it was an old apartment building, very plain and there was a lot of junk in this room with shadows from the moonlight. The thing that was most unsettling is that I felt like there was something old shaped on part of the ceiling and I couldn't for the life of me figure out what it was. Then my girlfriend walked in demanding to know why I didn't come to bed and I agree to go back to our room. Flash forward a month later, we've added a bed to this second room and she's decided she wants it to be her room because she's tired of my snoring. So she spent 2-3 hours that evening cleaning up the room, making it tidy, and making it her own. At the end of the night, I'm in the bathroom down the hall brushing my teeth while she acts all proud of her new room and says good night, closes the door, and turns off the light. In less than 3 seconds I hear her scream and rush out of the room towards me saying she saw a ghost. This immediatly sparks the memory of the creepy feeling I'd had the one time I'd tried to sleep in the room so I agree to go back in with her. I walk in and she, being a brave soldier, closes the door behind me and turns off the light, then immediatly starts asking, "Do you see it?!"

Scawled on the ceiling above the head of her bed were the words "I'M UNDER THE BED" glowing in green.

Somebody had obviously done this as a prank a long time ago and having never had the light on in the room, we'd never charged it properly until she was cleaning the room. I told her what was written and she decided my snoring wasn't that bad. In less than two months I ended up having to break our lease and move into a different apartment because she refused to be in that apartment by herself and definitely wouldn't go into that room by herself.



JakesGunReviews
• 13y ago

http://imgur.com/a/pXtX1

Yes, those are cages for people.

InstyKim
• 13y ago

Whaaa??? Where were these pictures taken?

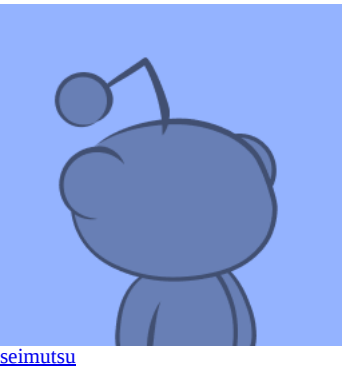
2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies More replies

Savis117
• 13y ago

I remember being sucked out into a tide when i was young, around 8 or 9. I was around 200m out when i noticed as i was doing the starfish thing and floating, i called to my dad and he wasnt there. i flipped the fuck out. I started to look for a place I could swim to, while doing this, the scariest thing in my life to date happened. I felt something, large, rub against my leg. if i was freaking the fuck out before i certainly was now. I SWAM THE FUCK BACK TO SHORE. later I found out that a shark killed someone 2 hours later at the same beach. fucking creepy shit.



seimutsu
• 13y ago

So I used to live out in the countryside, about a 15 minute walk from the nearest train station (this was not in the US, so there was lots of public transportation and few cars). Right out the station there were usually a dozen or so people walking, but by the time I got to my neighborhood, there was always just me and this one woman. I always assumed she must get off the train nearer to the exit, and she kept a brisk pace, so she was always 30 seconds or so ahead of me - I'd never seen her face. I never really thought about the situation at the time, but after two weeks of walking home behind this woman, I had the fright of my life. We're walking along as usual when she suddenly stops in her tracks in the middle of the sidewalk. Surprised, I stop too - getting a little nervous. After what seemed like awhile, I figured Its just best to head on home, start walking again. I get right up behind her, about to go around, and she whips around to face me. She has this twisted, furious look on her face. And she *screams*.

It was both the most terrified and angry sound I'd ever heard. I must have jumped two meters backwards, and probably screamed myself. I must have been white as a sheet.

I never saw her again after that night.

spoiler After screaming, she told me she'd call the cops if I didn't stop following her home. Turns out she though I was stalking her. I explained I just lived a block further away, and she got really embarrassed and apologized.

I imagine she started taking a different route home after that out of embarrassment, which is why I never saw her again.

2 more replies
2 more replies

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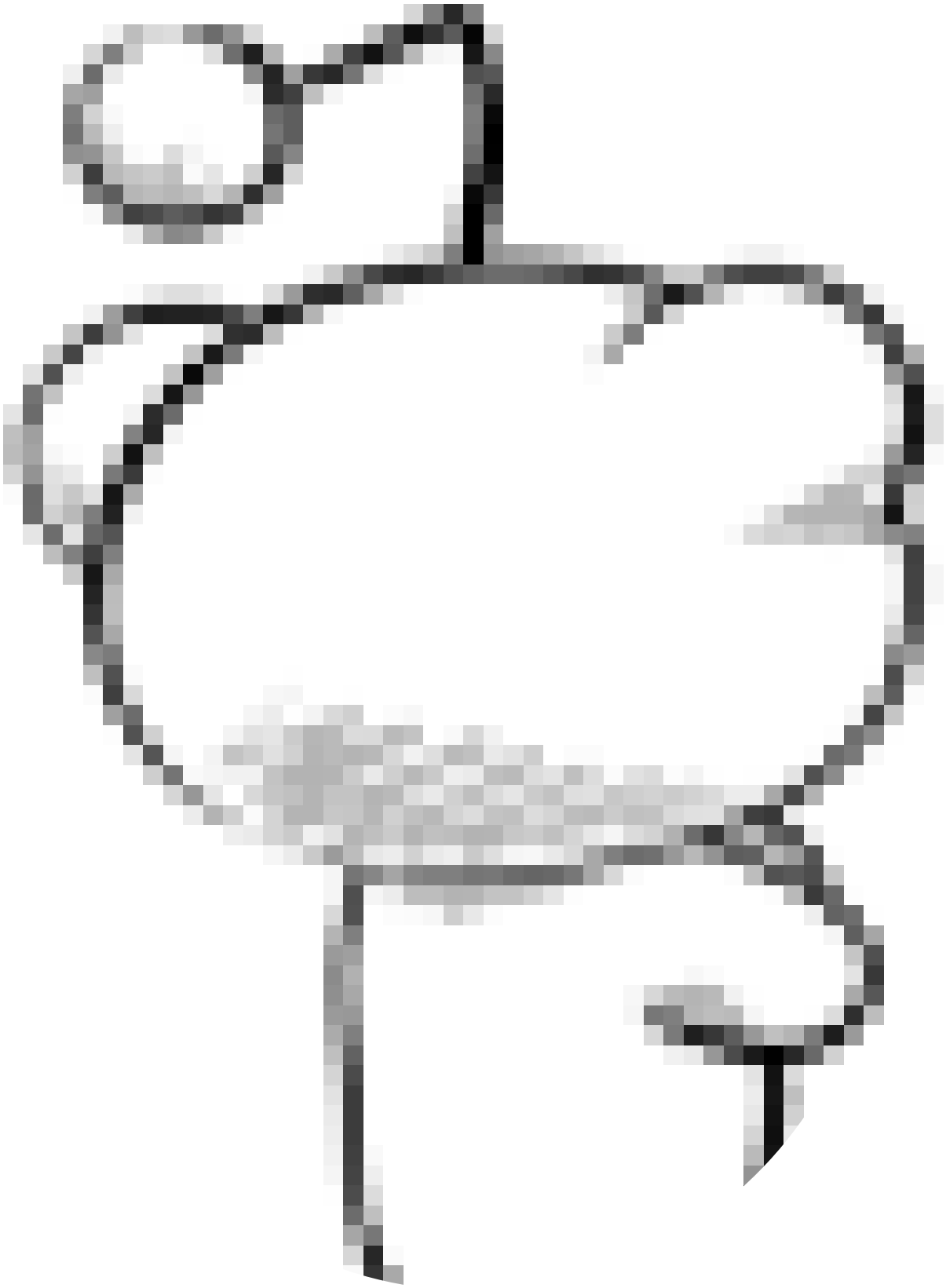

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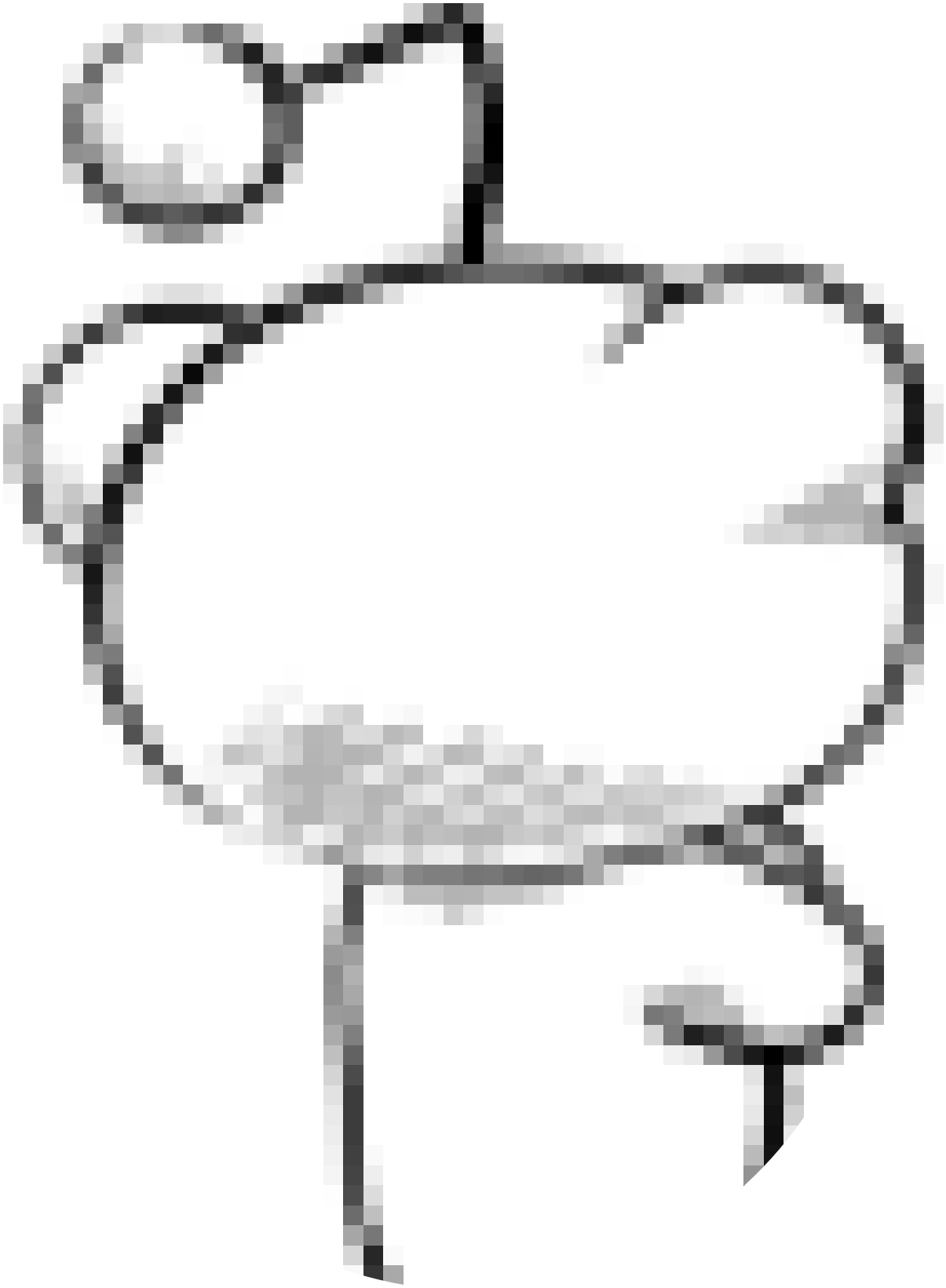
• 13y ago

Made it half way through this thread and thought I was all good until my phone rang (WTF! it's past midnight!) and I let out the most awkward scream/ugh sound.



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• 13y ago

why am i reading this at 2 am

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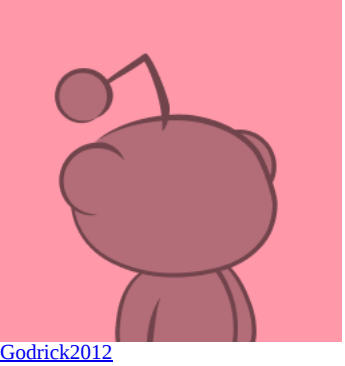
NDominator
• 13y ago

Easily the scariest thing I learned on the internet was how to make nerve gas. Considering it was on 4chan it'd probably kill you just like the stuff from the "edited" Anarchist's cookbook.

iratam
• 13y ago

With my first wife, we went to see the movie 'The Exorcist' that had just came out. My impressionable wife was terrified by the Devil voice. So, we had to leave after about 3/4 of the movie. On our way home she excused herself profusely and I kept making fun of how she got scared like a little kitty cat... Until we reached our house. It was only about 20:30 and we lived on a street where there was practically no traffic but we did pass a mother and her son walking on the sidewalk just before getting to our house. As I put the key in the lock and started turning it we hear the same devil voice then at the theatre. My heart skips quite a few beats and my wife turn entirely white as a sheet. I managed to get out of my torpor just in time to catch her because she had fainted. After a short while we came back to our senses because we realized that it was the little guy with his mother who was making funny noises and voices..... We didn't sleep all night !!!



Godrick2012
• 13y ago

This is one of the creepiest videos I have ever seen.

http://youtu.be/ZQYMaICotLk

Dath-Roth
• 13y ago

The Midnight Game, look it up it's scary as fuck.

Edit: Here's a link to the instructions. http://www.justmegawatt.com/tutorials/midnightgame.html

2 more replies

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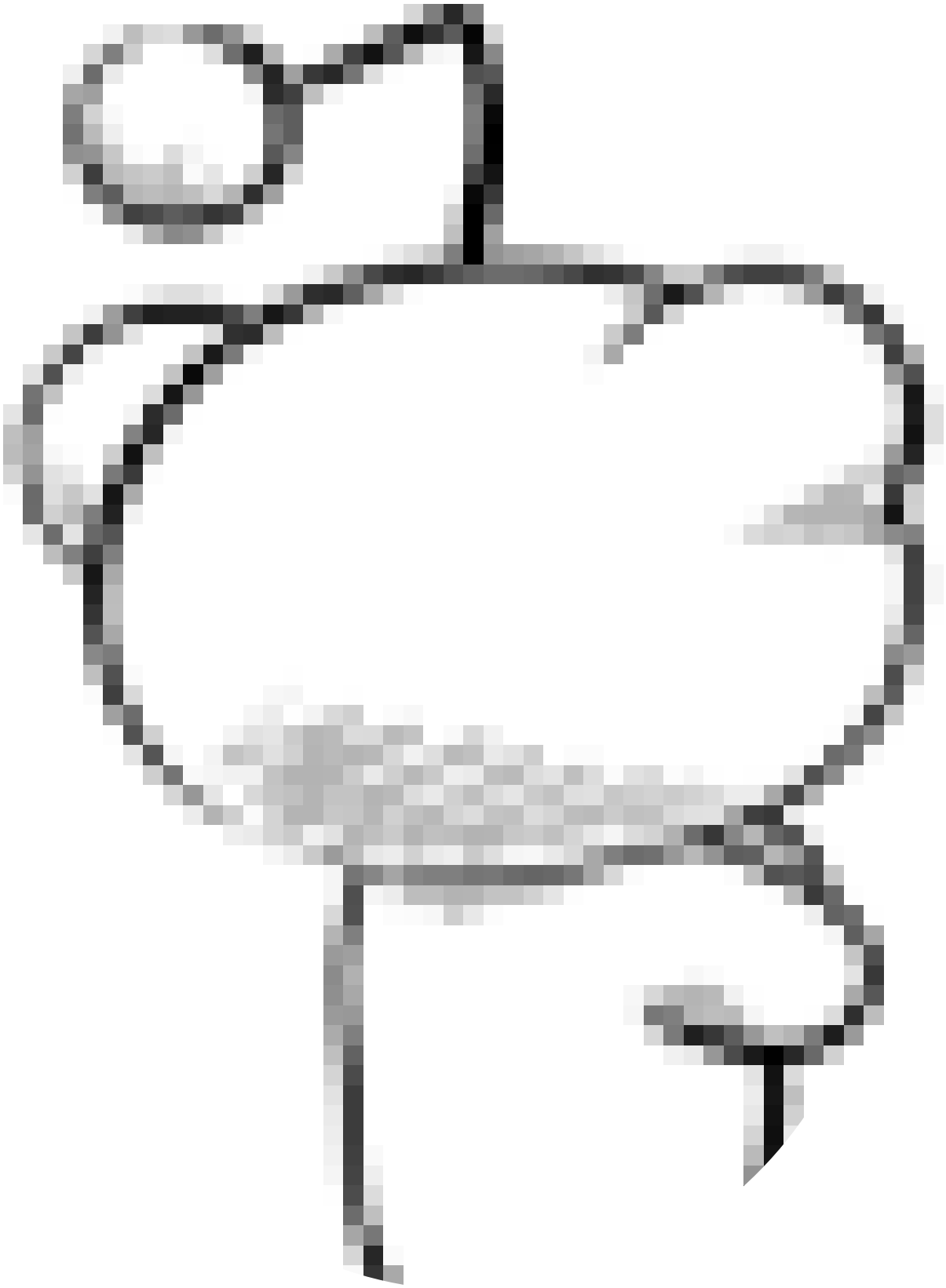

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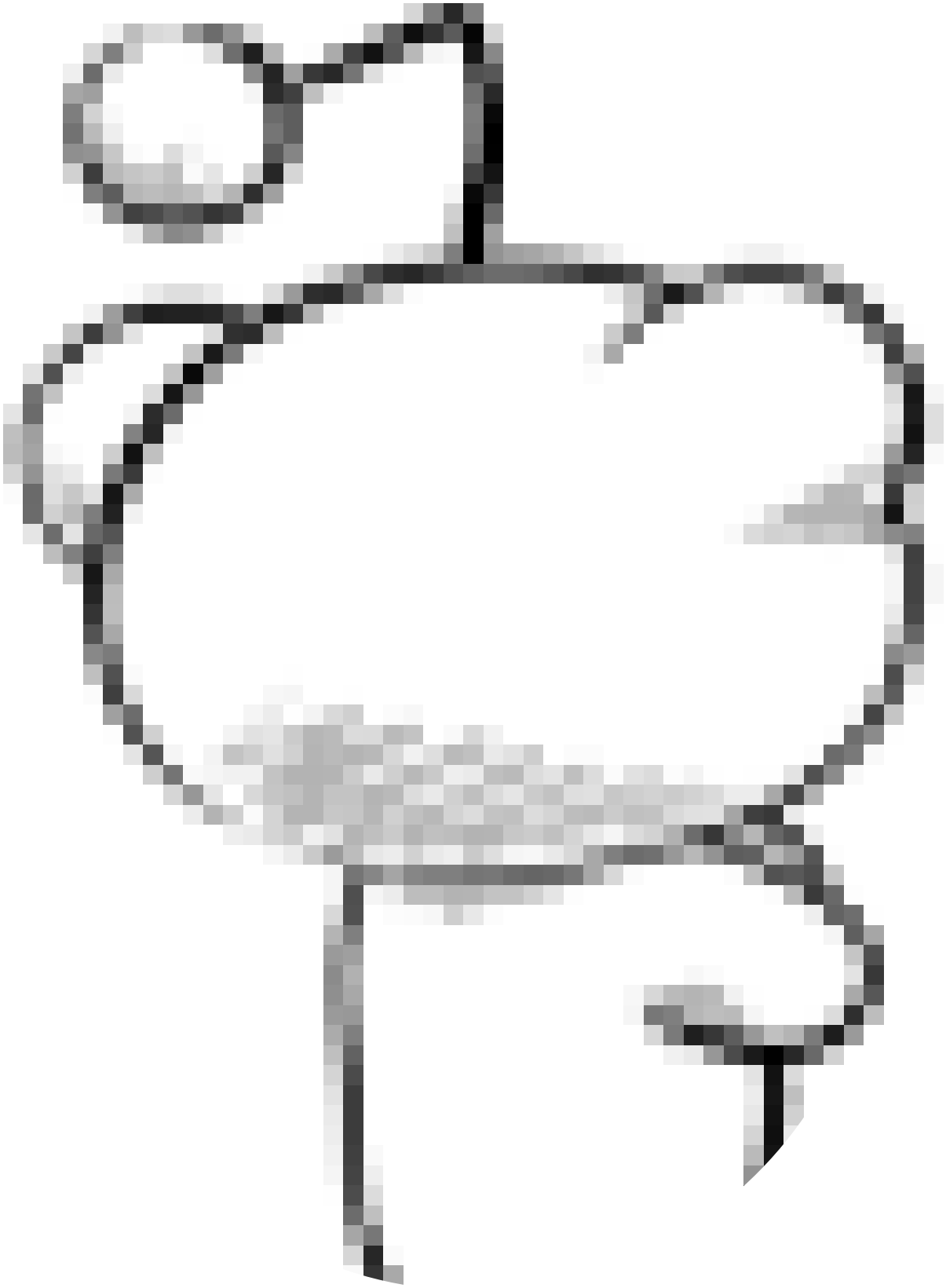
• 13y ago

These quotes from Michele Bachmann gave me the shivers:

http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/authors/m/michele_bachmann.html



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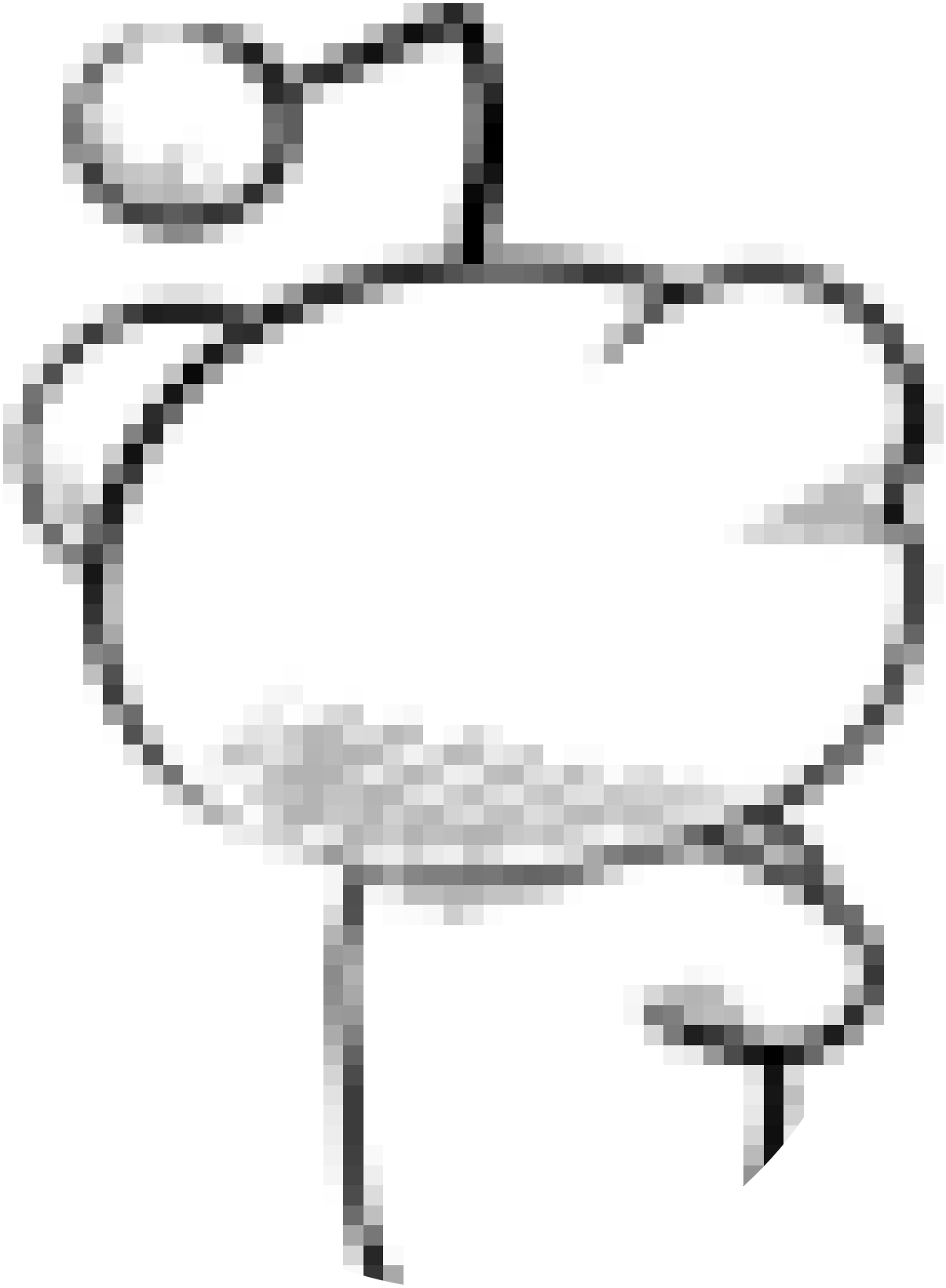
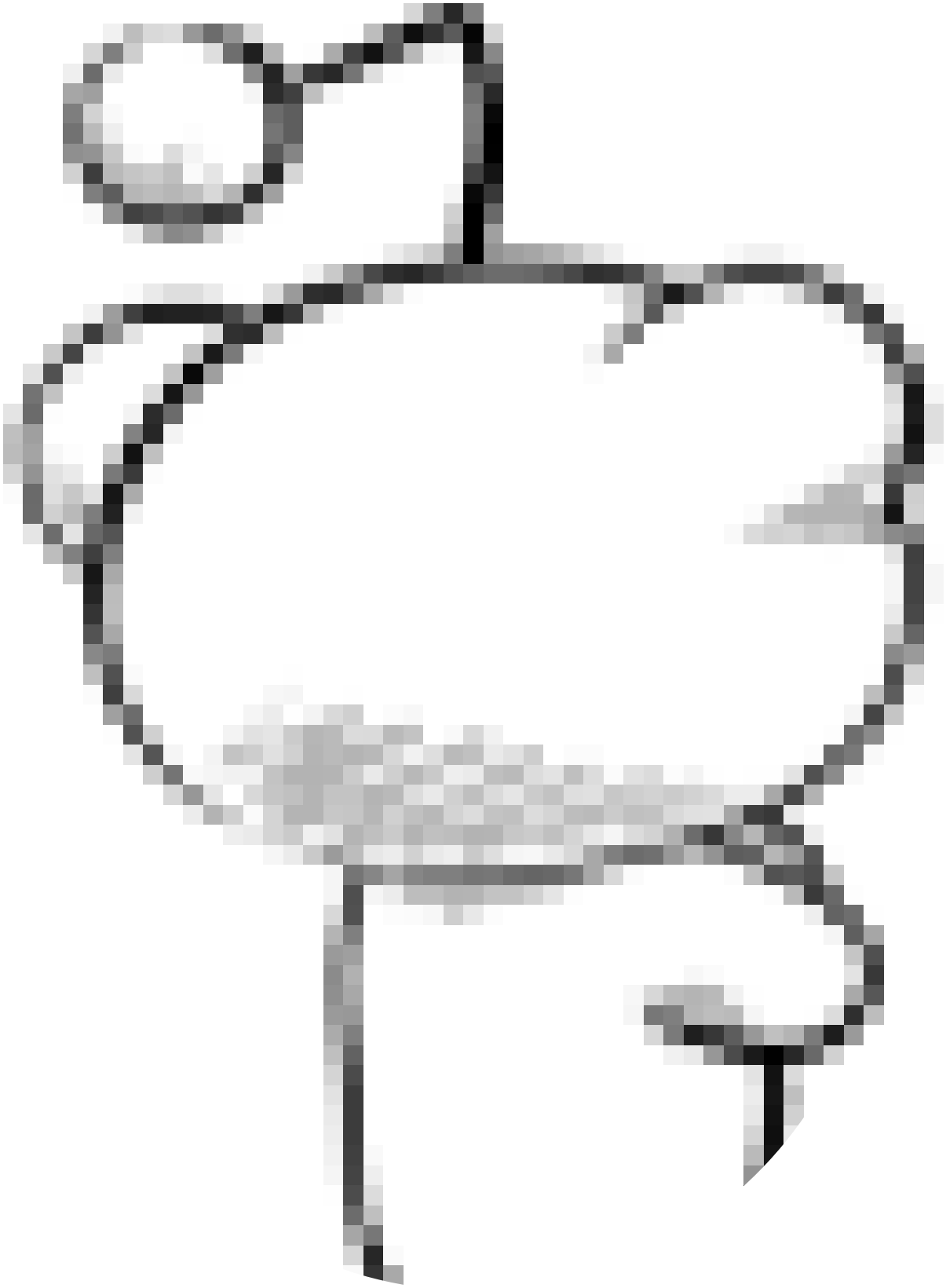


Thatguymorganwall
• 13y ago

I was in my basement one time and was about to sleep on my couch. I left my phone charging on a near by out let, and when I woke up it was gone. The phone wasn't anywhere in sight. I emptied out my pockets, checked every inch of my basement, and I asked my parents if they took my phone. My parents said they didn't take it, and at this point I was sure someone broke into my house. I called my phone and a very smart allec guy answered. I asked "what the f*ck are you doing with my phone, and he replied "it's not your phone it's the companys phone budy" then I threatened to call the police. Than I went to go take a nap on the same couch and when I woke up my phone was in my pocket with no battery.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

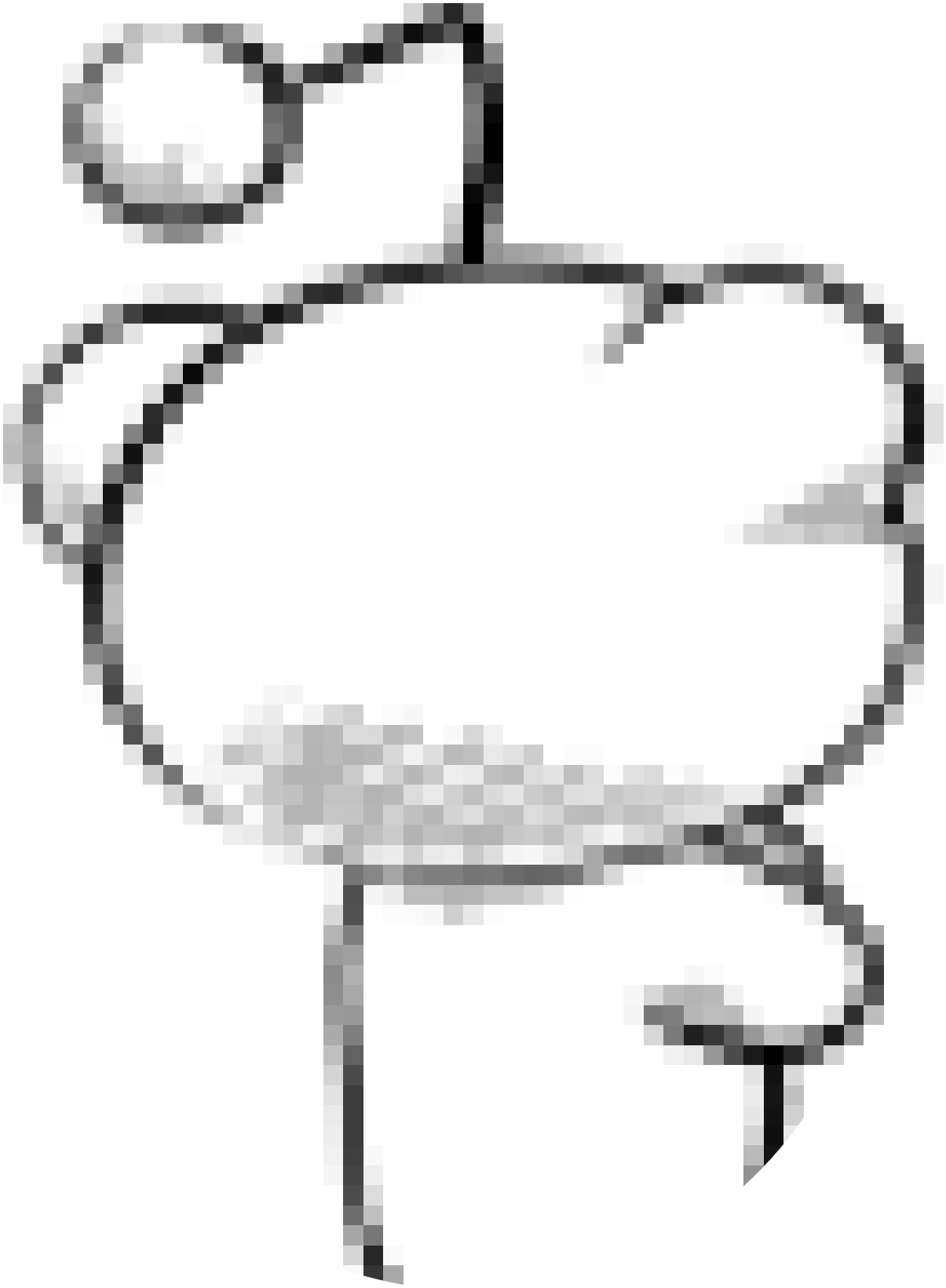
Comment deleted by user

GianSeehra
• 13y ago

shit man, that must have been so scary !

4 more replies

4 more replies



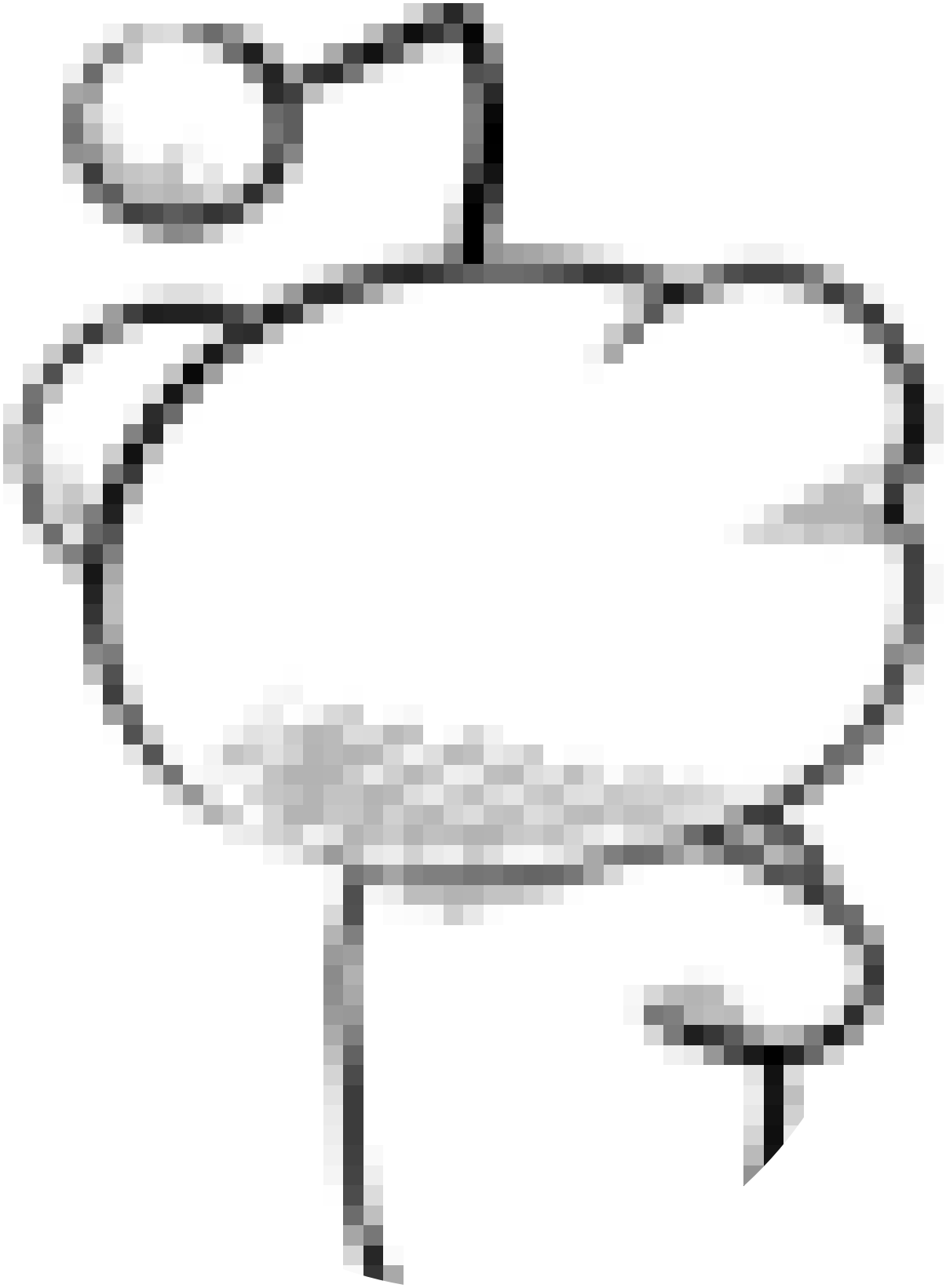
BattlefieldBastard
• 13y ago

This will probably get lost in the comments but I'll post it anyways:

The first time I was in New York, a buddy of mine there showed me a great time, we partied all night and got completely shitfaced.

Next morning I wake up, hung over like shit. I call my buddy, he's not answering. I walk through the hotel and it's dead silent, I only see a few people and they're completely expressionless. like they've seen a ghost.

I go outside and look up: few blocks away, the Twin Towers are burning.



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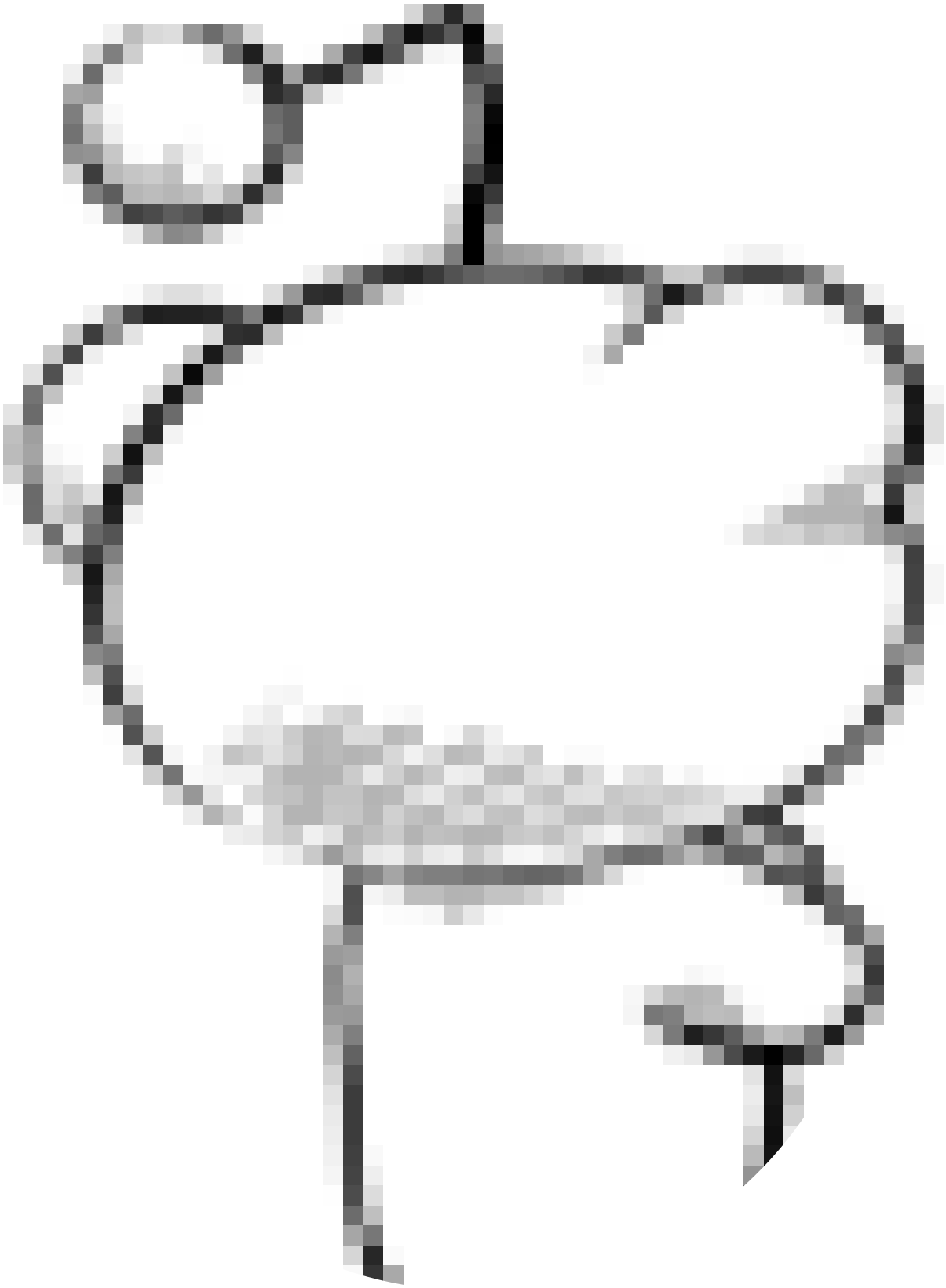
• 13y ago

Wow. That made my heart sink. What an awful thing to wake up to in such a disoriented state :(

More replies



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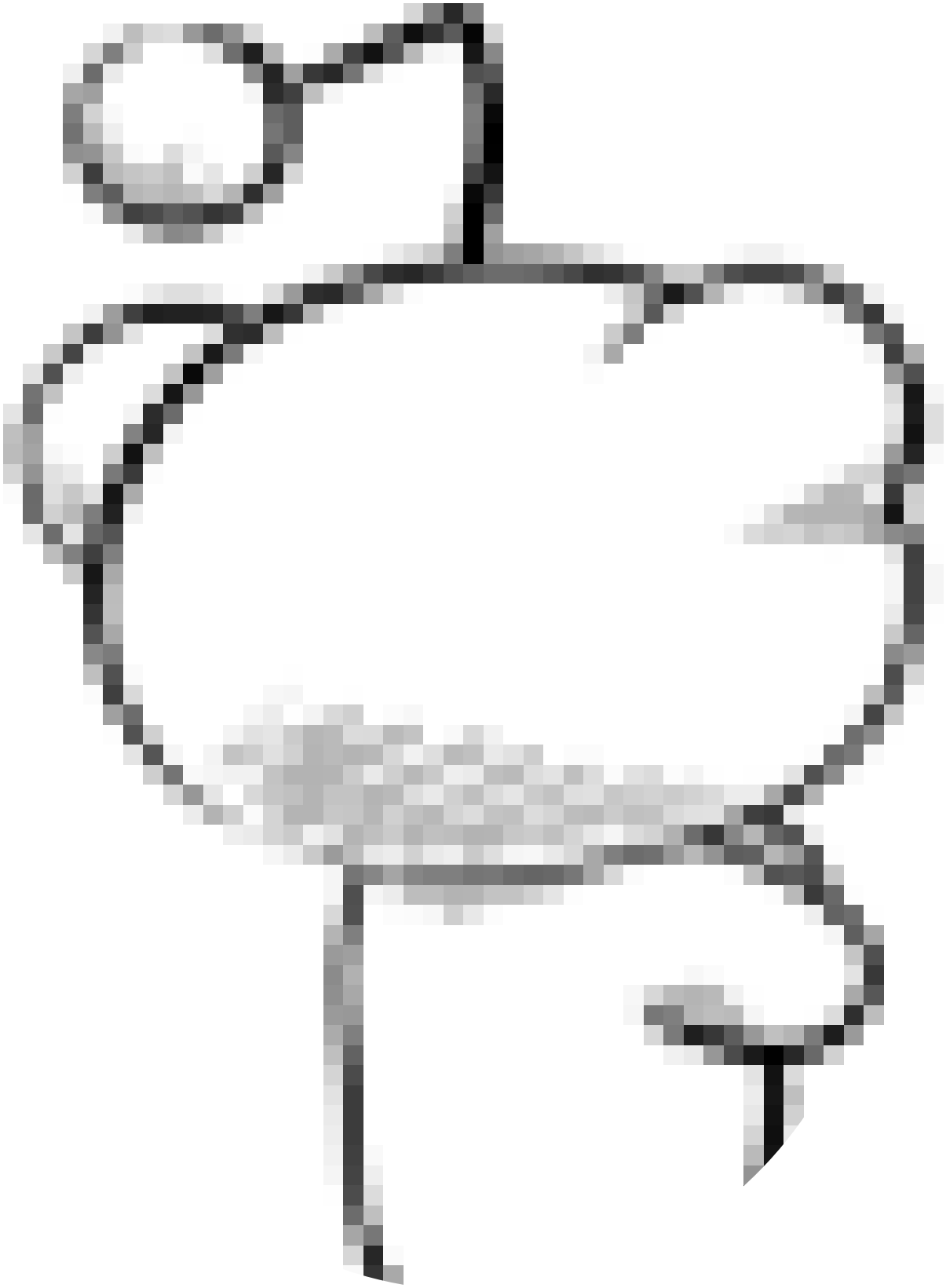
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

GormBerry
• 13y ago

Raining blood, from a lacerated sky, bleeding its horror. Creating my structure, now I shall REIGN IN BLOOD!



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• 13y ago

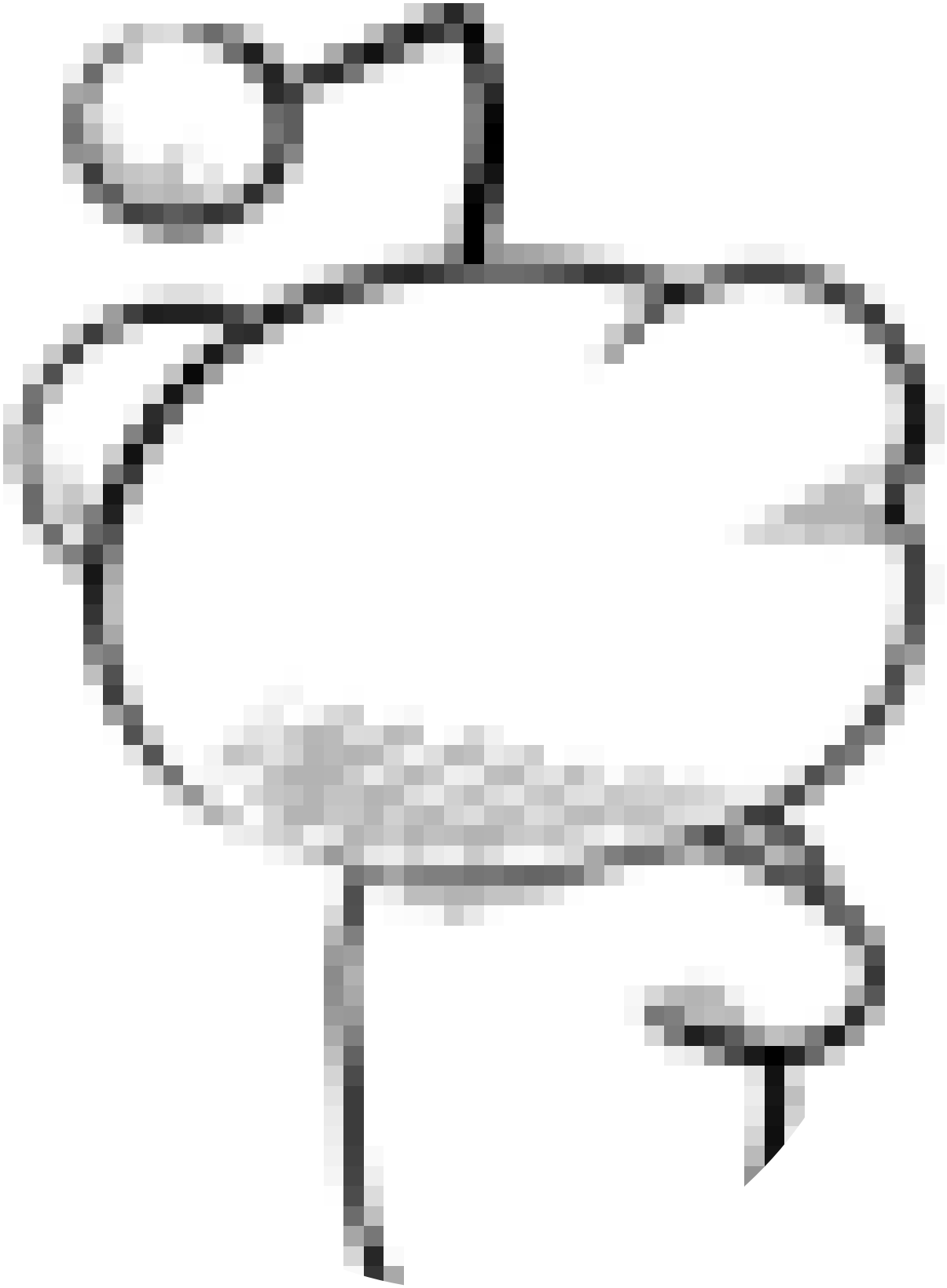
Laying in bed on night; trying to get to sleep for school the next day. I was doing the usual - slowly relaxing every muscle in my body while trying to move my mind away from thinking about the homework I hadn't finished. My room was completely dark, with only the residual light from the hallway to reveal the most bold features. Then, from behind my closed closet doors I hear several really loud bangs. I sit, bolt upright and watch my closet. Just after those bangs, the doors started bulging in and out in rapid succession. I heard things falling over and lots of scratching. Finally, there was one last, loud thud, and the door opened just enough for my cat to squeeze out. I still don't know how she got in there..

I thought I was going to get sucked into my closet a la Poltergeist.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



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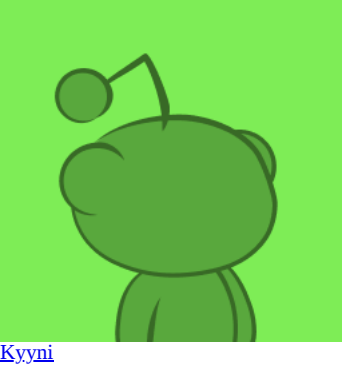
• 13y ago

The creepiest things I've seen are my sent text messages after a night of drinking.



Kyyni
• 13y ago

Not probably the most scariest thing ever, but this just happened to me.

I was sitting in my room, with my headphones on, only the computer screen and a small lamp on my desk. I was playing Amnesia: The Dark Descent, a custom story called Fekete Keres. My character was wading through a basement, soaked in knee deep water. I spotted a key on the shelf and thought myself "that's got to be just a normal trigger, the moment I take it, there will be a jumpscare." I braced myself and took it. A horrendous loud scream blared on the headphones, but then it was cut abruptly, and the whole room went dark and silent. My whole room, not the game. The computer, the lamp, all noises.

Thanks to the Finnish nature, a really well timed power outage. I just sat there for a moment, extremely creeped out, and then I just had to laugh out loud for the incredible coincidence.

Atheist_Redditor
• 13y ago

I was at an awards ceremony in my old home town. It had a historic downtown district and the awards ceremony was at this historic theatre as well, probably around 100 years old. I had to poop. I left the ceremony and went downstairs to the bathroom. It was musty and badly lit. The lights flickered with a dull yellow color. I will never forget these details. As I pooped, a man entered the bathroom. I assume he was a large man and I could hear him breathing. He sounded overweight. He walked loudly up to my stall, and I saw his large combat style boots standing directly outside my stall. He was so close, his toes were sticking out under the door. He was just standing there....

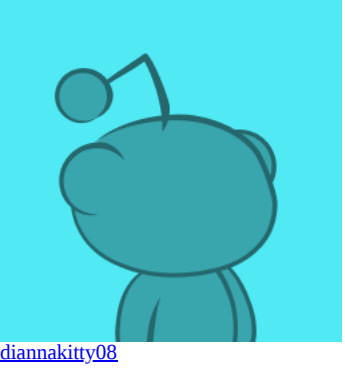
I said "Dude, there is someone in this stall."

No response.

"What do you need."

No response. Just breathing.

I sloppily wiped my ass and got up as quick as I could. The doors on the stalls open inwards so I had to practically sit on the toilet to open the door. There was no one there. There were a pair of boots sitting directly outside the stall. I hopped over the boots, running the fuck out of there. I sat scared shitless, with an itchy ass through that award ceremony that night.



diannakitty08
• 13y ago

Original artwork for "Scary Stories To Tell In The Dark"

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

MrFreeLiving
• 13y ago

Nigga, I ain't clicking on SHIT.

DeathSpinner
• 13y ago

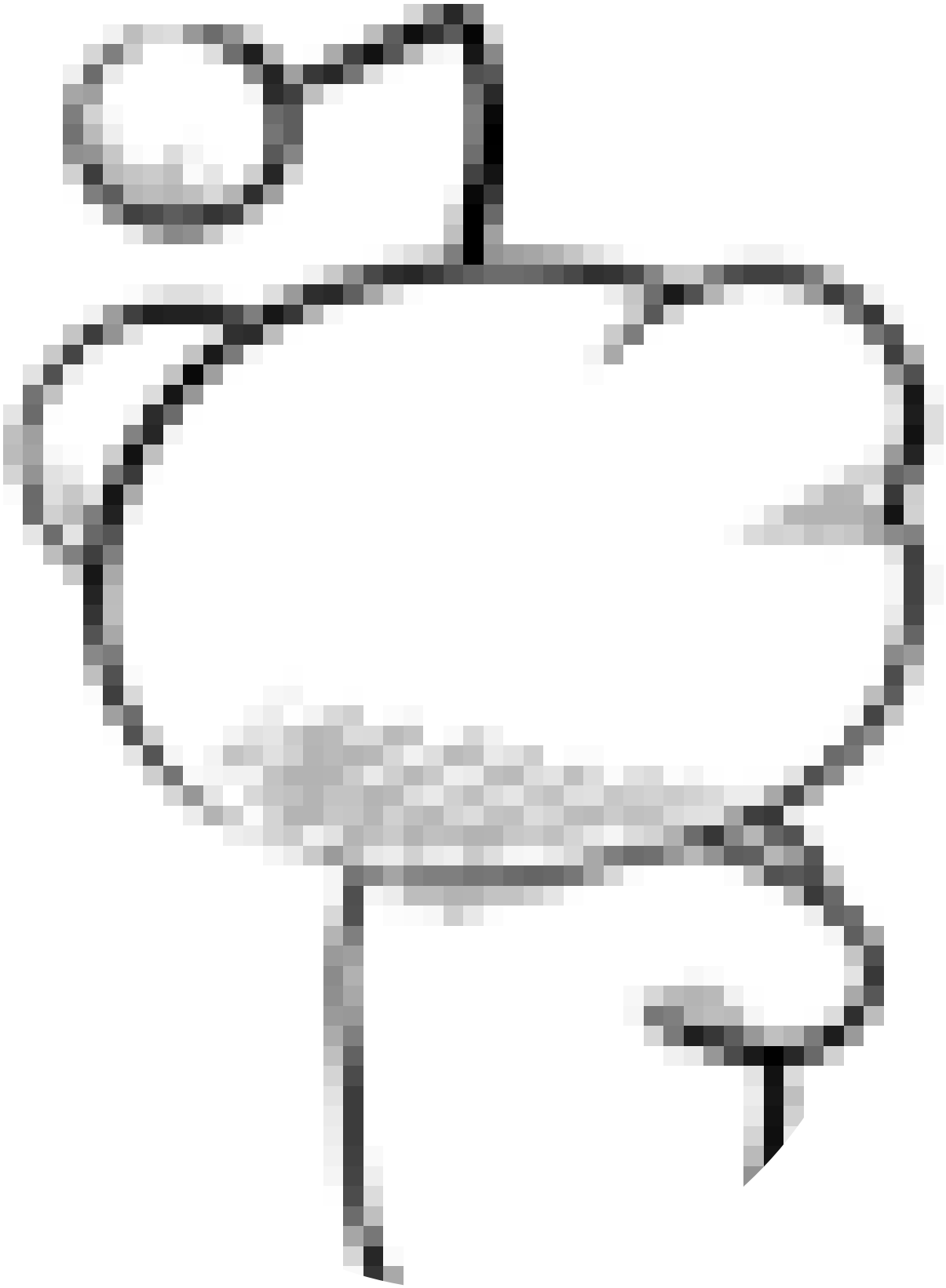
In the house I lived in for 15 years growing up. My room was right near the front door. At least once a night, the front door deadbolt would unlock. The door would open then close and lock itself again.

P.S. I know it was not my parents as you could hear any footstep in that house.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



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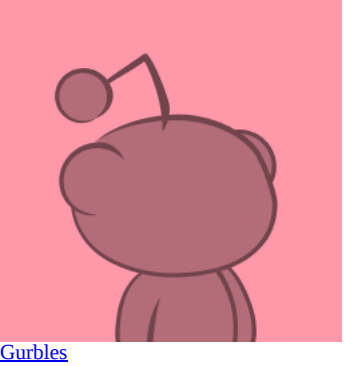
• 13y ago

When my cousin was young (maybe 3 or 4) he was very ill. He was bed bound with a high fever for a few days and when his mum asked him if he was feeling better he said "I'm fine mummy, the man in the corner is looking after me" his mum looked and there was nobody there. Obviously thinking the fever had made him hallucinate, she carried on without even thinking about. some time later they were looking through some old family photos and my cousin pointed to a man in a photo and said "thats him, the man that looked after me when I was ill". the photo was of my cousins grandfather who had passed away but had promised, as he was dying, that he would look over them.



Gurbles
• 13y ago

There was a hunter in the woods, who, after a long day hunting, was in the middle of an immense forest. It was getting dark, and having lost his bearings, he decided to head in one direction until he was clear of the increasingly oppressive foliage. After what seemed like hours, he came across a cabin in a small clearing. Realizing how dark it had grown, he decided to see if he could stay there for the night. He approached, and found the door ajar. Nobody was inside. The hunter flopped down on the single bed, deciding to explain himself to the owner in the morning. As he looked around the inside of the cabin, he was surprised to see the walls adorned by several portraits, all painted in incredible detail. Without exception, they appeared to be staring down at him, their features twisted into looks of hatred and malice. Staring back, he grew increasingly uncomfortable. Making a concerted effort to ignore the many hateful faces, he turned to face the wall, and exhausted, he fell into a restless sleep. The next morning, the hunter awoke — he turned, blinking in unexpected sunlight. Looking up, he discovered that the cabin had no portraits, only windows.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

limabeanns
• 13y ago

I saw a 7 foot tall deep black shadow/mass with red eyes in the hallway of an old apartment I lived in (in Chicago). Up to that point, I had been creeped out in that apartment but didn't know why, so I dismissed the feeling. The building wasn't brand new--it was a four-plus-one likely built in the 70s--but it was new enough for me to think that I wasn't justified in being creeped out by the place.

One night I went to bed late, as usual, but could not fall asleep. My cats usually went to bed with me but they did not on that night, which kind of bothered me—I was accustomed to falling asleep with a cat or two on me. So I sat up in bed and looked out into the hallway and waited for my eyes to adjust to the dark, intending to hopefully see and call out to the cats. It was dark but not pitch black so it wasn't long before shapes became clear in the dark. That was when I saw it.

It was in the hallway just past my bedroom door; it was so tall that it was about level with the top of the bedroom doorframe. It was deepest, darkest black I've ever seen in my life—blacker than black. It had a vague head/shoulder/torso shape, and the bottom of it kind of faded away. Not believing my eyes, I leaned forward in bed to get a better look at this "thing". I was positive it had to be a trick of the light until it appeared to 'turn' and two red eyes came into view. The eyes had no pupils but I just knew that it was looking directly at me. I suddenly felt how a prey animal must feel when the eyes of a predator lock upon it—a deep, primal fear. Then without warning, it swooped into the bedroom towards me.

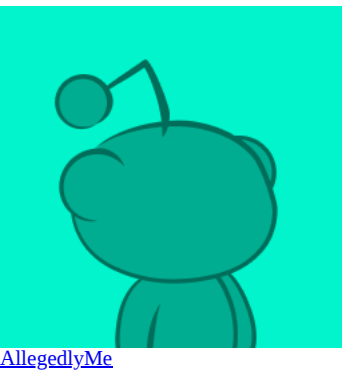
Without even thinking about it, I ducked beneath the covers like a kid hiding from the boogeyman and remained there until I couldn't breathe. My husband was sleeping next to me so I decided to elbow him hard enough to make him wake up and ask me what the heck I was doing. I figured that if he didn't freak out next to me, then the shadow thing was gone. So I did exactly that, and it was indeed gone.

I hated sleeping there over the next several months. I never again saw the shadow thing like that, but two separate times both my husband (the biggest skeptic ever up to that point) and I saw it again, although it was smaller and non-threatening in both occasions. Nevertheless, I was glad to move out of that place.

Kaptain_Obviou5
• 13y ago

One of my friends had lots of weird stuff happen to him when he was alone or with a small group of friends in his house. He said it had all started after he used a ouija board, which he eventually got rid of. We were in his house one night watching football when we heard loud pounding footsteps from his basement. These shook the whole house, and his basement had concrete floors so these "footsteps" were coming down with a lot of force. My friend told me this was normal so we just ignored it until every chair at his kitchen table moved across the room while we watched, scraping across the wood floor with an ungodly noise. We decide to go to the basement to watch TV as the ground floor left us feeling exposed. The lights go out and the TV turns on when we get to the bottom of the stairs. Boxes stacked against the walls start falling down. Terrified, we sprinted out of his house.

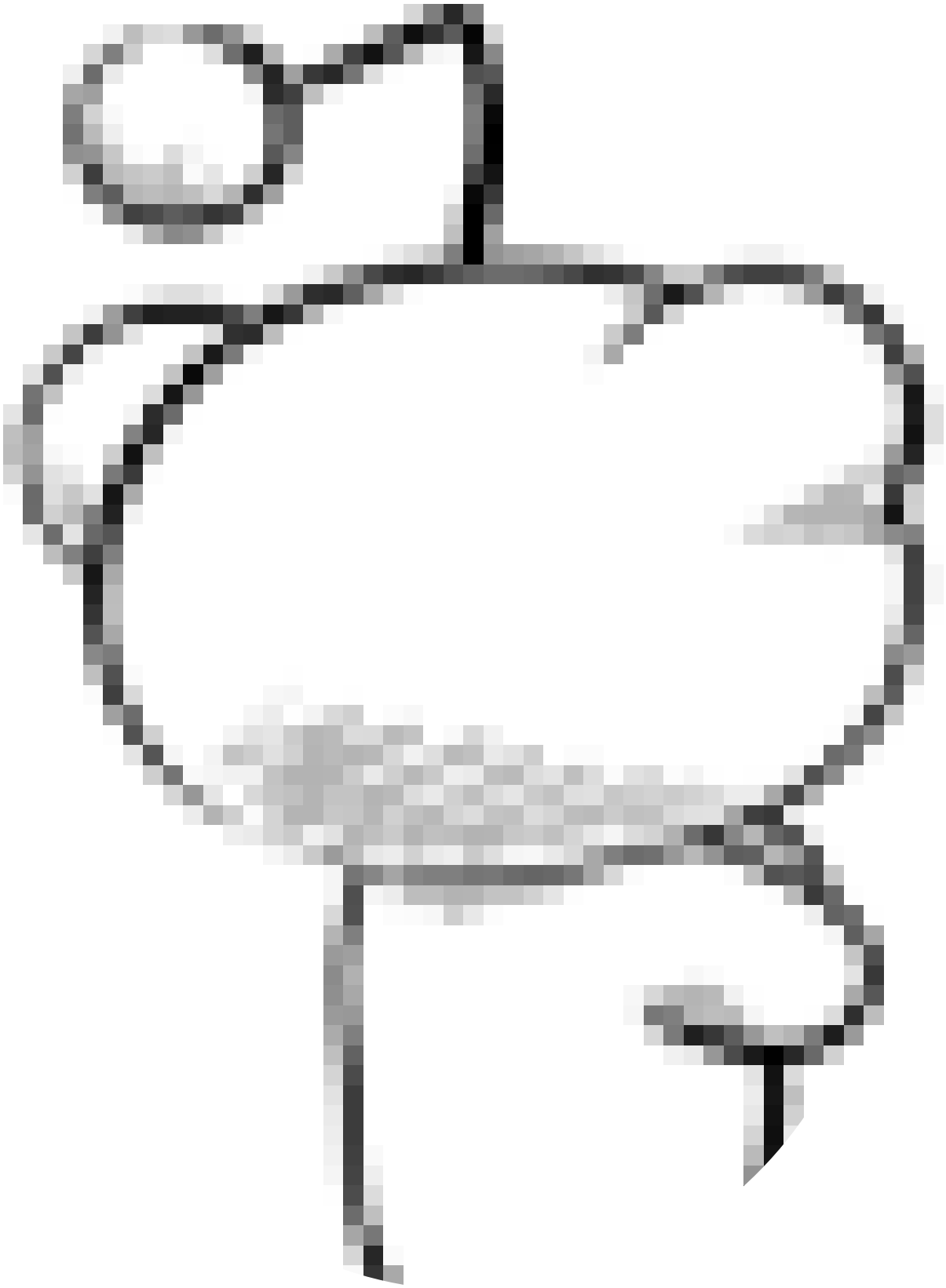
TL;DR- Ouija board demon haunts my friend and scares us shitless



AllegedlyMe
• 13y ago

Ouija boards are a stupid toy to play with. I mean, it can open you up to all sorts of weird stuff

More replies



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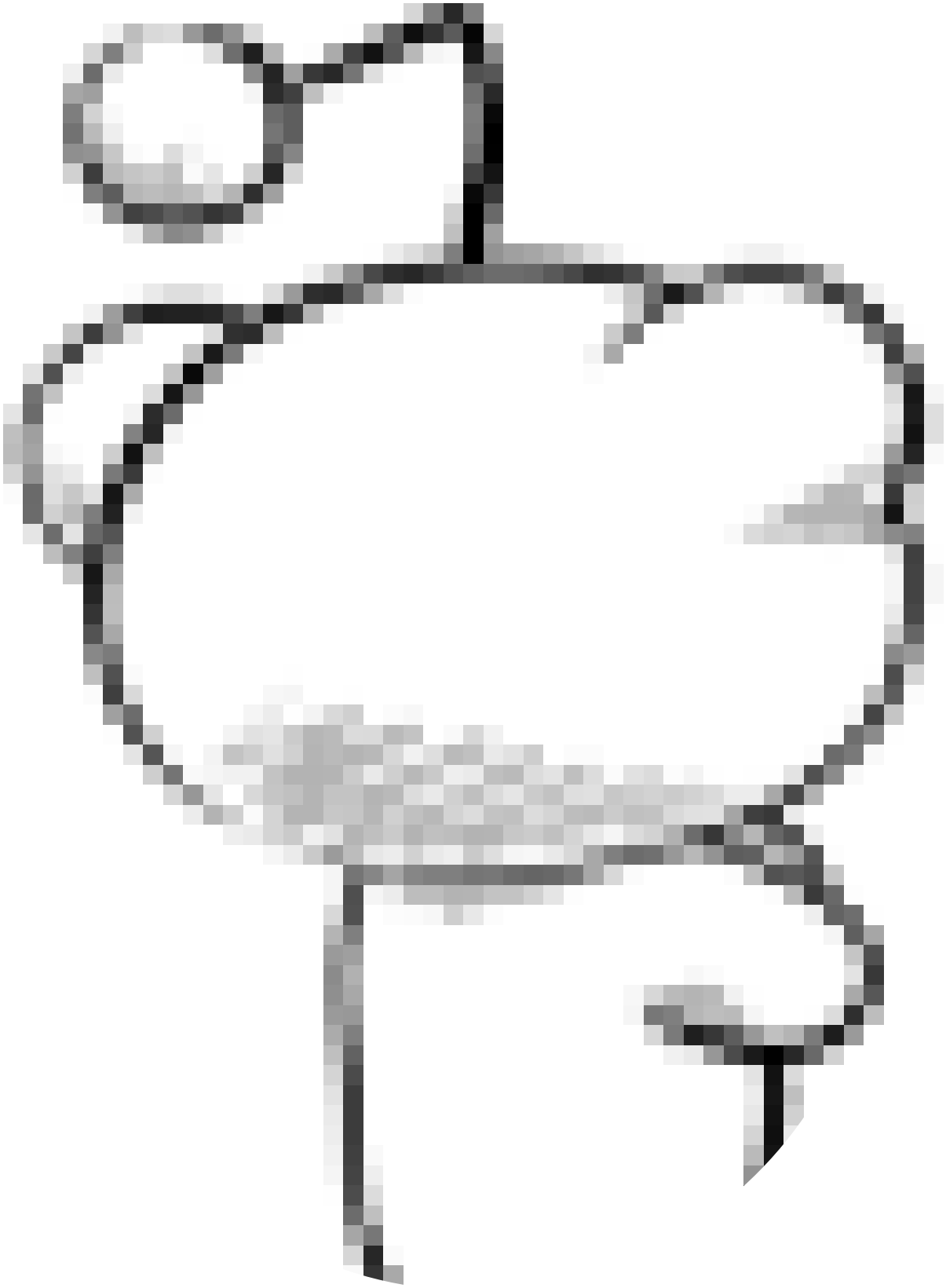
• 13y ago

That audio clip when the russians dropped that microphone into the deep hole and it sounds like people screaming and stuff.. Supposedly "Hell".. Pretty creepy.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xbrbx0ApQ8k&t=30s



[deleted]
• 13y ago

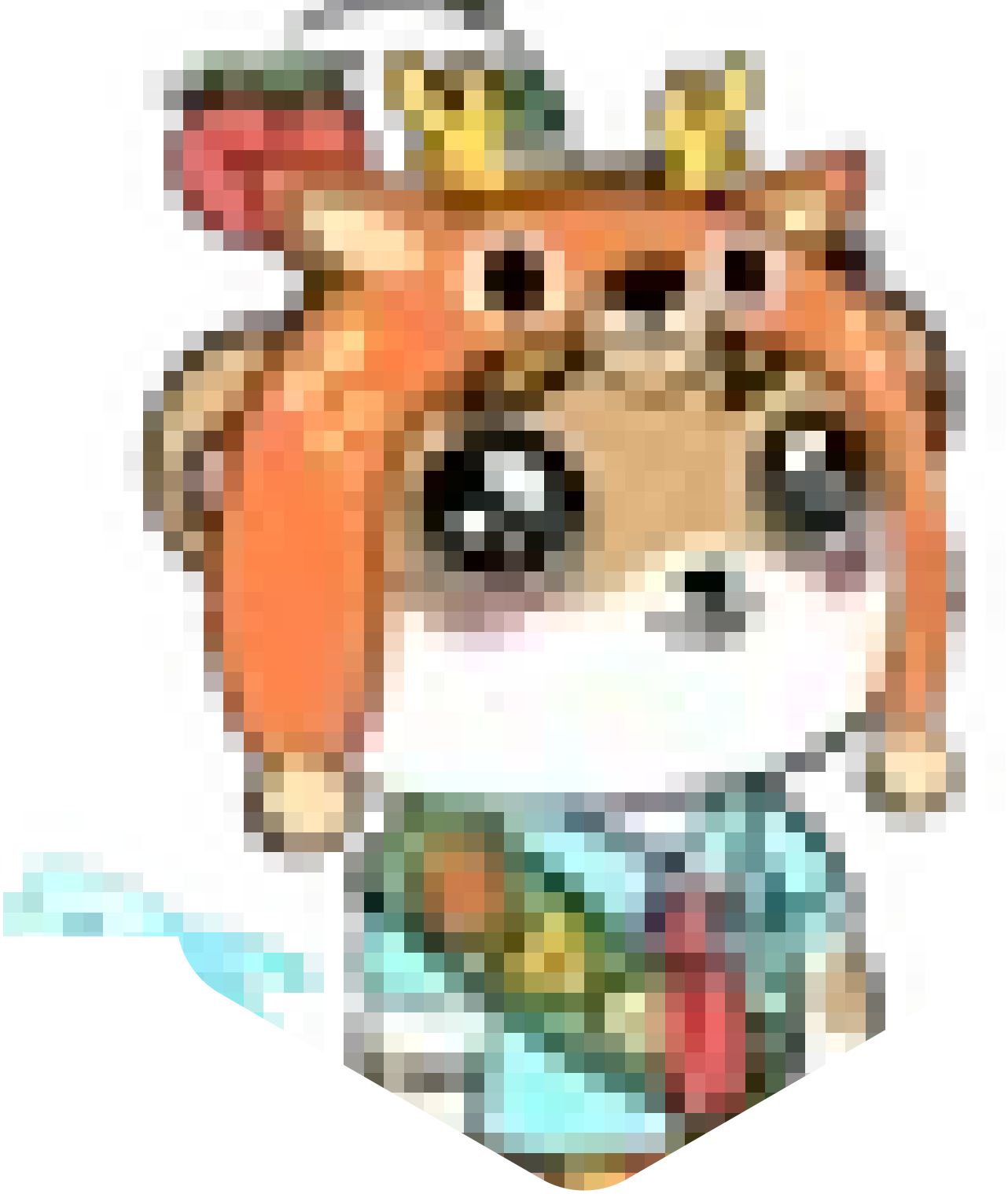
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Well_to_Hell_hoax

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

dclutter1
• 13y ago

"I'm pregnant".



Krozard
• 13y ago

This was a story I read awhile ago, that really, really creeped me out. (names and wording are different naturally).

Jill was on her way to babysit for a family for the first time. As she turned into the driveway she had to double check the address to make sure she was at the right place. The house was beautiful, almost a mansion, with property big enough to match. Although snow had fallen just the night before, there was already a snowman in the front lawn. She got out of her car and knocked on the door. Mrs. Wilson invited her in and gave her a brief tour of the house before introducing her to the kids, Tim and Maggie.

Mrs. Wilson left Jill the number where her and Mr. Wilson could be reached, said the kids need to be in bed by 10, and left. Tim and Maggie were extremely well behaved, and mostly kept to their rooms playing with their toys, so Jill decided to watch some T.V. She turned on her favorite game show. At around 10:00 she went upstairs to put the kids to bed before going back to watching more T.V. When she got back downstairs, she saw that her gameshow was interrupted by breaking news...a serial killer had recently escaped from prison and was expected to be in the area. They showed his picture and warned everyone to be extremely careful around him, and expect him to be armed and dangerous.

Jill shivered a little out of fear and went to make sure the doors and windows were locked before watching more T.V. As she sat down though, she noticed something in the large window behind the T.V...she saw the escaped killer standing outside the house holding a large knife. She screamed and called the police who sent 10 squad cars over immediately. They searched the grounds outside the window, but determined that there was no possible way he could have been standing there, as there were no footprints in the fresh snow. After searching the house, they found him in the kids room, just staring at them.

She didn't see him standing outside the window, the saw his reflection in the window...he was in the house standing behind her.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

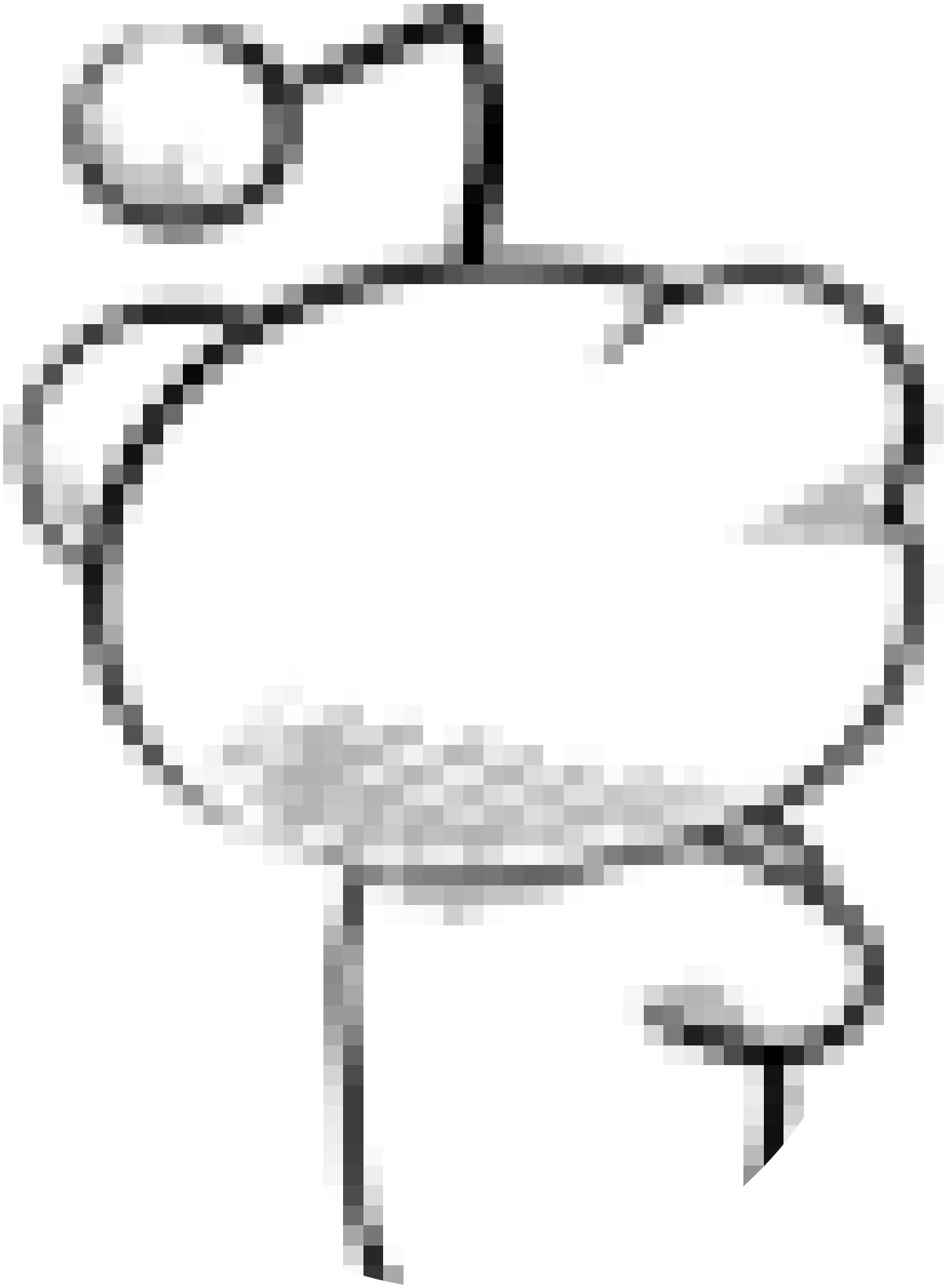
Hannahbellector3388
• 13y ago

So a friend and I had recently moved into a place together out in the middle of nowhere. We were the only house around, plus a few old abandoned buildings. One night around 1 a.m. her and I are out on our porch smoking cigarettes. Surrounding our house were some hedges and a walk way leading to our porch. She happens to look out and ask "what is that?" I look over to see a figure appear, then a flashlight clicks on, just on his face to reveal a giant clown approaching us. We scream, run into the house immediately call the police. At first the dispatcher thought we were on drugs, but finally agreed to send an officer out. He spoke to us then drove away. No searching the property, just a statement. A week later we found a butcher knife stabbed into one door of an abandoned building. Then a few months later, read in the newspaper about a guy breaking into houses dressed as a clown, and had actually killed a few people not far from us. Yeah, I don't like clowns.

5 more replies

5 more replies

More replies



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• 13y ago

I was traveling in Bucharest a few months ago. I arrived in the city at 1 am and was couchsurfing with a guy after being on the train for 9 hours. I was totally out of it and hadn't sleep in 2 days straight because I had to catch a really early train the night before. I got to the kids place and he fed me and whatnot, then I was trying to sleep. I couldn't sleep for some reason, so I just told him we'd meet up in the morning and decided to wander around city. (I was in North Bucharest which was kind of a sketchy area at about 2 am, which was when I left). I was trying to get to the old city and had no idea where I was going, so I got some directions from a cop towards the center. It was about an hour away and it was December and the snow was coming down hard so I just started wandering off. As I came to a highway underpass, there were all these stray dogs hanging out, then they saw me and got up and every one of them started barking at me and moving closer. I was surrounded by about 10 stray dogs barking at me and growling and they were slowly getting closer, so I kept walking quicker. One of them ended up charging at me barking and jumped at me trying to attack me, so I ended up kicking it in the face and it yelped and fell to the ground, then the rest of them scampered off.

I kept walked and bumped into this old teenage Romanian kid who was randomly out in the middle of the night. I asked him for directions and he told me the old city was super far, then ended with "Well...good luck my friend...be careful..." I turned away for a second then looked back and he was gone.

About fifteen minutes later, I felt like I was getting lost and saw an old dude shambling along and asked him for directions. He stared at me for about 30 seconds, then just started cackling the most maniacal laughter I've ever heard, staring at me. I just kinda slinked away and kept walking.

Again, I bumped into another dude who asked me for a cigarette, asking him for directions as well. We had a cigarette and he explained where to go then, again said the exact same words as the kid "Good luck to you my friend..." I turned my head and he disappeared as well.

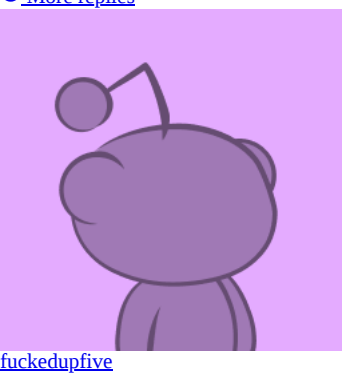
I finally make it to the old city, where I grabbed a coffee from a coffee machine and was sitting on the street corner smoking and this young girl comes up to me and says "You're not from Bucharest are you?" We talked for a second, then she asked for some money for a coffee, so I gave her some, then she says, "Be careful out here, its a very strange place. Good luck to you my friend..." then she disappeared in a matter of seconds.

I don't really know what it was, maybe because I was delirious and tired, but that whole night was fucking creepy as hell.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



fuckedupfive
• 13y ago

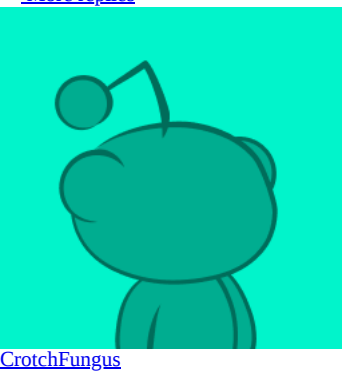
One of my friends told me this story. According to his parents (who told him about it) it's true. So my friends parents were invited to dinner by another couple that had just moved in to a new house. After the dinner they played a game, I don't know what game they played, but they decided that the loser should go upstairs and check out a creepy closet that they hadn't looked into yet. They played the game, and the girl of the couple lost. She went upstairs alone while the others stayed downstairs. All of a sudden they heard the girl scream. They ran upstairs and the girl was sitting in a corner, pale white and just staring in front of her. There was nothing in the closet that could have frightened her. She has been in a mental asylum for the past 15 years, coming home maybe two or three weeks every six months. She is apparently doing better now, but if she gets reminded of that night she freaks out and have to be locked in again for a couple of months.

Sorry for the bad english.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



CrotchFungus
• 13y ago

Godfucking damnit reddit I just wanted to sleep.

njpasta
• 13y ago

My friend told me this story awhile back. Still unsure if it's true but still scary nonetheless.

His family was good friends with another family in the neighborhood that had a daughter in her 20's. She recently started seeing this guy, invited him to a family event, got drunk, and they started to hook up. He asked her to come back to his place that night but she wanted to take things slow so she respectfully declined until a later time.

Fast forward a few days and the girl starts to develop this rash on her lips and neck. She goes to the doctor to find out what it was but they couldn't figure it out. She leaves the doctor and a few more days pass before she gets a call from her doctor to come back in.

She returns to the doctor the next day with her mom and is seated in a room. The mother is called out of the room by the doctor. The doctor tells her that the rash was caused a bacteria (or virus?) found in decomposing human flesh. The daughter is informed and she immediately calls the guy she is seeing, leaves a voicemail, and never hears back from him.

Police get a warrant to search his house and they find multiple corpses of girls in the daughter's age group and him hunched over and eating one of them...*shivers*

electrobolt
• 13y ago

Comfort yourself with the fact that it is most certainly not true. http://www.snopes.com/risque/juvenile/corpse.asp

Otherwise I would NOT be sleeping tonight, heh.

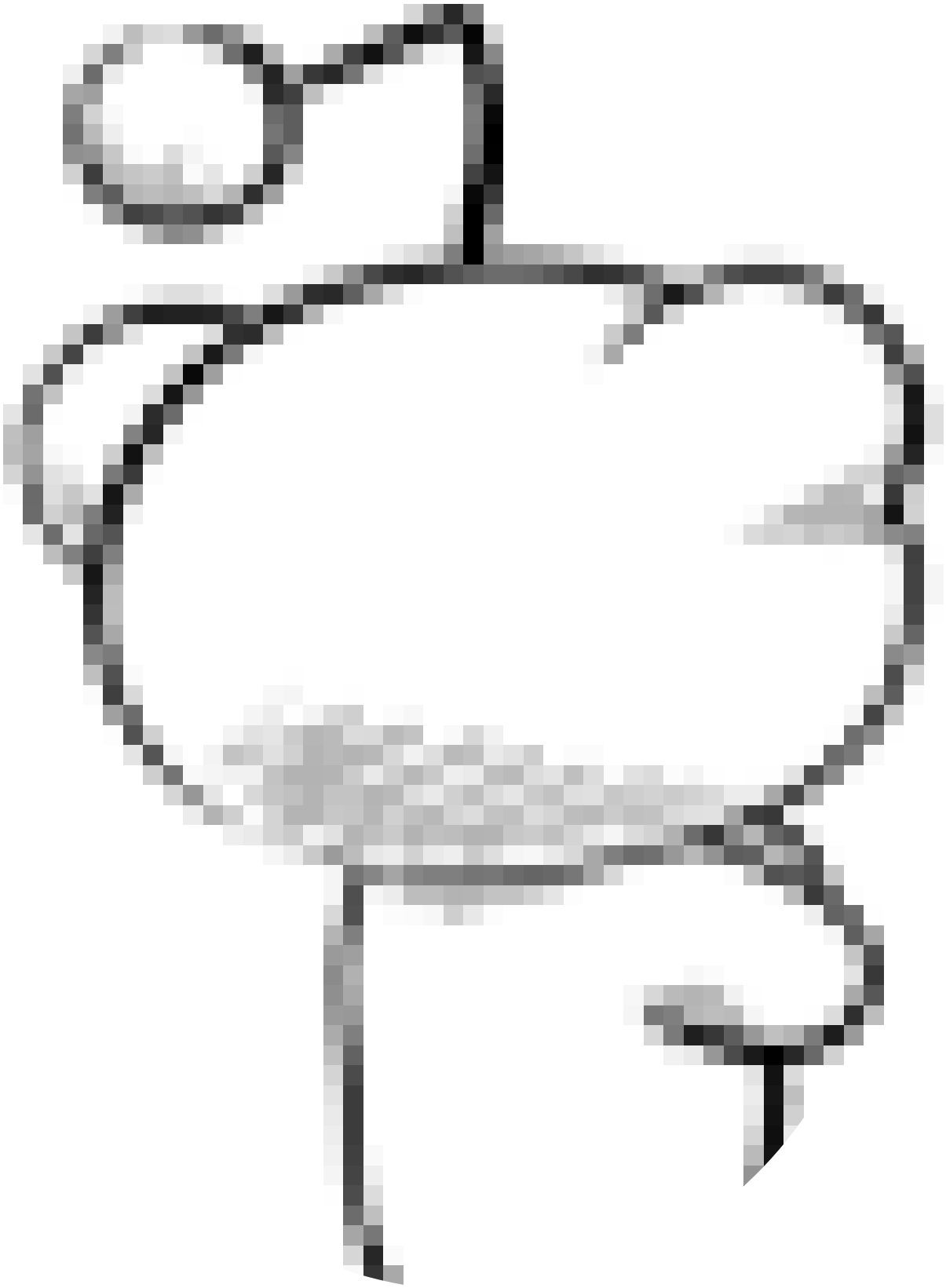
AshenKilljoy
• 13y ago

There are a lot of creepy ones on this thread, but this one for me takes the cake. Glad that girl didn't end up back at the necrophiliacs place. Terrifying.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



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• 13y ago

You might remember something about "numbers" and "number stations" from CodBlops. They are real.

If you poke around the long range shortwave band with a good antenna, you'll mostly just hear some third-world talk shows and music and a few amateur broadcasts. Occasionally, though, you'll find something that doesn't seem to be from a live DJ. After a few loops of creepy ice-cream truck nursery tunes, you'll something that will steal your sleep: "five. three. three. six. one. eight. five." in a monotone robotic voice. Over, and over, and over, and the number patterns change with every loop. That, or incessant buzzing patterns and screeching noises.

The most famous number station is UVB-76 in Russia. Other recordings are available here. Number stations are still unexplained. Many believe that they're used by intelligence agencies to send messages to spies; I think that they're used by demons to send nightmares to evil atheists :P

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

brumbz
• 13y ago

I've been reading this thread off and on all day and finally realized I have something to add... Doubt anyone will read it now. I digress. I moved to Columbia, SC in the early 2000s when I was in high school. I quickly became friends with a couple of girls who lived in the same neighborhood which was kind of old and had small houses that backed up to a set of train tracks. One girl's backyard had a small line of trees and a busted up chain link fence behind them as a barrier between their property line and the tracks. We were having a sleepover at her house one night when a train goes by around 3am. I commented on it because I never knew the tracks were there before and it was pretty loud, however, brief. The girls proceed to tell me this story about how a certified insane, elderly and hermited woman from down the block once left her house for the first time in years. She walked down the street and through my friend's yard to the back of the house and crawled through a hole in the fence to lay on the tracks and kill herself. They totally had me freaked out and I got a little mad at them for fucking with me, but didn't make a big stink because they were new friends. The next day I tell my dad about what they said and how it pissed me off - I didn't like being the butt of their joke. He turns to look at me and says "Oh damn. No, that totally happened a couple years ago, it was all over the local news. Her backyard? Daaaamn." He pulled up the news article on the internet to prove it to me, as I called bullshit on him too. Nope, totally happened.

Will try to update with proof.

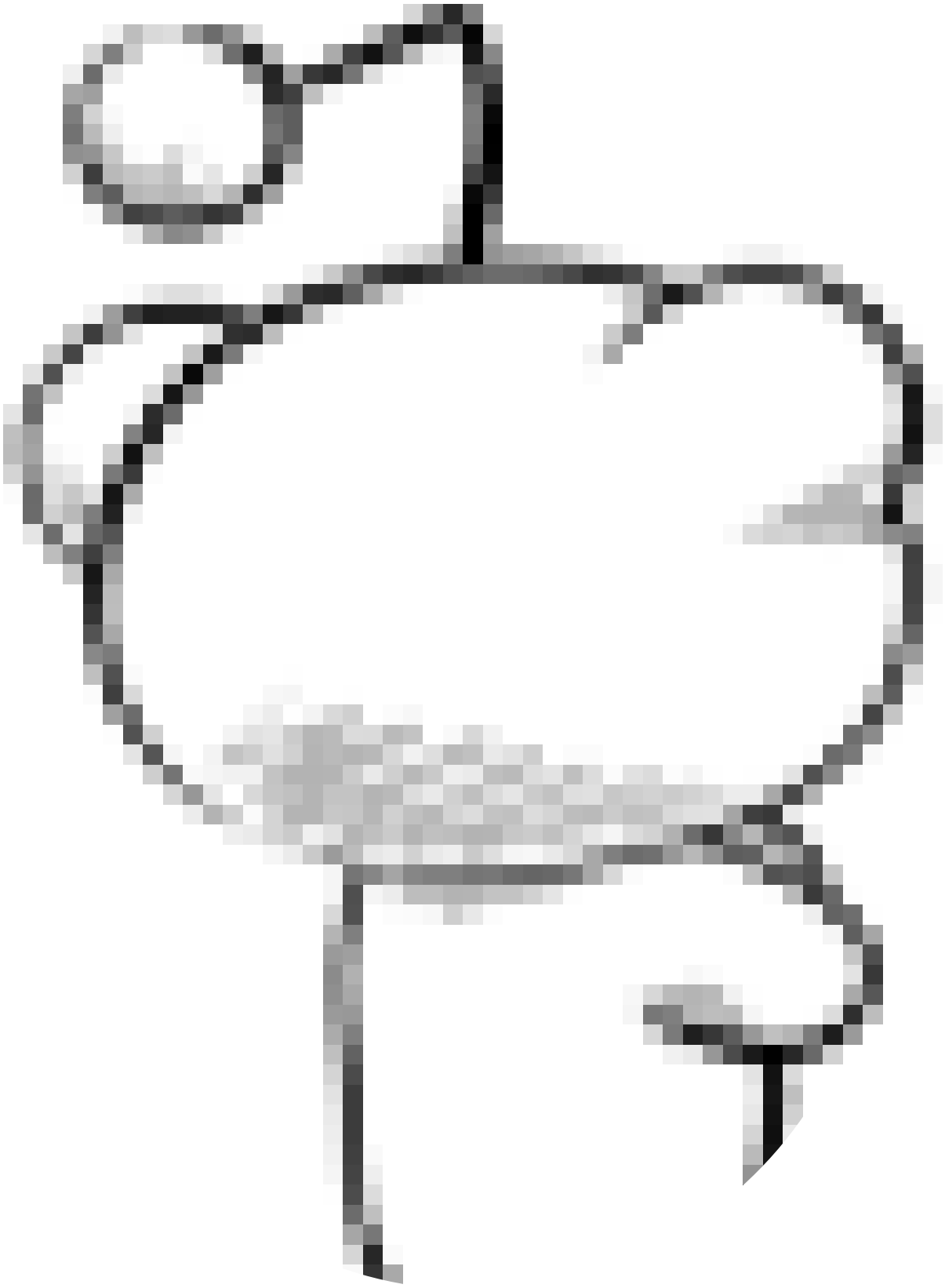
civiii
• 13y ago

vampiric scream http://youtu.be/qAT0S3bVSNw

watch at night in the dark or put on your friends cell as a ring tone and call them when they're in bed great times had by all

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



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• 13y ago

Okay i have about ~~three~~ four TRUE stories that are creepy, freaky and scary as HELL! happening to me, and/or my family. Lets start with my personal experiences...oh god, my hairs are standing up even thinking about these....

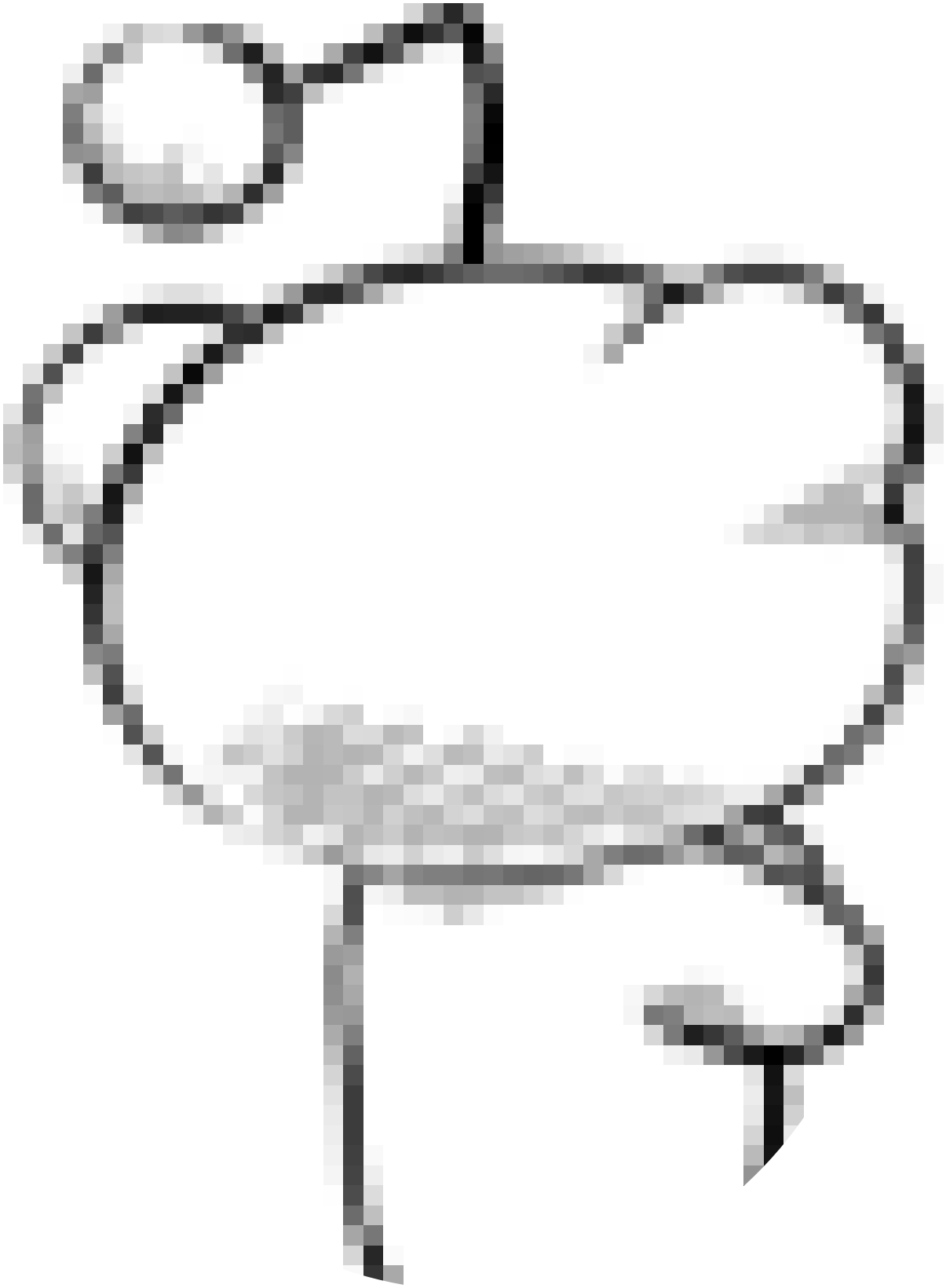
- So the setting is in my old house we lived in last year (i was 16 at the time). Not many wierd stuff would happen, but when it did, we were kinda used to it and ignored it or made stories out of it (i know its wierd but hey, dominican family xD)...on more than one occasions, my bedroom door would open on its own, and the skeptical me telling myself "the wind is retarted today" and just ignored it. BUT on one instance, it was UNEXPLAINABLE ; it was about 4 am, i was in my room, my sister sleeping in the next, and mother out partying on a saturday night. the houes was dark because i was about to go to bed, being the only one awake. OUT OF NOWHERE i went from watching tv to quickly staring down my door as if something was pulling my attention to it. it was quiet. my doorknob SLOWLY turned (to my surprise because i always lock my door) and slowly opened. i waited for the door to completely open thinking that my mom was opening it. NOPE! it opened completely and all i saw was darkness. i tried not to pay much attention but as soon as i slightly moved to close it, the door slammed shut on me. I JUMPED UP grabbed my knife from under my bed (just in case shit goes down even though im a pussy) and swung open the door thinking somebody was in my house. i ran through all the rooms and turned on the lights...nothing. i went in my sisters room and she was sound asleep (even if it was her, she couldnt have moved fast enough to get to her room, im a fast runner)...that scared me shitless and i went back into my room and didnt sleep till my mother came home.

- The second story is from my uncles side of the family. It's him, his wife, son (19), and two daughters (17, 11)...the scary part?...there seems to be a little girl between the ages of 5-10 who follows them...haunting them occasionally. one night at my old house from the previous story, the wife got up at about 3 am and went to the bathroom. in the hallway to the

bathroom, she noticed a small girl just sitting in fetal position next to the bathroom door. being half asleep, she payed no attention and went to the bathroom, she came out, and the girl was still there. she assumed it was her daughter (face was hidden by her hair) and asked if she was hungry or something...the girl didnt answer...she asked her to go back to sleep...no answer. the mom got mad and told her to go to bed when she wanted then, and continued back to my room (they were sleeping in my room) to her surprise, she found her husband AND HER DAUGHTER asleep on the bed. she looked back to the hallway were the girl was sitting...she was gone.

- Another instance about this wierd girl ghost is what happened to my cousin alone, and then my cousin and I in the living room of my old home (same home from previous...)...Him alone; so he was in his home in new york, and went to bed. he in the middle of the night, only to have sleep paralysis...it was a scary experience yes...BUT as he turned his head to the corner of his bed...he saw a girl..THE GIRL. unable to breath, speak, or scream, he could only watch as she slowly got up and turned to him....she disappeared. but he was still paralyze. 3 seconds later he saw/felt footsteps pressure on his bed, getting closer and closer...almost running. when the steps got to him, she shot up and gasped...awoken in a pool of sweat, he went to sleep with his sister. Both of ours experience with this girl...so we were sleeping in my living room for all the bedrooms were full one night. we stayed up until like 4 am...we turned off the lights to sleep, and about 3 mins later we heard it..."AAAAHAAAHAHA" we heard this scream/laugh from a small girl. we knew it wasnt his little sister, this sounded much younger, also, it sounded like it was literally within 5 ft from both of us, as i heard it i shot up and just stared into the darkness. i thought i was the only one who heard it until i flashed my cellphone light at my cousin, he was almost out of the couch just staring with me...we went to sleep without a second though...

- This is perhaps one of the scariest. my uncle was sleeping in my room and cousin in the living room (me with my mother)...quick backstory my uncle used to live on top of a seafood place in an apartment...he knew the lady who owned it, she's long deceased. he hated the smell of constant fish in his house back to the story he was sleeping with his wife in my room. in the middle of the night, he was awoken by a phone call...he looked at the caller ID..it read "Rosa"...his wifes name....BUT? his wife is right next to him? CORRECT. he figured somebody had her phone in another room, but quickly found her phone on the counter untouched...my confused uncle picked up the call...silence on the other end. he suddenly explained having this strong...and i mean STRONG fish smell all around him. he opened the window and went back to bed. the door gradually opened on its own and my uncle was frozen in shock as he saw this dark shadow person shaped thing walk by slowly towards the kitchen. he didnt tell anybody about this, until the next afternoon...when my cousin who was sleeping in the living room...explained a tall..dark....shadowy human staring at him...standing in the corner of the kitchen...



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Once I heard a creak in the living room when it was pitch black downstairs at night while I was getting a drink.

I ran upstairs and got my fucking **shotgun** and blew the fucking door down(my brother was abused as a kid so I was really protective back then.) There were THREE fucking **home invaders** in my living room.

You're thinking the scary part has passed right? ***No.*** They were wearing these fucking creepy as hell Theatre masks(**Like these**) and all standing there in a fucking line with suits on like FUCKING **Slenderman.**

They were facing me and it was like they WERE expecting me to suddenly blow the damn door down and threaten them with a fully loaded shotgun. They made no reaction to it however.

Well I asked them who the they were and told them to get the fuck out otherwise I would blow their faces off.

They didn't say **a word.**

The thing that caught my eye the most though was that their eyes were covered entirely by the mask. Like it wasn't possible for them to see. And it was pitch dark with no lights on before I came in - so how could they see? They were literally blind.

One of them picked up the picture of me and my mother on the table and fucking pointed at it *with his shiny white gloved hand*.

He then took off his mask-

edit: ***.....well he didn't get the chance because I blew it off.*** Then did off the other two.

Called the police, they came in droves. Like 3 police cars with two Black Sedans. They took these bodies in sorted it out. I found out there were no records of these three in the database. Like they were three humans who had **never existed.** Their size and appearances weren't compatible with anything. It still creeps me out how they were essentially strangers and had never had any record of existing on this planet before this event.

Went in three days later for questioning and I'd heard their bodies had disappeared. Their bodies disappeared without a flash and the police were not doing anything about it. I'd asked why and the cop escorting me said *"we don't question orders from higher up"*. I speculate this *higher up* had them removed and the story wiped.

I DID manage to look through the bodies before the cops came and there was pictures of *my dad and mom* holding letters next to some *government building?* What? This really shook me because my mom and dad died....7 years ago.

Apparently this went down **deep** and big too. I ruined my chance of getting involved by killing these invaders. I still regret doing such a stupid act.

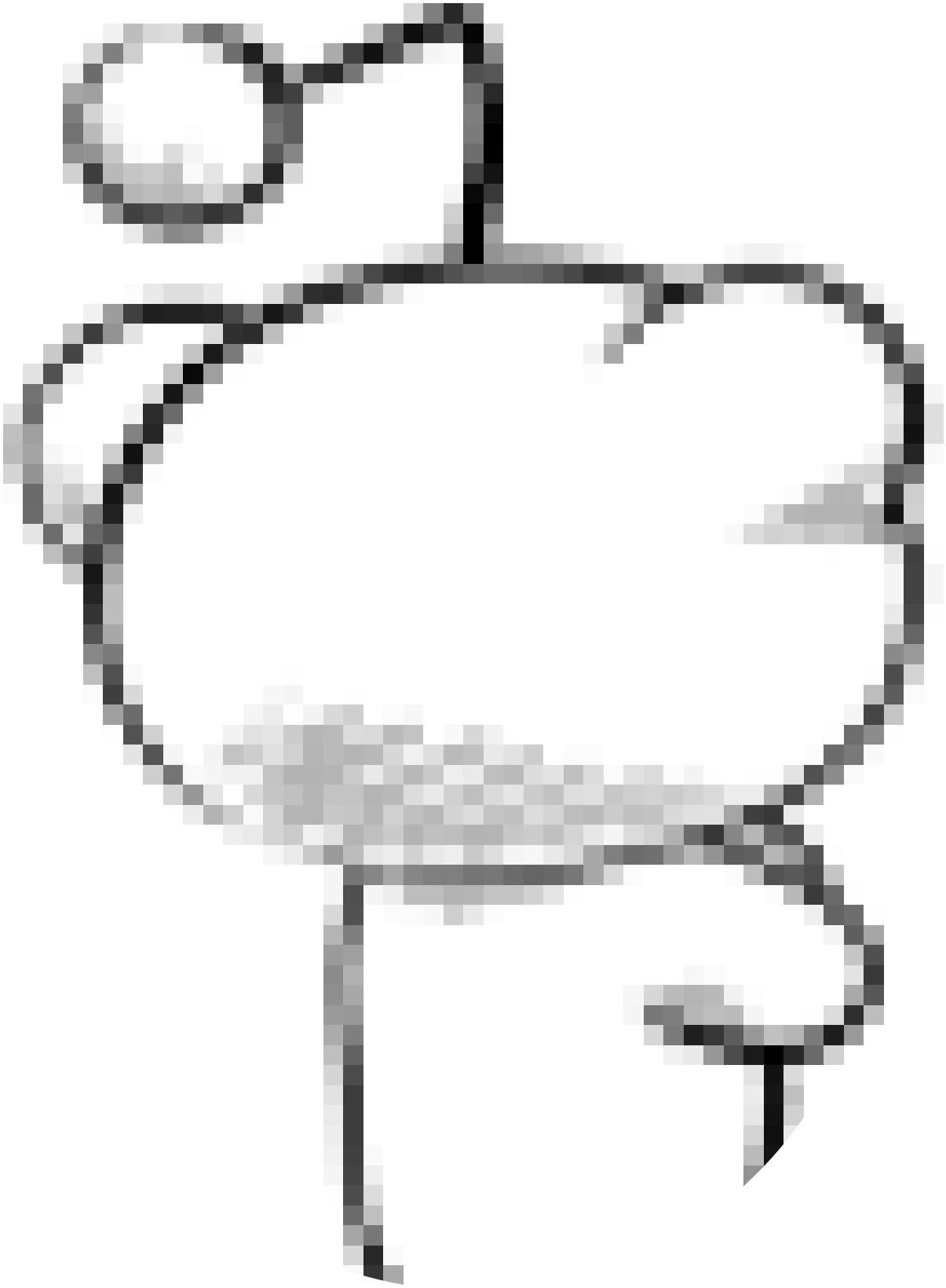
There were also these **tapes** - really old audio tapes - in their pockets too, they seemed almost primitive. They were ones you inserted into your car or radio. I never got the chance to play them as I didn't have any of the necessary tape players around the house. I would've kept them if not for the police almost threatening me to hand the tapes over. They'd known I had them somehow and it seemed to be a top priority for them to get them from me.

It was 3 tapes in total.

I still wonder what was on those tapes, why the invaders were carrying them and if they were at my house to show them to me.

The tallest and biggest of three and the last to die DID speak but it was a **"Wait-no"** before I did him off. *It was a weird voice though - very wierd. * It was like a deep, creepy and soft kind of voice - the sort you get off big bad villains in movies.

Well I know - should not have killed three human beings like that. But I was fucking SCARED. And it was more of a reflex than a decision.



chaserawlinson
• 13y ago

Good read, but I call bullshit.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

Erzsabet
• 13y ago

The clearest sign that it's fake is all the details you have about how they weren't in any database or whatever. No one would have told you that. They never would have told you that their higher ups had them drop the case. They don't tell civilians that.

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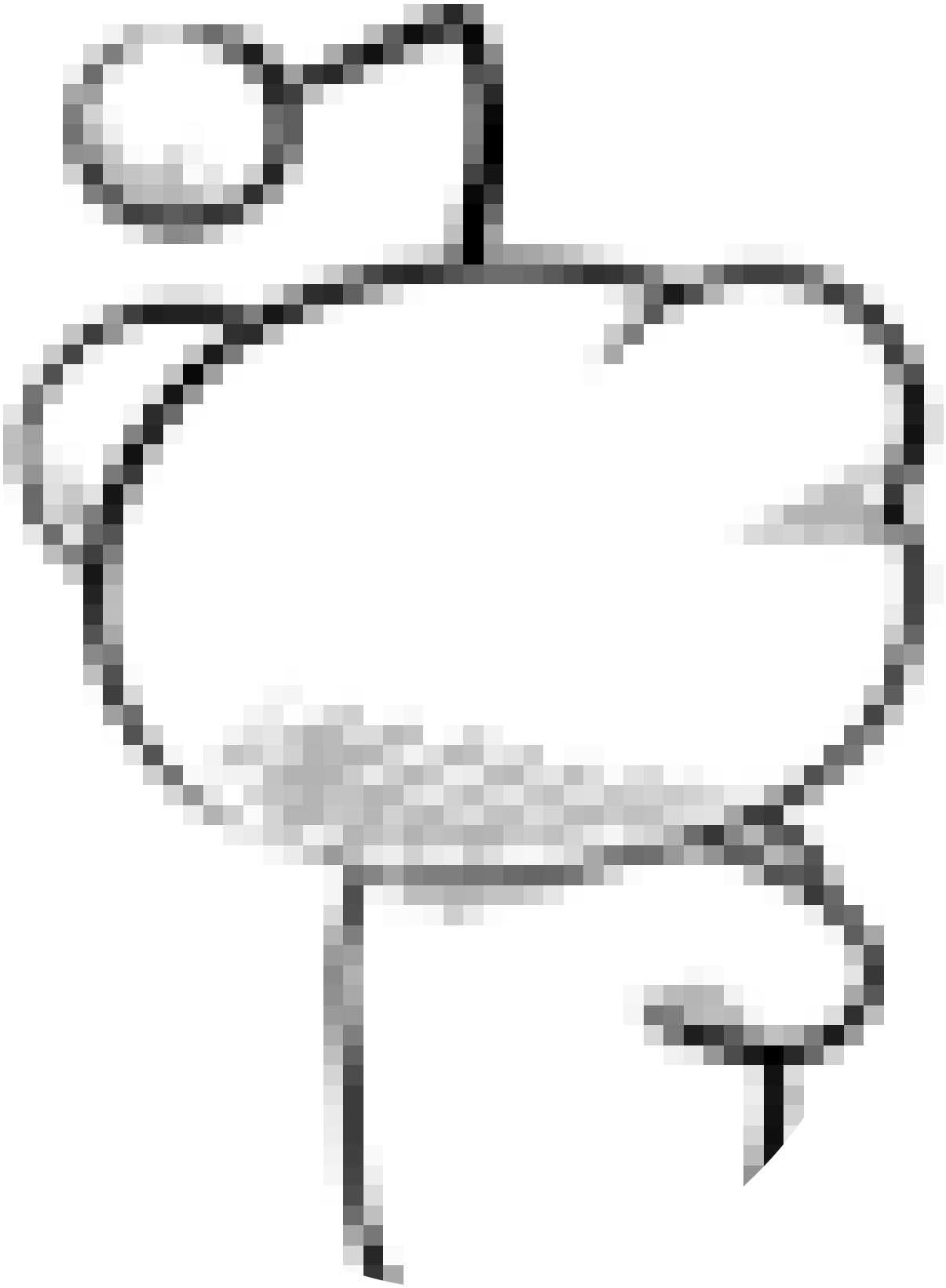

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• 13y ago

and said, "Do you have battle toads?"

Reply Share

NEVER_CLEANED_COMP
• 13y ago

Nice read, not very believable. 5/10.

Reply Share

Kull44
• 13y ago

Was expecting Loch Ness Monster

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Lasercat77
• 13y ago

Plot twist: Two of them *were* your parents.

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ceejiesqueejie
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?!

Edit: Wuht. The. Fuck.

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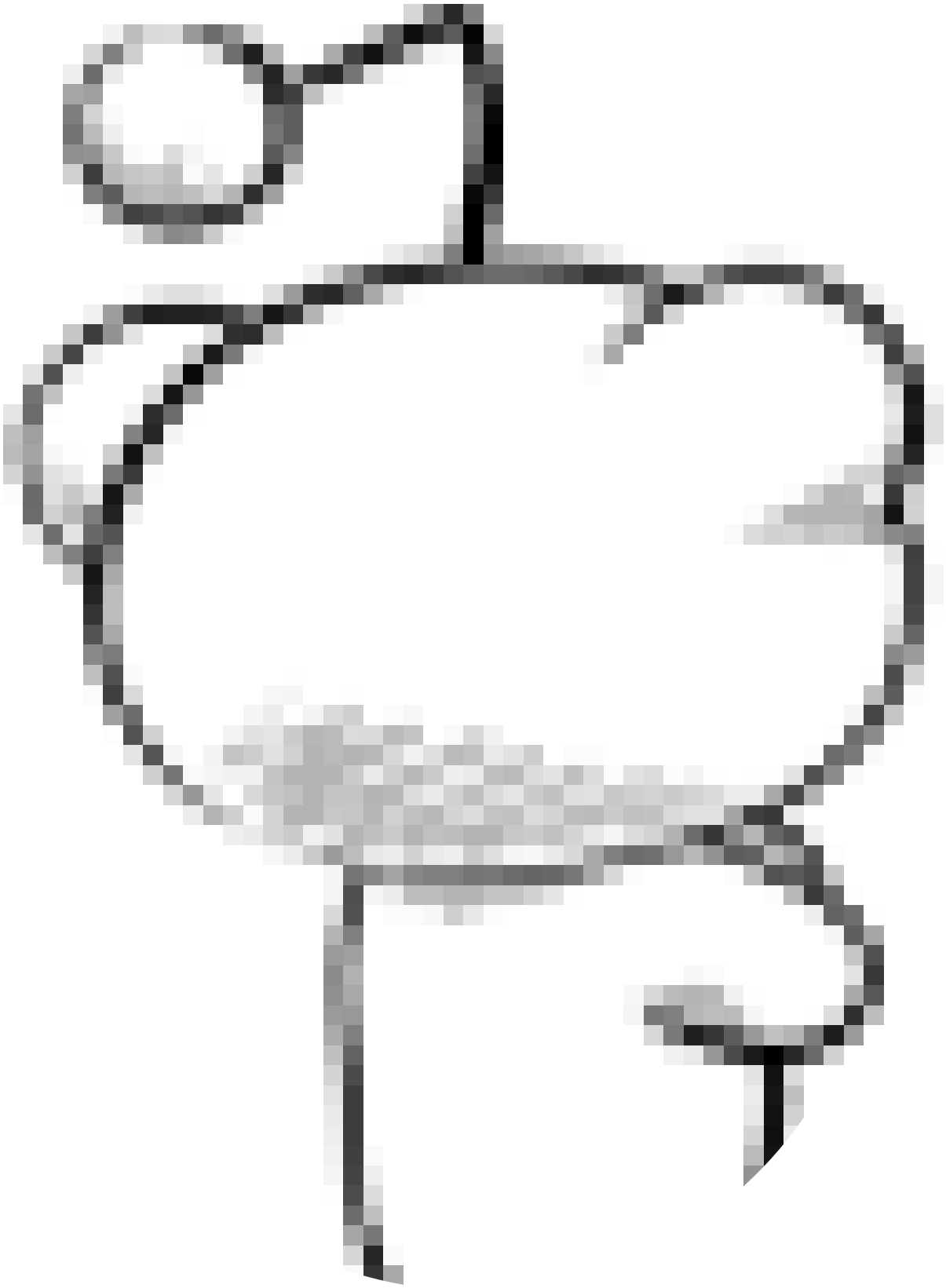

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• 13y ago

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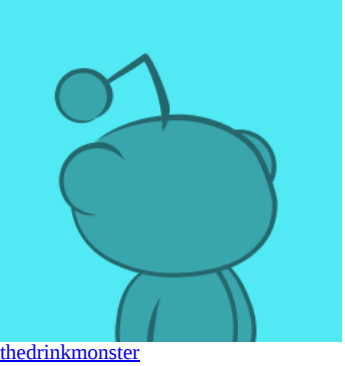

thedrinkmonster
• 13y ago

Did everybody walk the dinosaur?

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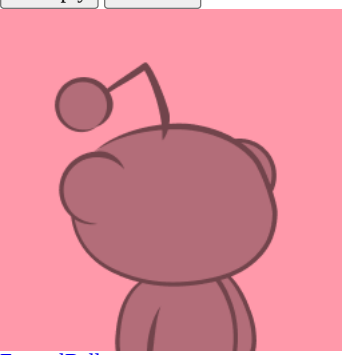

FuneralBell
• 13y ago

Lika a Bane kind of voice? Bane from Batman: The dark knight rises.

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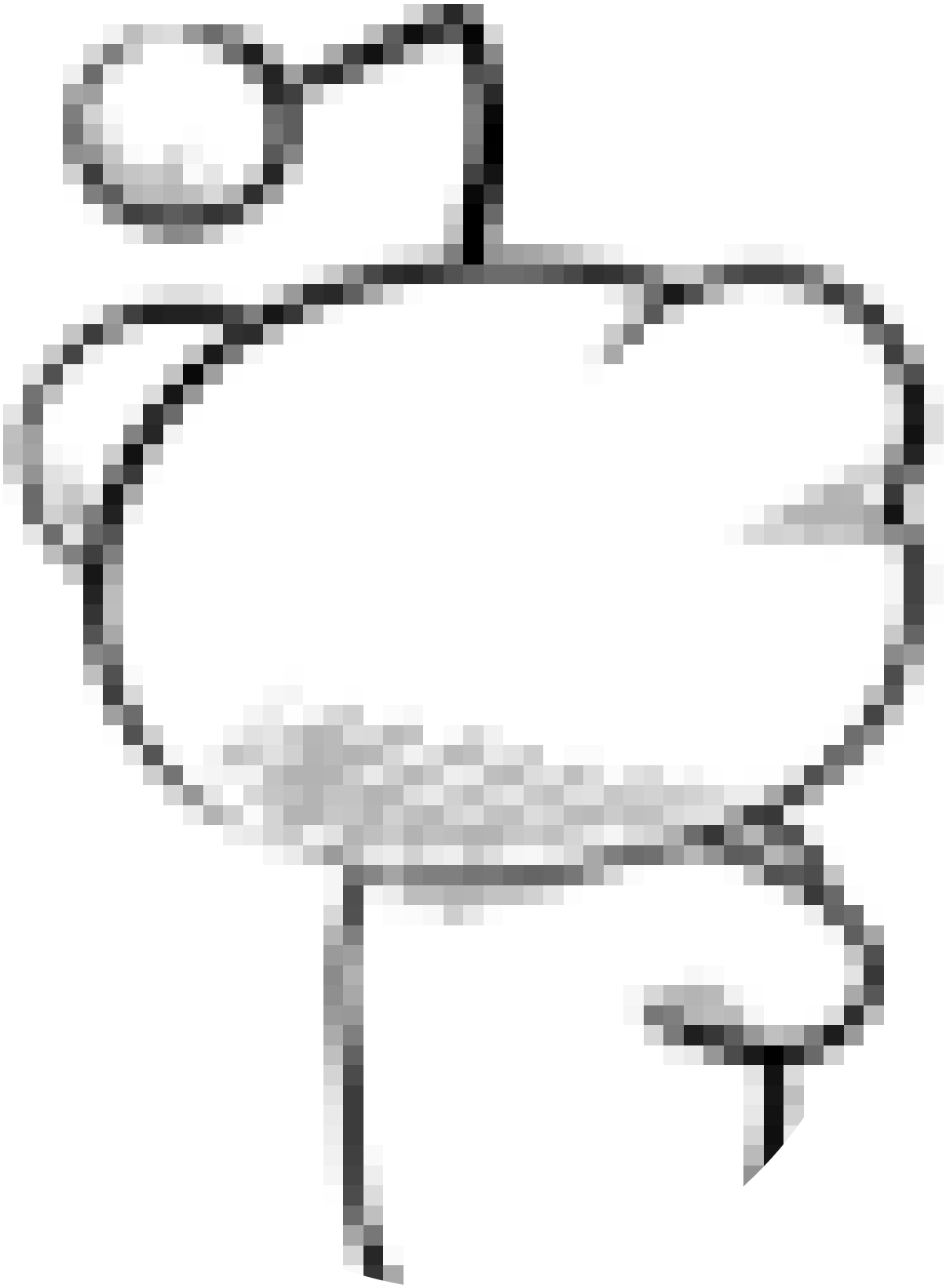

Damadawf
• 13y ago

Your story was interesting, but don't use so much bold font next time because I feel that it draws the gaze of the reader and can break the mood for them.

Reply Share

Hoody711
• 13y ago

This should be a lot higher up in this thread. That was fucking creepy

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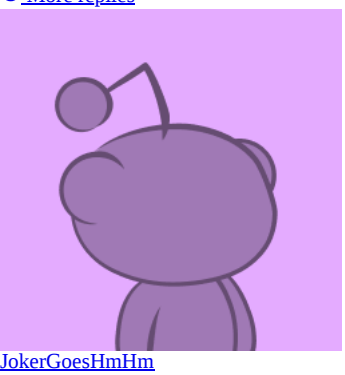

JokerGoesHmHm
• 13y ago

Me and a couple roommates (I live in a fraternity house) were watching a movie in my basement a few months ago. I don't remember what movie it was, but whatever. We were all sitting on couches, and we were using an overhead projector that's attached to a ceiling. Midway through the movie, all of a sudden, there was this black silhouette of a person that just appeared on the screen, as if someone were standing in the way of the screen and projector. Again, we were all sitting down. Then, this silhouette turned around, so we knew it was facing us now. While facing us, it started to turn its head, as if it was looking at each of us. We told it to leave, and the silhouette just stood there for a second, and vanished, into thin air. We knew it was our house ghost, who probably wanted to just watch the movie with us.

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CanadianDave
• 13y ago

Last week I checked my right pocket to see if my phone was there; it was not. I then checked my left pocket and there it was. Scarriest moment of my life.

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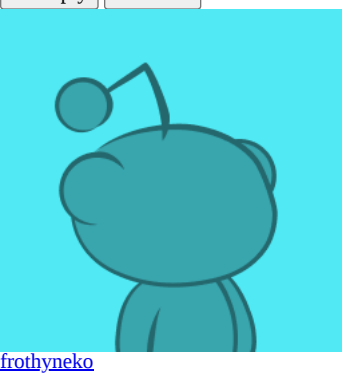
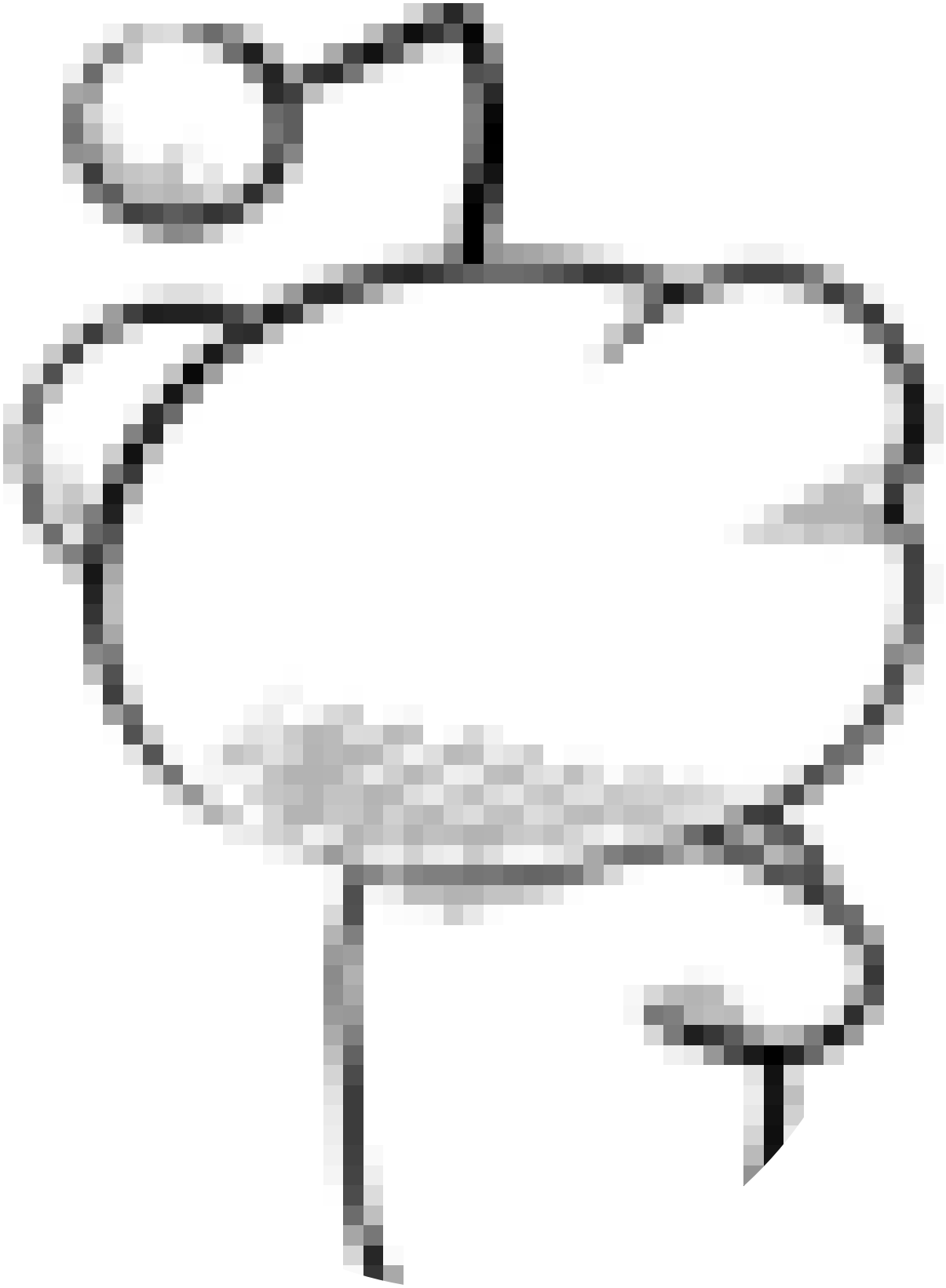


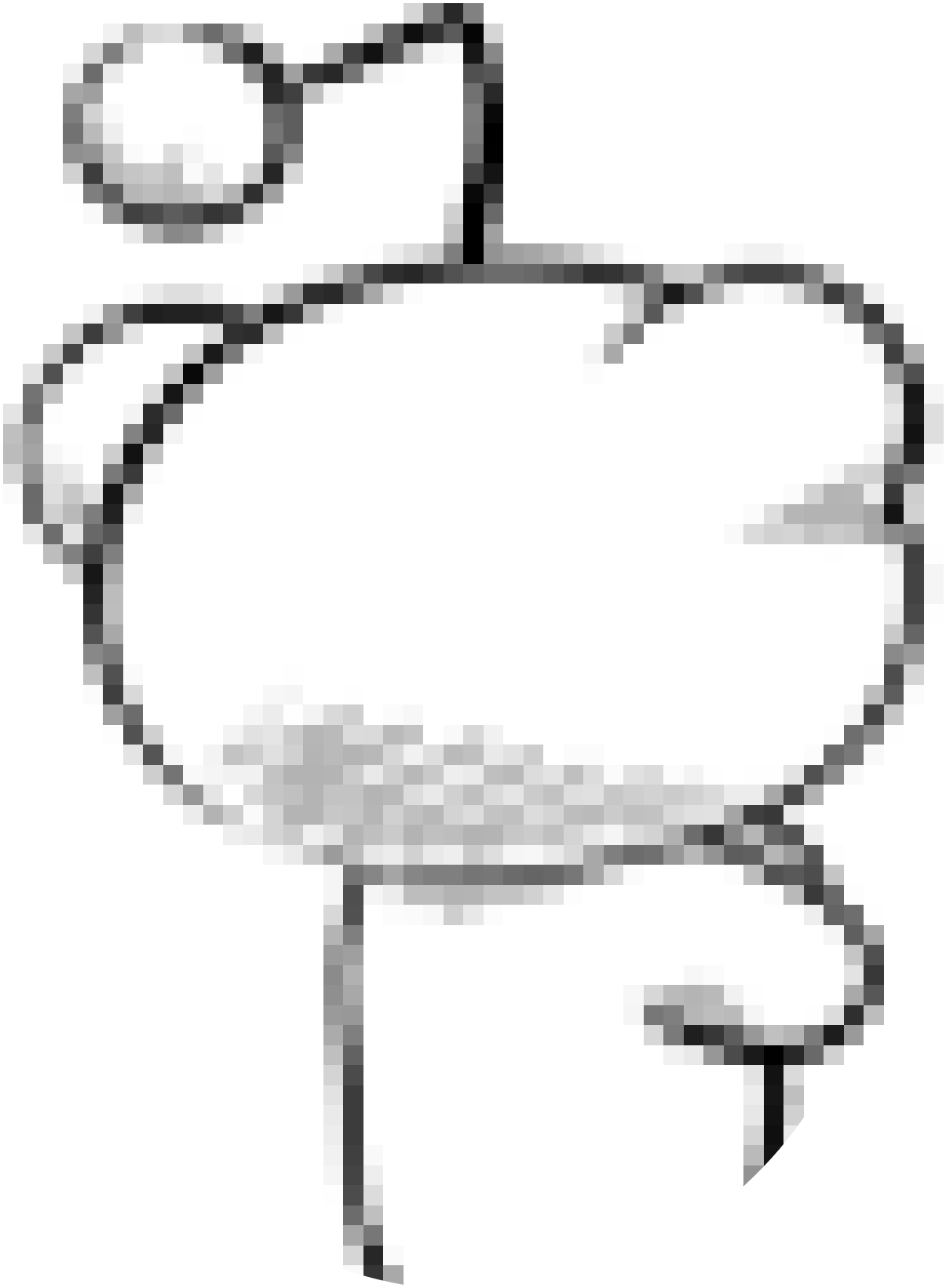
frothyneko
• 13y ago

My friends and i used to explore abandond places in the city we lived in. Most of the time we just went and took photos of the inside of these places. One of these places was a house just down the road from where i was living. We went in and wandered around. Taking photos of the graffiti and the degraded state of the building. My friend, Ethan kicked a bottle of champagne through a door and it came rolling out of another door behind us. There was no way it could have done that. So i tried it again and same result. It was cool but we didnt have much time to work it out cos all these books came flying out of the door behind us. I belive we may have collectivly shat ourself and bolted from there. Didn't see what books they were but they sounded heavy. Never went near that place again.



pttymcgee
• 13y ago

The paranormal stuff is definitely creepy. But the stuff that's really getting me is posts of actual events. Especially that one with the guy tip toeing slowly towards OP while out for a walk. I'll never be able to walk alone at night without thinking this now.



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• 13y ago

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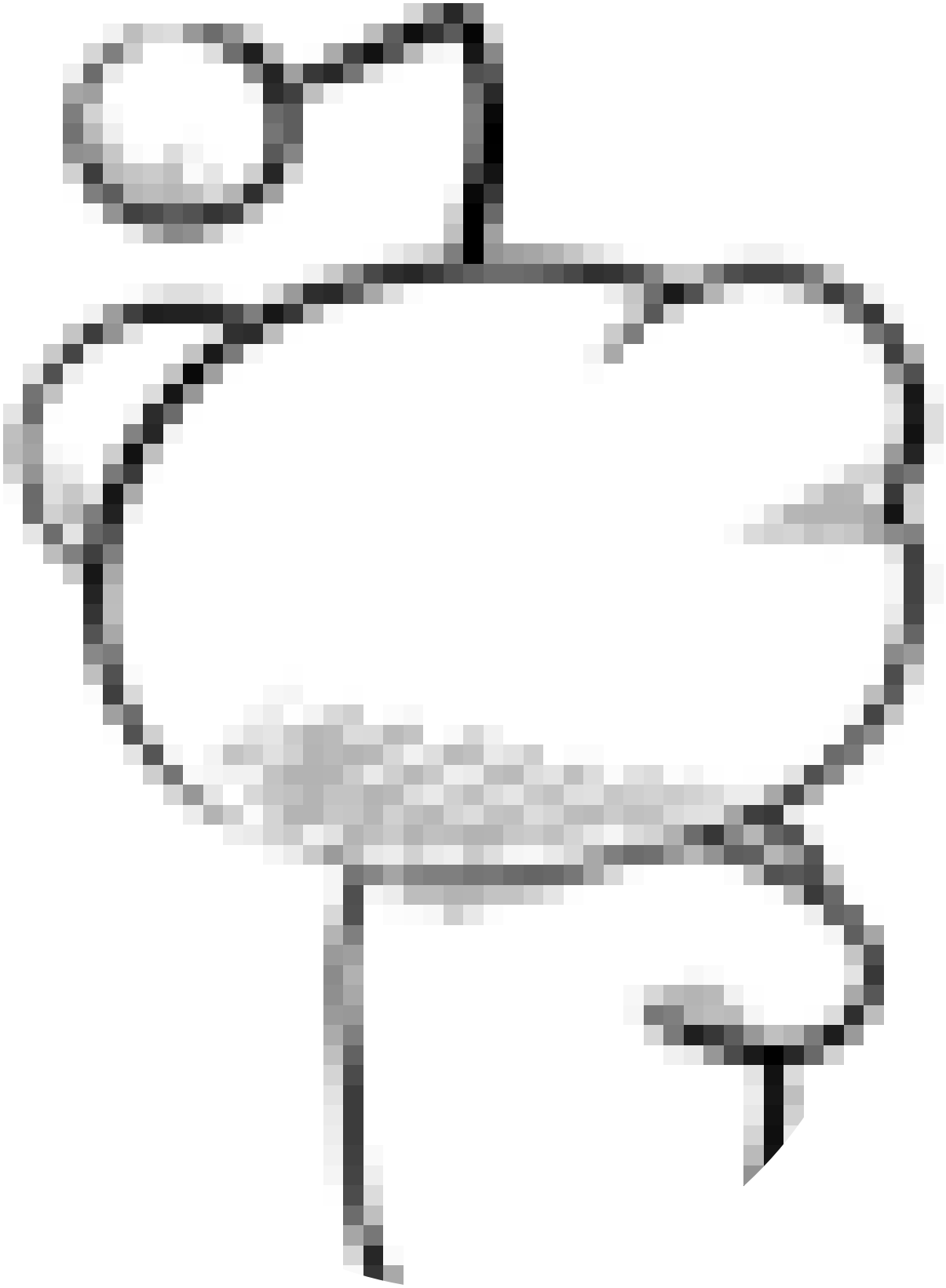

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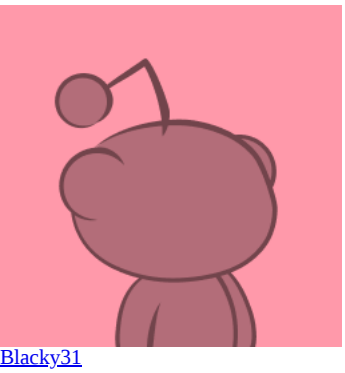
• 13y ago

I don't get what makes this seemingly homeless person a paedophile. Seems like he was just trying to get a pumpkin. Maybe we wanted to fuck it, but more likely, he promised his kids he would get one and couldn't afford it.

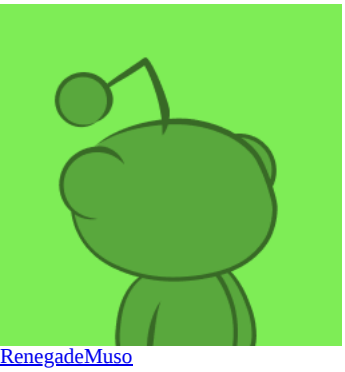
Chocolate_Ice
• 13y ago

Everyone has an anus. Even your mother



Blacky31
• 13y ago

Death rattle



RenegadeMuso
• 13y ago

i saw a man possessed by a demon once. not the most religious man, but i believed that encounter.

Hermish94
• 13y ago

Seen: probably the story(?) on an asian site where this lady went: KEKEKEKEKEKEKEKEKEKEKEKEKEKE (can't remember name of site or anything sorry. Props to those who can find it) Heard: Probably the article I read about a gay HIV+ community planning to spread it

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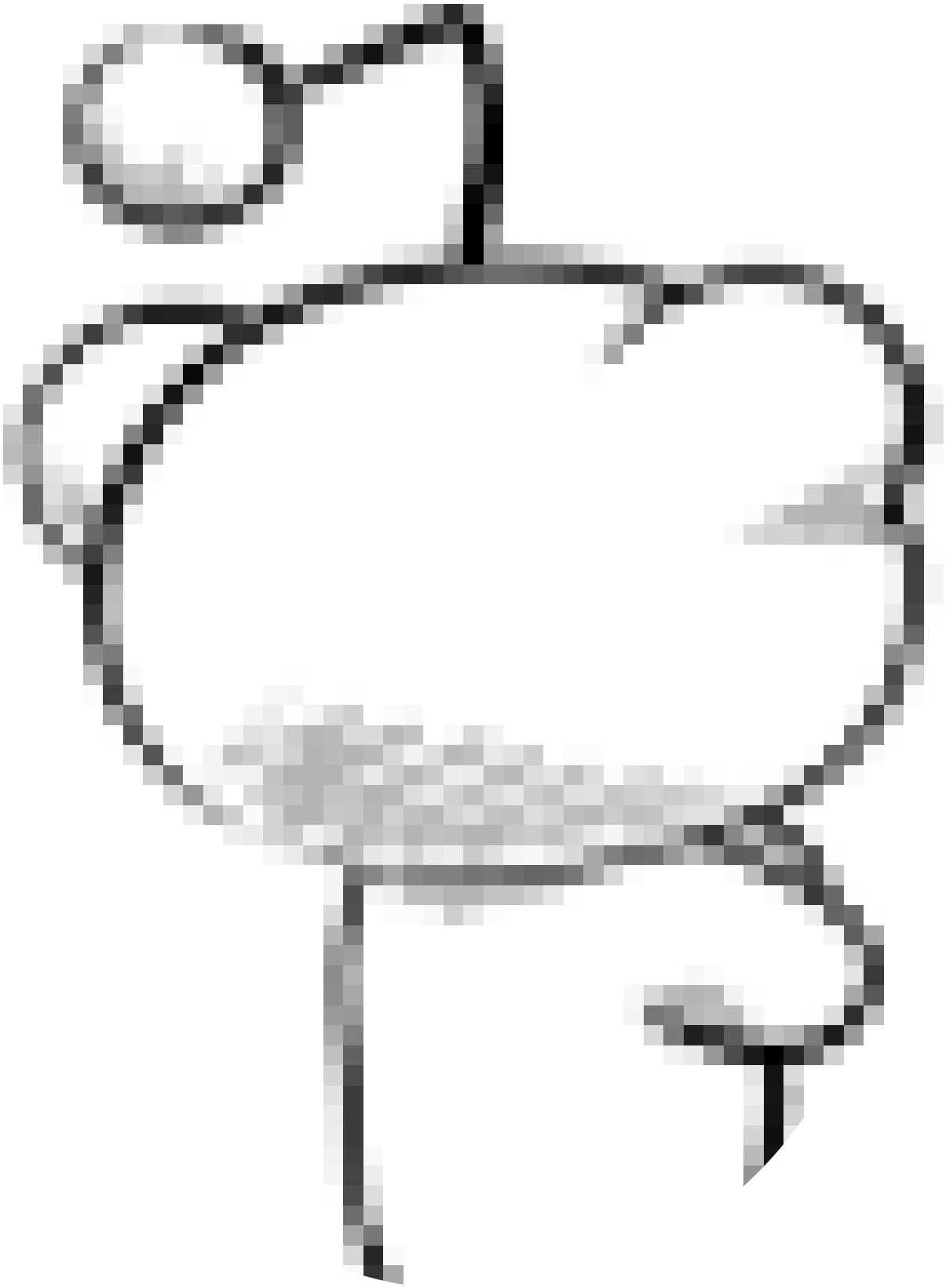

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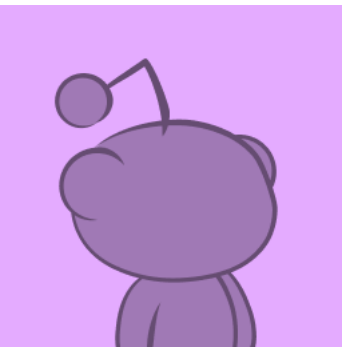
• 13y ago

I was watching some commercial that used those little letter blocks on a fridge and it kept spelling out words for the guy. i had similiar letters on my fridge that were my younger sisters, but she never used them. I walked over to the fridge and right in the middle was the phrase 'I'd run' right in the middle of a bunch of random letters. scared the shit out of me for weeks

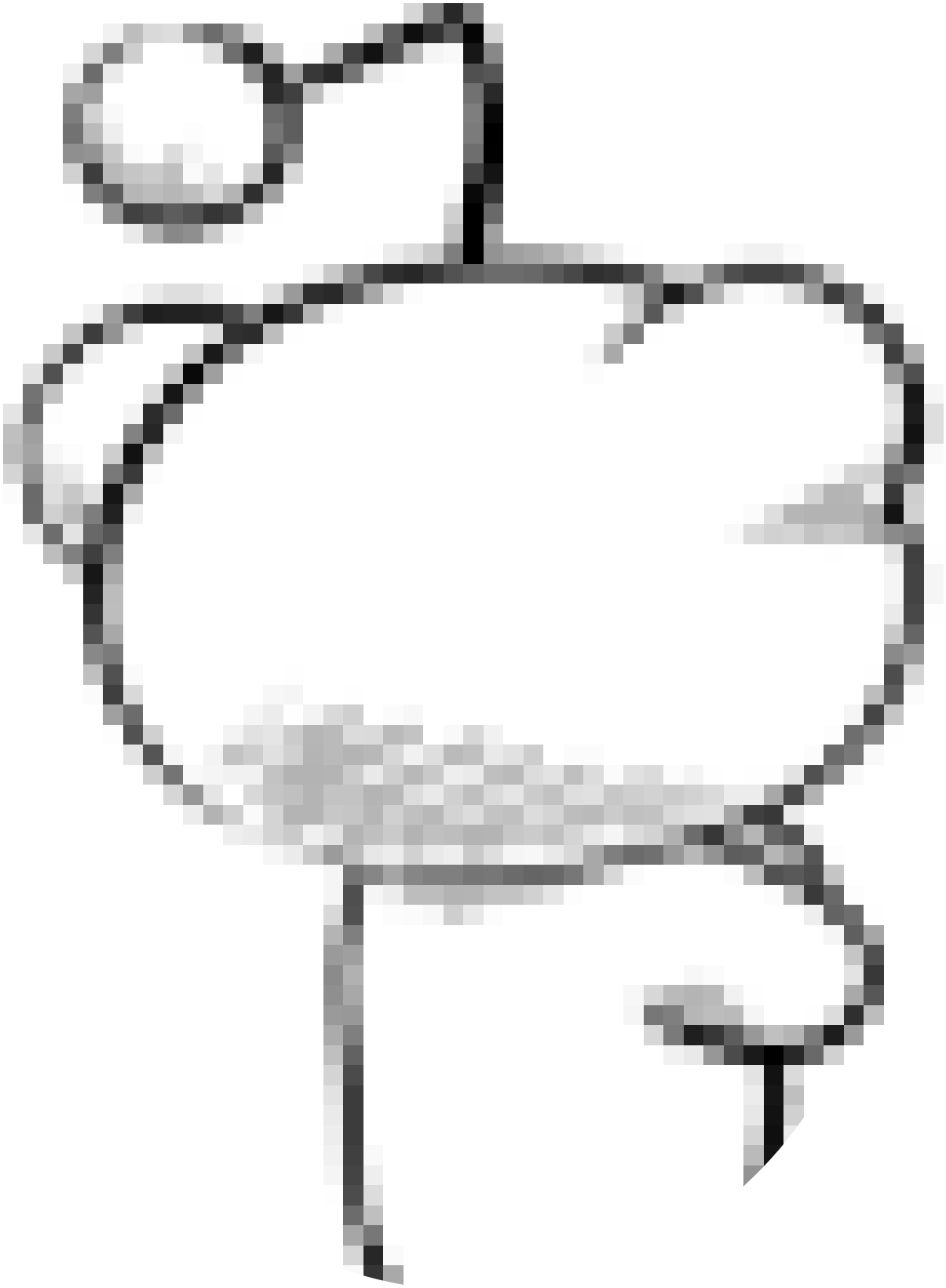
gboy198
• 13y ago

That pop up video on YouTube with the car driving then a clown pops out of nowhere



wvwvwvwvwvw
• 13y ago

When I was working in Haiti a teenage girl arrived at our hospital who was supposedly 19 but looked more like 15 or 16, because she had been mysteriously wasting away for weeks. She wouldn't eat or talk, just stared into space with this vague look of pain and sadness on her face. We thought she might be HIV+ like a third of Haiti's population, but after running blood and platelet tests it was found that her levels were close to normal, so if she was HIV+ she had been recently infected, more recently than her wasting started. She herself was confusing as a medical case, but the creepy part was her father. Since she wouldn't talk, we asked him questions about her: was she in a relationship, did she have unprotected sex, did he have an idea of her whereabouts most of the time. He changed his answers several times and had to be directed strongly to give us straight answers. We suspected potential abuse and suggested that she go for a psychiatric evaluation, in a building across the courtyard from the emergency room. When we got back from the psych ward to move her, they were both gone. She didn't walk out of there on her own, and her father made no mention to anyone that they were leaving. He must have just wheeled her out of there knowing what we might find out by having a professional ask her those questions. I hope she's ok.



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• 13y ago

When I was younger, I went to a Jesuit boarding school in the foothills of the Kathmandu Valley. Grades 1-4 all roomed together in a huge, long building but grades 5 and 6 got their own little bungalows to sleep in. The Grade 5 bungalow was really cozy, beautiful to look at and quite old. Although it was called a bungalow, it had two floors and an attic with our beds on the second floor.

Now a lot of our seniors had told us scary stories about the bungalow but they were just stories, or so I thought. One time, I woke up in the middle of the night and realised I needed to take a shit. Now this was terrible news as the actual bathrooms were way on the ground floor and off to one side of the building. I would have to make my way down some stairs, past the solitary urinal for peeing, through our locker room and into the dark, musty, damp bathroom.

I tried to hold it as much as I could but I couldn't do it anymore so I ran down, as fast as I could, turning on as many lights as I could and leaving them on. I made it to the bathroom and was doing my business when suddenly, the lights went off. It was pitch black, no moonlight, no ambient light, nothing. I felt around and managed to clean myself and got out of the bathroom. The taps were near the toilet so I felt my way around and even managed to wash my hands.

At this point, I was already scared shitless. I was a little kid and all those stories I had been told were running around my brain like ravenous wild rats. But swallowing my fear, I felt my way to the bathroom light switch and tried it, no luck. Didn't turn on. In the locker room, I tried the switch and this one turned on in a flash. Now the light switch was right next to a rectangular face mirror and I was staring right at the mirror when the light came on. And there, in the mirror, I saw a Sister (a Jesuit nun) in her traditional blue headscarf standing behind me. I screamed and turned around and as expected, there was no one there. I ran as fast as I could and behind me, the lights turned off again. I didn't touch it, it just went off.

I couldn't sleep all night. I was literally trembling with fear and anxiety and hiding my head under the covers brought no relief. The next morning, I wanted to tell our resident Sister about the incident. This Sister, Agnes, was a old, Indian lady with gray hair, chubby and quite tall. The Sister I saw in the mirror had been just a little taller than me, black hair that showed from underneath a headscarf that was pushed back on her head and quite young too. She also had a bone white rosary around her neck. All our other Sisters carried sky blue rosaries. But I was kind of afraid of Sister Agnes as she was quite moody and mean and I thought she would simply pooh-poohed my story. I didn't tell anyone because it was an all boys hostel and I was afraid my friends would tease the crap out of me for being a sissy. But I very clearly remember that Sister and what she looked like.

And you know the funny, scary thing? A few weeks later, a friend told me the exact same story. Same with the lights, same with the Sister in the mirror and even described what she was like, down to the black hair and the white rosary. For some reason, I didn't tell him that I had seen her too. But then again, I hadn't told anyone my story.

ATmotoman
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

TL;DR Don't fuck around with skin-walkers. Ever.

Okay well I'll share this story even though anything I ever say on this damn site gets unheard. So I had just learned about the old Native American legend of skin-walkers and not being afraid or knowing that you're not supposed to talk about them, especially at night, I told literally everyone I knew. I would read all about them, read every story I could find, and this became a fascination of mine for a few weeks, until one night. So I just got into bed after moving back from college and I start to hear a tap on the window. Thinking its just a tree branch from a window that is just outside I just brush it off. But the tapping keeps going and it gets louder and louder, almost sounding like someone is banging on my window. Then I hear my little brother let out a horrifying scream and I almost shit myself jumping out of bed running to my little brothers room. When I get about the same time my parents do and hes sobbing and saying there he saw men outside the house looking in my window. Okay, so about this time I'm freaked the fuck out, like I just wanna sit in the corner with a shotgun the whole night. My dad grabs his gun that he keeps under his bed and does a search all around the house for these men but doesn't find any trace or sign of them. After that everything quieted down for the night. About a week later my buddy from high-school, that went to a different college, came over and we wanted to go get some McDonald's. My little brother, who is seven and I should have mentioned that earlier, tagged along for the trip. So after we get done eating my friend asked my little brother if he saw those guys outside the window anymore. To which he replied "Yeah I'm use to seeing them now. They said they wont hurt me and that they are just waiting on ATmotoman. They're outside looking in his window every night."

Edit: Just a quick edit, I never told anything about skin-walkers to my brother at all. He's way to young for me to be telling scary Indian demon shit too. And hes never had any ghost encounters before this happened.

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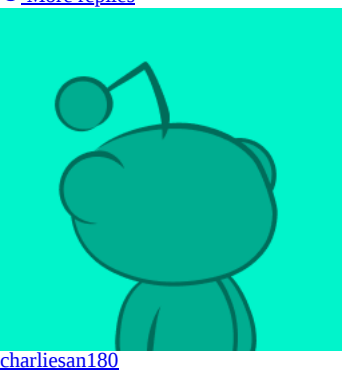
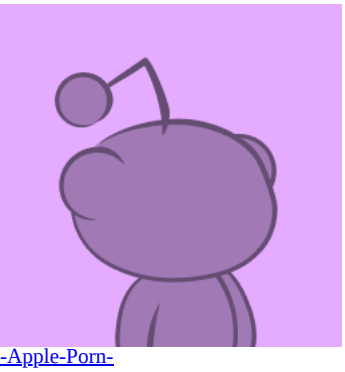


charliesan180
• 13y ago

"You ARE the FATHER!!!"



-Apple-Porn-
• 13y ago

I read a really creepy story here on reddit once, can't find it so I'll try to type it. There was a guy hiking in the woods when he got lost. He tried to find a way out but couldn't and it was turning night. He came across a cabin and knocked but no one answered. He tried knocking on the door again but nothing. He realised how dark it was so he figured he would go in and if anybody came he would deal with the consequences later. He went in and saw a bed so he decided to sleep in it. While lying down under the covers he looked around the cabin to check it out. He was really creeped out by five pictures of people staring right at the bed he was in. He decided to turn towards the wall, ignore them and sleep. When he woke up in the morning, he decided to get a better look at the pictures he saw form last night. He turned around to look at the pictures and that';s when he realised... they weren't pictures, they were windows

LFBR
• 13y ago

White with Red, the creepypasta:

> A man went to a hotel and walked up to the front desk to check in. The woman at the desk gave him his key and told him that on the way to his room, there was a door with no number that was locked and no one was allowed in there. Especially no one should look inside the room, under any circumstances. So he followed the instructions of the woman at the front desk, going straight to his room, and going to bed.
>
> The next night his curiosity would not leave him alone about the room with no number on the door. He walked down the hall to the door and tried the handle. Sure enough it was locked. He bent down and looked through the wide keyhole. Cold air passed through it, chilling his eye. What he saw was a hotel bedroom, like his, and in the corner was a woman whose skin was completely white. She was leaning her head against the wall, facing away from the door. He stared in confusion for a while. He almost knocked on the door, out of curiosity, but decided not to.
>
> This disinclination saved his life. He crept away from the door and walked back to his room. The next day, he returned to the door and looked through the wide keyhole. This time, all he saw was redness. He couldn't make anything out besides a distinct red color, unmoving. Perhaps the inhabitants of the room knew he was spying the night before, and had blocked the keyhole with something red.
>
> At this point he decided to consult the woman at the front desk for more information. She sighed and said, "Did you look through the keyhole?" The man told her that he had and she said, "Well, I might as well tell you the story. A long time ago, a man murdered his wife in that room, and her ghost haunts it. But these people were not ordinary. They were white all over, except for their eyes, which were red."

Reply Share

megamanxero
• 13y ago

Scary. I rescued my best friend after a suicide attempt. The scariest part is that there may be people in my life who don't understand how important they are to me. That's tough to live with every waking moment.

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poolwater
• 13y ago

Creepiest thing i have ever seen was about the mentally ill lady. The back story is, this lady is crazy, we regularly pick her up and have her committed, but since mental health in america is so lacking, the hospital just boots her out, as she is not a danger to herself or others.

Well she goes to the ER one day, saying that a large black man without a head attacked her and tried to kill her. Now she has long gashes on her forearms that look self inflicted. Of course, we need to investigate this, she states that the man is in her house.

My Lt. and I entered through her front door into her formal sitting room. Every was neat and covered in plastic with a lot of old china dolls. Kind of stepford wivesish, except for the layer of dust. Step into the hall and you see the kitchen. Inside the kitchen is full of dirty dishes, piled near the ceiling, a refrigerator standing with the door open and rotting food inside. On the counter top i remember a fairly new, but standing open jar of mayonnaise. The floor is black with filth. Oh btw there is no power in the house. Step into the bedroom, and the walls are covered in her writings 2 things jump to memory "the children are here" and "they can see!" Making our way into the bathroom, the toilet is gone. When I say gone, i mean gone, just a 3x3 hole directly to the crawl space.

what we can piece together is that she physically ripped her toilet out of the floor and then removed all of the copper pipes by hand, causing the gashes as she bent and snapped them off.

Now I no longer work as a cop, but when i left I would still see her walking around the city, because the hospital would it keep her.

TL:DR Mental Health in america is near non-existent, and there are a lot of ill people out there.

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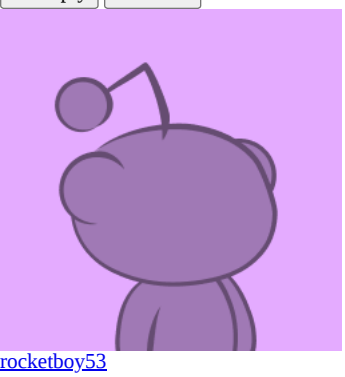

rocketboy53
• 13y ago

In 1969, My parents rented a house while a new one was being built. It was a standard suburban home, except it was set somewhat back from a busy street with a lot of businesses and there were no homes near it within a few blocks on either side. The basement was kind of odd in that it had a lot of little rooms off the main room, just freestanding walls separating one little room from the other. They were full of trunks and old furniture and other belongings of the home's elderly owner.

At night, after everyone had gone to bed, I would lie in my own bed and hear the porch furniture we stored in the basement being moved around on the concrete floor. Just a kind of shove-drag sound of metal on concrete. Whenever I was in the basement I felt like I was being watched. Despite this, it didn't feel like there was anything bad, and nothing bad happened to me there. But one thing did that completely unnerved me.

One day I was walking down the hallway to go into the basement. My sister was in the bathroom and she cracked the door and held out a bottle of something and asked me to put it on her nightstand. I said okay but I didn't take the bottle. I just walked past the door, went down into the basement and out the back door to play outside. When I came back in, my sister asked me what I had done with the bottle. I told her I didn't take it. She said I had. I said no, I didn't. We found it in her room on her nightstand. Whatever was there, had a sense of humor.

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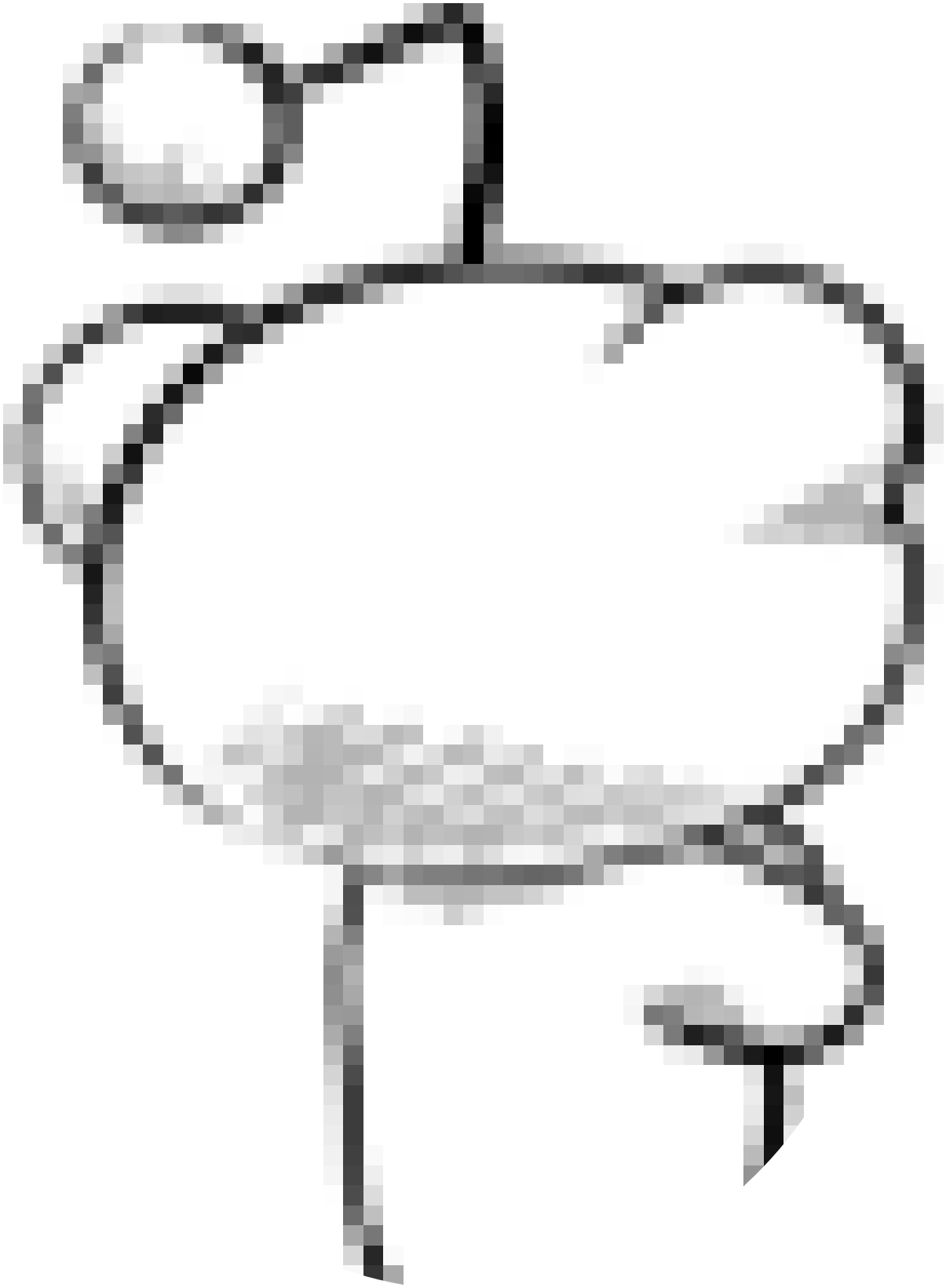

Greetz
• 13y ago

I suffered from a severe case of "Batshit afraid of the dark". I would make up all kinds of rules that i would have to adhere to, if i wanted to survive. Some were signs i would make when going to sleep in a new bed. Like enchantments of a sort. Other rules were; Never run, always look ahead, close eyes and then turn off the light. These are just to name a few. One particular were, if outside, do not go outside the light.

When i was about 15 i had just gotten my first real job. But as the job were in the city, and we lived on the country side, i got a Scooter as a gift. The drive was about 15 min and five of those were in the city, the rest out on farmland. The long stretch home did have some lightposts, but most of them had malfunctioned in someway, so much of the way home it was completely dark. Also the road home was always very deserted, only people using this road were the ones with business at the "Horse-riding-school-thing".

Then one night while driving home at about 22:00, i had carelessly forgotten to check the gasoline left in the scooter. So in the middle of nowhere i ran out of gas. Complete darkness enveloped me. Pitch black. I was immediately stricken with a huge panic attack. Heart racing and adrenalin pumping through my body, i forget the first rule, NEVER run. I threw my scooter to aphsfalt and ran for the nearest light. Doing this only made the panic root deeper into my already fear stricken mind. I had broken a rule. So i stood there in the light, just waiting. I told my self to only stare ahead, never glance out the side of my eye. Slowly turning, as to scout out any threat in the night. And then i just stood there, inside the light, for almost twelve hours. Just waiting for sunrise. And worst of all? If i had walked, i would have been home in a couple of minutes.

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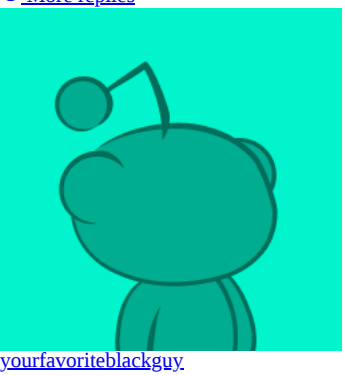

yourfavoriteblackguy
• 13y ago

This

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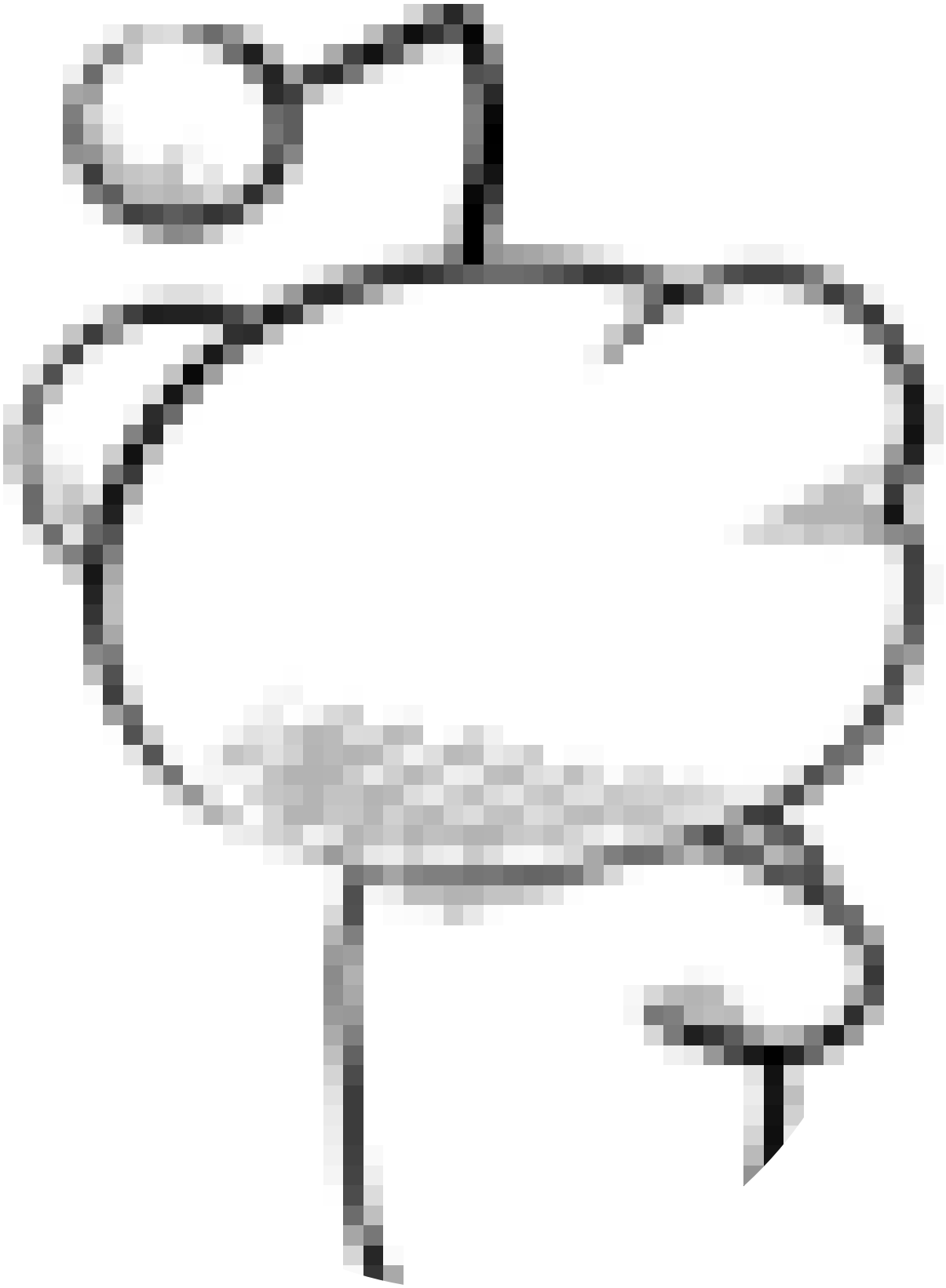

Smokee_Robinson
• 13y ago

My dad used to work the night shift at a graveyard in college. He said the single creepiest moment of his life happened one night while working there. He was doing his usual rounds, which required that he punch in at different stations around the yard. He was halfway through a shift and punching in at the central station. As he is doing this he starts to hear a squealing or faint shrieking of some sort. He walks outside of the station and looks in the direction its coming from and what does he see...a man. Not just any man. A man, dressed up like a highlander, in full outfit, kilt and all, playing the bagpipes, surrounded by fog. It was 3 am, there was 10 foot high fences around the entire graveyard and no way this man could have gotten in without being seen on a security tape or having another worker spot him. My dad was required to sit at this station for a full hour before leaving. He ended up locking the doors and watched this mysterious person play from 3 until 330. Once he was done he walked off into the night and the next morning there was no report or proof on tape of anyone getting in or out of the graveyard. My dad quit that job a week later.

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Alterego14
• 13y ago

So a girl that I worked with told me that this happened to her, and the idea of it still gives me chills.

My friend was driving home on a dark, rainy night in October, when she decided to stop and grab some gas at a gas station out West Bajeezus Ville. After pumping her gas she went inside to pay, and after paying got back in her car and started back home. As she pulled out of the gas station she noticed a car following her, and as she continued this car began tailgating her and trying to cut her off and my friend got all sorts of pissed off until she pulled over to confront the driver of the car behind her. As she walked up to the driver, another woman, and began to scream the other driver frantically told her that at the gas station someone had gotten into her car, and just as the crazy-driver turned life-saver said this a dark, hooded figure burst from my friend's car and off into the woods. My coworker and I may never have worked together.

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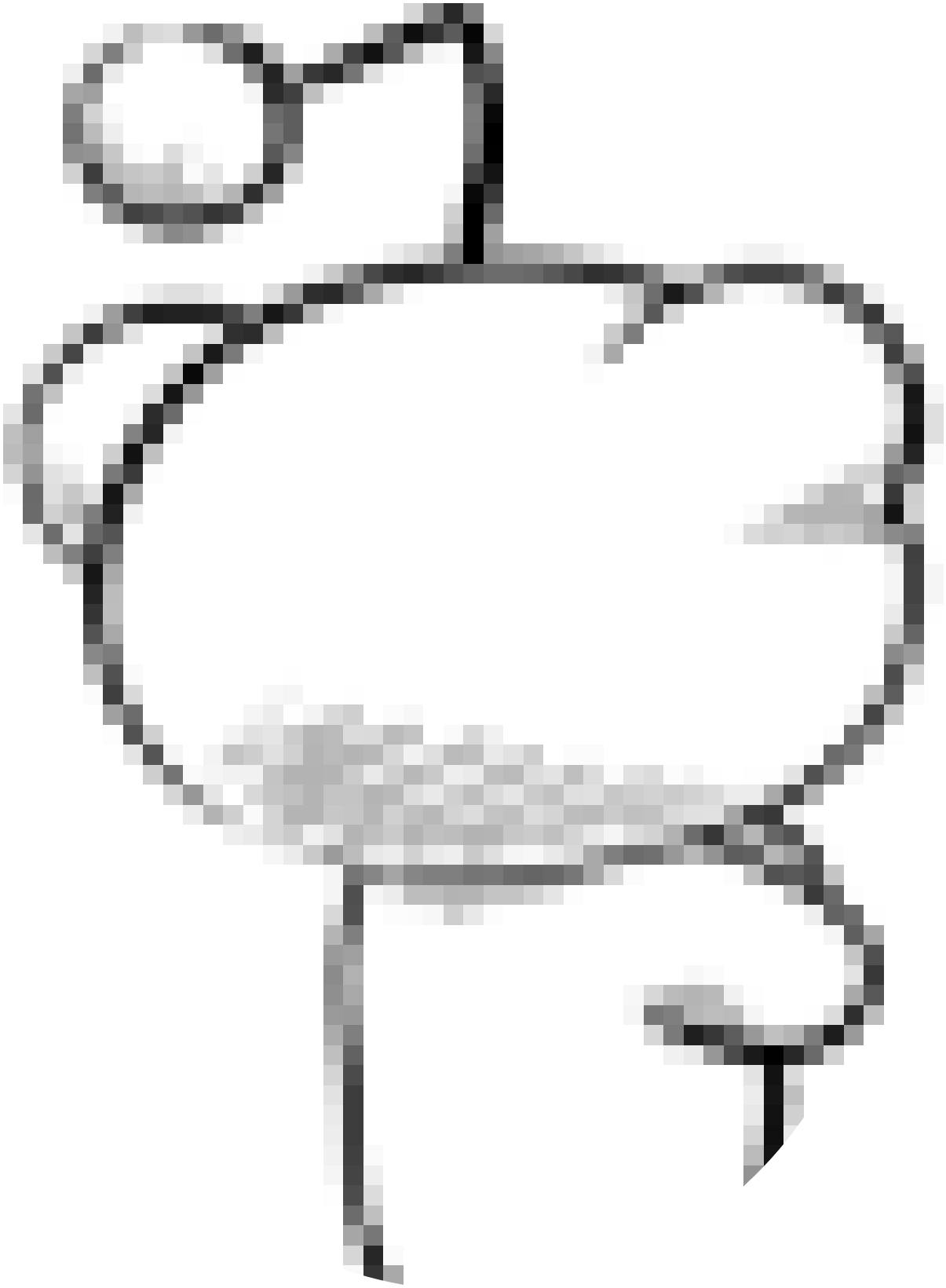

[deleted]
• 13y ago

Same exact thing happened to a friend of a friend of mine, only a hook was hanging from the door handle, the sweater was folded on the grave, the knife was pinning her dress to the ground, the cockroach laid eggs inside the guy's tongue, and the people in the video... was them!

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endelikt
• 13y ago

There's a festival near me that's very popular; Lounge on the Farm.

During the second night, me and my friends started partying with the group camping next to us, and we're having a lot of fun. We go see a few different gigs, get some good vibes and then come back to the tents to get shit faced throughout the night.

One of the guys (lets call him Shaun) from the group next to us goes off to pick up some bud from some guy he knew on the other side of the camp. He comes back about half an hour later with some great bud, and things start getting awesome (I'm rolling hard anyway at this point). About an hour later, we're all comfortably fucked, the tunes are blasting and everyone in the camp is having a great time. It's around now that Shaun sidles up to me, and tells me that he's got 5 tabs of acid in his wallet from his dealer and did I want one? I say no, because I'm already blitzed, and he's totally cool with it. He offers it to a few others, but nobody is in the mood for trip town. We forget all about it, and go on through the night.

At about 5 AM we call it a night and start to retire to our respective tents. I go to my tent, and I could make out an outline of someone inside. Dubiously curious, and also tired as fuck, I open up the zipper to tell whoever it was to get their own damn tent. Inside, crouching over all my camping gear, is a totally naked, totally fucking obliterated Shaun.

We make eye contact, and right then I knew he was gone. As in, he'd totally fucking lost it. He had that crazy, semi-vacant stare of someone seriously tripping balls. I'm about to tell him to fuck off, but he locks into eye contact with me. There's total silence. And then he lets out the loudest, most bloodcurdling scream I've ever heard. I'll never forget it, it was the sound of pure, adrenal, primeval *fear*. He looked like a man who was stuck in a living, breathing hell. Fuck knows what he saw when I looked at him. I run off to get his mates, and after about two hours, we coax him out of my tent.

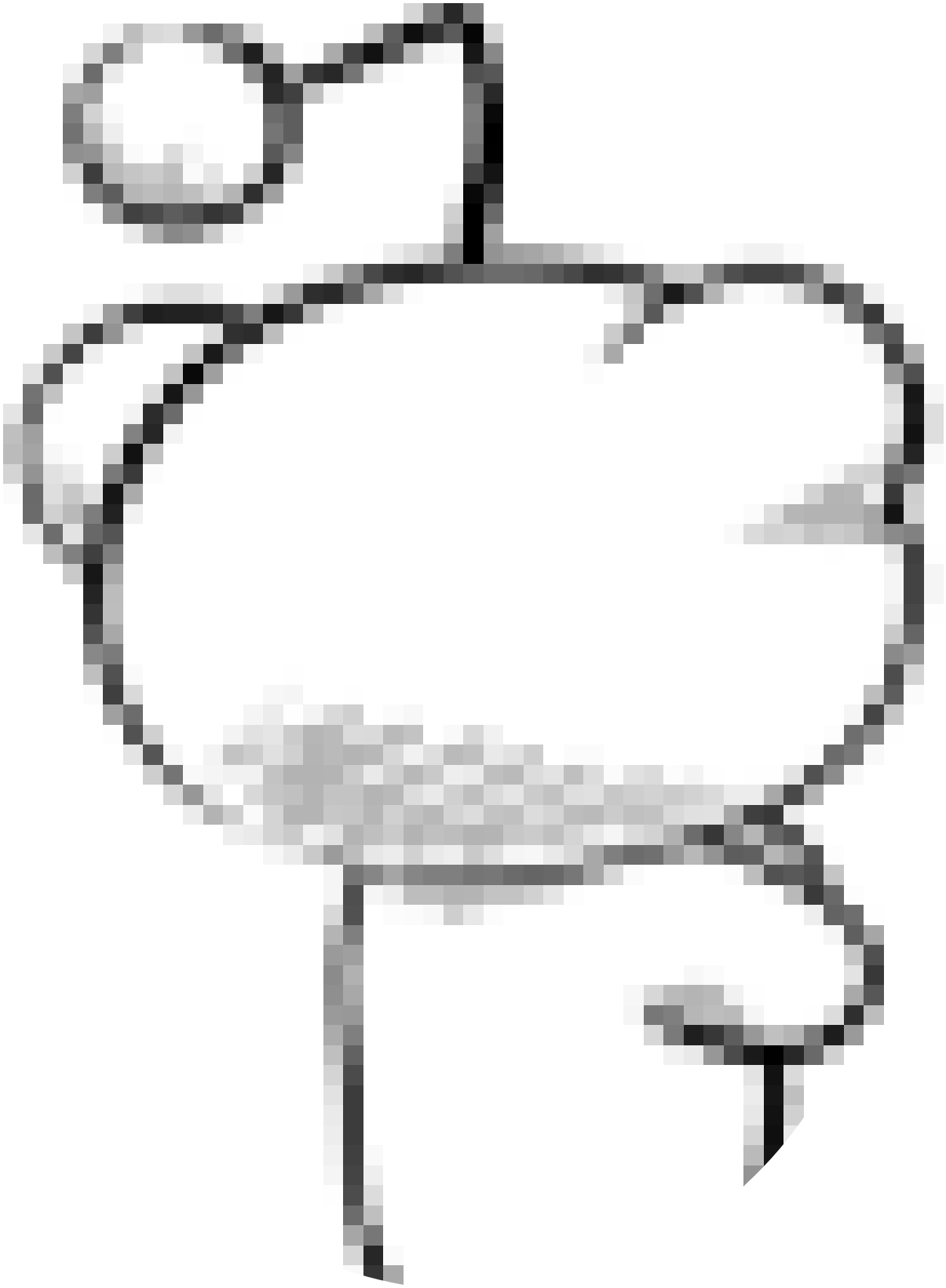
As Shaun emerged into the early morning sun, we start to see him more clearly. The raw terror he must have felt was wrought in every line of his face, every muscle in his body and it was clear that he was 11/10 on the fucked up trip scale. His friends guide him, still totally naked, back to their group of tents, and they try to make him comfy. I go through my stuff, make sure it's all as it should be, and I go to sleep.

I wake up in the early afternoon, and go and check on how everyone is doing from the party. Shaun is sitting, cross legged, in the middle of his friends family sized tent. Apparently he sat like that the whole day, and he hadn't moved or spoken once. We called for an ambulance and later discovered (but already assumed) that he took all of the acid after nobody else wanted it. It was a total mood killer, and we spent the rest of the festival in a blue state.

That was one of the creepiest experiences in my whole life, and it taught me that if you don't have respect for psychedelics, they can seriously fuck your shit up. Apparently Shaun was OK, but it took a few months for him to start becoming his regular self again.

TL;DR: Guy at a festival severely over estimates his ability to handle a strong acid trip, creeps the shit out of everyone present.

On a more positive note, I met some of those guys (without Shaun) at WOMAD last year, and we had a fucking great time!



A_Cave_Man
• 13y ago

It is amazing, the horrors we can create for ourselves, in our own minds...

My friend took to many mushrooms one time. He told me that he kept seeing himself dying, over and over again, hanging himself, jumping out of the window, slitting his wrists. He had to keep reminding himself over and over again that this was just a bad trip, it wasn't really happening.

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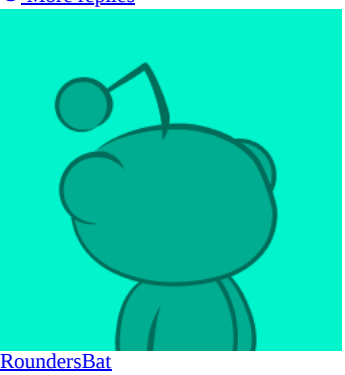

RoundersBat
• 13y ago

Not as bad as other stories on here, so I'll just do a Tl;dr.

Tl;dr: Older man whispers "Boo." in my ear while I'm having an asthma attack. Having a terrible memory, I wouldn't be able to pick him out in a crowd and will never know if I've seen him again. Or if he's seen me...

Chivalryisntdead
• 13y ago

Might be a little late, but Pokemon Black This isn't the new game that came out a couple of years ago, but a hack off of Red and Blue.

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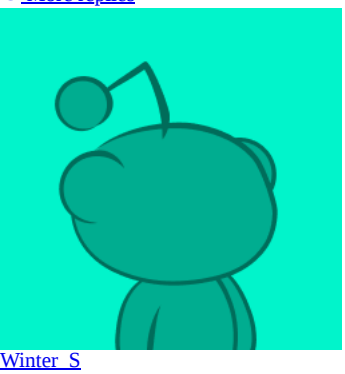

Winter_S
• 13y ago

Fuck this thread.

It's 12:28am, and this is making me paranoid.

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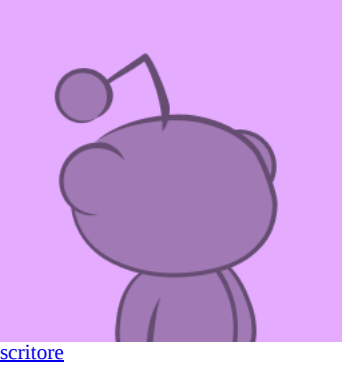
Greenmonster71
• 13y ago

My friend's older sister hiked a small stretch of the appalachian trail with a small group of friends about 2 years ago, basically taking a two week camping trip. She said throughout the two weeks they infrequently got the sensation that someone was watching them, but didn't pay it much mind. When they returned home and got the pictures from their camera developed, half of them were pictures of them sleeping..



scritore
• 13y ago

I don't believe in ghosts but I would be lying if I said these things didn't make me believe for awhile.

[Everything happened in the same house]

1. We had just moved into a house after moving to Texas and so we has some cable people setting up everything. The kitchen was a separate room but instead of a door was an open arch leading inside. My room was right next to the kitchen. I got hungry or thirsty or something and got up to go to the kitchen. One of the workers was going into the kitchen too and I ended up behind him. He turned into the kitchen before I did and when I got into it there was no one in there. The only exit was what I had just walked through and he was in there for maybe two seconds before me. I didn't even think it was weird at first, I just brushed it off and grabbed something.

2. I was sitting in my bedroom watching disney and a little in between shows (not really a commercial) thing came on that showed you how to short sheet someone. (It was around april fools day, and short sheeting someone is where you fold the sheets so that when they try to get under their covers they can't all the way because it's folded and they can't see why) My sister wasn't in her room so I decided it was the perfect time to do this simple 'prank'. I sneak into her room and climb up the bunk bed ladder and start doing this. About 20 seconds after I started doing this the door slams shut. These weren't just your average doors, for some reason they were exceptionally big and much heavier than ones that I have had in other houses. It wasn't just a little nudge to close it either (the door was wide open) it SLAMMED shut and made a very loud noise. I just stared at it for a moment and then jumped off the ladder and ran out of her room.

3. I'm not sure if this counts or not but one time when I was laying down in my bed I saw this big black bird fly out of one wall at the very top and right through the other wall. My sleeping schedule was horribly messed up then so I'm not sure if that was a hallucination or not.

PAroots
• 13y ago

Buddy of mine often goes hiking/camping alone. A few years ago (before digital cameras), he was camping in New Hampshire, went to bed in his tent, woke up, packed his things and went home. When he had his film developed a few weeks later, there was a picture of him sleeping in his tent. fuck that.

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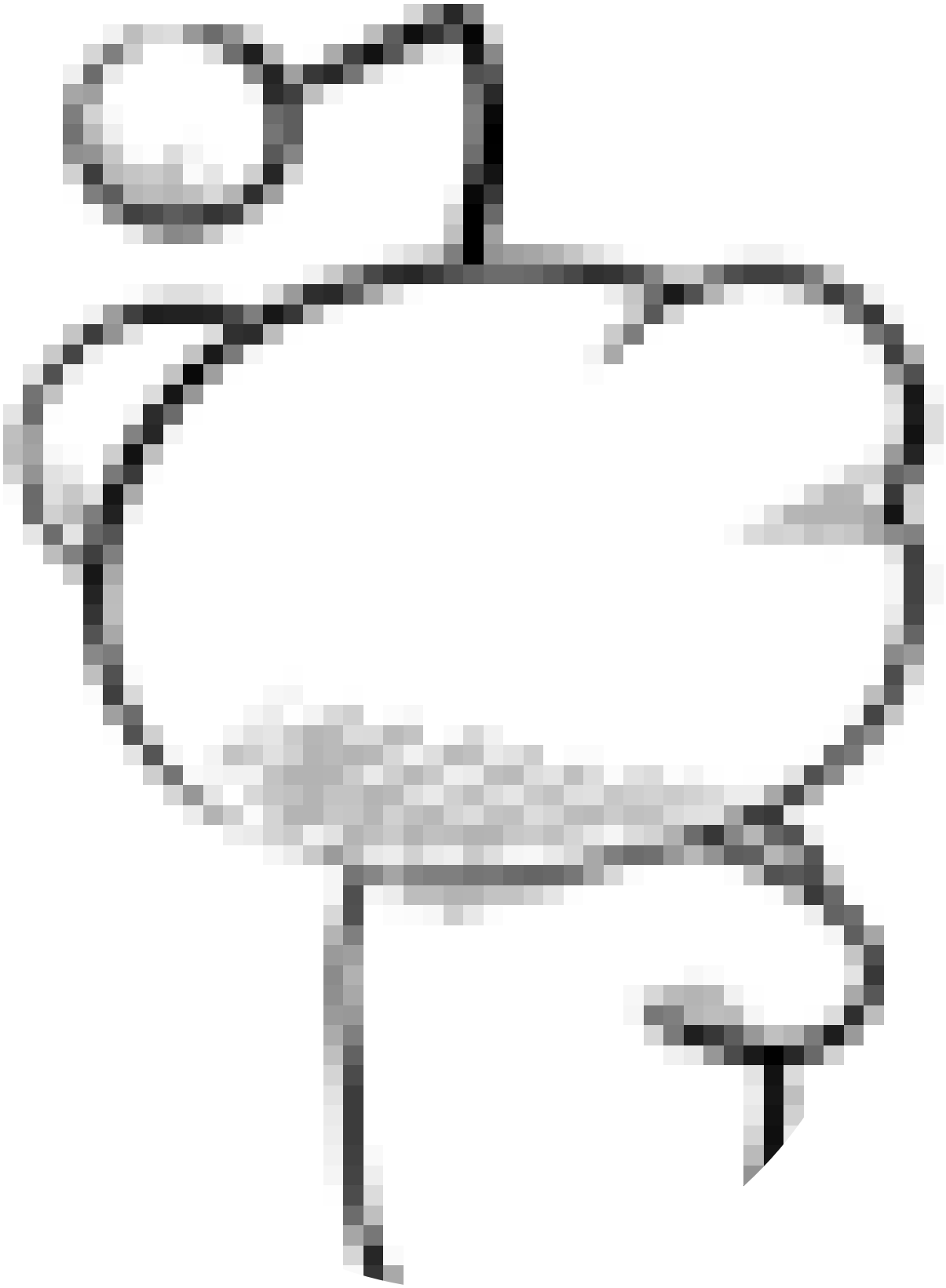

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• 13y ago

I'll post summaries, since I have a lot of material. If you want to hear stories, let me know. I have a few good ones, some that I didn't even mention here. (experienced urban explorer, outdoorsman and thrill seeker)

TL;DR: abandoned mental institution voices, friend sees ghosts on abandoned mental institution trip and doesn't tell until after, sister touched by ghosts, sounds/screams in the woods at night, suicide scares, to top it off: why I'm that asshole (halloween edition)

1. Walking through an abandoned mental institution, no one is there but me and my best friend, and suddenly we hear footsteps, voices, or other sounds. (I'm a very active urban explorer, this happens to me pretty often.) Bonus points: When we don't find the cause.

2. Walking through an abandoned mental institution with just two friends who at one point sprint out of the hallway. Lost in confusion, I follow them out. On the drive home, I find out that one of my friends sees ghosts and he's been seeing them the entire day. At this point, they were all around us.

3. My sister claims to have been touched by a ghost in one of the asylums we frequent. I wasn't there, and I don't believe in ghosts (but I wish I did) but seeing her reaction to the event scares me. She won't return, and for a month after that she needed someone to walk with her everywhere.

4. I like to take walks at night, sometimes through a nearby preserve. This preserve, Welwyn, used to be the wealthy Pratt family's estate, but it has since decayed into ruin (with the exception of the main building and a guest house, which were turned into a museum and security station, respectively). There are numerous abandoned buildings on site, all severely overgrown by nature. I always walk here alone, normally around sunset. First few times I had no flashlight, so I would end up walking back in pitch darkness, in the middle of the woods. Like my first post above, many times I've heard noises in there with me. Sometimes I see shadows moving around.

4a. Once I went in there with my little sister. On the way out, I was making weird noises just to be a jackass. What I didn't expect was the response. From somewhere behind us, we were answered by bloodcurdling, almost animalistic shrieks. As we were walking along the road back to the car (the road is adjacent to the edge of the park. it's dark and barely lit) the sounds stopped, but I saw figures moving in the woods, just beyond the light. Kids messing around, just like me.

5. I think my scariest has nothing to do with any of my crazy exploits. It was actually in college. Pretty much, a (very depressed) friend of mine was unreachable and unresponsive, locked in her room for the whole day, and we thought she may have committed suicide. (Ended up that she just overslept and turned all electronics off) The scariest moment was opening the door to her room with the masterkey, not knowing what to expect, all sorts of thoughts running through my mind.

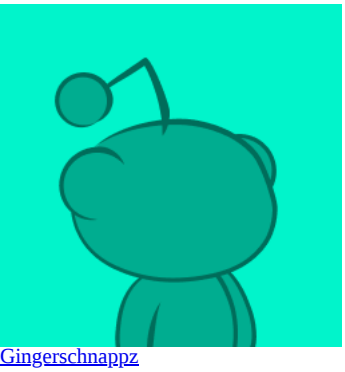
5a. Another similar story with my sister. Thank God both ended up all right.

6. Last one wasn't for me, but everyone around me. I was at the movies watching the new Scream movie. 3/4 the way through, all the lights go out. entire city block had no power. everyone's freaking out. I started making demonic screeches.
6a. I work at a haunted clown house during Halloween time. I've made numerous people piss their pants. It's an amazing feeling, especially those who have a phobia of clowns, because I barely have to do anything to make them cry. I'm an asshole, I know.

-oh, i snuck into a partially abandoned castle at night. the castle is on a cliff in the middle of the woods. in slovakia. (slovakia woods are full of bears, wolves, man eating wild boars, and gypsies). we trekked through the woods in pitch darkness, rock climbed the wall and snuck in.

Camphikefishbike
• 13y ago

Fuck yeah, thanks for starting this post. I've been reading it for the last 2 days and LOVING every minute of it! (minus the tree fiddy refs:(fucks. (damn you south-park!!!) I love south-park though.



Gingerschnappz
• 13y ago

I can't stop reading either! I never used reddit and my husband was telling me I really need to. (He stays on Reddit) So, I just decided to and I am glued! I love creepy/scary shit.

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Fatmanhammer
• 13y ago

Here's one that you might lose sleep over, here I go.

clicking the button on my flashlight and facing it upwards, towards my face

A friend of mine had a kid.

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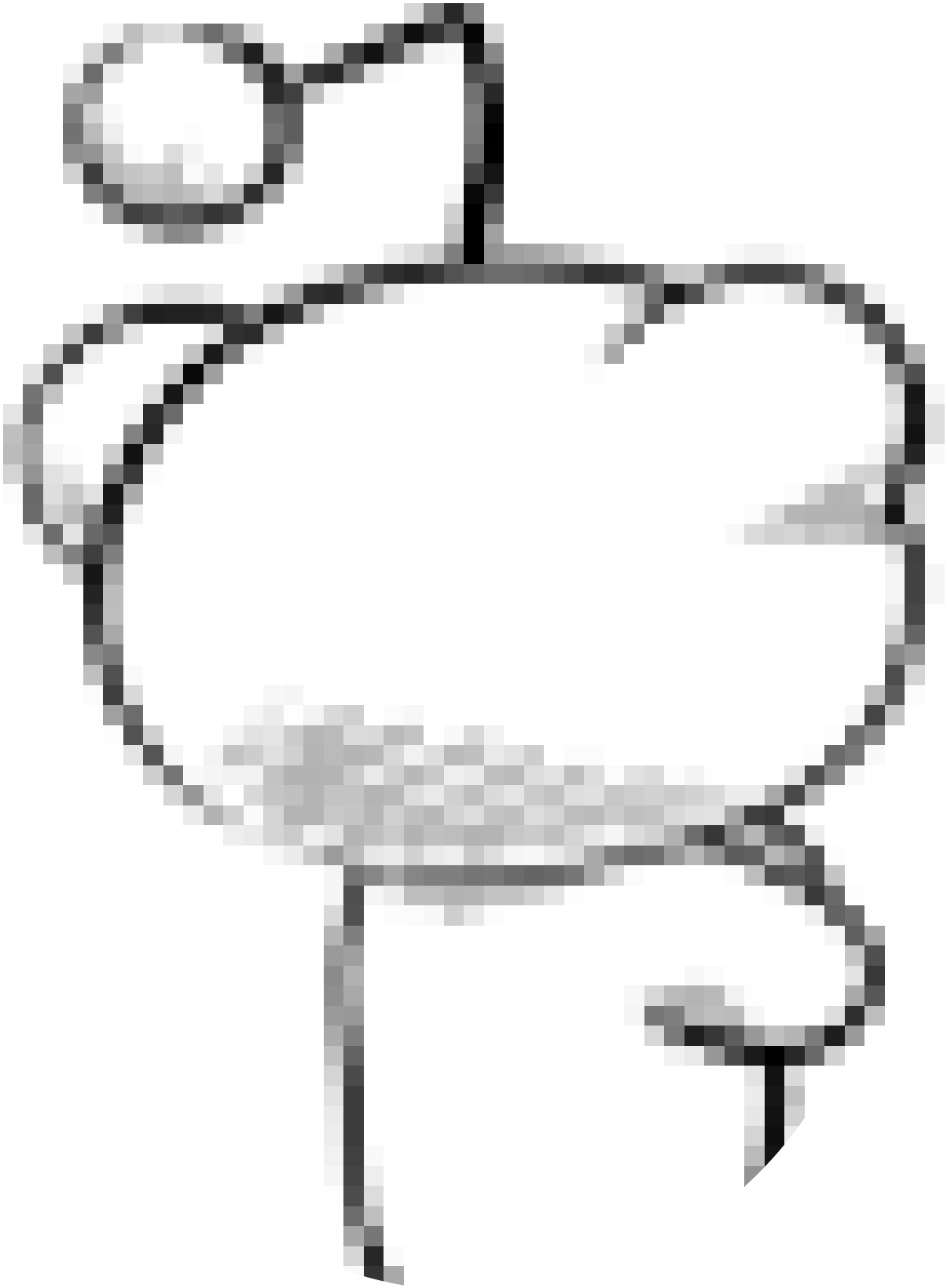

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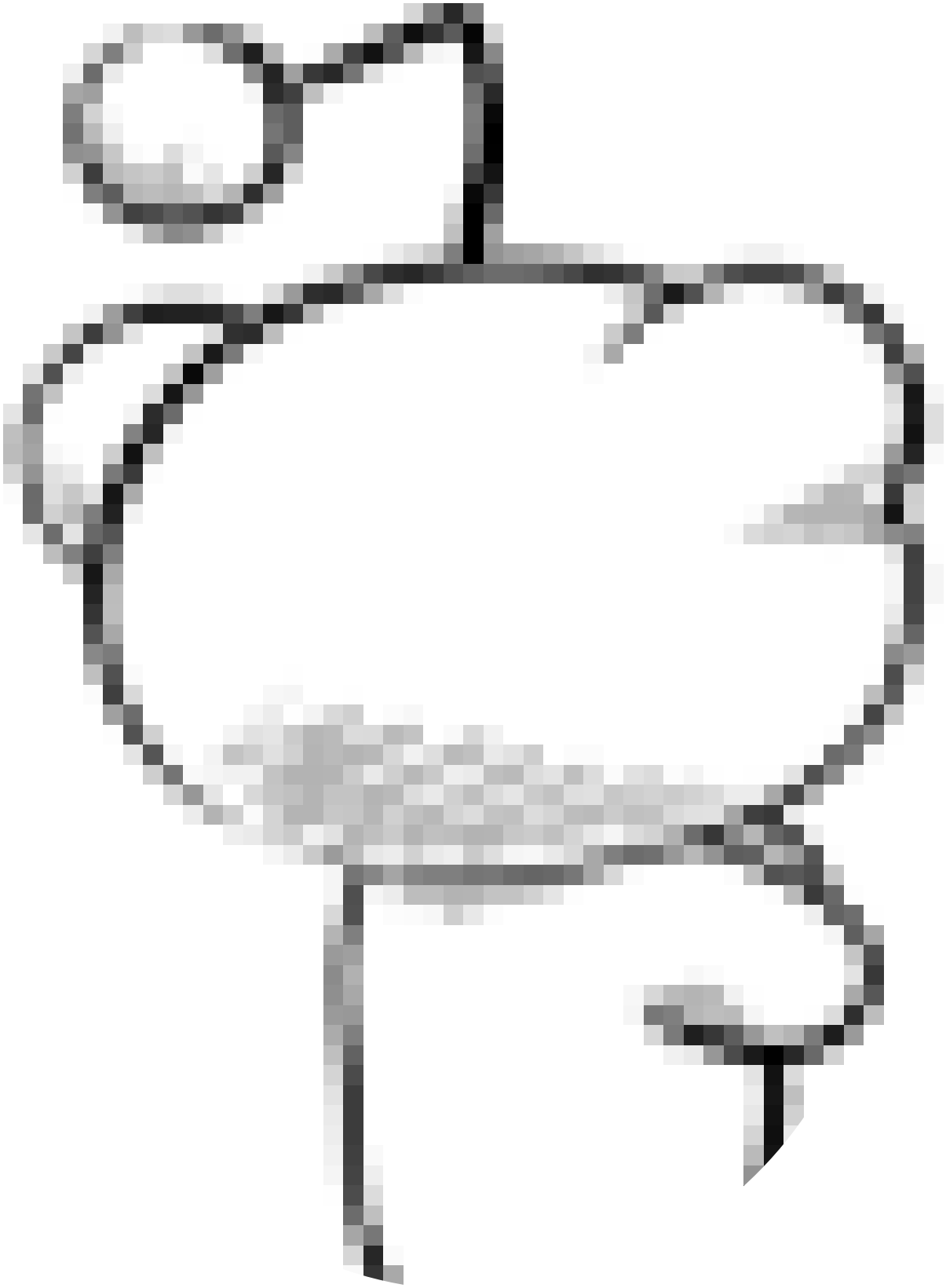
• 13y ago

not the creepiest but on nights where I don't have long dreams I have these short dreams that something/someone is in my room. Last night I had 3. The first I dreamed there was a snake on the edge of my bed crawling up it so I jumped out of bed and ran into my living room and stared in the darkness towards my bedroom until I was aware it was a dream. Second was a bug. I immediately threw a blanket over it and got up and ran out again. The third is a little creepier. It was a man standing right in front of my bedroom window.I could see him out of the corner of my eye. He wasn't moving just standing. Instead of getting up and panicking, it was almost a soothing feeling watching him. Eventually he faded away as I came into consciousness and I went back to bed.



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• 13y ago

Christmas night, sleeping on the couch next to the christmas tree, heard footsteps. Thought it was santa, I hid under those blankets like I was the ground after blizzard. I was having trouble breathing I was so deep in covers, Eventually heard the footsteps get right next to the tree, then I felt hands roll me over towards them, pull the covers up. Mom.

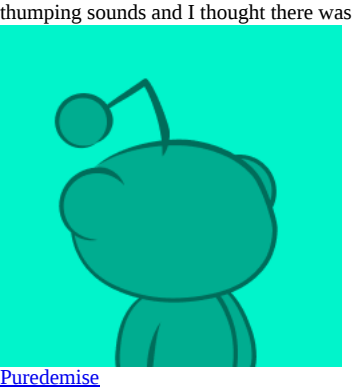
TL;DR Thought mom was santa on christmas night

SlothFart
• 13y ago

Watching an organ harvesting of a dead body. When they skin it. Meh.

dorianrose
• 13y ago

Kinda a funny story now, but when I was young I went to see Jurassic Park in theaters. I loved it, but some parts kinda scared me. I woke up that night from a nightmare and heard these awful thumping sounds and I thought there was a T-Rex outside our house. I lay there for I don't know how long and finally realized it was my own heartbeat I was hearing.



Puredemise
• 13y ago

So last year some random girl decided to start messaging me in Facebook. Now I'm completely fine with this because the pics she had, she looked really fucking good in. Well, she tells me her number and we start texting.

Well, about a week in we're having deep ass conversations and its going pretty good. One night, she starts to get all serious and tell me how much she loves me and shit. Now this starts freaking me out a bit, but I go with it because I actually started liking her. We get into talking about our lives and I tell her some stories about me. She opens her story with the fact that she has a kid. Holy fucking shit, this girl has a kid and is only in high school, how does she do it? Well, she's a model and makes huge bank from this shit and lives on her own and has friends babysit the kid, or her aunt or something like that.

But then the biggest bomb gets dropped. She then tells me that her daughter is a rape baby. Yeah, this girl got raped and kept the baby. No problem with that though because now I have more respect. But, she wants me to ask her out and I'm like ehhhh because I've never even seem the girl in real life. Well, time goes on and I start liking this new girl that moved to my school. Now the other girl(let's name her Hailey), Hailey doesn't particularly like the fact that I'm interested in this other girl.

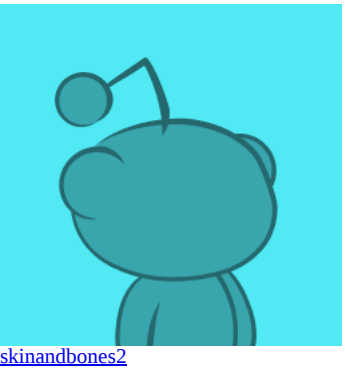
So Hailey does the only obvious reasonable thing and starts telling me that if I don't stop liking this girl, she's going to kill herself. This is the point where I really wanted to nope the fuck out of this, but I stayed with it because I couldn't feel right if I knew I was the cause for some girl to kill herself. Now, my friend is with me at the time of this, and he's also trying to get her to not do it. We're on the phone for about 30 mins trying to convince her I'm not worth shit, especially her life(m friend might've been jokin but I was dead serious) when she hangs up.

Fast forward about an hour and I get a text from her aunt and apparently Hailey is in the hospital and they're looking to sue me because I was the cause of her accident. Hailey ended up fine, but now I'm getting harassed by her supposed aunt, and then I counter with some bullshit lawsuit that I never would've acted on, but she stopped texting me for a while.

I soon discover this Hailey girl actually does exist, but has been using pictures of this one girl I actually went to middle school with and has been lying about everything. The creepiest part though is how she joked about commiting suicide if I didn't stop liking another girl.

Andman17
• 13y ago

The ending to the video game; Metal Gear Solid 2: sons of liberty. for those of you who had played the game, you might be able to relate to how i felt. Knowing that everything up until that point had been a lie just scared the shit out of me. Not just in the game but in real life as well. it made me think that perhaps life could all be an illusion, which at least for me was really scary.



skinandbones2
• 13y ago

The Dyatlov pass incident.

syberphunk
• 13y ago

Was woken up in the middle of the night to my hi-fi playing static from the radio at full volume.

It was last physically set (by sliding switch) to CD and the remote control had no batteries in it.

beepborpimajorp
• 13y ago

The other day I was at my parents' house for a birthday dinner. My mom and I were standing in the kitchen talking while the neighbor was outside mowing his lawn and my stepdad was down in the basement. As we're talking I hear my stepdad yelling my mom's name. It was muffled and sounded like it came from the laundry room area of our basement and it sounded like he was in trouble. I went, "Shh, do you hear that? It's "stepdadsname". And then while we were listening it happened a second time. This time my mom bolted downstairs and I clearly remember thinking to myself, "Oh god what if he has fallen down or something, how do I explain it to my brother?" It was THAT real.

My mom comes back up and says my stepdad is on the couch just chillin' and watching TV. Obviously nothing was wrong and he didn't hear anything. And the neighbor outside was still mowing, so it's not like we could have heard our neighbors through that noise.

I've been rationalizing it since it happened since I don't believe in the paranormal but damn was it a creepy thing to go through. After we heard the yell I do distinctly remember it being so real sounding that I wondered if we were going to be spending the evening at the hospital.

vocalizationmachine
• 13y ago

Woke up at around 5 AM, was home alone and it was summer. I hear someone screaming "Help me! I'm burning". So i raise the blinds and there i see this guy in the street. Bald, in his underwear, perfectly fine i might add. Cars are driving around him and he is screaming. Now those screams have were horrible, like he was really on fire and was dying. It kept sending shivers up my spine. So as i was about to pick up the phone to call the cops a patrol car pulls up and the screaming dude finds a massive brick and throws it at the cops yelling he'll kill himself. The cops manage to wrestle him to the ground and an ambulance van rolls up and they put him in. I couldn't sleep for days cause those screams were stuck in my head. I was 12 at the time btw.

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CALM_REDDIT_MOLESTOR
• 13y ago

Jeff the Killer.

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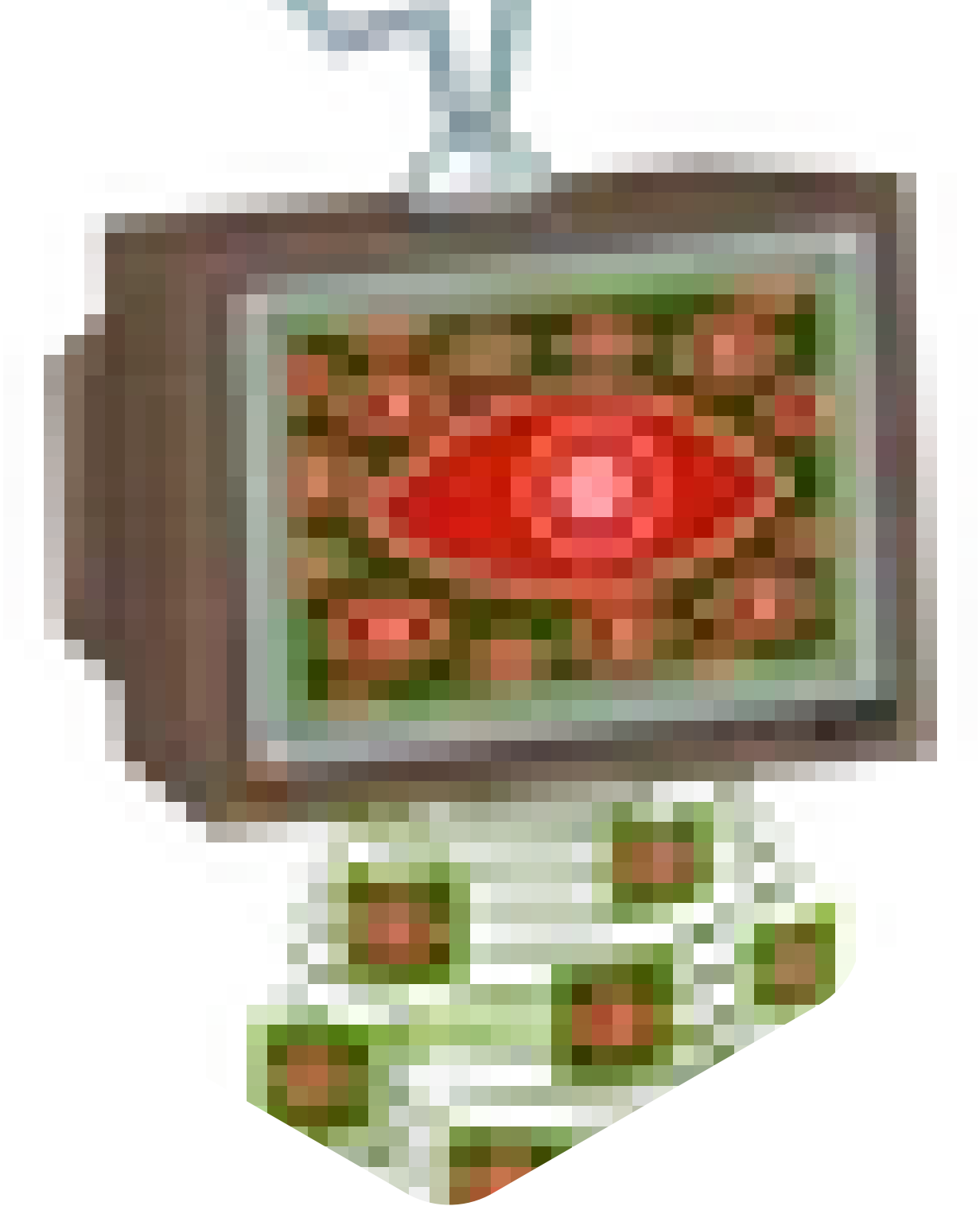
3 more replies

More replies



harpeir
• 13y ago

Ted the Caver http://www.angelfire.com/trek/caver/

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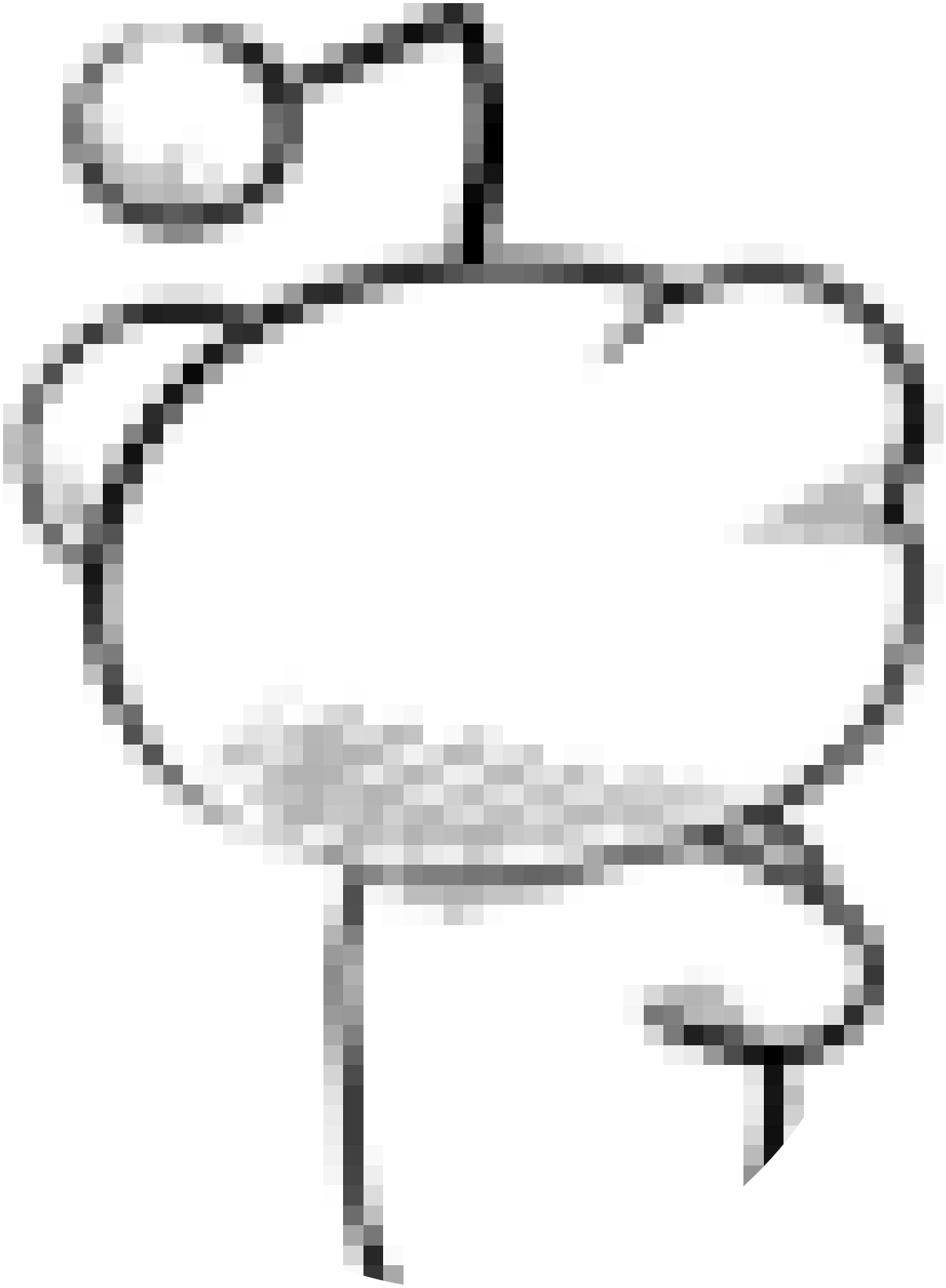

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• 13y ago

The North Korea EAS Broadcast

Reply Share

mibikin
• 13y ago

Normal Porn for Normal People. This story always makes me so scared. http://creepypasta.wikia.com/wiki/Normal_Porn_for_Normal_People Labeled as NSFW on that site.

Reply Share

Plippet
• 13y ago

I read a story that a guy was driving through Colorado and he was going through a bad area known for satanic cults and dark worshipping. He drives past a car crash in the middle of nowhere and notices two dead bodies laying around the car. He decided he would drive past it because it was just too scary, and as he went by he saw the 2 bodies get up and like 20 people crawl out of the bushes. Almost pissed my pants thinking about that.

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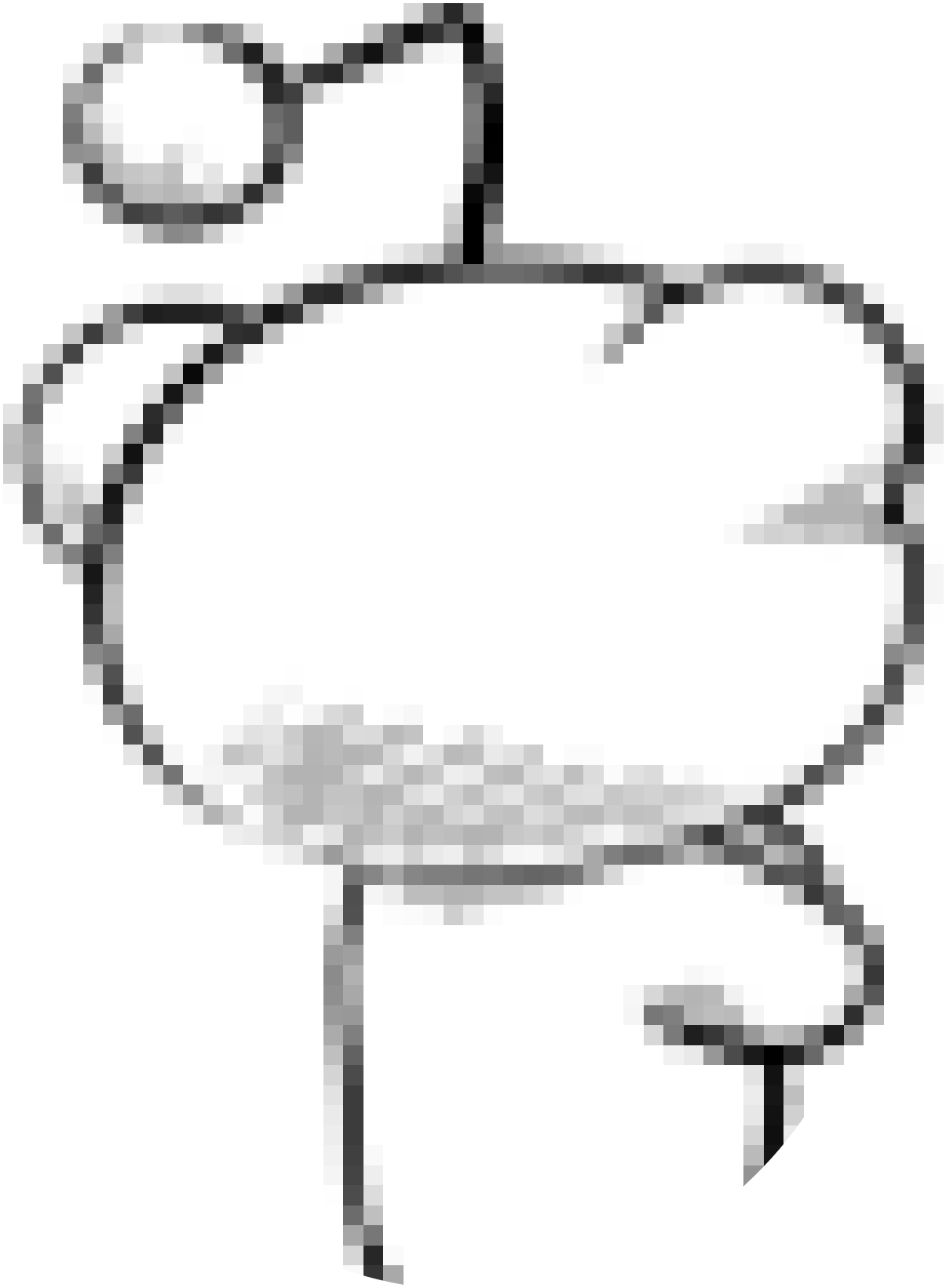

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• 13y ago

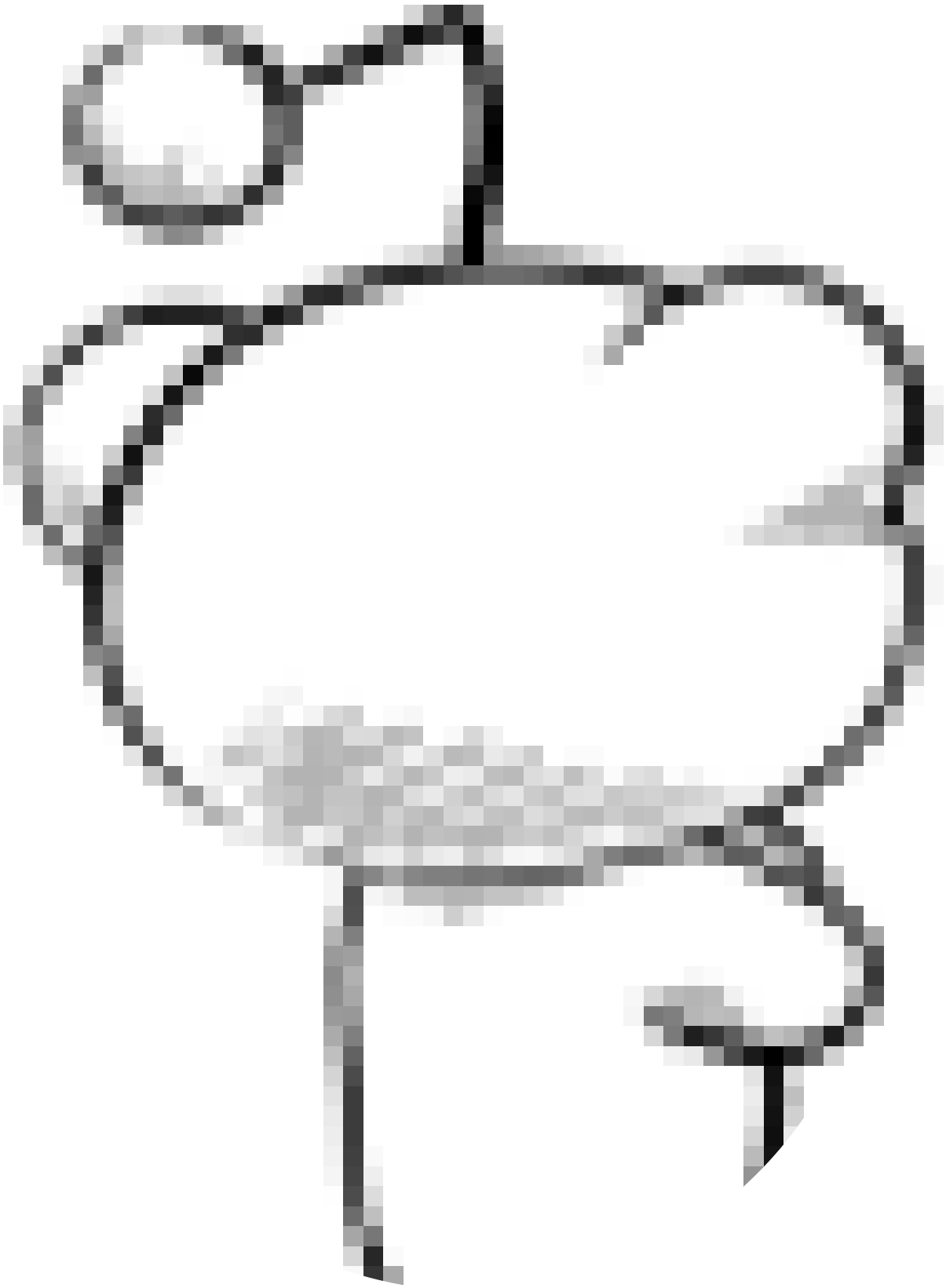
Oh my gosh. Gifura would be on the top of my list for sure. If you dont know what it is i would HIGHLY suggest youtubeing reaction videos first before you go scout around on google looking for it.

As far as stories? i got one from my childhood. It was me, mom, and my little brother. we had just moved into a new house. it was about 2 blocks away from our previous house. there was nothing special about this house. pourch, patio, 3 bedroom 2 bathroom. the works. i was about i would say either 6 or 7. one of those. about the time where i would comprehend shit and know whats real and not. anyway. it was about the third or so month where i started to notice small things that i could just not put my finger on. i would see shadows from the corner of my eye. not like lamp/light shadows im talking human figure shadows. this is usually whenever i would tell me mom about it and she would never believe me what so ever. i would tell her every time when i would see it. "there is it, look!" but by the time she would look over nothing was there making me look like a fool. after that little more things would happen. like i would leave my room and turn off my light. when i would come back in my room my light would be turned on and things would be in a different order. for example i remember one day i had got home from school and i put my backpack by the door to go get a snack. i got inside, took off my backpack, left it by the door, went get a snack and went in my room. when i walked in my room loe and behold...my backpack. but i think the worst thing that i had ever experienced would have to be this. one night i was up late watching adult swim [had to wait till like fuckin 11 foe it to come on back in da day] and i decided to go to bed. as i went to turn off the tv i muted to cause i thought i heard talking. i began to listen closer and it was talking. the only way i can describe what it sounded like that it was deep, slow speaking but smooth. i couldnt understand a word of it. it was something ive never heard of before. i then began to hear the phone dial as if someone was punching in numbers, after that i ran to my moms room and told her someone is in the house trying to stay as calm as i possibly can. again she told me that i was just making it all up but i kept tugging at her and yelling for her to go see. by this time i was balling my eyes out scared shitless for what i had heard already and plus everything on top of that. we walked in the living room into the kitchen and the voice stopped talking and whenever she turned on the light all of the cabinets and utensil drawers were open. pretty much after that night my mom belived me

everytime i saw that shadow/figure again. she even seen it one night and she told me she belives me now. we moved from that house in 2003 and everytime i tell her i see something or i hear something she belives me. just no one else can hear it or see it. it makes me feel like im crazy at sometimes.

TL;DR haunted house.

Reply Share



MY_HARD_BOILED_EGGS
• 13y ago

I live near a town called Atco, home of the supposed Atco Ghost, and my friends and I have gone down that road multiple times. Back in 2007 we drove to the place (Burnt Mill Rd.) and parked the car at the only entrance/exit to the street. Two of my pals stayed in the car while the rest of us decided to take a walk down the long stretch of road in the middle of the night. About halfway I grew bored since nothing remotely scary had happened, so I jokingly yelled, "Okay Atco Ghost, we've been here a hundred times and nothing has happened, just give us something." I shit you not, as soon as I finish, two headlights turn on at the very end of the road (the street ends at a forest). They blinked a few times and we took off running like the pansies that we were. We hid behind some bushes lining the side of the street and waited for the car to pass before going back onto the road to head back to our car. On the way, another goddamn car appeared out of nowhere and started following us. We ran, but ultimately our car was too far, so we stopped, accepting our fates. Turns out the car following us was just a fellow who lived on the road, wondering why we were on his field (which was behind the bushes). We told him a car had been following us and he shrugged it off and told us to stay off his property.

Long story still pretty long, we got back to the car and told our two friends everything that had happened. And halfway through telling the story, my buddy stops me, and says "You said you hid in the bushes while that first car went by?" I told him, yeah, why? Both of the friends who had stayed behind in the car informed us that no car had passed them while they waited. Apart from the neighbor's car, they didn't see a single vehicle on Burnt Mill Road that night.

So what the fuck happened to the one that chased us?

notoriousstranger
• 13y ago

ITT: potential for "tree-fiddy" in every story

Kudamaman
• 13y ago

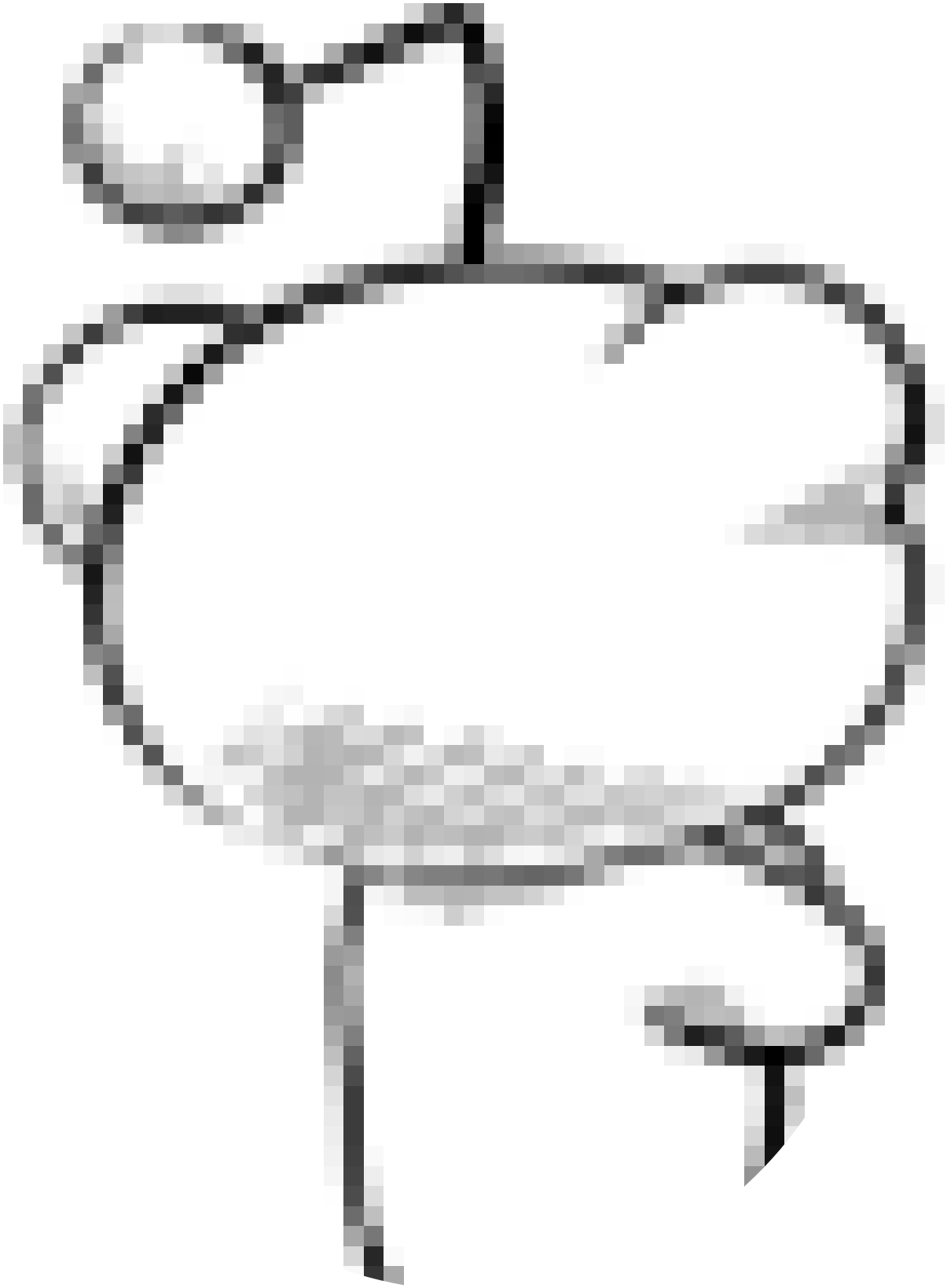
I was deployed to Camp Bucca back when it was open. One of the tif's lost a detainee and couldn't find him for two weeks. Finally a proper search was conducted (with an insider tip as a lead). We found him buried under 8 feet of sand. We have no idea how they dug an 8 foot hole in the ground with little to no tools under constant surveillance from 4+ watch towers manned 24hours a day. However, his state of decomposition was absolutely nothing like I've ever seen before. No monster movie make up can ever be as real...I remember most his eye...

UncleVicVic
• 13y ago

Slender man

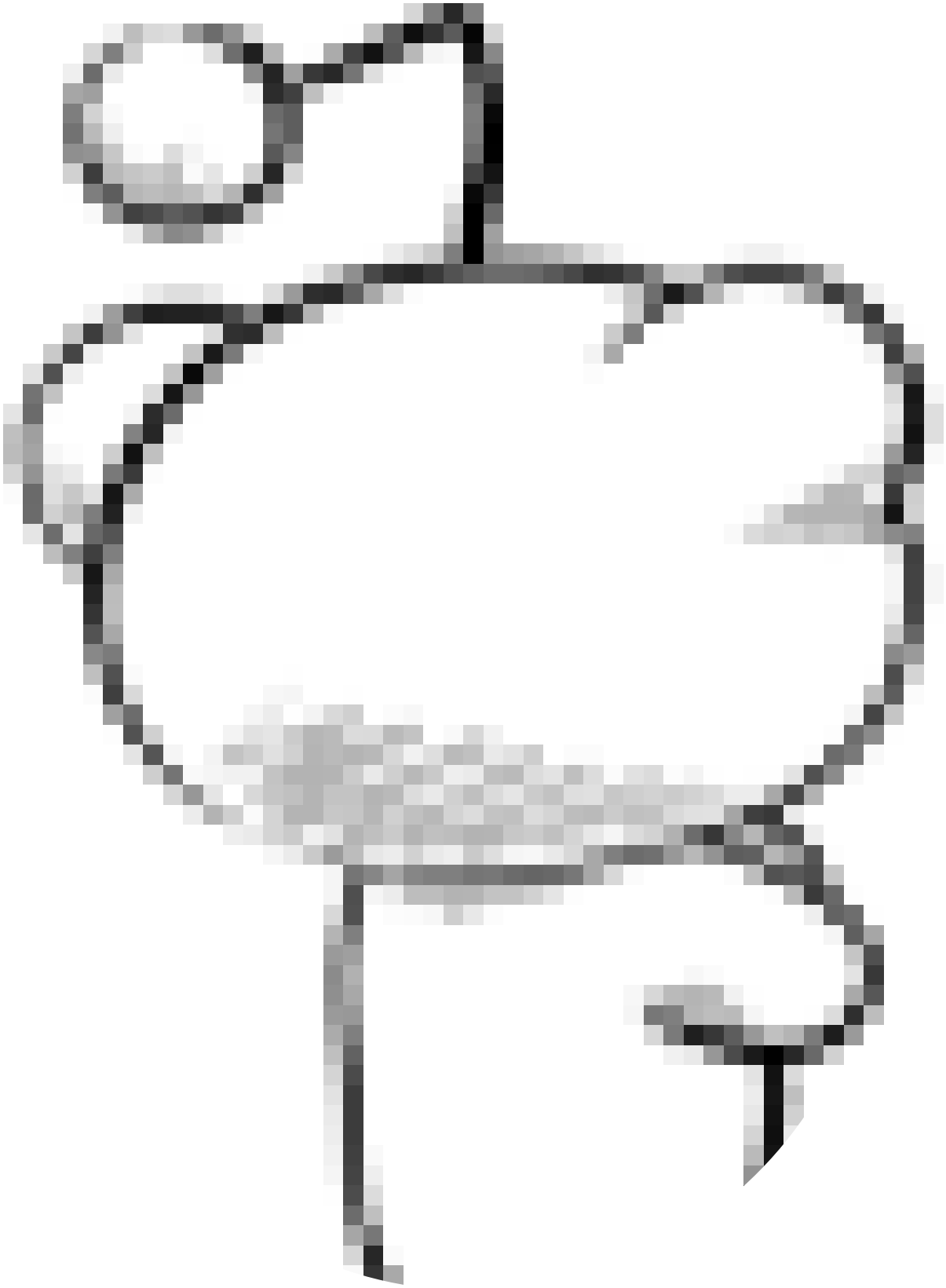
nelsonmavrick
• 13y ago

I remember this guy on reddit said was going through is pictures of backpacking through Europe, and found a picture of him in his tent asleep. He was backpacking alone, and doesn't know who or how the picture was taken.



wilcoxinthehouse
• 13y ago

i saw a murderer jump of a cliff of the Grand Canyon



kieferbolsworth
• 13y ago

Ok. It's the year 2000 and I'm at Toys R Us with my family. We are at check out and i see this old, decrepid woman on her way out of the store. She was easily the oldest woman i had ever seen at the age of 7. She had flabby, wan skin and the thin black hair that barely made it over her ears. She was using a cane, and upon further inspection, i noticed she was missing her right leg. She wasn't with anyone, and I'm not sure if she was even real. The whole time she was walking past me I remember thinking, 'don't have one eye, don't have one eye..' As she was passing through the sliding double doors, she looked back at me, smiled a partially toothless grin, WITH ONE FUCKING EYE. Scared the shit out of me and still does to this day.

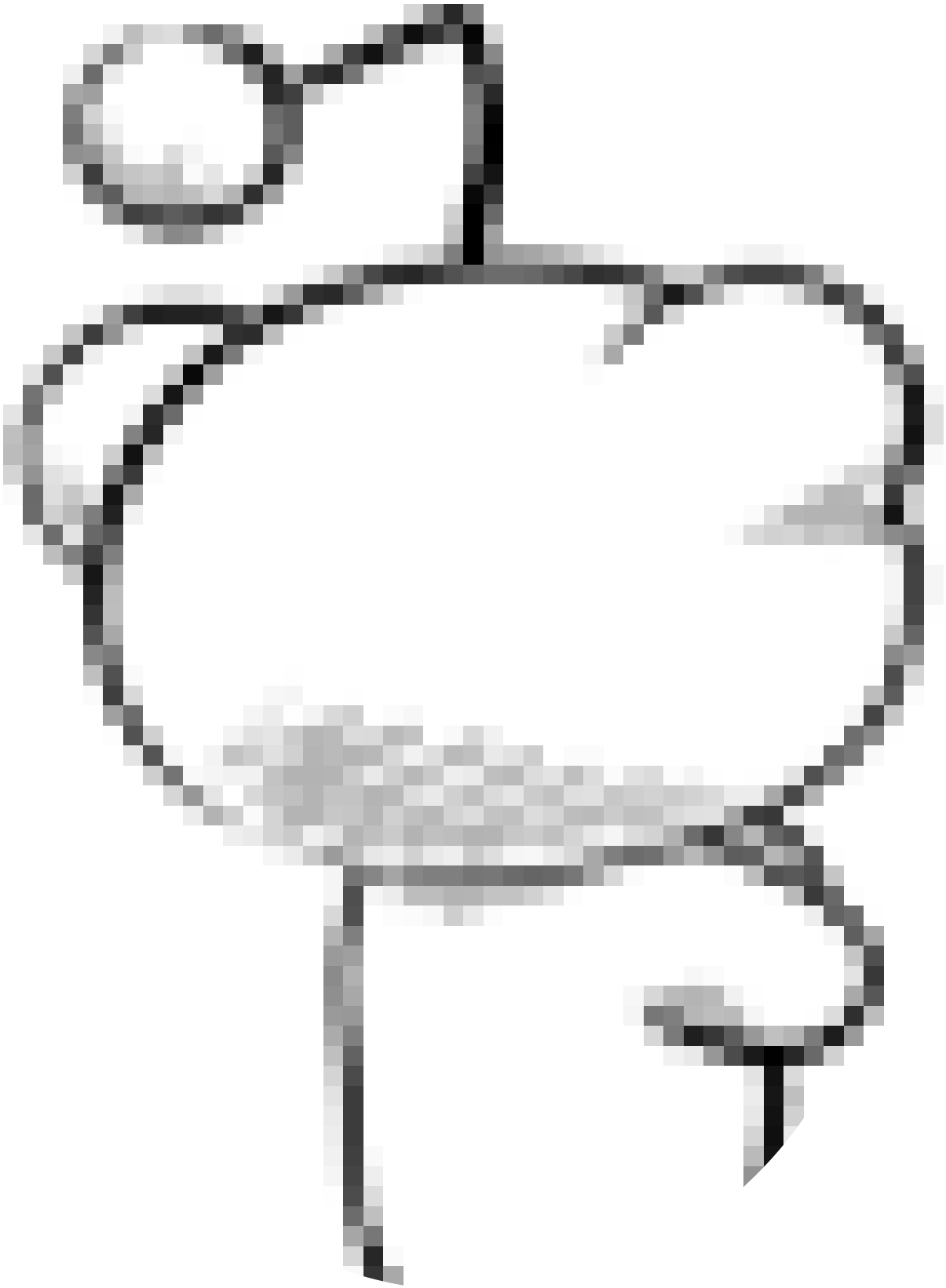
tomime
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Scariest: This is a story from a friend of mine. My friend's brother was doing some dumb shit and bought candles, book for summoning dead/demons, etc. Then at their home in Texas around 6-7pm he got down and started a stupid ritual, chanting from the book. Soon my friend felt something is really off and she asked her brother to stop. This lead to increased chanting volume as he was deliberately messing with her at this point. Suddenly all the light bulbs in the house just explodes and glad to say everyone bolted out of the house. All the items were burned shortly after and lesson learned.

TLDR: Friend's brother bought demon summoning things and light bulbs burst

Creepiest: I had a paranormal experience at my aunt's home when I was around 12-13. For some reason though, at the time I was lead to believe this ghost is my sister and followed behind her and calling to her as 'sister'. I followed her to a small living room that was added at one point to the house. Shortly after my cousin poked me in the back wondering why I am just standing alone in front of this living room. Messed with my head and still does to this day. My sister is does not wear a night gown and does not have hair down to the waist....

TLDR: As a kid a ghost brainwashed me into thinking she's my sister



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• 13y ago

When I was about 5, my god brother and I were totally convinced of these large feathered monsters called "thunderbirds." Think vultures, but about four times as big and ready to carry away and eat any unsuspecting infant!

Well, late one afternoon, we were in his backyard, jumping on the trampoline and discussing the finer subtleties of this avian beast, when lo and behold, we actually SEE four of five of these motherfuckers fly past the dying sun! Their cries were the unmistakable cry of the thunderbird, and their imposing silhouette further proved their existence to us.

Needless to say, we shot out of there like a bat out of hell, and promised to never leave one another alone in the company of such ferocious animals again.

Now, were these evil thunderbirds actually real, or just the fabrication of an overly-active five-year-old's imagination? Well, I choose to believe.

Elphabeth
• 13y ago

My freshman year of college, my boyfriend (who I'd been dating since high school), his friends, and I all received an extremely creepy series of phone calls that originated from a relay service. For those of you who don't know, a relay service allows deaf-mutes to talk on the phone. The person making the call types whatever they want to say into a computer and then a live operator reads their words to the person receiving the call. It's completely anonymous; the relay service will only read whatever the person types, so if they choose not to reveal who they are, then tough shit.

So imagine receiving a phone call from a person who says things like "please tell me about your relationship with "Alex." Do you know about what he has planned? Look, bitch, just tell us what we want to know and you'll never have to hear from us again." All read by the relay service operator in a voice completely devoid of emotion.

The phone calls happened off and on for more than two months, always after dark and usually between 10 pm and 2 am. Sometimes there'd be an added layer of creepiness, like when one guy got a call to a crappy motel room when he'd paid cash and hadn't told anyone where he was staying while he was out of town. Or when I'd hang up and turn my phone off out of fear, and turn it back on in the morning to see I had 300+ missed calls from the relay service. Or when a girl got a call on her aunt's unlisted landline while she was out of town visiting.

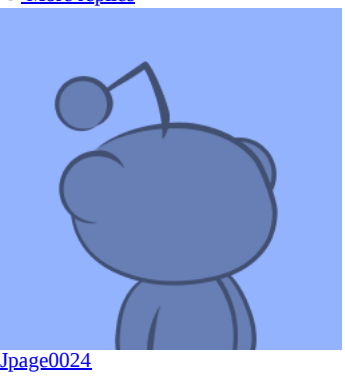
One night, we were all hanging out together watching a movie and we all got phone calls within about 5 minutes of one another. There's a chance that someone was just fucking with us, but it had to be someone with a lot of extra money lying around (relay services aren't free), and a lot of free time on their hands. The longest phone call lasted for 3 hours--pretty long for a practical joke. And then out of nowhere, it just stopped.

It still gives me chills when I think about it.

wosyny
• 13y ago

when I was a kid, I had one of those old school stereos. One night, music started playing out of nowhere and I heard a creepy cackling laugh. I looked around my room and saw the stereo was turned on. I went over to it and the display pad said "S O R R Y" and turned off. that thing was gone the next morning

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies



Jpage0024
• 13y ago

This was one of the most unnerving early mornings I ever had. True story. I was at a friend’s house one night in my senior year of high school. My friend’s family lives in a 250 year old home in Maryland. The home is surrounded by wooded forest, however their property backs up against a major highway about two hundred yards up a steep hill. On really nice nights we would hang outside his front porch, because the moon would light up most of his front yard. This particular night we got bored with watching TV and video games and decided to take his large trigger-operated flashlight outside to illuminate the woods. What we didn’t know at the time was that this would attract attention.

For the first few minutes we joked around and tested the distance of this powerful flashlight. It could illuminate quite large areas of the distant forest. As we were joking around we heard a small amount of limb snapping coming from the hill that backed up against the major highway. You could always hear cars traveling along with the shuttering sound of 18 wheelers. We thought maybe their was a deer nearby wandering, and so we continued joking around and talking. About thirty seconds later we heard a voice. “Hey” it screamed.

We froze. This was not an area that people simple walked around in, especially at 4 am. I told my friend to cut the light off. The limbs cracked some more and we realized that someone was walking down the hill from the highway. Even worse, my friend asked me to look closer. Who ever this person was, they too had a flashlight. It was a cheap one and it barely glowed orange in the distance. But it was moving towards us. I grabbed our flashlight and flashed it once towards the person walking and yelled, “What?” in order to answer the “Hey” they had yelled. 30 seconds passed with no response, but the person continued closer to the house.

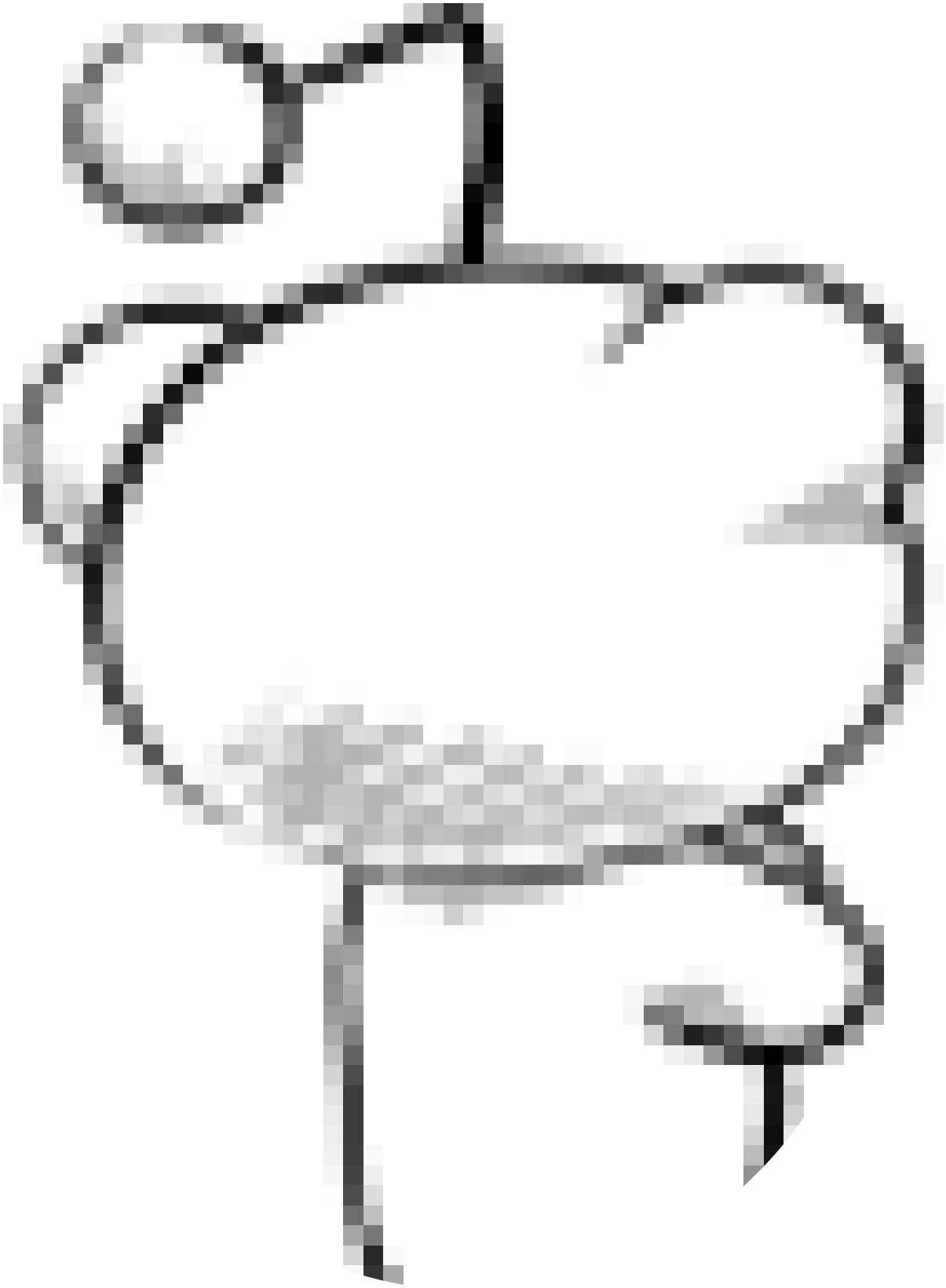
This was our sign to get back inside. I grabbed a short 2x4 from his foyer area and he grabbed a baseball bat. We ran into all the first level rooms with windows and locked them as well as all the doors. Then as we entered the living room which gave the best view of all the outside property we clicked the final set of lights off and immediately noticed the person had crossed the small creek and was probably 30 yards from the house. My friend immediately whispered that he wasn’t sure if he locked the basement sliding door. The light was also on there and shown into the yard.

The person came into view as they made their way to the lighted basement sliding door. All we could make out was that it looked to be a man in his early 20’s. He was wearing a black hoodie and had the hood up. This made it hard to see his face clearly, which unnerved us. He began to knock on the basement door fairly loud. I told my friend to go get his parents up quietly. He ran upstairs and woke them up and explained what was going on while I kept my eye on the man outside who just continued knocking in three knock successions. A minute later my friend and his parents came down quietly and his dad has his pistol in hand.

The man then stopped knocking and moved his way around to the front of the house and my friend took this moment to bravely run downstairs, turn off the light and lock the sliding door. When he returned we could now hear the man knocking on the front door loudly. We all moved slowly into the front office room, which had a window beside the door. We watched in silence as he knocked for about another minute, until he then stopped, walked over to a window on the other side of the door and appeared to look in with cupped hands around his eyes. Ten seconds later he was walking up the long driveway back to the small wooded country road my friend lived off of.

The thing that I have asked myself for years when I think about that night is why a man would possibly have car trouble on a major highway and decide rather than to walk back to the rest stop that he would have had to pass only a mile before, to just head down into the woods towards a random house where a flashlight can be seen? And if he’s going to walk down a 200 yard steep hill in the woods and cross a creek, why yell “Hey!” and then not respond when we flash a light on him and yell back? Everything about that night was unusual on his part. We are very helping people when someone needs help, but this was a very scary way to try and ask for help (assuming his intentions were good). It’s never added up and till this day I can only imagine what would have happened if he decided to open that basement sliding door.

TL;DR: Suspicious and unknown man enters friend’s wooded property from highway, knocks on all doors of the house, disappears up the driveway.



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• 13y ago

I used to live in the lower portion of a split level house. Rent was cheap, and the family I shared the home with let me use the entire downstairs space as I pleased. However, since I was a struggling college student, I had little furniture and kept mostly to my own room. The place was rather dilapidated, and a slow leak from the water heater required that a space heater be pointed at a spot on the floor in the living room to dry out the moist carpet. The space heater essentially ran at all times of day, but since it was naturally colder downstairs, I never minded it. I could normally see the little red status light of the space heater in the living room from my room at the end of the hallway.

After taking a hiatus from occult things, I decided that I was comfortable enough in my new residence to start meddling again, so meddle I did. After talking to some of my paranormal friends on IRC and chatting with my shaman-healer friend over IM about how to take up practice again, I decided to do something foolish to try and bring out the lurkers on the paranormal forum.

I boasted quite naively about the coming storm, the thinning veil, the key players and the aftermath. It was all fairly vague terminology, but it was an effective "Come at me, bro' to anyone of similar interests. I merrily went to bed, satisfied that my bait would draw fish overnight.

The next day, I saw that I had a few responders. Mostly new folk asking for details, also a few cryptic folk warning me not to openly talk about such things. One or two persons asking insistently who I was and how I knew anything. Being a cocky young lad, I avoided direct questioning and tried to take the more interesting posts to private lines of communication. I noticed that night that the house felt slightly off. Though I could see the little red light on the space heater in the living room from my bedroom door, there was no other illumination that I would expect. The street light outside and the curtainless windows of the living room seemed obscured.

The next day, I found no new activity on the paranormal forum. My attempts at private discussion had gone unanswered. I spoke to my shaman friend about the situation, and she too thought it was unwise to be boasting vaguely about having insight. I agreed, but I was convinced that the excitement of finding new contacts outweighed the negatives. I was oblivious to the concept of consequences for some reason, despite past experiences.

That night, I could not see the little red light of the space heater. I could hear its faithful whrring sound, still diligently blowing at that damp spot on the floor, but now it seemed a significant darkness had overtaken the downstairs living room. Where once I could plainly see moonlit details of the breakfast bar, far wall and the space heater sitting on the floor, the hallway now seemed to open up into a void. This made me feel anxious, but as I didn't do any business in the living room area, I simply kept to my room and fortified my personal defenses.

On the third day, my posting of boasting had slipped to the inactive section of the board. I decided to bump it up for visibility, questioning where the other aware people were.

That night, the darkness had grown closer. Ordinarily, there were two lights in the hallway and together they sufficiently lit all the way to the living room. One near my bedroom door, and one about half way down toward the living room. The clear end of the hallway opening into the living room had now been overcome. There was no discernable point where the hallway structurally ended. The steep dropoff of darkness was a mere three feet from the middle hallway light fixture. My anxiety was becoming dread. I hadn't yet connected the idea that my online boasting had stirred something local.

As I went to bed that night, switching off the light switch and tucking under the comforter, I realized the absence of light in my room. The dull glow of the alarm clock digits, the status light atop the tower fan, the dull glow behind my desk of a power strip. All absent.

And then something terrible happened.

When my encounter with the living dark ended, I flung myself out of bed and turned on the lights. Immediately I went to the computer and went straight to the forum. I rescinded everything. I meekly and futily confessed that I didn't know *nearly* as much as I might have eluded to. As I had pleaded with the entity that had stared me down in bed, I knew nothing important, nothing more than any other aware human did. I apologized for my arrogance, and I closed the thread.

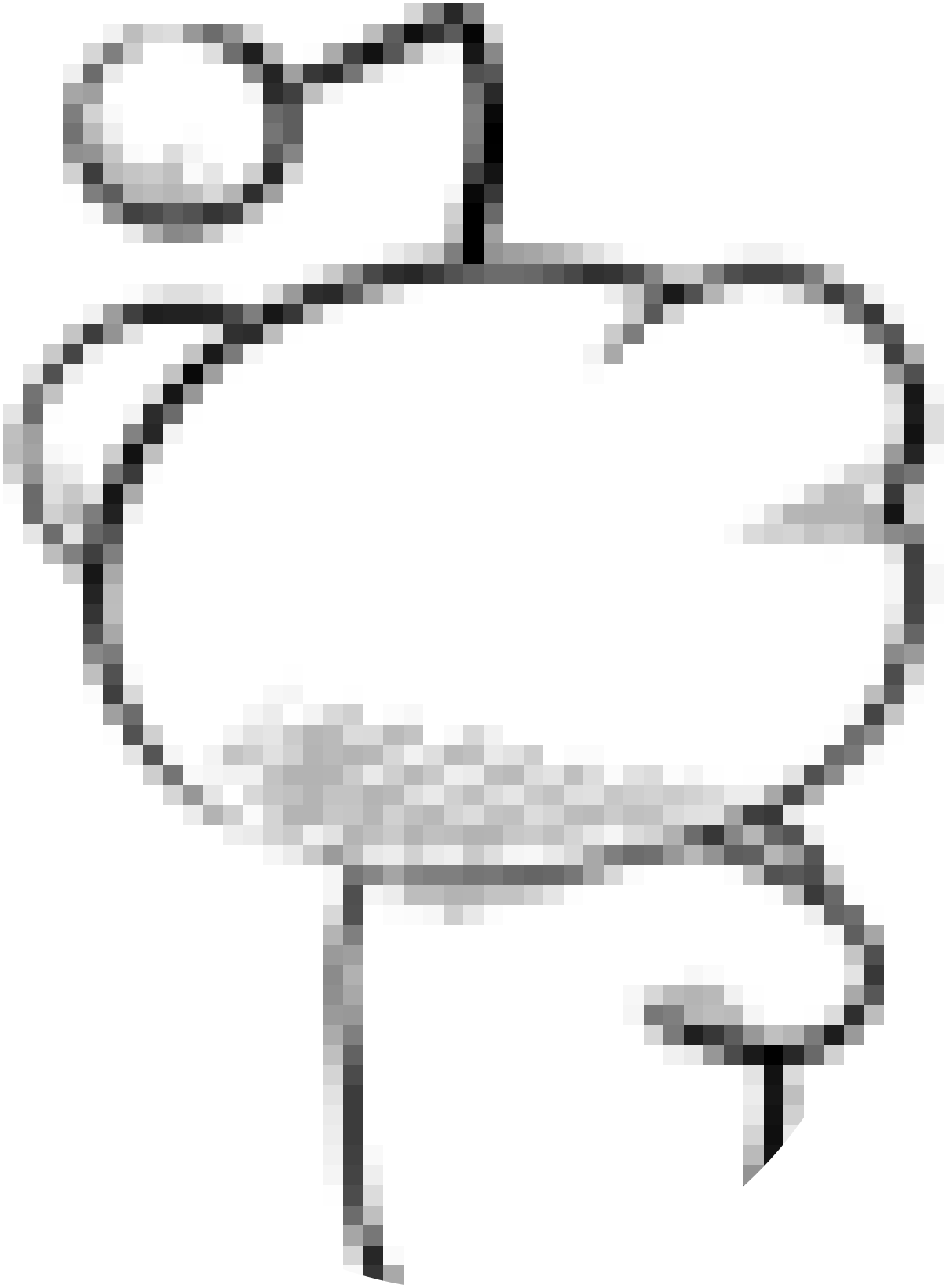
Though I had to piss, I waited for my fluttering heart to settle a good half hour or so before I dared to open my bedroom door and check the state of the hallway.

It had returned to normal. The light of the space heater was plainly visible once more, as were all the moonlit details of the otherwise empty living room.

I had bargained my way out of a terrible fate, and learned the value of being humble when it comes to the supernatural.

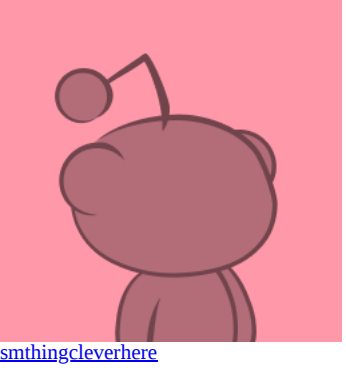
diba
• 13y ago

A fishercat at night makes a pretty fucking creepy noise



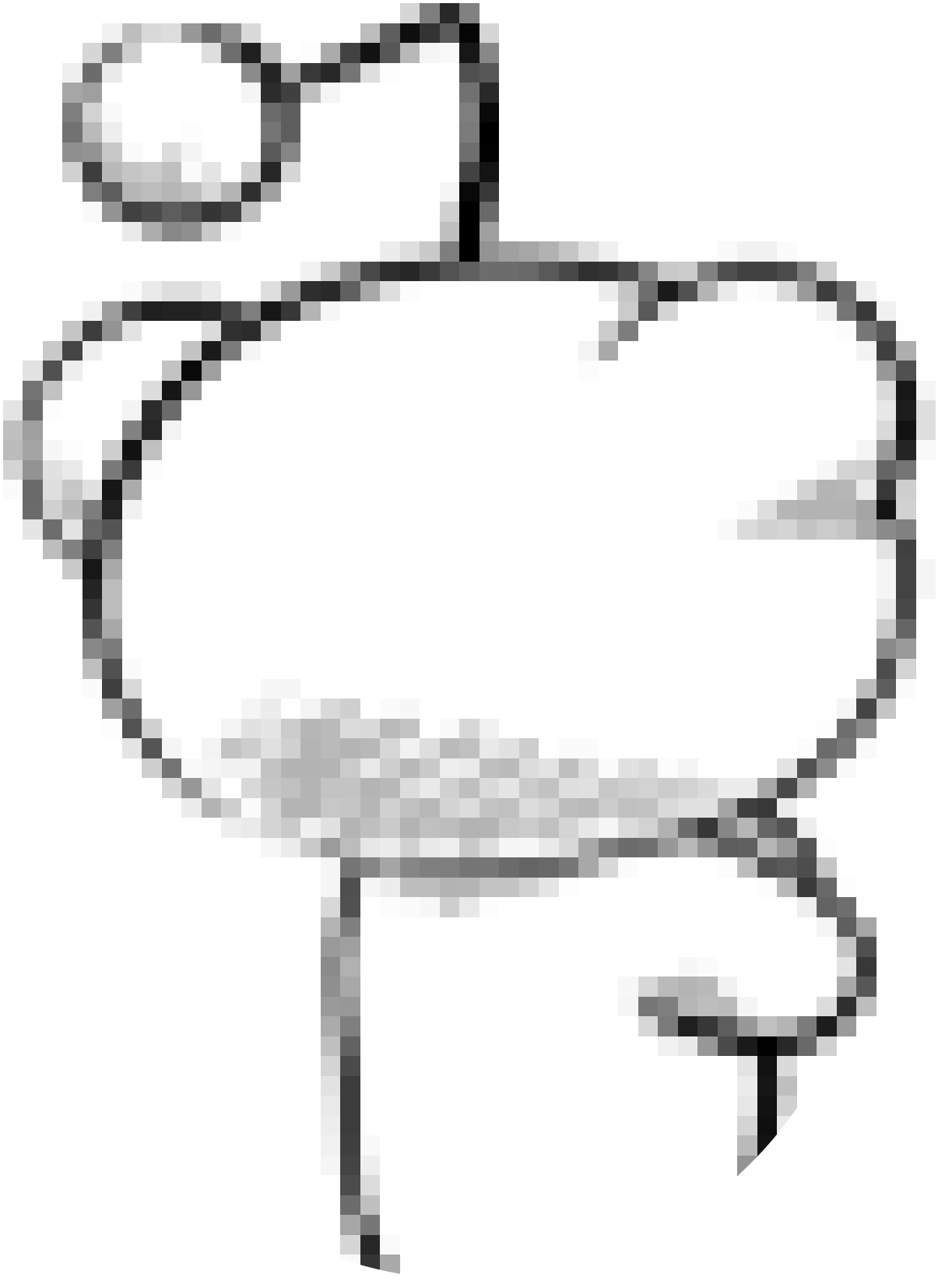
Dangotron
• 13y ago

Just yesterday I woke up at 5 in the morning to the sound of my alarm being put on. It does a series of beeps once the correct code is put in and that is what I heard. I had put on the alarm when I went to bed. So, not only did my alarm get taken off, but someone or something had rearmed it. So much for sleeping the rest of the night.



smthingcleverhere
• 13y ago

This post appeared after this http://i.imgur.com/jrImXfx.jpg which is def. in my top 3



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• 13y ago

The creepiest thing I have ever seen was when I was 18. I was delivering pizza late at night. It hits 2AM and everyone is leaving the bars. I was driving with traffic and I remember thinking, "Man, someone is going to get in a crash." I pulled into my store. Went in, got another few orders to make another run. I come back out and there are tons of cops near the outside of my store. So of course, being the curious person I am I take a small detour after delivering my orders. In the middle of an intersection was just a body on the ground. It was very surreal. The limbs were all positioned in very weird ways and there were 4 people standing around the body just talking. It was the first time I had seen a dead body like that. I thought I was very desensitized from going to 4chan all the time when I was younger. I was wrong though. It's way different to see things in real life and it gave me a weird feeling in my stomach. However, I did get over it pretty fast.

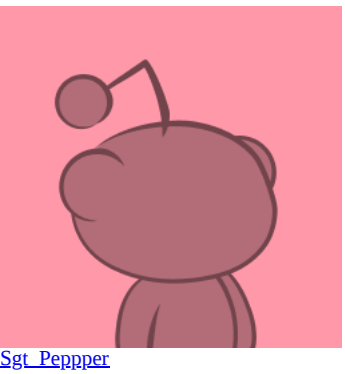
Edit:

A drunk driver hopped a curb and hit a homeless man into the street, then another drunk driver behind the first ran over him. They both fled the scene but were eventually caught that night.

RoFlOvErLoAd
• 13y ago

It must have been a few months ago by now but one night... I swear to some fucking higher being something screamed/roared into my ear from a couple of centimeters away just as I was going to sleep and all I could do was go NOPE, NOT GONNA FUCKING OPEN MY EYES and then proceeded to sleep like a baby.

Otherwise its just imagining/halucinating figures in the dark.



Sgt_Peppper
• 13y ago

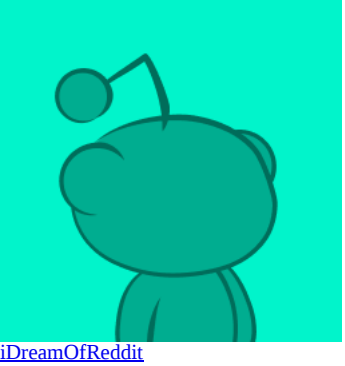
This scares me every time I read it not a screamer,just violently frightening.

JesusCantPlay_Rugby
• 13y ago

damn I think we need a goosebumps subreddit

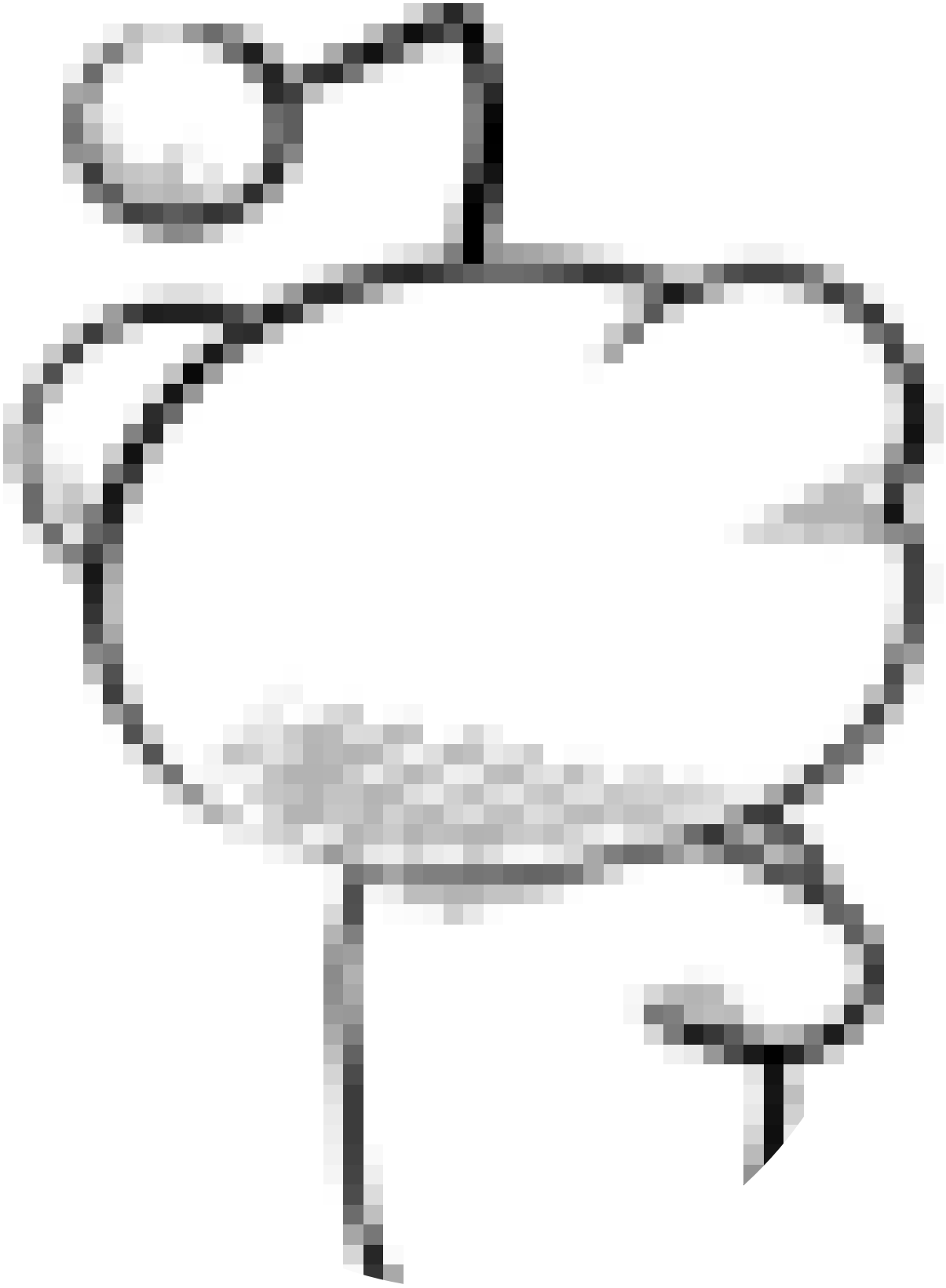
CakeInTheTub
• 13y ago

One time I was at a friends house playing video games and having a few beers when I had to go to the bathroom. The bathroom was right next to the room we were hanging out in. I sat down and started peeing when there was a very audible **CLICK**. I looked over and smiled, thinking my friend was messing with me by locking the door on me.
I unlocked the door and exited, not really paying attention to the lock.
I go into the room like "Ha-Ha Guys. Very funny. You can do better than that.". They all look at me like WTF is she talking about.
"You locked the bathroom door on me.". "No. We couldn't have possibly done that considering the door only locks from the inside."
I went back to check and there it was - only One lock on the inside of the bathroom door. It still freaks me out that that door locked itself.



iDreamOfReddit
• 13y ago

Ok, so I walk home from school and my sister usually comes about 10 minutes after I get home. So one day I get home and go to my room with my door closed. I hear the front door open and I yell out my sisters name but there is no response. So I think she probably doesnt wanna talk so I just sit in my room for a few more minutes before going to greet her. I walk around but I dont see her anywhere! So I go back to my room thinking shes trying to play a trick on me or something. After about 5 minutes I hear the faucet running in my moms room so i go to check it out. There is no one in my moms room. My parents are at work. Getting creeped out, I go out and play basketball for little while. And finally, I see my sister walking around the corner of my street coming from school. Im not sure what opened my front door and used the sink in my house, but it still creeps me out whenever I think about it!



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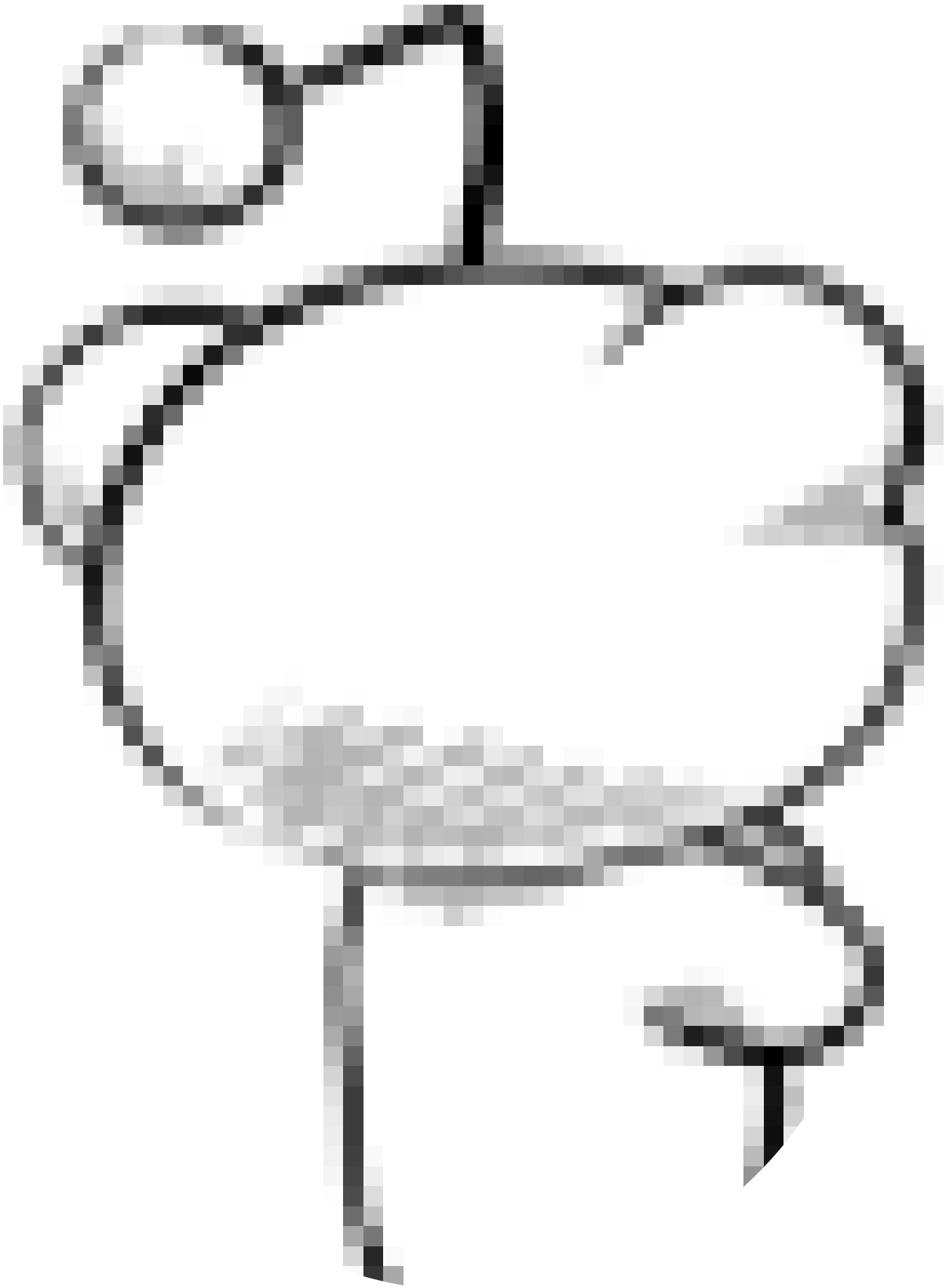
• 13y ago

for me its this auditory hallucinations of what a schizophrenic hears....its thought of always hearing those voices scares me. http://youtu.be/0vvU-Ajwbok

m_saunders
• 13y ago

My Dad told me about a creepy experience he had when he was in his mid twenties. He was out with my uncle hunting, my Dad was walking along one side of a very thick hedge with a deep ditch in the middle, and my Uncle was walking along the other side. After about 2/3 minutes of walking along this hedge line looking for pheasants, my dad noticed a very old man about 30 feet in front of him wearing a long, black coat of some kind. (bearing in mind that this is in the middle of the English countryside with no footpaths or houses around for miles) My dad, being curious and slightly concerned, wished the old man a good morning. The elderly man completely ignored him, and continued walking towards the hedge. My dad watched in astonishment as the old man disappeared into the hedge. After jogging up to where the old man was stood, my dad shouted through to my Uncle on the other side of the hedge "did you just see that old man walk past?" to which my Uncle replied "what old man".

EDIT: spelling



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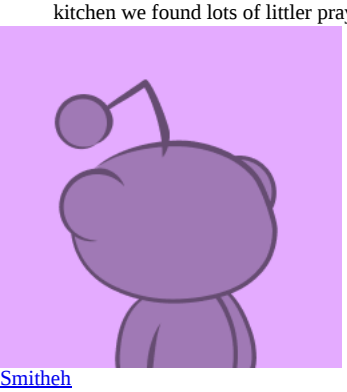
• 13y ago

1. After my mother died when I was a young kid I would have nightmares and would be stuck in sleep paralysis when I awoke and tried to move. That happened on and off (frequently) for about 5 years.

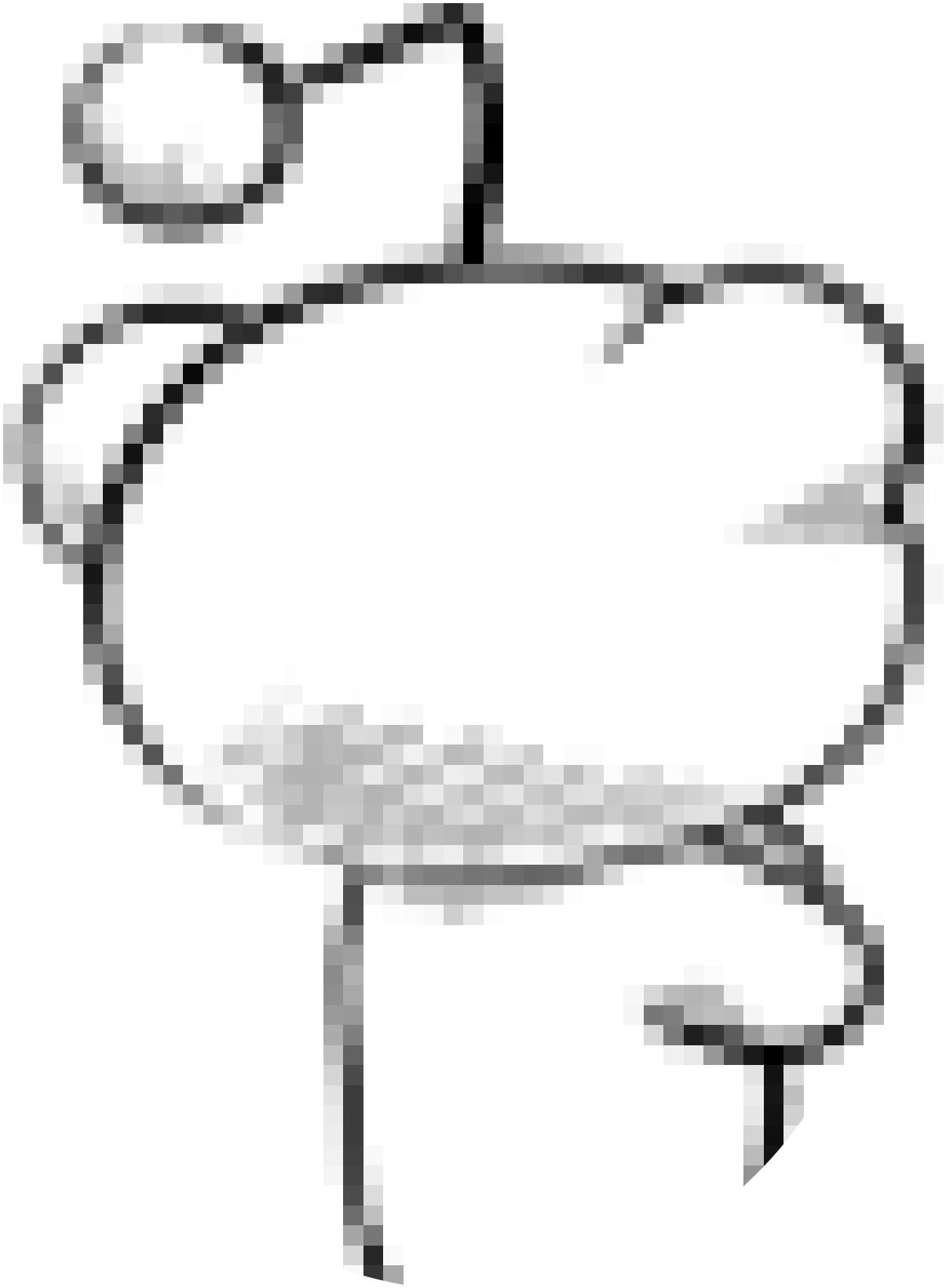
2. Also I used to have a cat when I was a kid and this cat was an asshole. It would sneak into my closet at night and i would routinely see my closet door moving in the dark, but it was just this asshole cat. Still got me every time though.

3. The house I moved into with my family when I was a teenager used to be a converted/weird funeral home 120 years prior. When we were doing construction tearing down walls in the kitchen we found lots of littler prayers written by hand and enclosed in plaster decorative containers. The majority of them we found in the wall shared by my bedroom.



Smitheh
• 13y ago

Something that always freaks me out at night is the sounds of foxes, their cry is awful and when I hear it I think someone is getting raped or killed nearby...



IdunnoLXG
• 13y ago

One time I dreamed my husky pup was getting attacked by zerglings from starcraft. She would always fight valiantly but slowly lose more and more strength until she was finally overcome.

I woke up terrified only to see my husky in her kennel sleeping next to me. Although it seemed silly I realized my husky requires more of my time than my silly video games. Next day I took her out for a long walk and got her a scoop of ice cream as well. Ever since then she's legit one of my best friends.

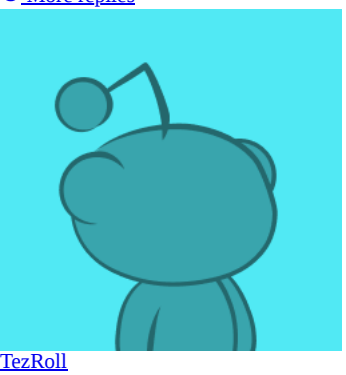
So I guess, it wasn't that scary after all.

chluaid
• 13y ago

I first heard the "Bongo" phonecall at about 10:30 one morning.. i.e broad daylight and it still scared the shit out of me. There's audio embedded on that page. I've subtitled it for those who don't understand Australian.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



TezRoll
• 13y ago

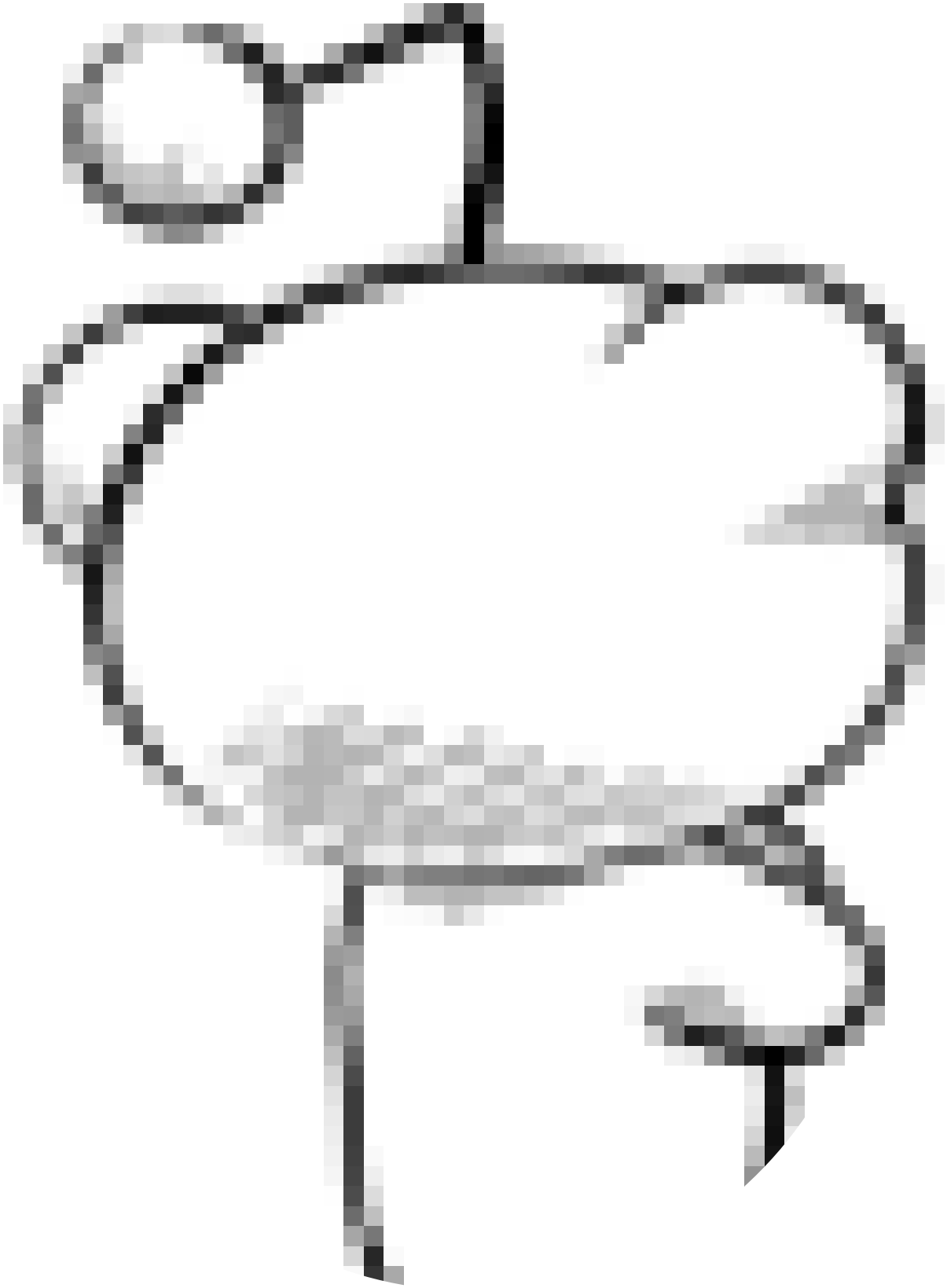
A fox screaming. In a forest. At night. Alone.

PhilSeven
• 13y ago

I heard we all are going to die someday.

Maxfunky
• 13y ago

I've spent some time at a local swamp (work-related--I'll let you wonder how) in my area and right in the middle of it someone has dumped a huge pile of severed doll heads. They just sit there floating in that one spot--no doll bodies in sight. It definitely creates an atmosphere.



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• 13y ago

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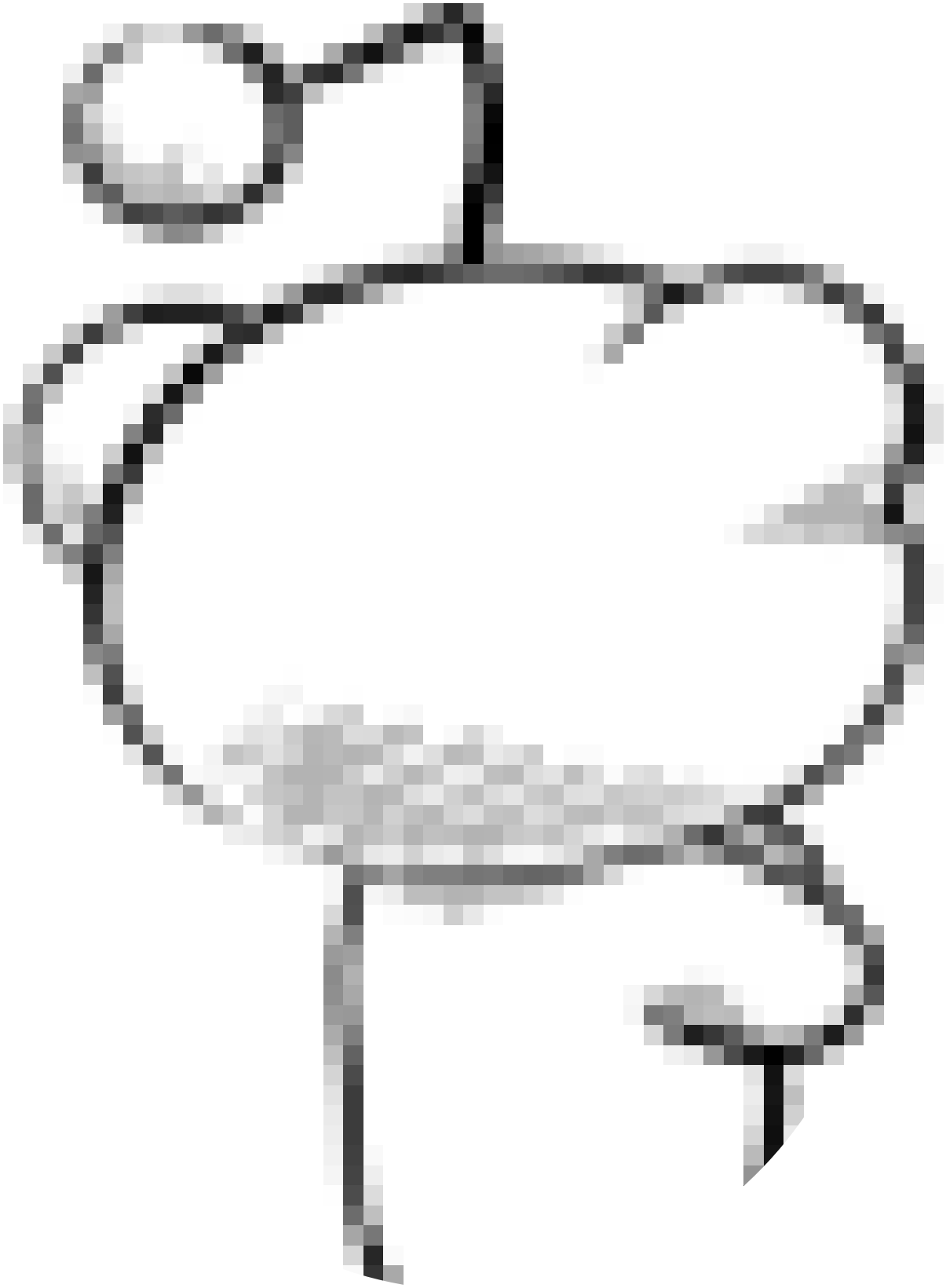


Billpayment
• 13y ago

Sounds like an abduction ploy. Easy way to get a woman alone by herself to stop, and possibly get out of her car. There are always predators in the world. ALWAYS. Remember to tell your children to always look critically at such a situation before they act.

UMNfratboy
• 13y ago

Friends used to use me as a crisis line. It was not a good time. Once, a friend hung up on me. Her mom found her in the garage with a chain about to step off the stool. I called the cops previous to that, nothing matches that feeling of utter helplessness when they say they cant help you.

Another friend skyped me up one day having a rough time. I notice her arm is covered in blood. Strange, but ive seen worse. Next shes holding something. Because skype, I cant tell really what it is until she holds it to her neck. Its a 7 inch long kitchen knife. Took 10 minutes to convince her not to do it. After she promised not to (cops wouldnt help again), she hung up. Didnt hear from her for 2 days. Had a few panic attacks in class and.flashbacks for a month or two. On a funny note, my roommates decided to watch Sweeney Todd the next week. Being a good movie, I joined in. I remember the first and last 5 minutes, absolutely 0 in between.

icspn
• 13y ago

There was this abandoned dorm on my campus that was about to be torn down. So naturally, my friends and I decide we are going to break in and have a look around. It's super creepy when we get there, with all the windows knocked out and the front railing and twisted and rusty. It's pitch black in there. So one of my friends got freaked out, and decided she was just going to wait on the front lawn. So just as we are getting into the building she starts screaming. When I run out she was just pointing at one of the windows on the second floor where, I kid you not, *Slender Man* is staring at us. He steps backwards into the shadows just as my other friends come running, and can't figure out why we are freaking out. After that, I couldn't go into the building either. (Of course, it turned out to be a set up, a sort of real-life version of Slender complete with pages, but not knowing that in advance?! Damn.)

zealotlee
• 13y ago

I was at my fiance's old house and her mother was standing in the doorway. Tensions were a little heated that night (not my doing) so as I was staring at her mother while she was talking a 6' tall shadow figure darted past her down the hallway into my fiance's sister's bedroom. I didn't know what I saw at first, but it shook me like I never expected to feel. I had my doubts about paranormal occurrences but over the past few years my doubts have diminished significantly.

There were a few occurrences of hearing disembodied voices which both my fiance and I heard and stuff getting forcefully knocked off of shelves out of nowhere but nothing came close to that shadow figure.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

Carvinrawks
• 13y ago

My friend, after dropping out of college, was back living with his folks for a couple years. One spring break, a few of us were over there. He was looking after his brother's dog.

We used to smoke and drink out on his back screened in porch that faced the 15 acres of woods that was his family's property. We had gone out there to smoke some weed and play ping-pong, when all of the sudden, the dog (Husky/shepherd) got REAL serious (normally a goofy, playful dog). She got up on her hind legs and put her front paws on the banister, and started staring out into the distance. It was foggy out, really humid, and raining lightly.

We, stoned and curious, got a little sketched, and decided to look on with the dog in bemusement, when we heard a fucking human-like scream screaming like no human ever would.

Whatever this thing was came RIGHT to the porch. It was too dark or foggy to see what it was. It was about dog-sized, screamed like a human with half it's throat cut, and scampered around underneath the porch as though it were frantically looking for a small hole in the ground to escape from.

All it did was scream, and scamper, and rustle leaves. The dog was going NUTS. Stamping the floorboards above the thing, and barking/snarling.

We were all a bit terrified.

It eventually went away and the dog calmed down. My friend (who doesn't smoke), was as freaked out as we were, but he wanted to know more. So, he went outside and started calling the thing back in his best blood-curdling scream rendition. The fucking the came back. It heard him, and came back to find him.

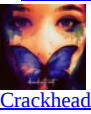
We're all a little more amused than scared at this point, but the dog isn't.

It leaves again, and we go back in. Next time we come out, the dog stays in, and my friend calls it again. It answered, far off into the woods. It was the last we ever heard it. Still no fucking clue what that chupacabra beast was...

2 more replies

2 more replies

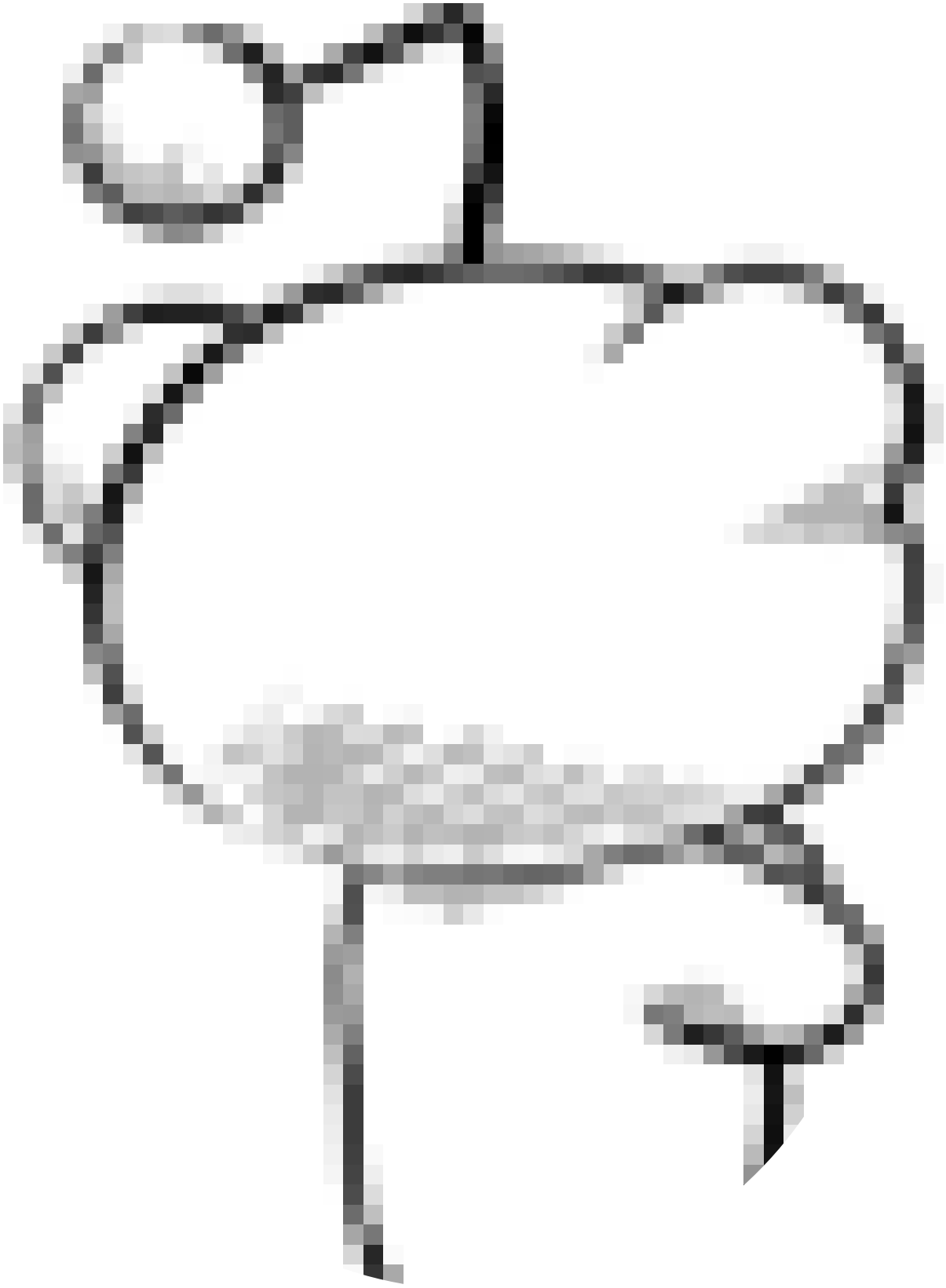
More replies



CrackheadSally
• 13y ago

I was playing with an Ouija board with two friends. I asked who was speaking to me, and it said Cthulhu. I was 12 or so, and I'm 100% positive none of friends had ever heard of Cthulhu. Cthulhu also said that I would have his son.

I didn't think about this happening until I was 25 and pregnant with a boy. I told my husband the story, and he informed me of the significance of the name.



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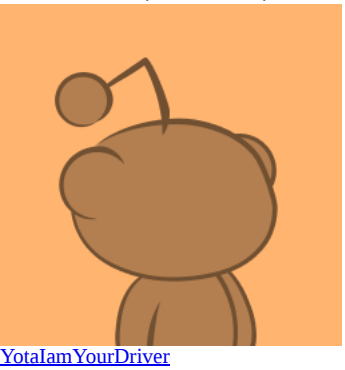
• 13y ago

ITT: stories that will scare you even in the day time.

Smuggins
• 13y ago

HOLY FUCK balls. I literally just made an account to share this, I earlier clicked on that demon gif thing, this; http://24.media.tumblr.com/tumblr_m8tztryQHJ1qa1p6xo1_500.gif, but in a different window, and was like, thats not that scary but then whilst reading a post it fucking just came up! WHY WOULD IT DO THAT?! Shit my pants.



YotaIamYourDriver
• 13y ago

I have 2

1: We used to stay at my Grandma's house for a week every summer, it was a double wide in las vegas but in a nice neighborhood. One night she wanted to go grocery shopping and my cousin and brother went with her and I stayed home to watch a movie, I was 12. I was sitting on the couch in the living room and look up to see a big dude standing in the door way of the bedroom immediately off of the living room. He was decked out in 70's clothes, had long hair and huge sideburns and was slightly overweight, in fact he looked a lot like fat elvis. Anyways I stared at him and he stared at me, never said anything and I never felt threatened or scared just creeped out, I looked down and looked back up and he was gone. I never told anyone and just finished the movie and went to bed.

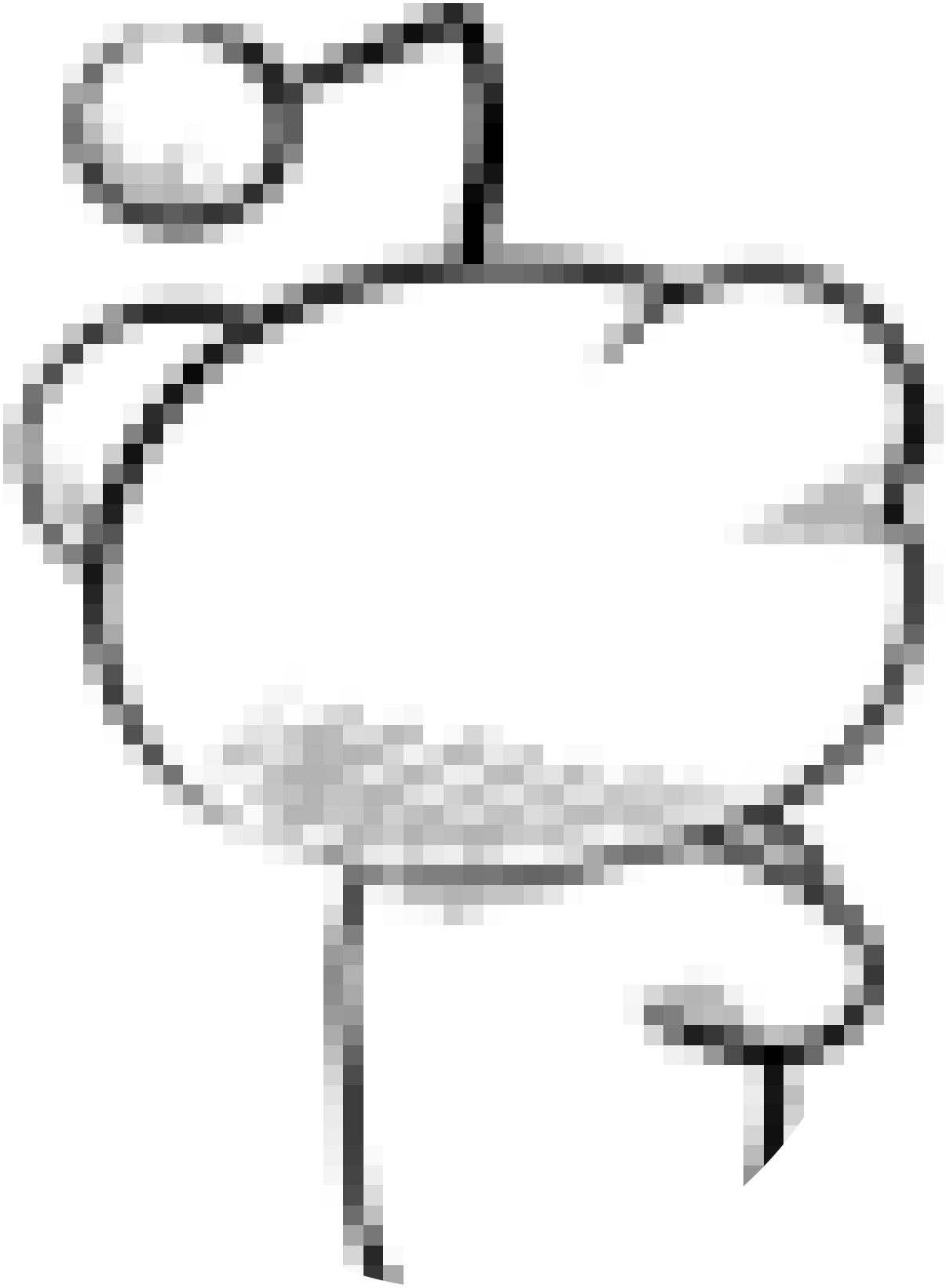
2 I was 21 and had just moved home after living in Chile for 2 years as a Mormon missionary. With my new freedom I tended to stay up late and would usually end up falling asleep on the couch in the living room. One night I was asleep on that couch when all of a sudden one of my mom's snow globes starts playing music super loud and out of nowhere, which is impossible without winding it, besides the fact that it was way louder than it should have been. As evidenced above, not much rattles me and I don't get scared by much but as a sat there staring at this snow globe I felt the presence of evil incarnate, pure and simple and I get chills now just thinking about it. It is hard to describe but it was cold and gripping, holding me there until I had the presence of mind to jump my 6'5" arse out of that couch and hoof it to my parents room. I was literally so scared that I crawled in to bed between my mom and dad and slept in their room. Got up the next morning afraid to go in the family room, went anyway, checked all the snowglobes and nothing was amiss. Never happened again and hasn't happened since, I slept in my own bed for a few weeks after that.

Hotwir3
• 13y ago

There's a creepy guy I run into every week. I work for an ambulance transport. We transport people to dialysis or doctors appointments who are to debilitated to get there themselves.

There is an old lady who lives out in the middle of nowhere. We have to go pick her up regularly for dialysis. She has a guy with her who I guess is her son. Every time we pull into her driveway her so is just standing there in front of the door staring at us. When we hop out and get the stretcher out of the ambulance he opens the door and just stands there on his porch staring at us. I've tried to greet and make small talk but he doesn't speak to us. We go inside to pick her up and he doesn't leave the porch. He just stares at us through the front door. We leave with her on the stretcher and he just stares. I've never heard him speak.

I'm just waiting for the day when he comes in from the porch while we are helping his mother and guns us down.



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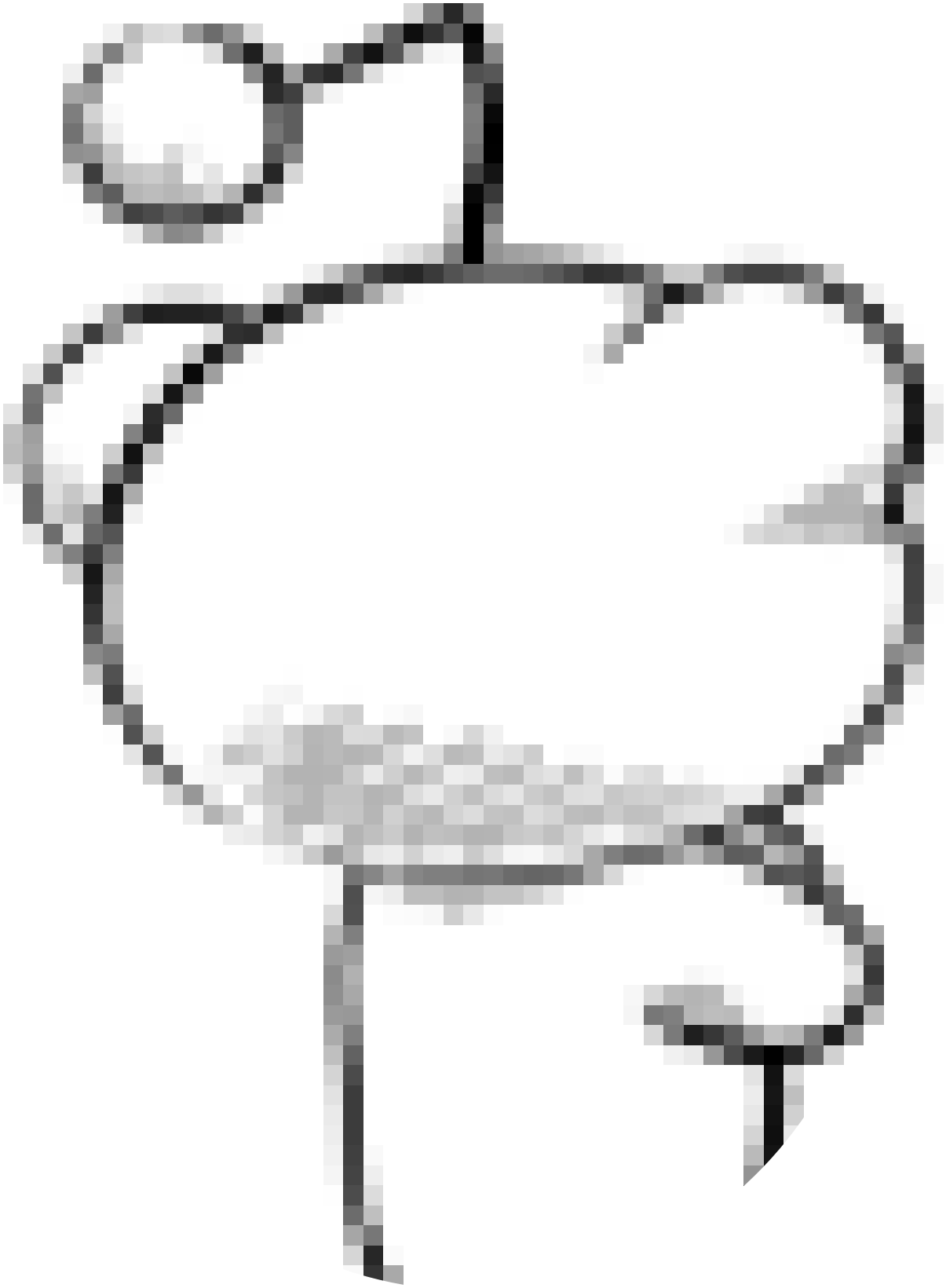
• 13y ago

Well, I haven't seen anythign truly creepy. But I did hear of the Kelly-Hopkinsville incident. I used to think a lot of UFO sightings and things of that nature could always be explained, but not this one. I wonder what the fuck actually happened.



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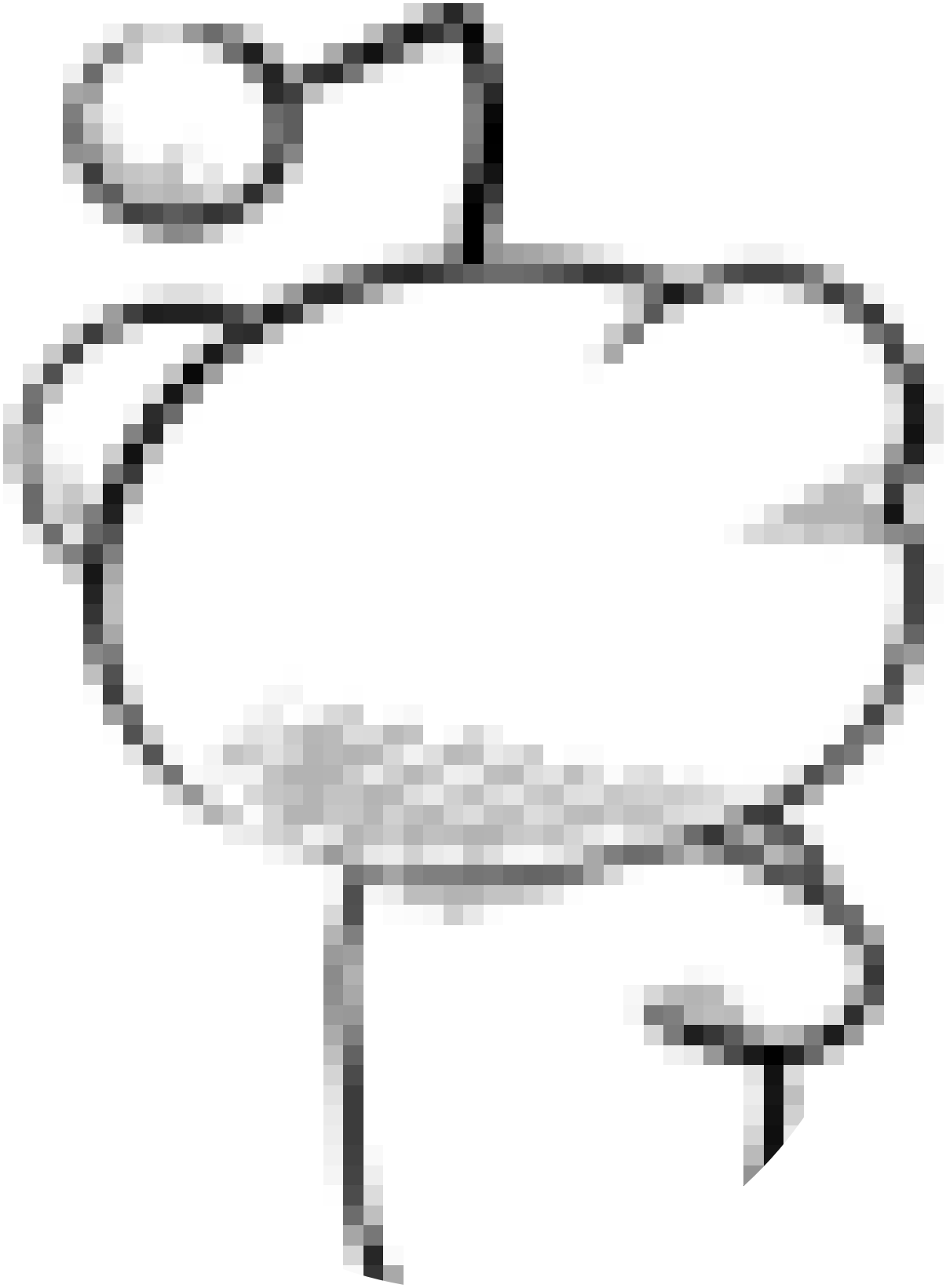
• 13y ago

the damn clown story! This is not the worst here, but still fucking scary. http://www.torn.com/sendcash.php



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• 13y ago

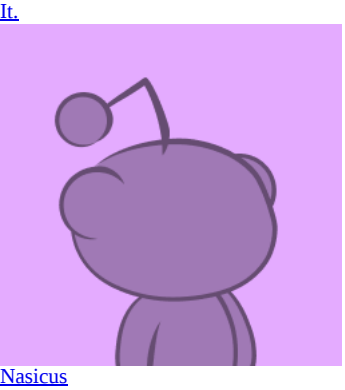
NOSEYBONK!

Saddyy
• 13y ago

Blue Waffle.

afcagroo
• 13y ago

It.

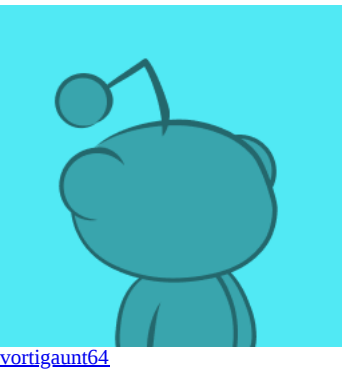


Nasicus
• 13y ago

When I was about 12, my neighbor had an old tortie cat called Zoe, about 20 years old with dementia. Towards the end, she would often go missing, and I would help my neighbor find her again.

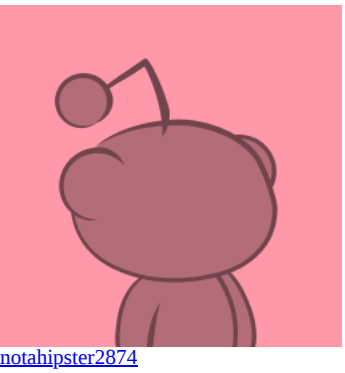
Now, Zoe had a very distinct meow, and a very loud one. You'd often hear her out in the street, shouting her head off because she'd gone for a snooze under a car and woken up only to forget where she was. The meow was a strange 'uuuwwWWAAAWWwUH' noise that I'll never forget.

Anyway, in time, she passed away. But for about a year afterwards, I would occassionally hear that exact 'uuuwwWWAAAWWwUH' cry coming from the street, despite there being no cats around, and my neighbor would hear it too.



vortigaunt64
• 13y ago

I was hunting in White Rock forest with my dad. We were set up behind a log and a clump of trees. All of a sudden we heard a loud shriek. This sound was like nothing I had ever heard. It didnt sound like a human or any bord native to the area. A minute later we heard it again, louder, closer. My dad told me to chamber a round. (Mind you, he was VERY strict about firearms safety, and would get mad if you chambered a round without a clear shot) so I could tell he was spooked. Later we were walking back to the car and heard it again from what seemed to be right behind us. My dad yelled: "Run!" I never saw what it was, but I don' want to know.



notahipster2874
• 13y ago

Once when I had finished watching a dvd at home , and had taken the disc out of the dvd player and shut it down i tried to use the remote to turn off the amplifier that was hooked up to the dvd player. Instead of shutting down, the amplifier turns the volume up and out come with a booming and commanding voice, sounding neither female nor male, the words: "**Bow your heads**". I press the on/off button again, but with no effect. At this point I charge to the amplifier and press the power button on the front, finally shutting the thing down. I have no idea what caused this to happen

nookie-monster
• 13y ago

Not scary but creepy and mild in comparison to many others here.

Sat behind a girl in high school. Very attractive, etc. One day, she wore stockings, heels, a skirt to school. Not slutty but super hot.

HS teacher talked to her, like he did all the students and said how nice she looked. Just creeped me out. Even as a teenager, I thought "No way I'd risk being accused of impropriety by saying something like that". Something about the way he said made it come across less like "You're so dressed up" and more like "Wanna' play OB-GYN and patient?"

Went about my life but the crystal clear memory remained.

Couple years ago-guess who is in the local news about in inappropriate relationship with a student?

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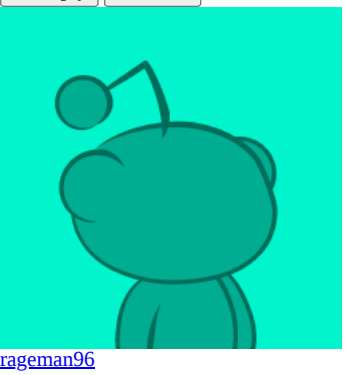


rageman96
• 13y ago

The creepiest story I've heard of is The Lost Cosmonauts. It's sort of a confirmed hoax type issue, although nobodies entirely sure whether it's true or not.

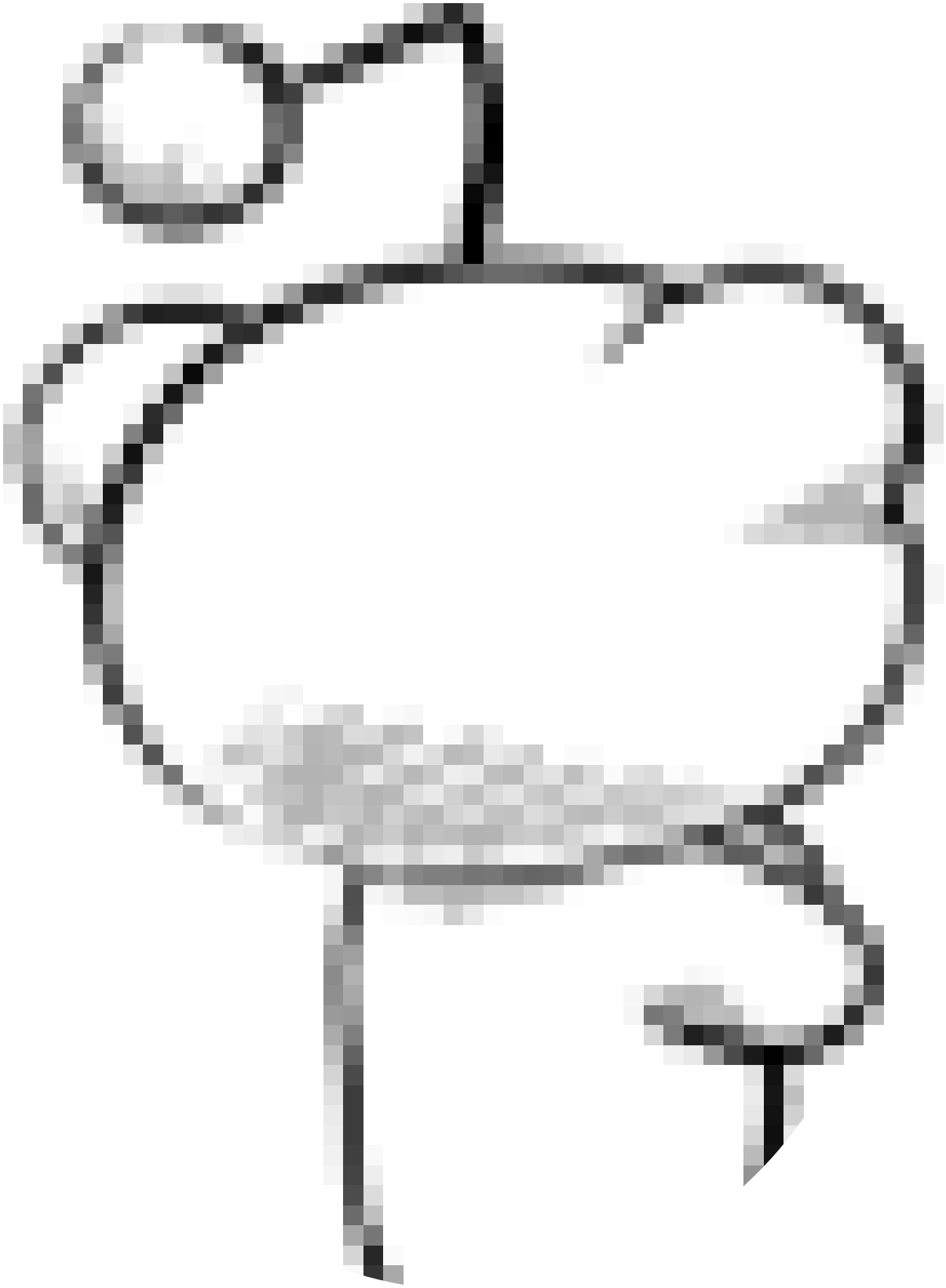
Basically a lot of people claimed that they had heard or knew of Russian space missions during the cold war which went disasterously wrong. And the most of famous of these is a set of recordings known as the torre bert recordings. 2 Italian brothers listened in to and recorded space flights from both the russians and americans. Except some of these flights didn't go exactly to plan. Out of all of these, 1 sticks out as particularly creepy. They apparently recorded a flight during which the couple on board urgently began to contact the russian space agency, claiming something was wrong. The communications then went dead and all that was being broadcast was the sos signal in morse code, except it was moving away from the earth, getting fainter and fainter until disappearing. Hoax or otherwise, the idea of being trapped on a spaceship that was doomed to drift forever, with no way to return to, or even contact Earth, is really fucking creepy.

Reply Share

Rokujou
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, I walked with my mom on the street. There was an old factory. There was a door. And the door had a square size hole. I looked in, and I swear to god, I saw a tied women. I told my mom what I saw, but she just laughed.

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

Last fall, I was tired so I decided to go to bed early around 8 or 9pm. It was already dark outside so my room was pitch black and completely silent. I had my eyes shut and I was just about to fall asleep when I heard my closet door open...

I know it was my closet because 1) the direction of where the sound came from and 2) my closet made this creaking noise every time it was opened or closed.

I was startled, and felt very uneasy uncomfortable like I was being watched. I felt dread but I didn't open my eyes or move... Maybe because I was too tired. 20 seconds may have passed and I was trying to figure out what would have caused the door to creak like that (falling clothes?) when the door creaked again.

I said fuck it and opened my eyes only to find nothing but darkness as in i couldn't see shit. This caused me to go into wtf panic mode ran for the door.

When I opened the light, the closet door was closed :/.

Reply Share

knowq
• 13y ago

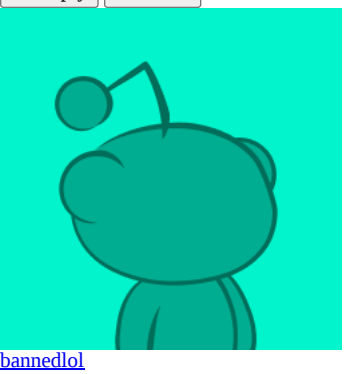
That A man who lied about passing his second year of university, pretended to continue his study, crafting an elaborate lie until everyone he knew thought he was a medical doctor. No one found out for 18 years, until he killed his entire family to avoid being revealed.

Reply Share

Meowmeowrawrr
• 13y ago

I saw a person slit their throat because the cops had them surrounded and they wouldn't escape. He said yelled "If I kill myself will it make it right?! If I kill myself, I will have paid for my sins!." He slit his throat, looked me in the eyes. I saw the expression of regret while he grabbed his throat to stop the bleeding, but I backed away. He died a rapist on toilet.

Reply Share



bannedlol
• 13y ago

I once got a call from a girl crying "MOM?!?! THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE! I'M BURNING!!!!!" I though immediately about my sister who was at a sleep over close buy and got there as soon as I could, panicking and crying.

When I got there no house was burning. I received a call from another phone. Called back panicking. No one answered.

Reply Share

Coloneljesus
• 13y ago

Amnesia: The Dark Descent

My fucking heart was racing!

Reply Share

ElderCunningham
• 13y ago

My parents loudly singing off-key while having sex

Reply Share

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

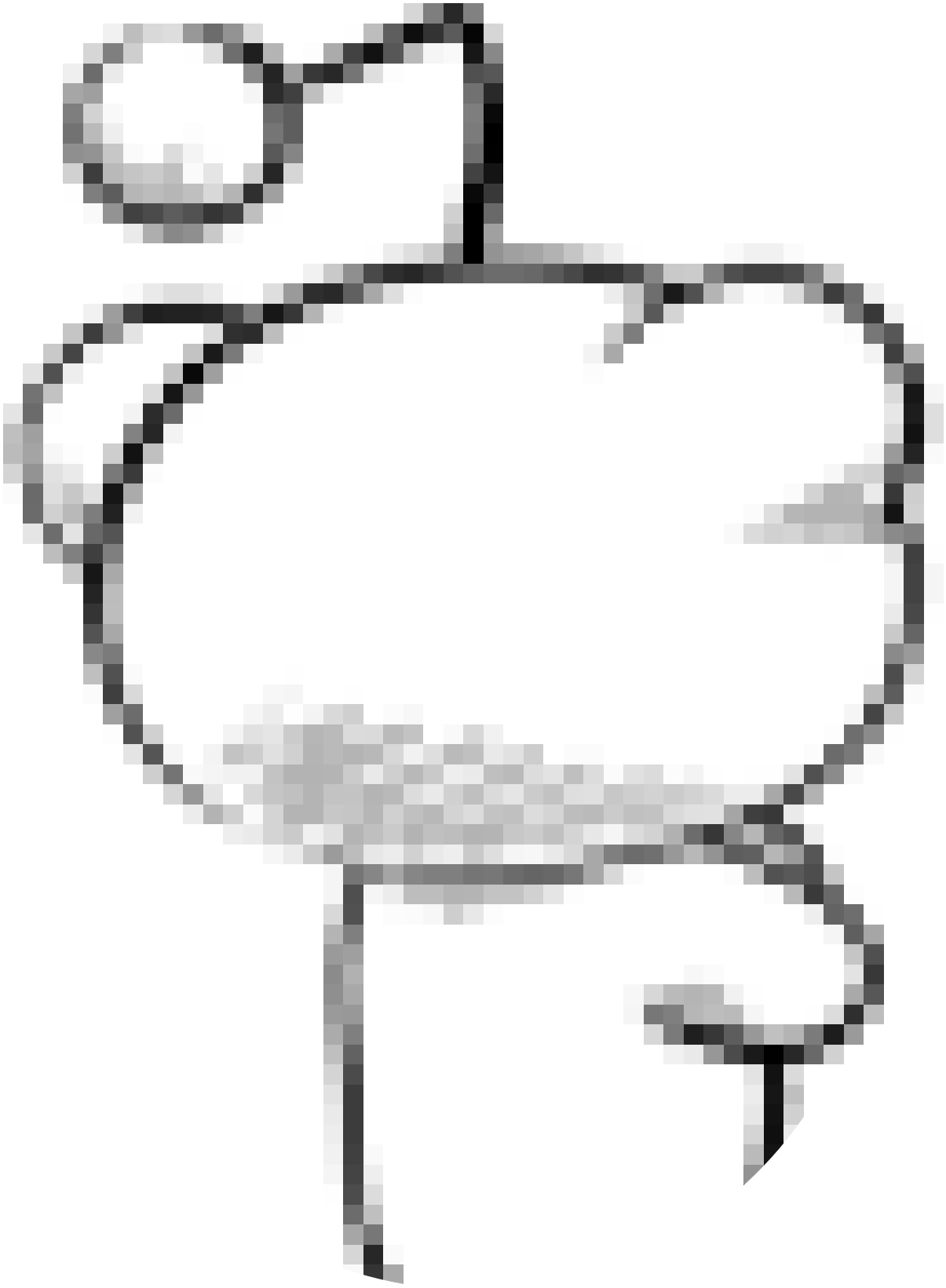
JonnyBravoII
• 13y ago

About 4 years ago, I drove far out into the suburbs (20 miles?) to go to a specialty store to buy something for my new apartment. On the way back, I was waiting in the parking lot to pull into traffic when I looked into my rear view mirror and noticed an older couple in the car behind me. I don't remember what they looked like exactly but I just recall thinking that they seemed very strange looking and they definitely stuck in my mind. So I pull into traffic and I head to the freeway for the trip home. Side note: I am a very fast driver and I'm the guy in the left lane who gets a hard on driving in Germany. So you've got to move quickly to keep pace with me on the road.

So I exit the freeway near my apartment and am waiting at the light when I look in the rear view and there behind me, is the same couple. So that freaked me out a little bit, but not too much. But wait, there's more.

I get home and by now it's probably 2:00 or 2:30. I am home all afternoon and plan on meeting a friend at 7:00 for dinner. About 6:45 I go out to the elevators (I lived in a high rise) and the doors open and guess who's inside? It totally freaked me out and I'm not easily freaked out at all. I should add that I know they didn't live in the building because the floor they had selected on the elevator was the one for visitor parking. In addition, I was on one of the top floors with only 5 more above me.

I drank like crazy that night.



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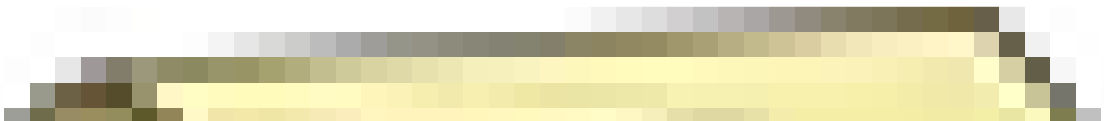
• 13y ago

This is definitely in the top 10 next to Dahmer's wikipedia page. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fritzl_case

wetterdew
• 13y ago

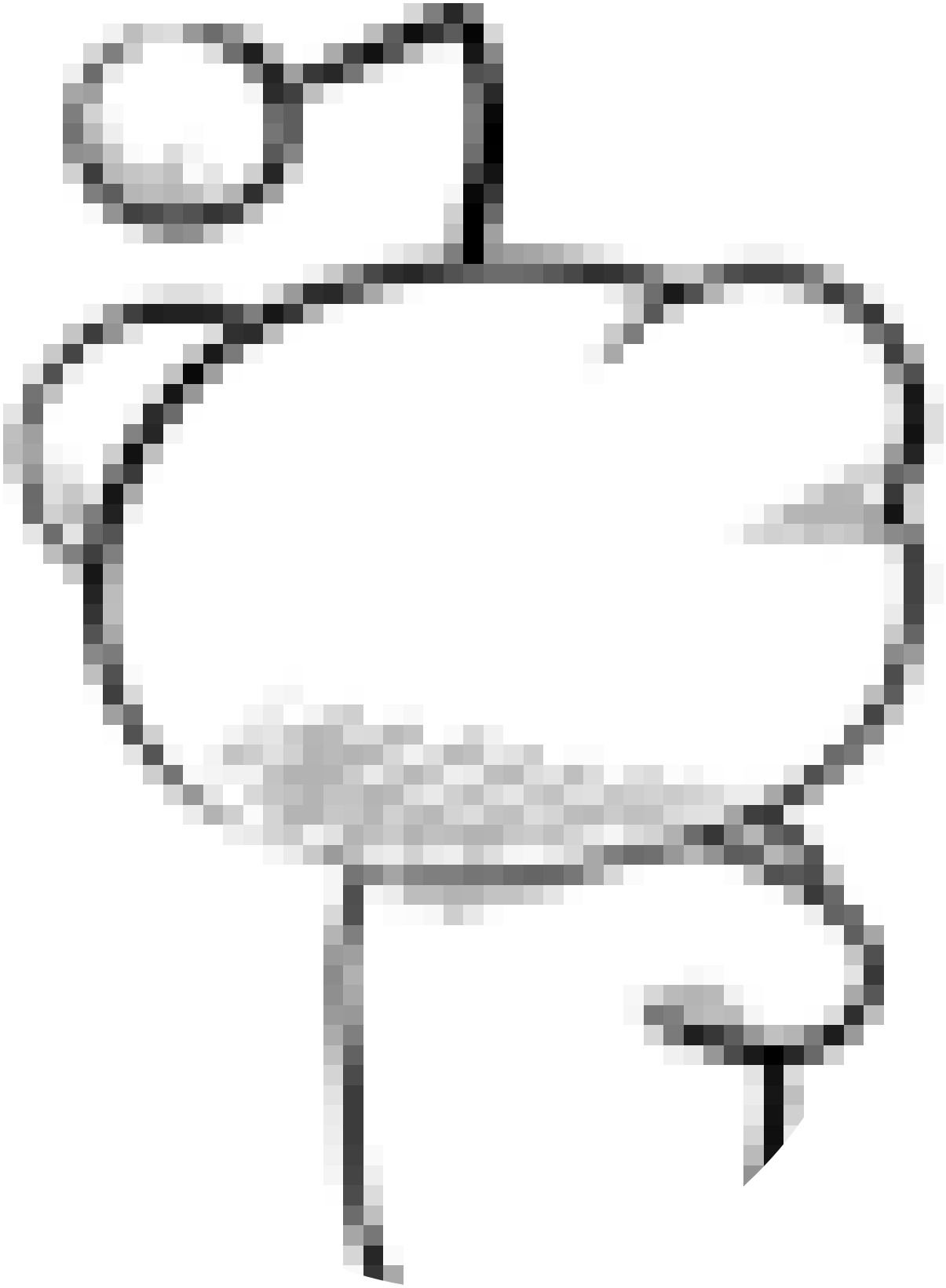
At a friend's house at 3:30 AM, we were alone. He got a text message from an unknown source that said that his garage was open. We went to check, and it was. After that we had trouble sleeping...



Nihiliste
• 13y ago

Ignoring documentaries on things like the Holocaust or the US' atomic bombings in WWII, for me it's probably the bout of sleep paralysis I had as a child. I woke in the middle of the night, but couldn't move any of my limbs. After a while I started to panic; I tried to scream for my mom, but all I saw was hallucinated steam emerging from my mouth. I may have also had the vague feeling of a "presence" in the house, but it's been so long that I'm not sure. I can't remember when the paralysis stopped, or how and when I got back to sleep.

From what I've learned since, I lucked out. A lot of people who suffer from sleep paralysis will see a menacing figure at the end of their bed, which would've sent my young Christian self into freak-out mode. I probably would've assumed it was Satan.



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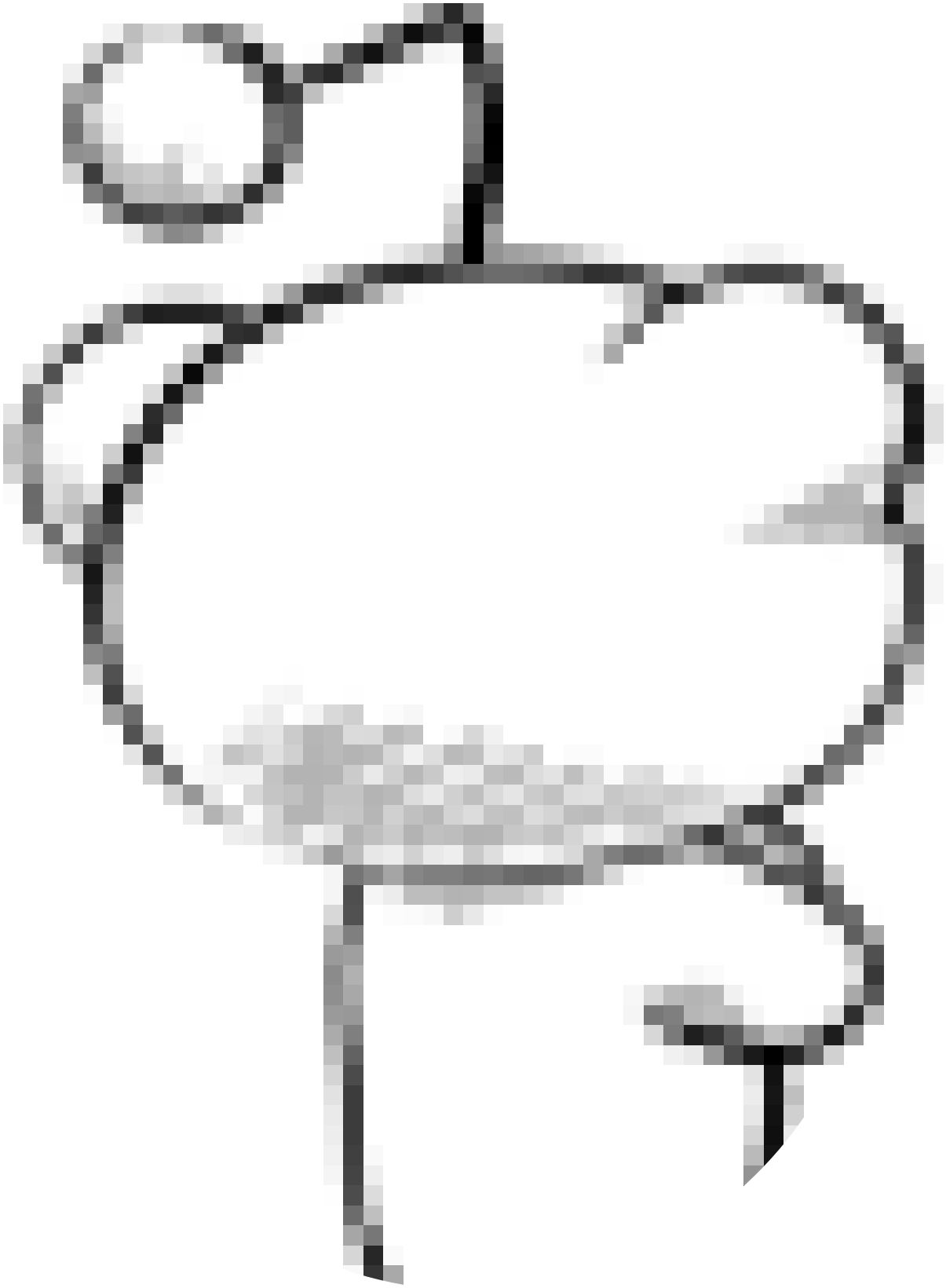
• 13y ago

I lost my job on a Friday afternoon and my buddy and I decided to take a random road trip to a town called Prescott in the middle of the Arizona desert. Part of the reason we decided on such a random destination was because it would take us through some desolate stretches of desert. We were driving through the desert at 4am, probably 25 miles from any sign of civilization (other than the paved road) and all of the sudden we see something in the distance coming towards us. As it got closer we realized it was two people on a BMX bicycle, one standing up on the back pegs. I still have no idea why anyone would be out there riding a bike at 4am, that far out in the middle of the desert.



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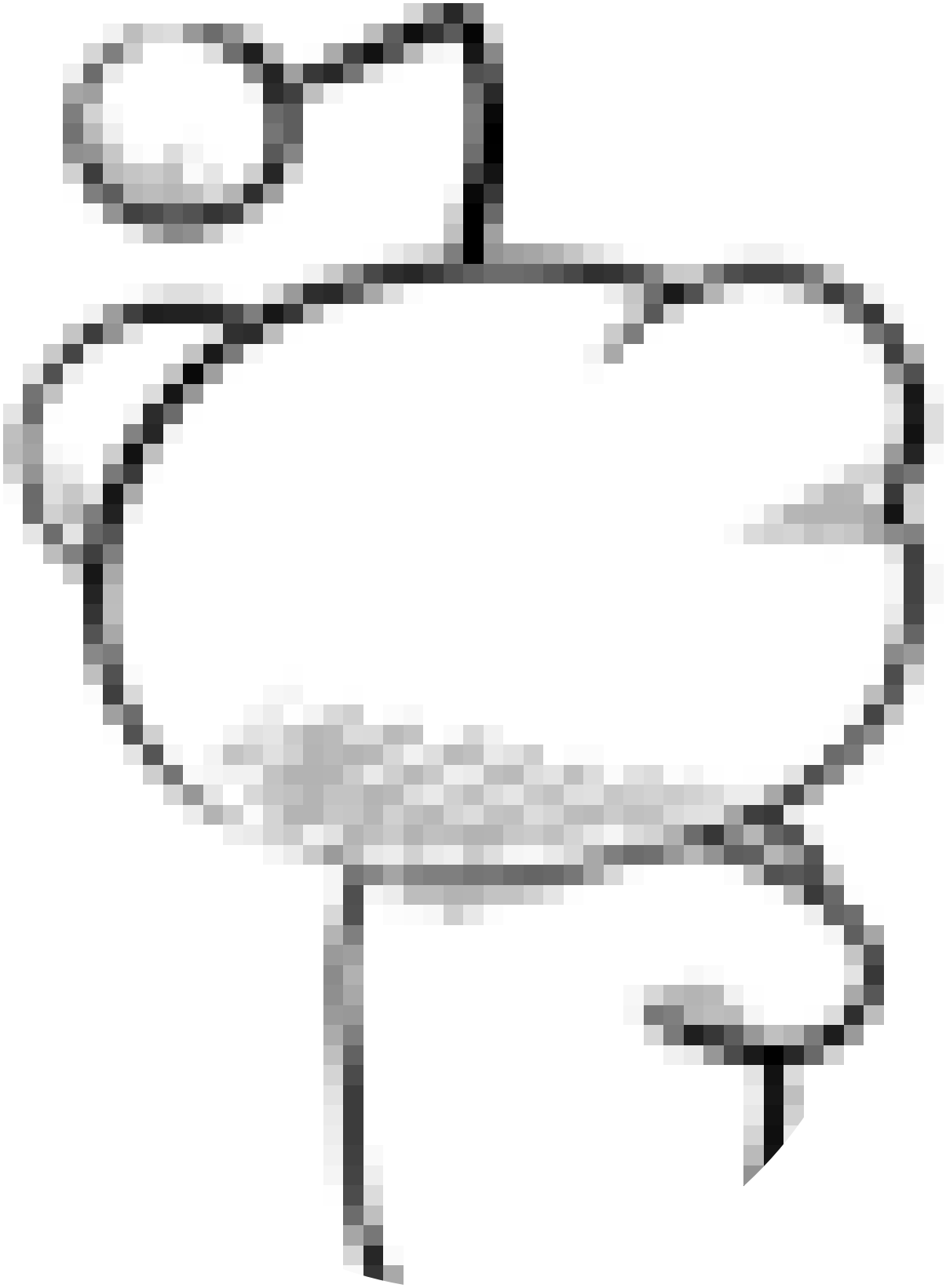
• 13y ago

Sleep paralysis combined with a bad nightmare.

I'd been having a variety of more normal nightmares, but they never really scared me much, then my subconscious got creative I guess.

In the dream I was some kind of wizard, frantically working on something (not sure what) that was vitally important/for the greater good that involved extreme pain to some innocent people I was holding prisoner. I was summoning Death for part of it, but in doing so I made a mistake and killed Death. My Dream-self immediately realized how bad this was as it entailed immortality for everything including microbes and individual cells. This resulted in everyone, everywhere being doomed to agonizing paralysis. At this point I woke/semi-woke, unable to move while my brain was still trying to insert elements of the dream into my waking reality.

The instant after I woke was the most terrifying second of my life; not being able to move and believing that I had just doomed everyone to an eternity of agony. The confusion a bit longer, but for that first moment I believed it. :/



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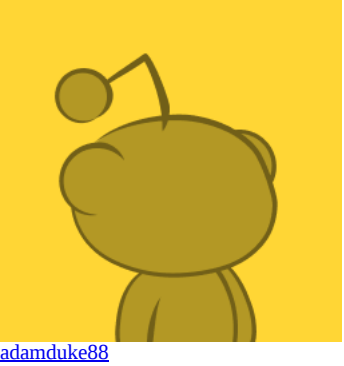
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was on a vacation with my family in the Caribbean. We stayed at a top notch resort and I loved it. One day my parents told me and my sister that they hired some natives to show us around the island-throught the poor parts, villages, and jungle. The native were wicked nice and friendly and we helped them out with some projects they had going on at their village. We took dune buggies around. We eventually had to return to the resort however the rain storm turned out path into a river. So the native showed us a path through the forest. He told my family not to touch anything, move fast, and not to stop. He said we had to cross through the "spider village". I thought that was the name of a type of people... I was wrong. So we are moving quickly and I have my head down because we are moving quickly. Pamerson, the native's, buggie stalled and stop me and my dad from moving forward as well. In a panic he started his buggie back up and looked up and saw the most terrifying thing I ever saw. Thick webs filled with eggs sacks, spiders, dead birds, dead animals just hanging around above us. The webs were so thick the entire forest was nearly white! I freaking could not speak, scream, cry, all I did was stay still. In front of me a spider the size of a basketball came down and pamerson knocked it away. Some of the spiders could jump!!! I never saw that before either.

We made it through the area and he made us all jump into the river just in case any spiders latched onto us. We got back to the resort and I became afraid of spiders lol.

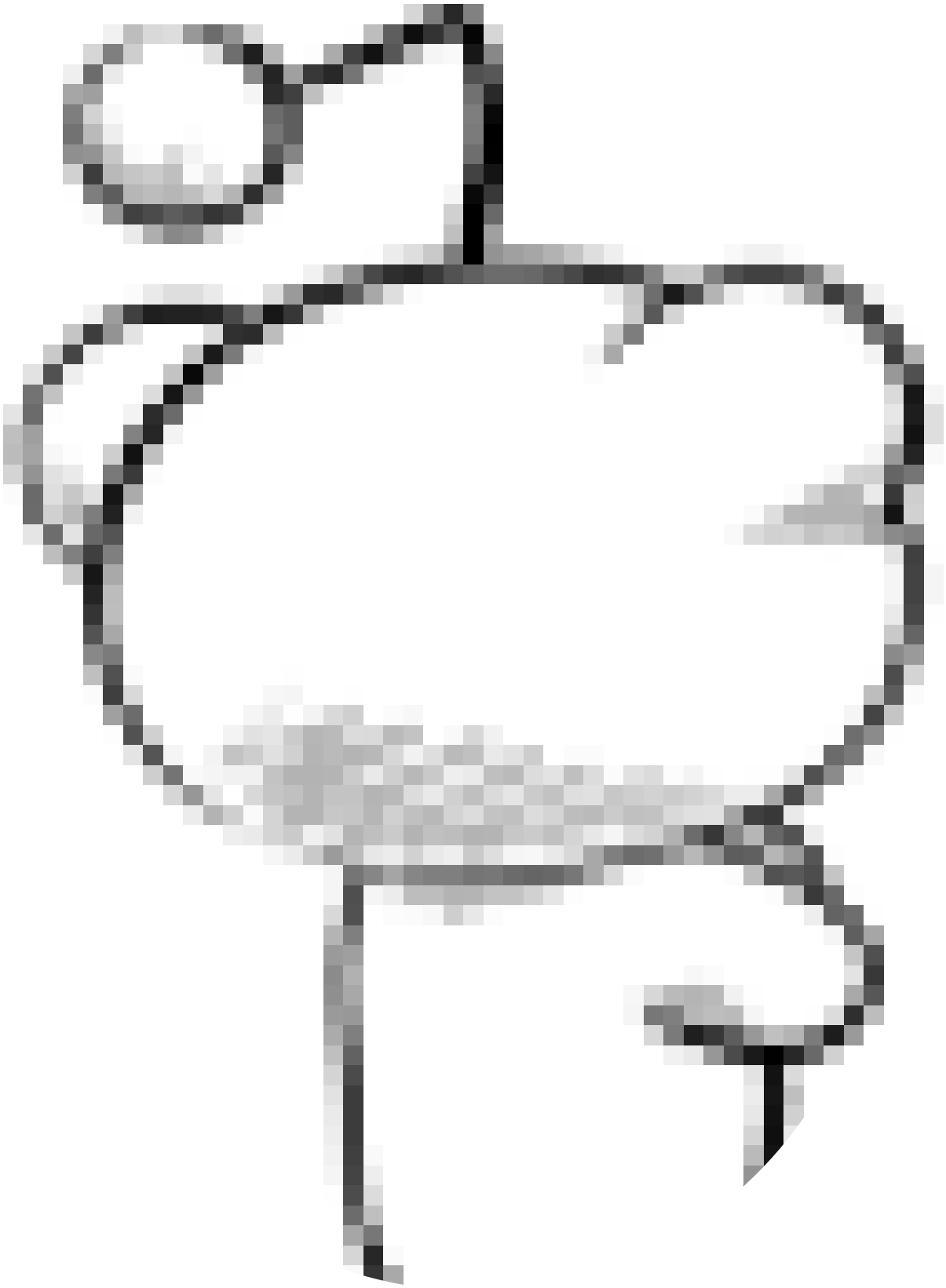


adamduke88
• 13y ago

I used to live in a really old house when I was around 15. The way it was set up was in order to get to the bathroom I had to go downstairs and thru a large dining room with a large glass sliding door. In the entire time we lived there we never put up blinds or anything to cover them, we just left them exposed. I have kind of a fear of large windows especially when it looks out to the woods and you cant see anything, So I would avoid looking out the door at night if I had to pass it. One night in the dead of winter I had to go so I head downstairs and in the kitchen. My heart sinks as I get that familiar feeling that someone's watching me. I don't dare look to the door, and make my way to the bathroom and back to my room. The next morning I awake to the sound of my mother freaking out and I run downstairs. In the snow outside the door there were these massive boot prints and what appeared to be hand marks on the glass, we lived in the country at least a mile from our closest neighbor. I realized that this person was watching me as I passed thru the kitchen. Did they leave because they saw me? Was this the first time they had peered into the glass? What would this person have done if I just turned my head to left and saw them standing there hands on the glass staring into my home? Still freaks me out when I think about it 10 years later.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies



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• 13y ago

I was babysitting 2 kids and we were playing in the living room. Suddenly I heard the TV in the basement turn on. It was a really old TV so it couldn't have been a timer or anything. I tried to not panic in front of the kids but I was pretty freaked out and casually asked the older child if that ever happened before. She just kinda shrugged and said not really.

Then, with absolute seriousness, the younger one looked me dead in the eye and said "don't worry, it's just Ollie".

:/

EvrydayImAmpersandin
• 13y ago

Stray EMF/RFI/Electrical signals can trigger remote controllable devices. I remember being a kid and discovering I could open my neighbor's garage door with my walkie talkie.

Twist: The walkie talkie was named Ollie and it was murdered 20 years ago.

More replies

LeapYearFriend
• 13y ago

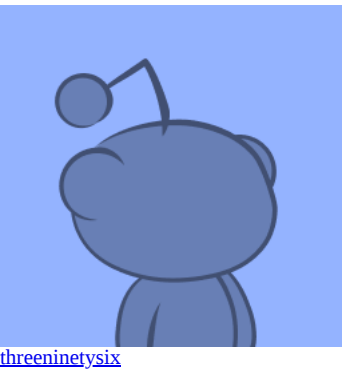
I've been through a lot of scary and creepy things but I feel silly posting them because they're all "paranormal" and a small part of me knows they're all just in my head, no matter how real they may feel...

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

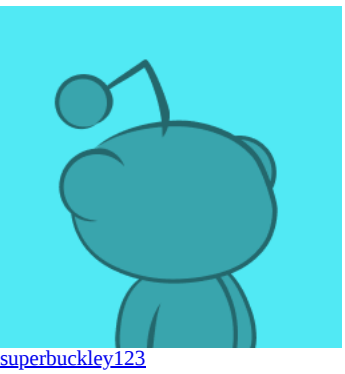
octoCase
• 13y ago

r/nosleep r/letsnotmeet r/creepy



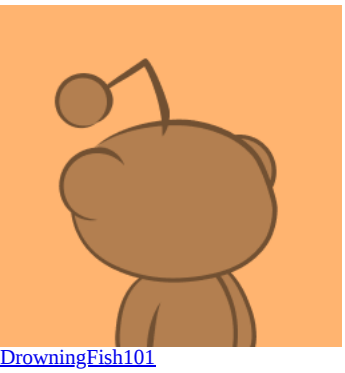
threeninetysix
• 13y ago

The sound of people hitting the ground outside the WTC on 9/11. You could hear the screams for a second before they impacted the ground. The shoes bouncing after the body had kind of disintegrated made a very surreal sound.



superbuckley123
• 13y ago

Has anyoneelse ever read the Spiral Obsession?



DrowningFish101
• 13y ago

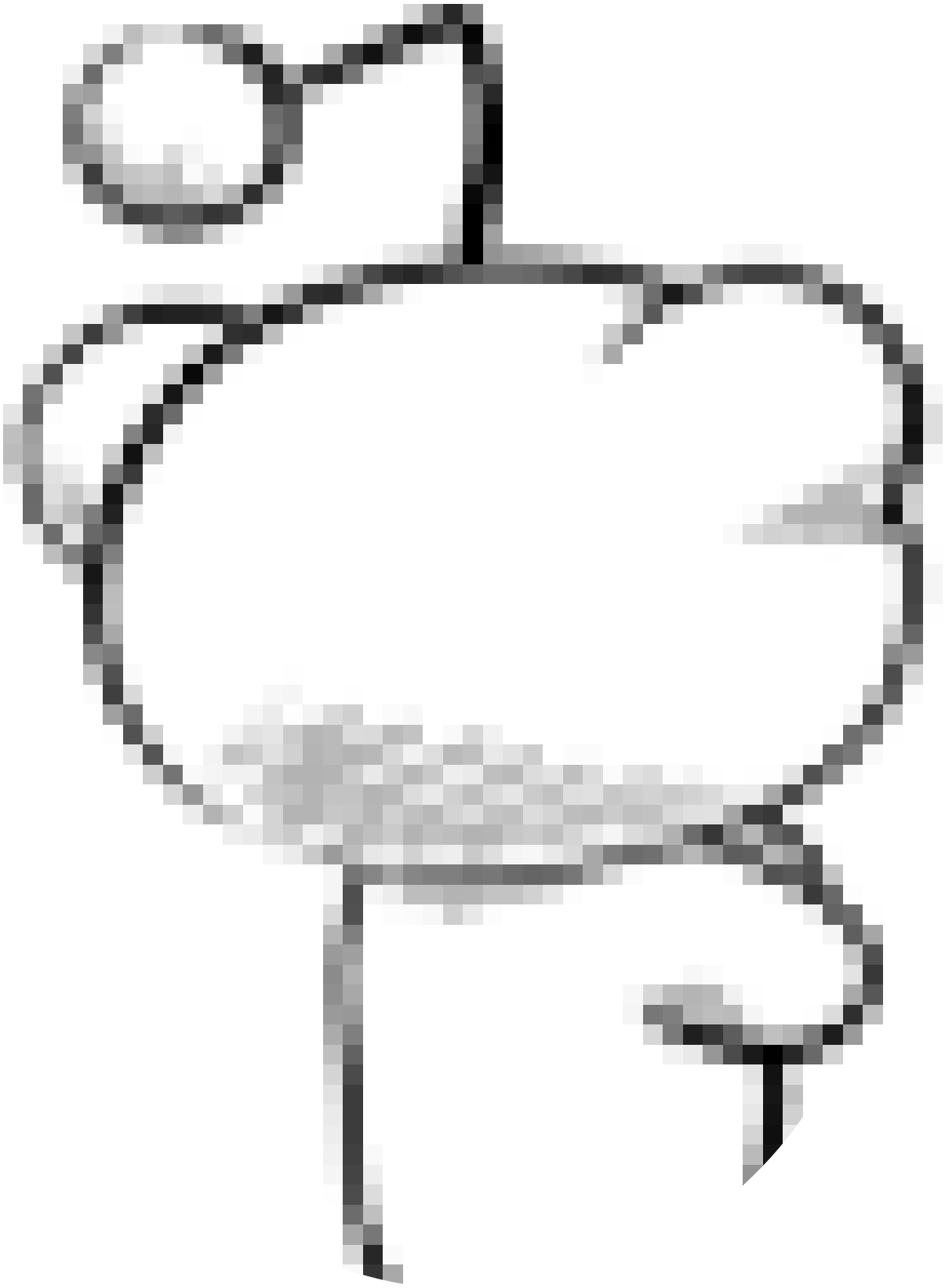
The Anguished Man painting. http://whofortedblog.com/2012/11/27/mail-bag-torturous-cries-the-anguished-man/

charlesmann
• 13y ago

I was in the Dominican Republic doing some humanitarian stuff and our group was taking a bus through the middle of the back country, we passed through a Gov. Checkpoint and to the side I saw a man being asked a few questions by a soldier. At some point he said something that made the soldier angry and so the soldier pistol whipped him, put his boot to the man's neck and then shot him in the skull. Not particularly creepy, but the sound of that gunshot will stay in my head forever. Being a well-off white kid from preppy CT, this was the most terrifying act of violence I had ever seen and made me feel frightened for the month we were in the DR.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



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• 13y ago

I used to hallucinate when I was younger and have "nightmares" though I had them as long as I can remember so I was never really phased. Though small child me(3-4 age range) used to tell my family member about my "dreams" and everyone knows it's really fuckin' creepy when a small child tells you genuinely freaky/fucked up things.

One night I "met" a boy with no hands. I recall the sensation of falling, falling straight through my bed hard onto the floor below. I rolled onto my stomach and looked around myself with a bit of shock, fear taking hold. I became certain I was alone and relaxed yet as I went to crawl out from under my bed, some sort of fleshy weight was pressed onto my arm, pinning me.

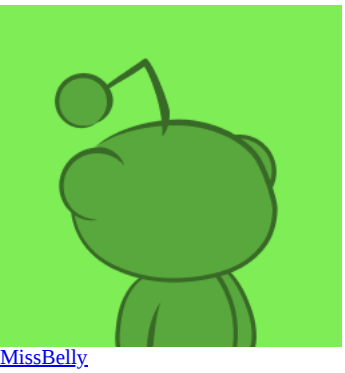
My gaze shifted quickly to what it was. It was a bandaged forearm, nothing but a nub where a hand should have been. My eyes locked upon that of a small male child and he gave me a kind smile with rotten teeth that didn't hit his dead yellow eyes. I went to scream, but nothing came out. The floor boards beneath me began to break away and I fell once more, this time landing in a grassy yard of a small home beside a large stump.

Suddenly a man was dragging a small child from the house, yelling and screaming at him. The child looked horrified and woman chased after but quickly was thrown to the ground by the man she was perusing. The boy's hands were then severed off in two quick chops from a hatchet before the boy with the dead eyes appeared next to me again.

He was still smiling, just smiling at me. I heard a smack and returned my gaze to the "living" people and watched as the man began to beat the child's face in. I looked to the dead boy and suddenly his face began to fall apart...no, smash apart. His teeth flew out of his mouth, his nose broke, then his eye sockets, his jaw, all followed by this pus, blood, and sludge substance.

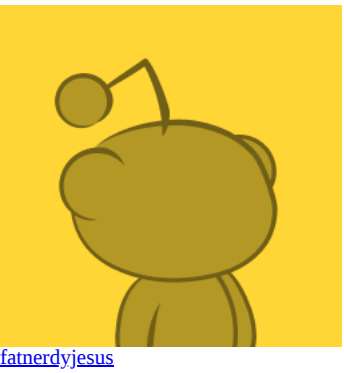
I woke up...I was terrified, of course. I kept having dreams about this boy. I saw his short life, I saw him take revenge on his father, yet killing his mother by accident then snapping and haunting and killing plenty of other people.

I was a weird kid.



MissBelly
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The music from the Siren fight in Bioshock. It sounds like the scariest thing in the world to me.



fatnerdyjesus
• 13y ago

This isn't mine, I ran across it on twitter. (i think it's a good one though) http://imgur.com/GpbZ1uc.jpg

Fever0
• 13y ago

Not scary, but was VERY creepy at the time. I heard a strange noise in my neighborhood that was very loud and very eerie. After listening to it off and on for a few minutes I decided to go try and track it down, which you can watch here.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gFL6cg7uJik

InstyKim
• 13y ago

That's pretty eerie. It really does sound like someone burning out in a car or doing donuts or something....right?? I hope.....

2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

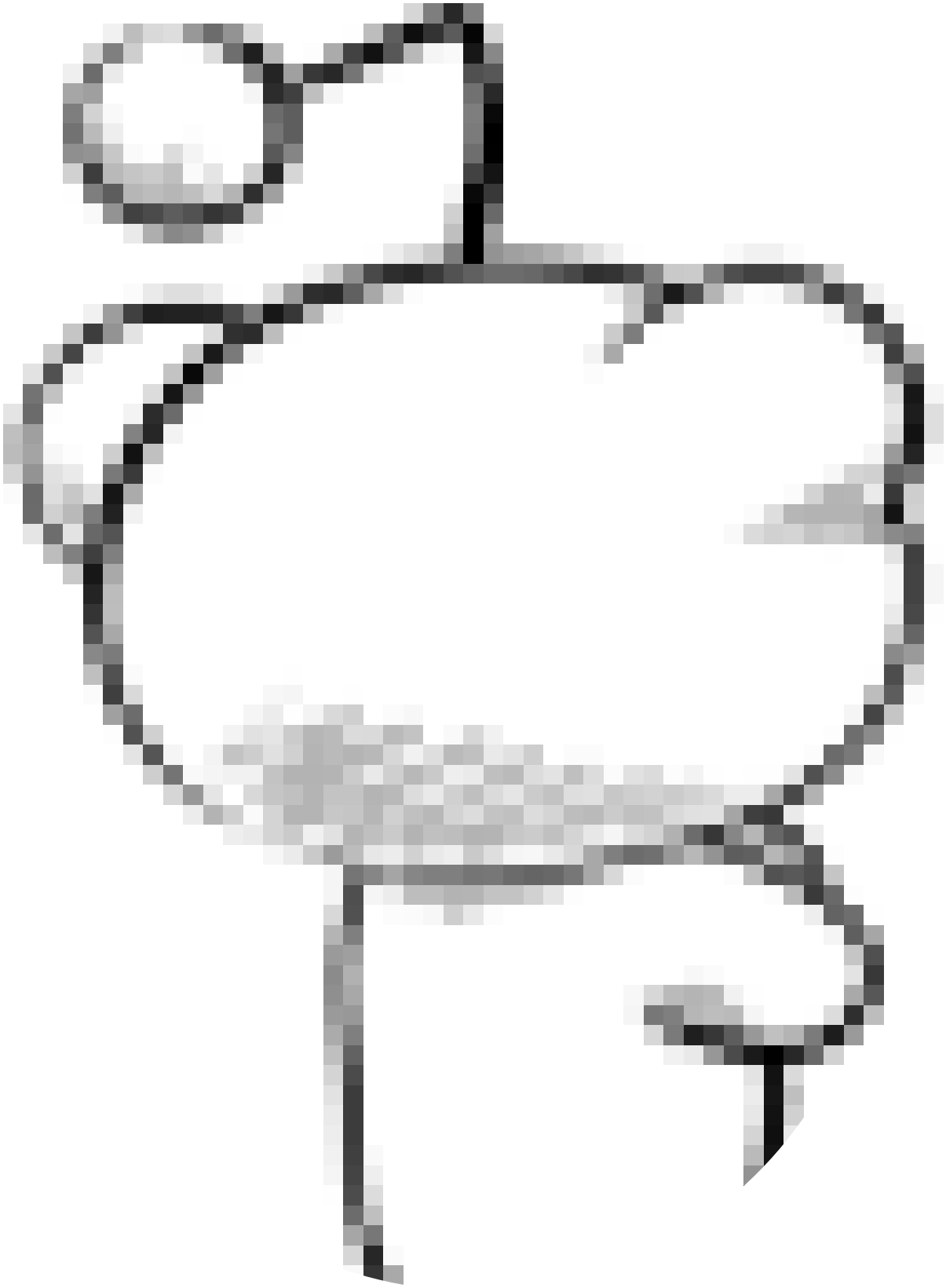
rumbrave55
• 13y ago

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R_qfFuucvQE

This isn't my story by any means, but it's know as the "Kimberly Story." It's a "true story" told by a teacher in Chandler AZ. The link isn't mine, so I can't take credit/blame for the audio quality. I haven't listened to the full thing, but the length of the video tells me it's the full story.

I will say I have listened to the story live, and it is very creepy. He does say you can find stories about the city and events online, but I've never found anything to substantiate what he's said.

The only thing I can personally add to this, is the part about the girl in white coming and writing on the chalk board. I lived in Gilbert Az, which neighbors Chandler, and I have family that went to the high school where he teaches. A friend of my cousin was in the room when it happened and even now, ten years removed from school, swears that the a girl did come into the class room and write on the board, and that the teacher was freaked out. He doesn't really have any interested in keeping up a lie, so I give him the benefit of the doubt. It probably was just a friend the teacher got to come in and write on the board, but kudos to him for his dedication.



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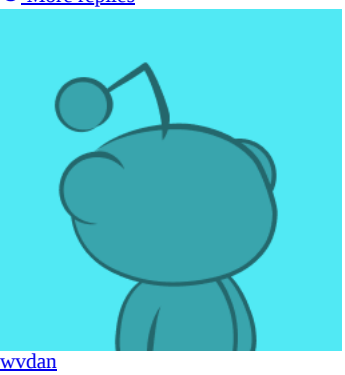
• 13y ago

The Earth's population doubles every 40 years. Fucking terrifying.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



wvdan
• 13y ago

We were a young married couple and bought our house in 1985. I had grown up in the neighborhood and was familiar with the house and it's prior occupants but had never been inside. It needed some work but the price was right and we were tired of paying rent. So when the University that owned it put it on the market we jumped on it.

I was employed as a coal miner and worked evening shift, my wife Julie worked dayshift as a secretary at a local hospital. As a result our working schedules often conflicted during the week. I would arrive home late at night,usually around 1:00 to 1:30 am, and she would already be in bed upstairs.

I would usually need some time to wind down after my shift and after arriving home on this particular night I was standing in the kitchen fixing something to eat. At that time we had no children, it was just the two of us. The TV was not on, and Julie was asleep. As I was standing there I heard a voice distinctly say the name " Eugene ". It was a deep masculine voice and the word was spoken just as clearly as if someone was standing right beside me. I wasn't frightened but I did walk to the front door and looked out, convinced that someone was walking down the street and talking loudly. There was no one there. I didn't hear anything else so I kind of forgot about it.

That weekend Julie and I were relaxing and watching a movie on Saturday night. A commercial came on and I casually mentioned what had happened to me in the kitchen. She didn't say a word, she just stared at me with a shocked look on her face. Then she began to cry. THAT's when I got nervous. I asked her what was wrong and after a few moments she was finally able to tell me. She had the exact same experience with the voice and the name Eugene, and it happened to her in the kitchen as well.

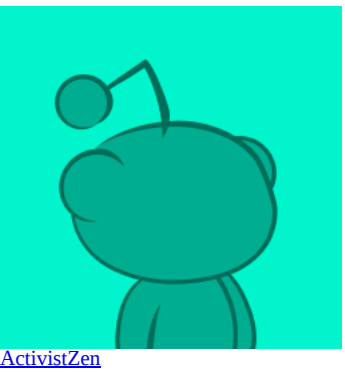
I guess the part that ties it all together is what happened a couple of months later. The previous tenant of the house (a university professor) called us and said that she had lost a ring which had sentimental value, and if we found it to please call her. Julie agreed, of course, and then said that she would like to ask the tenant a question about the house. The tenant replied that Julie didn't have to ask, it was the kitchen....right? Whoa....

The tenant explained that she had experienced a presence in the kitchen several times when they lived there, never anything threatening but a presence nonetheless.

Over the years " Eugene " eventually became sort of a member of the family. Whenever we would hear a noise that we couldn't explain we would always credit Eugene. (It's an old house and settling noises are not uncommon.)

Neither of us were particularly convinced that what we had experienced was of the paranormal variety and we certainly never felt threatened. There are a couple of side notes however. At one time during some deed research the name " Eugenia " was listed as a member of the family that may have built the house. Also, during this same time frame, Julie and I were experiencing dreams with the same characters. There was a woman with short blond hair in a nightgown, and a small boy, in dreams that we both had. Strangely enough, Julie and I having dreams with the same characters in them was more disturbing than the Eugene episode. I was not comfortable at all with the dreams, something about them just wasn't right.

Sadly, it seems as though Eugene may have moved on. We still hear the typical old house noises but the vibe doesn't seem to be there like it used to. We've told our story to a number of friends and family members and everyone gets a kick out of it but no one can explain it. It is indeed a mystery that I probably will never be able to rationalize or explain.



ActivistZen
• 13y ago

I had to take an exam in a part of town I usually don’t get over to, as it’s quite out of my way. The bus route I required to take home was a route I’d never been on. It was probably about 8pm in the middle of winter; so, pitch black out. A bus pulls up and I get on. It’s one of those shorter buses because the route isn’t a popular one. No one is on the bus aside from myself and the bus driver – who had curly, greasy hair down to his shoulders and eyed me oddly. I hand him a ticket from a pass book and request a transfer, as I decide that I might want to get off a couple stops from my house and grab groceries. The following is our dialogue:

Myself: Can I have a transfer, please? Driver: [rips off transfer then hesitates to pass it to me] Can I keep it? Myself: What? Driver: Can I keep it? Myself: Uh. No. I need it to transfer to a different bus? Driver: …Because I’m collecting them Myself: What? You’re collecting bus transfer stubs? Driver: Yes… I’m creating a life sized papier-mâché bus from transfers [dead serious face] Myself: [speechless, trying to comprehend wtf is happening] Driver: You could ride in it someday… [looks at me expectantly] Myself: Uh. No. I’ll take my transfer, please. Driver: [looks sad, hands me the transfer] Myself: [I walk to the back of the bus, thinking to myself that is guy is 10,000 on the creepy scale and I really hope he doesn’t decide to off me while we’re driving alone through suburbia]

No one else got on the bus in 20 minutes of travel through dark suburban streets. Needless to say, as a tiny female, I was QUITE relieved to get off that bus.

nrrrdgrrl
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I'm reposting this from a while ago, because it's still incredibly relevant.

TL;DR--Great-grandmother was terrorized by an entity, and months later, house-guests described being terrorized by same entity. The description of this entity was NEVER discussed among them beforehand.

My grandmother used to live in this tiny apartment in Maryland. One weekend, her mother came to visit (she was getting old, and was beginning to need help doing daily activities). On the first night, she insisted to sleep on the couch, even though my grandmother offered her bedroom.

As it got late, my grandmother turned in, and got ready for bed. While she was laying in bed reading, she heard her mother screaming for help in the living room. She bolted up, and ran to her aid. She flipped on the lights to see her mother, pale and terrified, sitting upright and shaking. She asked her mother, "What happened?" to which her mother replied, "THERE WAS A MAN! He tried to strangle me with a belt!"

My grandmother proceeded to get a description of the man (A light-colored shirt, and dark pants), and search the apartment for signs of him. As the search came up empty, she decided it was her mother's old mind playing tricks on her and went back to bed.

Not five minutes after laying down, she again heard her mother screaming. This time, she grabbed her pistol and went into the living room ready to defend herself and her mother. This time her mother was crouched in the corner, and pointed at the door which my grandmother was standing in front of.

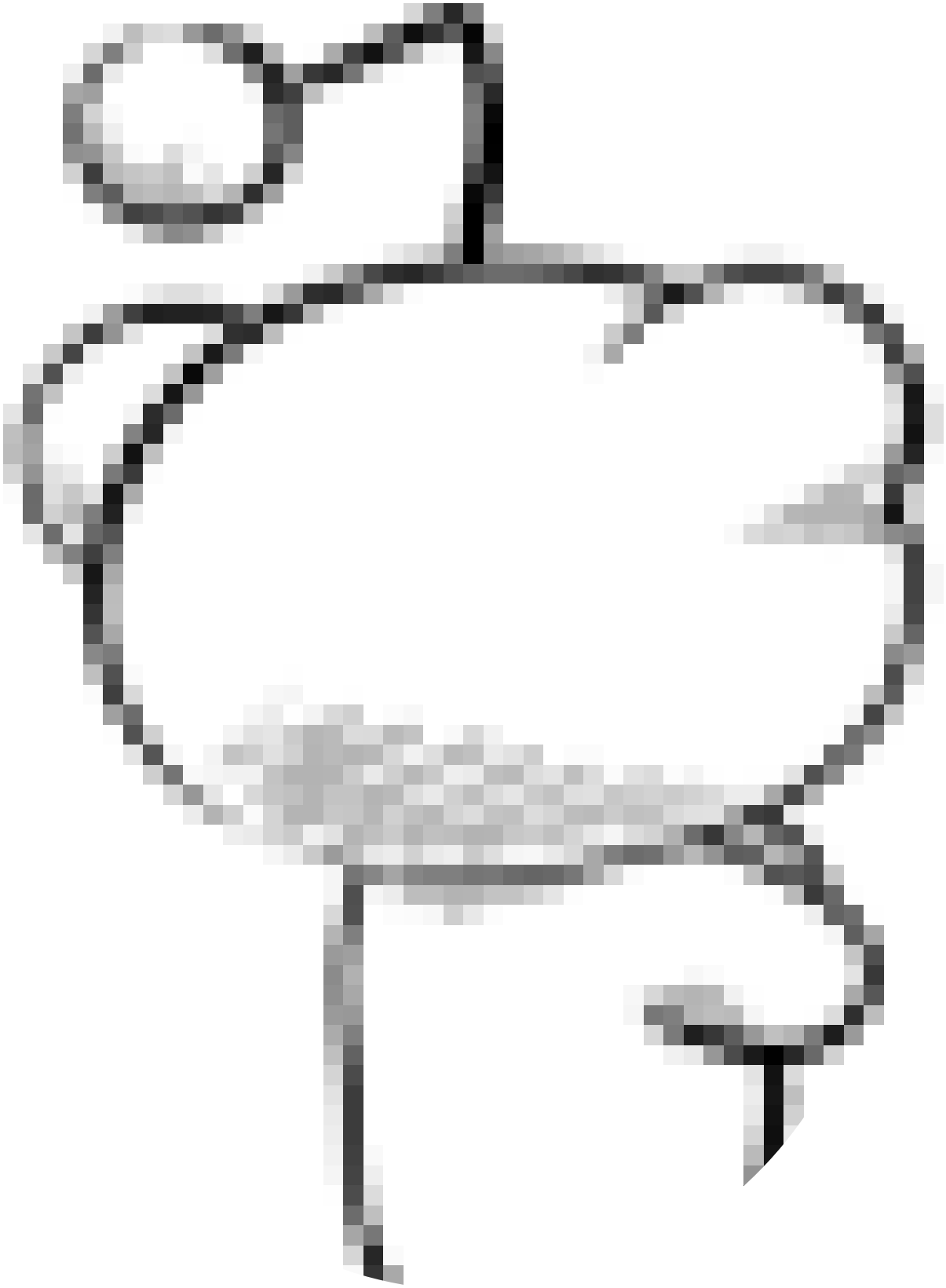
"HE'S BEHIND THE DOOR!" She screamed.

Startled, my grandmother swung the door closed, ready to shoot, only to find no one there. Relieved, she put her mother back to bed after another thorough search came up empty, and blamed it on a bad dream.

It turned out that my great-grandmother was suffering from critically high blood-pressure, which can sometimes cause hallucinations.

However, three months later, my grandmother had guests over to house-sit while she was out of the country. When she returned, they all went out to dinner as a welcome home. During the dinner, my grandmother asked how their stay was, when her friend replied, "Oh, it was great. Except...the strangest thing happened. One night, I woke up to a man standing over me trying to strangle me with a belt. I was able to get away, and as I turned on the lights, he was gone. He had on a light-colored shirt, and dark pants."

Also, here's a picture of my grandmother and sister a few years later right outside Antietam Battlefield. And no, it's not cigarette smoke. They are non-smokers. Right after this was taken, the horse they were riding got spooked and bucked my grandma off, almost breaking her arm.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I'm on the swim team at my school and there was this one time at the pool about half a year ago, where a 5 year old was about to jump off of the 3 meter high dive for the first time. The boy climbed the ladder of the diving board and took merely two steps before he lost his footing, reached for the railing, and slipped right under it falling face first into the concrete. It wasn't the sound he made when he hit the floor that scarred me, although bone chilling, but the scream of his mother who was watching from across the pool. I have never heard a sound so deafening before... The young boy was airlifted to a hospital and sadly died a few days later. Currently my school is taking down all of their diving boards because of this incident and my coach suggested that some of my team members see a therapist.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

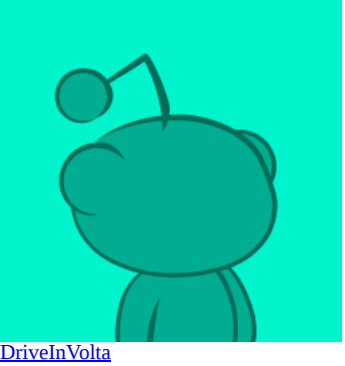
Marine08902
• 13y ago

you may like r/nosleep

Joeymonac0
• 13y ago

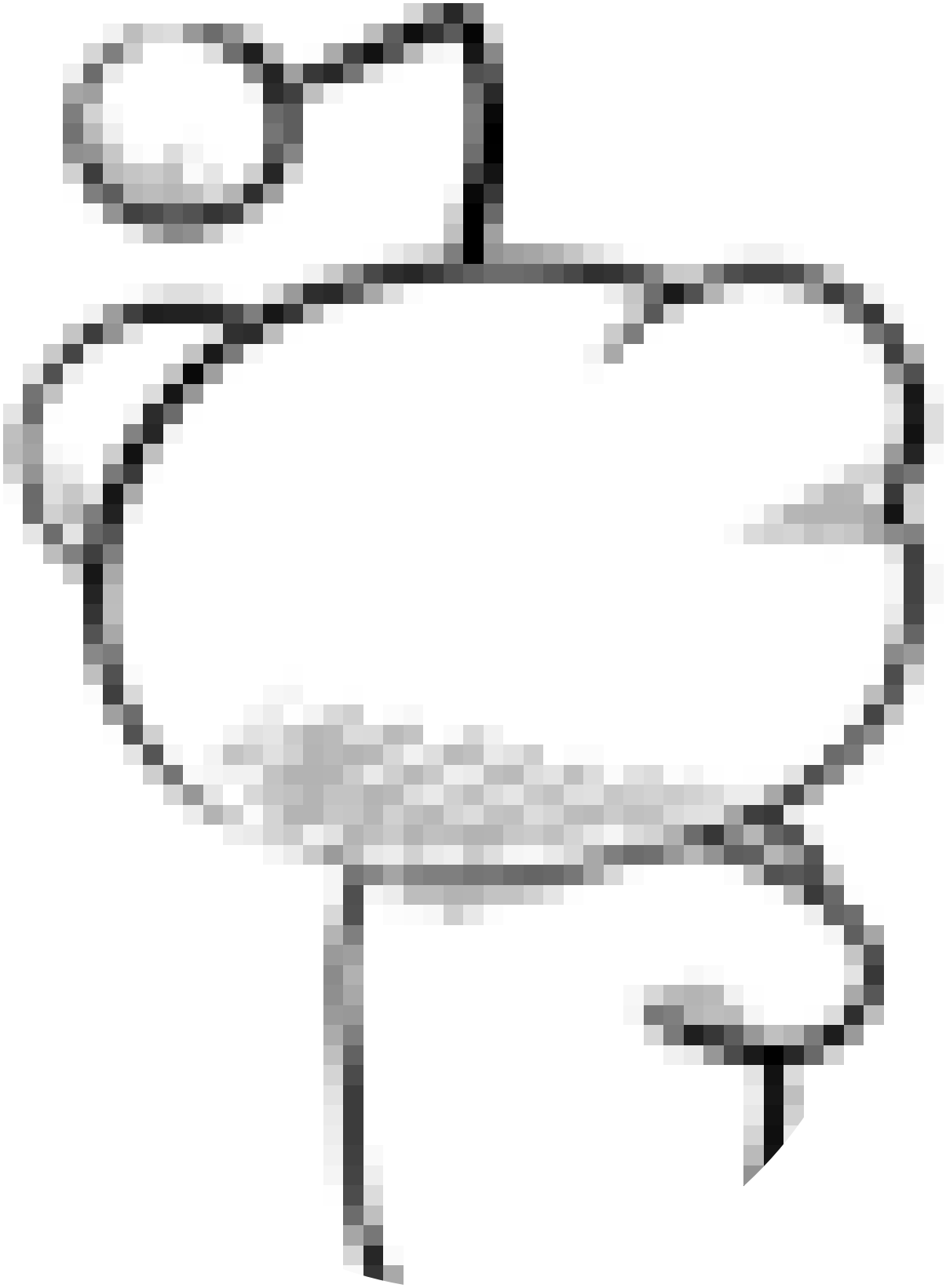
I was at a sleepover with a couple of my friends who where brothers, when I was younger. We spent the night playing halo, drinking Mountain Dew, and eating pizza bagels. As the night started to wind down we all went to sleep out in the living room. I slept on the floor and the two brothers took the couch. Around 3am I woke up to the sound of hysterical screaming coming from the corner of the room. Everyone woke to see what was going on. It was the youngest brother crying and screaming at the top of his lungs. His parents tried to calm him down but nothing seemed to work. He finally got tired again and went back to sleep, as we all did. As I was just about to fall asleep I heard him say "I'm sorry satin I couldn't do it."

I got up called my mom said I was having an asthma attack and need to go home.



DriveInVolta
• 13y ago

I'm walking up my driveway after a bike ride and I look over my shoulder to see a rottweiler sauntering behind me with a big smile on its face and foaming viciously at the mouth. I did my best not to sprint the rest of the way to my house and walked quickly to my door.



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• 13y ago

My friend John and I were sixteen. His girlfriend and my girlfriend were friends.

One night I sleep over at Johns house, and we sneak out to meet our girls. It's probably 2 AM.

So we're walking around this neighborhood, and turn on to a street. The street goes up a hill, and at the top of the hill we see a figure.

It's a person, walking with a pronounced limp. It seriously looked like they had a peg leg. They're also wearing a huge coat, and it was impossible to make out a face.

We're watching for about 10 seconds, no one saying anything, when the person stops and looks down at us.

At this point, we're about 100 yards away. We stare down the stranger, the stranger stares down us. Then, the figure starts running at us!

Now, this person still has their limp, so their running kind of... funny. But we didn't even care, we got the hell out of there.

5 blocks later, we're safe in the house, and now we have a crazy story AND scared girls that need comforting.

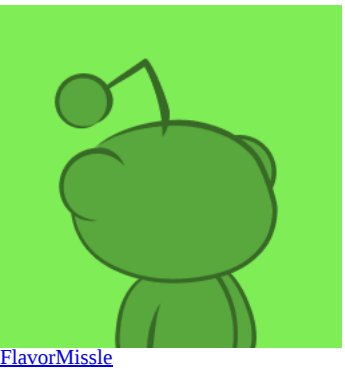
Still don't know who that person was, though.

argosfan24
• 13y ago

My brother re-enacting the scene from warriors where he clinks beer bottles together and taunts "warriors, come out and play". One night my parents were out and we decided to watch exorcist.

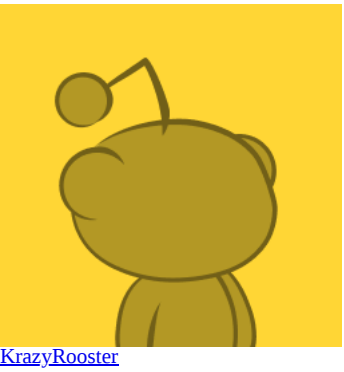
He started at the bottom of the stairs and he worked his way up clinking those bottles together and replacing warriors with my name instead. After a while he stopped and I thought it was over then he just burst into my room with a scary mask on and started yelling. He scared the crap out of me. I was only 8, he was 10.

Now I can't watch horror movies with my brother anymore, asshole haha.



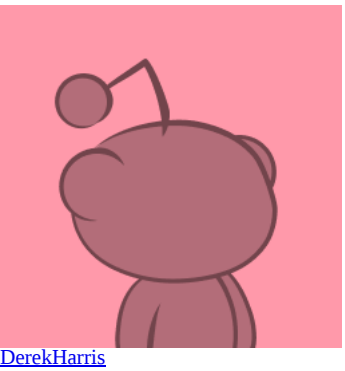
FlavorMissle
• 13y ago

I work in a Jail, a female inmate killed herself by jumping head first off the second level of her housing unit, she hit a steel table. She broke her neck and bled out, I was a responder to it and her eyes were open, her head twisted in a way its not supposed to, and blood Everywhere. We still had to try and save her until EMS got there and took over.



KrazyRooster
• 13y ago

One night, when I was about 10, I was taking a shower. It was about 9pm or so. The bathroom had a foggy window that faced the laundry. Out of nowhere I see a very white hand hitting the window and staying there for a couple seconds. I was shit scared. Then I came out of the house and looked for my grandma (she was the only person in the house besides me) to ask wtf was she doing. She was asleep in her bed. And she was heavy sleeping. The next day I was talking to my dad and he told me that my uncle ran around the house screaming one day because he saw a white hand come out of the closet in the middle of the night. There was just a hand, like in the Adams' Family movie, no body. Then a few years later I am at my grandma's house again and my uncle is there (the same one from the closet). He runs out of the shower naked screaming (my grandma and the maid were home). He had seen the white hand in the shower and ran for his life. He was about 35 at the time so you can imagine how messed up that was.



DerekHarris
• 13y ago

Sleep paralysis. For those of you that dont know what it is, look it up. For those of you that know what it is, i go through that 3-5 times a week. Sometimes for the full night.

stoxed
• 13y ago

That Korean comic. You know the one. Never been more terrified of anything else I've seen on the Internet. http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=20&weekday=tue

Hollowsong
• 13y ago

In the span of 5 years, more than a dozen times, I feel like someone's dragging me off the edge of my bed.

Twice I've woken up with my legs hanging off the end. For any curious, it's a queen bed. Plus, I live alone.

It literally feels like someone is hovering over me and I'm wide awake the whole time but can't move. The more I try to fight it and tell myself it's all bullshit and I need to wake up, the harder it feels like something is pushing down on me.

I feel a really powerful 'buzzing' sensation like my whole body fell asleep and blood is returning to the limbs (like pins & needles sensation but less prominent).

I don't believe in ghosts and it doesn't happen often (and once wasn't even in my own house). I keep telling myself there's a scientific explanation. Maybe it's a combination of sleep paralysis and something else?

tradeemarkk
• 13y ago

3:00 A.M. july night 4 years ago, age 14. I'm sitting in my bedroom which is on the first floor of my house playing WoW or Counter-Strike when I hear a knock on my window. I walk over to my window to look, and I see 2 little girls waving at me. One of which looked to be about 3-4, the other one 8-9. My neighborhood is NOT somewhere you want to be at 3:00 in the morning walking around, let alone 2 little girls. I step away from the window for a minute to compose myself, look back and their gone. Now my room was located on the corner of the house, so I could see any way they would have went to leave. No little girls in sight. Keep in mind I only stepped away for a few seconds, not enough time for even usain bolt to get out of my sight.

2 more replies
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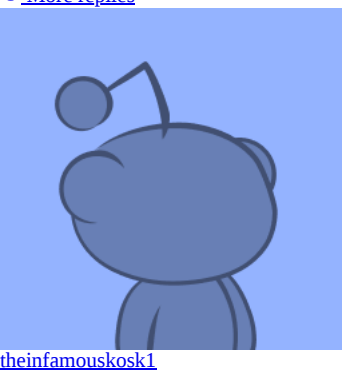
More replies



theinfamouskosk1
• 13y ago

Salad fingers. Just... Why...

Alzacastar
• 13y ago

Might not be the creepiest thing ever, but a story here for you.

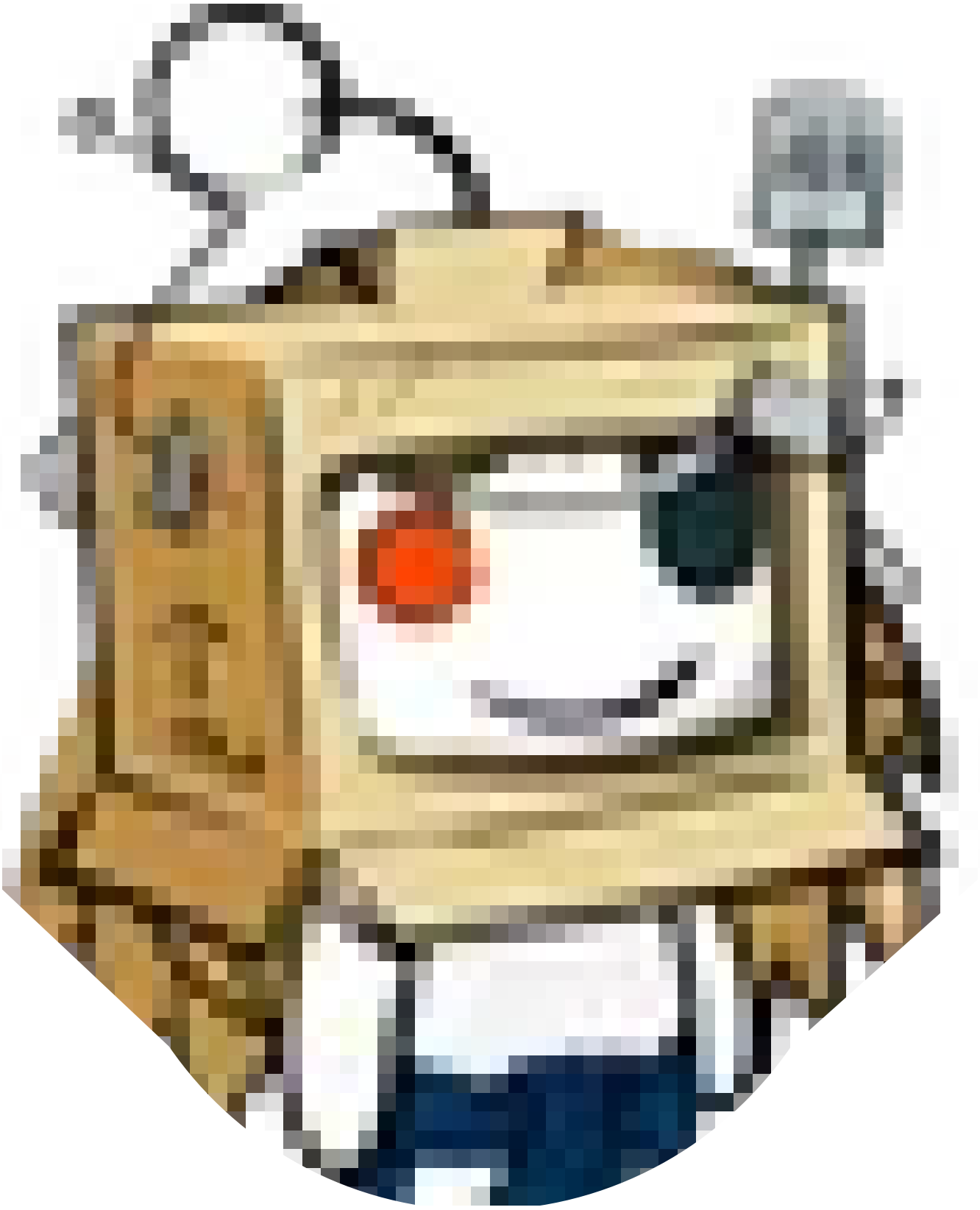
I was recently laid off from work and am a night person, so I spend alot of time up at night and sleeping during the day. Once around 11:30am or so, I was laying in bed with my bedroom door closed, I must have been experiencing sleep paralysis (couldn't seem to move, and couldn't tell if my eyes were open or closed or if I was dreaming this or not). I saw a guy walk threw my bedroom door and to the foot of my bed. He was transparent (I could sort of see threw him to the shelf on the other side, and the wall, etc.) He was wearing blue jeans, a grey t-shirt and black spikey hair. He stood at the end of the bed, facing the wall for a while then eventually turned around and walked out of the room threw the door which never opened, during the time he was there I felt scarred as shit and felt a coldness in the room even though it was a sunny spring day and I was under the blankets. Later I told my roomate about it, and he told me that the lady who lived in the apartment above us said, their was a guy who was shot dead on our front porch about a year ago. We lived at this apartment for approximately 6 months when this happened.

tl;dr: might have seen a ghost of a dead guy who was shot on my front door.

Note: sorry for any spelling or grammar errors I typed this on my phone.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



gaqua
• 13y ago

In our cabin in the snow, there were two footprints outside the kids' window, and then atop the roof which was a solid 10 feet above them. There were no footprints leading to the window, just the two prints right outside the window, and a set of footsteps on the roof right above that led to the apex of the roof and then disappeared.

No tracks off the roof.

One of the girls said she woke up in the middle of the night and saw "a man with red eyes looking at me through the window but he put his finger to his lips" so she didn't say anything and just laid there scared until she eventually fell asleep. She's not usually prone to night terrors or anything.

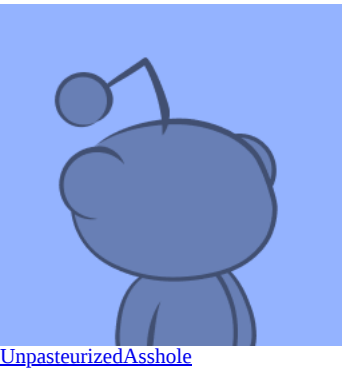
The neighbor asked what I was doing on the roof smoking a cigar in the middle of the night, as he'd gotten up to get a drink and saw what he thought was me walking across the roof. He said it was just a shadow of a person and he didn't see any details except for the red glow he imagined was from a cigar or cigarette butt.

Two months later we found out there was a home invasion a few cabins over, the guy apparently got in through a vent the roof and lived in the attic weeks before anybody had noticed. The owner woke up to a guy smoking a cigarette in his bedroom and holding a hatchet.

Freaks me out.

earthrages
• 13y ago

When I was 10 years old, I received a phonecall (landline without callerID;90's) from a man. My Mom answered the phone and said it was for me. I don't remember the exact words he said, but it was the long-the-lines of "I want to "??????" with your pink little pussy". I had no idea who that man was, how he knew my name, and how he got my number. My Mom was concerned, but she didn't do anything about it.



UnpasteurizedAsshole
• 13y ago

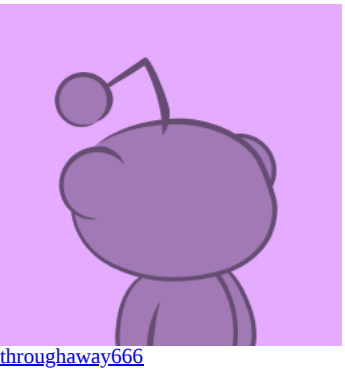
Ok, creepy story time.

I grew up in the middle of Chicago and used to ride the trains a lot. I lived off of the Orange line, but most of my friends in high school lived up north off of the blue line. So when I would go see them, I would transfer from the orange to the blue at the Clark/Lake station. There, the orange was elevated and the blue was underground, with about 3 stories in between.

So one summer night I was going up to Wicker Park fest and got on the orange line by my house. I was the only person waiting at the station and the car I entered was completely empty, except for a homeless guy asleep at the far end. The very next stop, as we're pulling into the station, I meet and lock eyes with a tall, thin, old white haired man. He looked a bit disheveled, but not enough to be a bum, and he had the most piercing, sunken big blue eyes. The door stopped right in front of him and he walked in, and though every other seat in the car was available, he sat directly behind me, never breaking eye contact as he got to his seat. I was creeper out, but not enough to change seats and make it obvious how creepy I thought it was. As we get to the transfer station, I get up in anticipation and again, he is staring daggers at me. I get off the train and watch as it pulls away, with creepy dude still on it, still looking right at me.

I run down to catch the blue line and a train pulls up just as I get there. I get on and try to forget about the weird guy with the crazy eyes. Now my friends and I had decided to meet at the division blue line stop, which is underground still. When I get there, I decide to look for them on the train platform, which is still underground, before going topside. As the people clear out, I don't see them, so I go up the stairs and down to the other side when I see HIM, standing at the bottom of the stairs, looking straight up at me with those sad and piercing blue eyes, like he knew I was going to be there. There was no way he could have made it to that station at the same time or before me, as I saw him stay on the first train as it pulled away and headed back south. The two lines don't meet again until further south so there was no explanation for his presence there.

I immediately froze, let out a gasp, and ran back up the stairs to the sidewalk, where I found my friends. That dude was all I thought about for the rest of the night.



throughaway666
• 13y ago

sorry for the throwaway but I have my reasons.

In my home town far on the out skirts there is an abandoned church. There was not much around it besides a few farms and the gate to a large power companies property. It was really old an very much in disrepair, and of course we had all made up rumors and myths about it. "I heard the preachers son killed himself there, gunshot straight to the head. Bang." "I heard the last people who broke in there went insane and got sent to the state hospital." "Well I heard there is a Satanic Cult that meets there now."

Well, being bored and knowing someone with a drivers licence, four of us headed out looking for the place one night. We knew the general whereabouts but no address, this was pre-GPS anyway. We must of drove for hours on the crazy country roads, all of us eyes peeled out of the windows looking everywhichway. We finally came upon the gates of the power company and knew we had gone too far.

Disheartened, we turned around, ready to give up and just hang out in someone's parent's basement for the rest of the night. Not but a few minutes, at most a quarter mile, we saw a black steeple silhouetted against the moonlit sky. I still remember the shiver I got and the feeling of not wanting to be there anymore. None of us knew how we missed it, but there it was, bigger and more ominous than any stories we had heard.

There was a gravel drive and what looked like a house not far from it, so we parked just off the road and killed the engine. We all crept out of the car keeping quiet and having weird looks in our eyes, waiting for someone to back out, but we did not. The church was tall and made from now rotting wood. Windows were busted and the grass around it was wild and tall.

The door was big but not locked, it came open with a strong shove, the sound of something snapping, like a branch propped up to keep it shut and the black maw of it was open. We clicked on out flashlights and walked it.

The pews were all there but had been shoved aside, it was dusty and black as night, we started towards the large open area that the pews had been moved from and we heard a scratching noise. like a "tcck, tck tck , tccck" We all came closer to the middle where it was coming from. Some large circles and etchings marked the floor and what looked like little bones from mice and small animals scattered the floor. We kept panning the area looking for the noise and then my friend spotted it. A near dead mouse was spasming on the wood floor. It had a good sized hole in it's side and looked like hell. One friend covered her mouth and looked away, my other friend found a heavy block and put the poor thing out of it's misery. It was awful, and scary, and a sound I will not forget.

We were totally done with this place, ready to put it in our past and forget whatever might go on here. But my friend went up to the tabernacle and found the most stupidest, silliest, normal thing that took all of the terror out of the situation: Stacks of porno mags. Hundreds of them. It was ridiculous! We laughed for a second, but were still unnerved by the mouse and animal parts until we heard a large cat meow (which we all nearly shit bricks as we spun around and caught the feline in our beams of light). After a few moments we realized that the animal bones and such were probably from the cat hunting rodents and the markings on the floor looked more like construction marks than ritualistic sacrifice circles.

We left, and while it was a great relief it was still the most scared and the most relieved I have ever been.

ZydrateFantasy

• 13y ago

Hopefully not too late to add something. I lived in a fairly large city in Belarus for about half of my life before moving to America. We won a green card but were very hesitant about actually moving since my dad had a good job and all of our relatives were close by. Small things started to happen that made the opportunity more appealing, like my dad getting demoted and our rent getting raised. This was the straw that broke the camels back and made our decision final.

My parents and I were walking through the city streets on the way home from a friends house. Very tall buildings are common and the streets are usually fairly busy but there were not many people out even though it was around 5pm. I was 6 or 7 at the time and was running in front of my parents happily jumping on puddles and looking around. Then suddenly the most terrifying woman's scream broke out. I was more startled than scared and tried to look around to find the source of the noise. Another even louder scream broke out and echoed throughout the streets. Then another and another. I looked back to my parents and saw them staring up so I followed their gaze.

On the balcony of the 3rd or 4th floor was a woman who was crying hysterically and screaming for help. A man came out on the porch behind her, grabbed her by the hair and threw her down on the floor away from the view of the street. I could see something gleaming in his hand but I didn't register that until much later. All I saw then was his back flexing in a really odd way as his arms were being thrown towards the woman who's screaming was now mixed in with strange gurgling sounds. It didn't take long for her to stop screaming but the gurgling continued for a bit as the man stood straight up and walked inside.

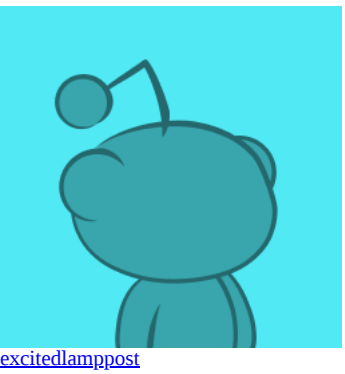
We called the police and waited around for a half hour, but the fear started to settle in and i started freaking out that the man might come down and get to me. We decided to go home and tell our friend to make sure the police gets there. Two hours later we got a call from our friend saying the police got there, knocked on the door, the man answered and they asked if everything was ok. After the man responded with "yes" the police just left.

I was angry when I found out what happened and this experience scared me for life. Even now I often have nightmares about the man turning around on that balcony and jumping down. Since I never saw his face, my nightmares never bother to make one for him.

TLDR: I watched a woman get stabbed to death when I was 7. Police didn't do anything about it.

gingerninja300
• 13y ago

doppelgangers, man. Basically it's the idea that there is another you somewhere in the world, or maybe in the mirror, that wants to take your place. Just look in the mirror and imagine that it's another person looking back at you and thinking totally different, potentially sinister, thoughts.



excitedlamppost
• 13y ago

Earlier this year, I came home from college for winter break. The first couple of days it was just my dad and I home alone because my mom and brother were at my grandparents.

My room is in the front of the house, completely isolated from the rest of the bedrooms. There is no insolation in the room either. All in all in its kind of a shitty room, unless you are trying to sneak out and can handle landing in a bunch of thorn bushes. My room was also the guest bedroom, since we only have 3 bedrooms. So, my grandparents also regularly stay in this room.

Now the scariest moment of this year for me. I began to fall asleep and Im sound asleep, until I feel all of my covers being thrown back, sort of like when your mom is coming to wake you up in the morning because you are late for school. This felt so odd, but for some reason I didnt open my eyes. I tried to hide under the covers to the left me, since its a queen sized bed. I held them tight over my face until they too were thrown from me. At this moment I began to yell for dad, "Dad what the fuck is going on. Dad, come here. Dad... Dad.... Dad... Jesus Christ Wake up..." Either he was sound asleep, I was dreaming this, or none of it came out. You know when you are scared shitless and think you are being manly in your scream, but nothing comes out but a whimper?

I know reddit has a strong atheist community, but in the back of my head I began saying my "Our Father" because if I was going to die, at least I had some peace of mind. This wasn't a human being. I finally open my eyes, and there it is...

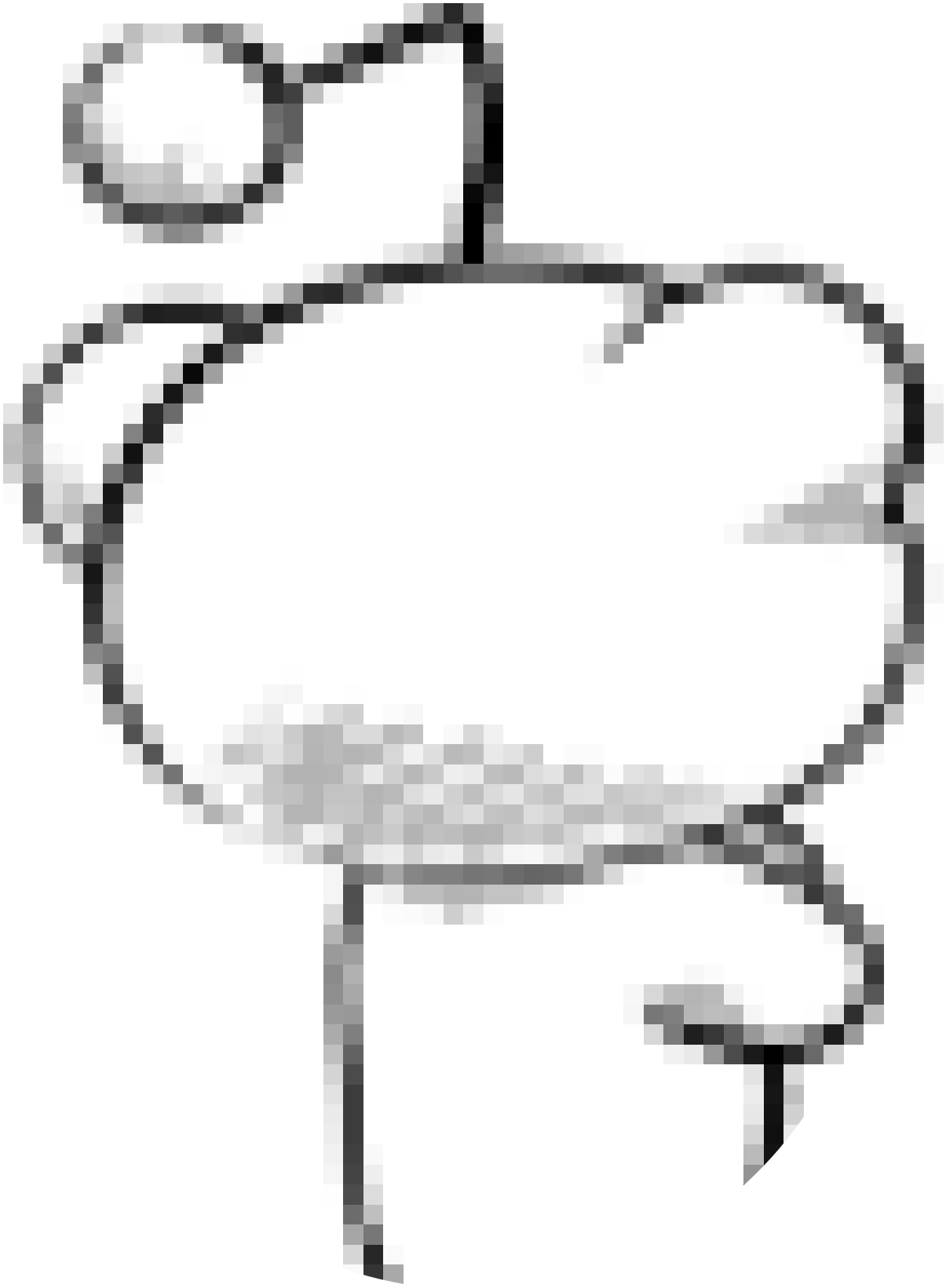
I am a night owl ever since I dated an insomniac. She conditioned me to stay up at ungodly hours. Sometimes when I'm up late I tend to see things out of the corner of my eye in the hallway while I am watching TV.

Back to the story, he didn't move. It felt like hours we stared at each other. But then he just disappeared.

The owner of the house before us had a heart attack in the hallway. He had three children. He is looking for them. He isn't evil. He is a lost soul checking to see if his kids have come back yet...

*Had a little stain.....

TLDR- Back from school, "something" pulled back my covers in my sleep and we stared at each other for "hours."



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Probably riding a bike in an open field with tall grass with friends, only to come across a pile of what appeared to be human bones. Didn't know if they were real, and I don't want to know.

lunchylady
• 13y ago

My dad passed away at 68 about two years ago from complications of Parkinson's and Early Onset Alzheimer's Disease. He was diagnosed in 2006 and died in October of 2011. It was a very quick downhill fall for him and unfortunately, the first part of his brain affected took away his ability to communicate properly. He would garble incoherently-if he talked at all. After that came the forgetting and all of the other ugly stuff that comes with this awful disease. So, not only did I have to come to terms with the fact that my dad, who was awesome beyond belief, could not talk to me....but he'd completely forgotten himself and everyone else. He couldn't say I love you, had no idea who you were and the look in his eyes was so tellingly lost that the word heartbreak is an understatement. The man I had looked up to my entire life would look at me like I was a stranger and, no matter how much I knew there was no way I would get him back to who he used to be, I swear I lost something from myself each and every time I looked at him.

The day he was diagnosed officially, he was till coherent and had the presence of mind to lay out what he wanted from us in the coming years. He went through everything from home care to nursing homes to finances, making sure that whatever happened, we never had any doubt about what he would want. One of his main requests was-if he got sick and his mind was totally gone, we were to go out of our way to let it take him if it was possible. He also said that, if he could do it, the day that day came he would come back for just a second and remind us that it was okay...that this was what he wanted. He added on a comical, "I'll probably have to, anyways. You and that mother of yours are hard headed assholes, sometimes, ya know?"

That day eventually came when he coughed while eating and aspirated some food. He became ill with aspiration pnuemonia, a very difficult to treat bacterial type that progresses fairly slowly.

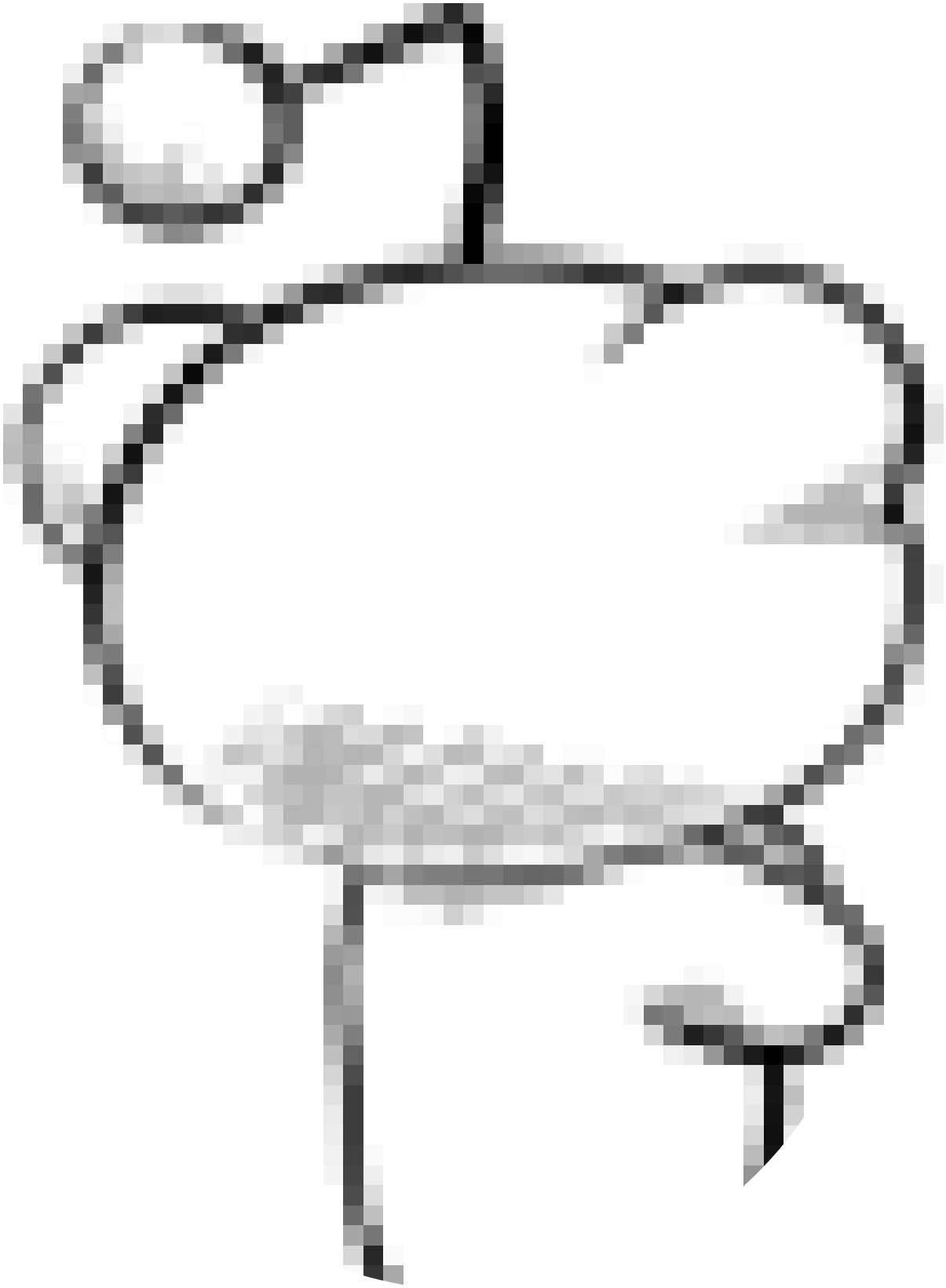
Before we knew what happened, he was in the VA Hospital hooked up to IV's, etc...we didn't want to let him die, regardless. It was selfish, yes. But, you have to realize that this was a very loved man....that isn't something you give up easily. Also, we really are the hard headed assholes he says we are.

My mom went downstairs to eat one afternoon while I sat with him. I'd turned on some classical music (his favorite) to help calm him as he'd been thrashing a bit. He immediately settled down, and I took a minute to talk to him while it was just the two of us. I'd just gotten done saying, "Dad. If you're in there I want you to know that I love you." He'd been kind of looking away and he turned and looked at me and for two seconds I saw his vacancy relent and he said, "Let him go now." I think I might have cried for an entire day after that. The next afternoon my mom and I agreed to take him to Hospice and he died two days after that. Peacefully and the way he wanted.

I don't believe much in ghosts or supernatural things in general, but I do believe that you can find your way back to the people you love and, in some way or another, comfort them. I don't know how my dad did it.....but I am hoping like hell I'll one day be able to do the same for my family.

DolphinRoots
• 13y ago

I hate myself for clicking on these questions.



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• 13y ago

This story may not scare all of you, but it sure did me, and my family. So in my parents walk in closet theres an attic door on the ceiling. We never really put anything in the attic and im pretty sure we'd never even opened it in the decade we'd lived here. But one day, randomly, the attic door was open. It was on a slant, kind of jammed in there, and the side of the plank for the door was chipped. It kind of looked like rat bitings or maybe just exaggerated rough edges of ply wood. Me and my family didnt think much of it but on the inside we were all creeped out. My dad, being a busy lawyer type guy never really did much around the house and so the door stayed open for about a week.

One day me, my three sisters, and their friend grabbed a chair to try and close it. I wasnt exactly tall enough to get a good grip, but even trying my hardest the door wouldnt budge. We thought, whatever, Dad'll do it tonight. On the way out of the room i distinctly remember walking behind my sisters, scaring them, laughing it off, and turning off the light. The light was off, i swear by it.

When we were at the bottom of the stairs we heard a noise from the room and the light was on.

We ran outside and i grabbed my Guitar Hero 2 guitar as a makeshift weapon as the badass hero i am. We faced the house standing on the driveway and my sister called the police.

Once the police got there we explained what happened and they went into the attic. apparently my attic is small so it just has insulation on the ground and is not really intended for storage or whatever. But the cops said there was nothing but imprints in the insulation. Like foot or hand spots or something. Creepy.

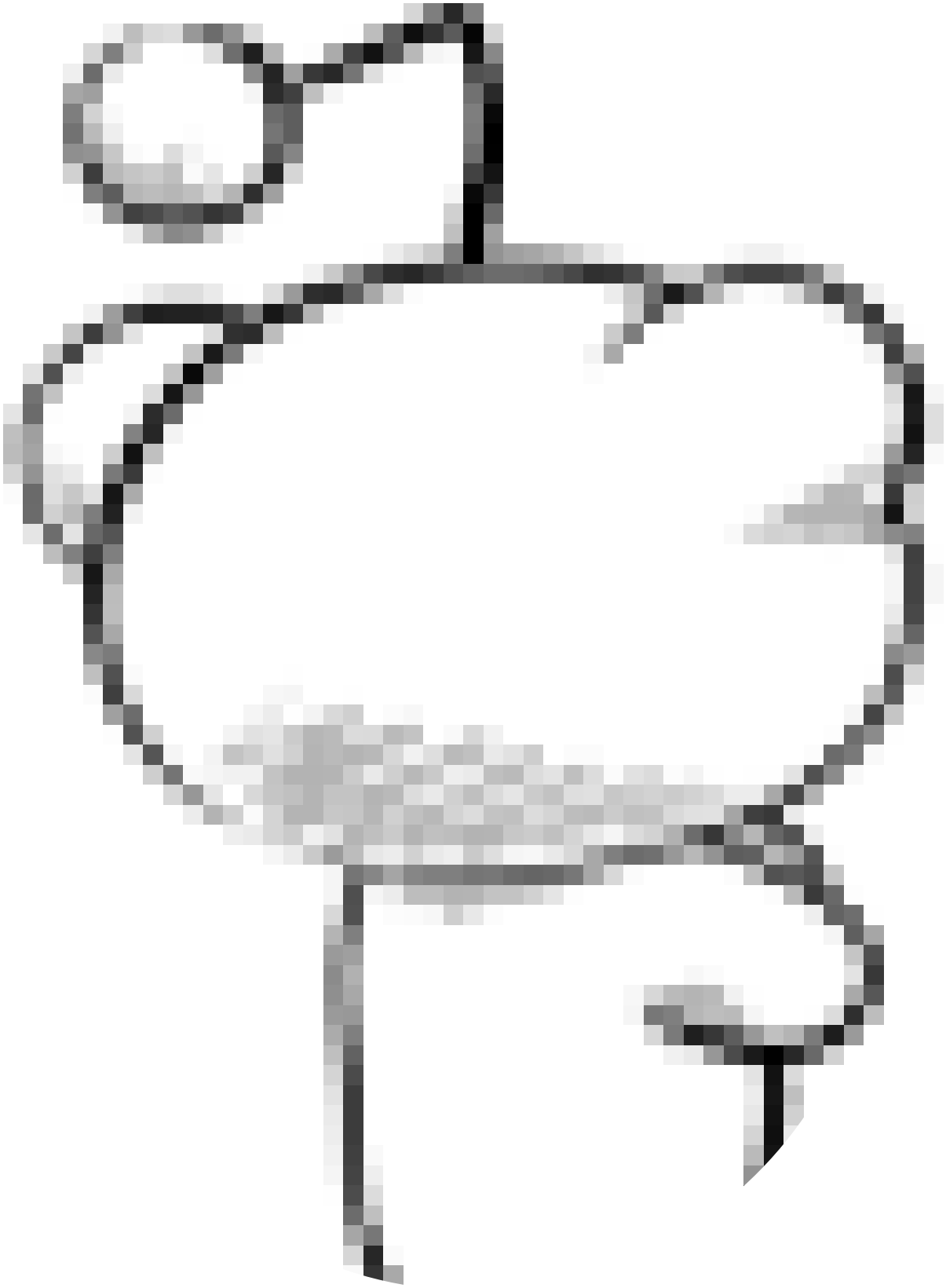
About a month later everything was fine til when my sister called me from her car and picked me up from my friends place. She sounded spooked. Apparently while my sister was home alone my dad got a call on his phone from "Home". He answered the phone saying "Hey sweety" or whatever, knowing my sister was home alone. What he got back was "I need your help Dale (my dads name)". We did donuts around my neighbourhood until everyone was home and searched the house. Nothing. It was weird. Nothings happened since then and this was 4ish years ago.

RagdollFizzix
• 13y ago

While in Iraq in 2006 during my time as a young soldier in the US Army, I was stationed at Camp Taji, in Al-Taji. It was the largest army base in Saddam's Iraq. And in an abandoned building in a far flung corner of that base, I found a small torture chamber.

The army was only using a portion of the base, so there were large swaths of the base where every building was abandoned and run down. Some buddies and I were driving around exploring the base. In a nondescript, sand colored, squat structure, with graffiti and broken furniture everywhere, I found a plain, empty room. The size of a small bathroom, the interior walls were painted black. It had no windows. The door frame had a lock on the outside. There was a floor drain, holes (as if for bolts or hooks for restraints) in the walls, ceiling, and floor, and a large stain around the drain.

Worst was the scratches. There were huge, long scratches, all over the walls. They were absolutely human, made by multiple people. It looked like a room from silent hill, and it just had this heavy feeling of suffering about it. I was very uncomfortable, knowing that people had experienced a great deal of pain where I was standing.



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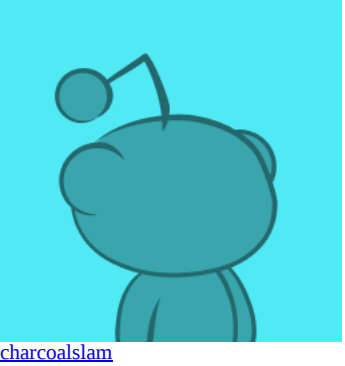
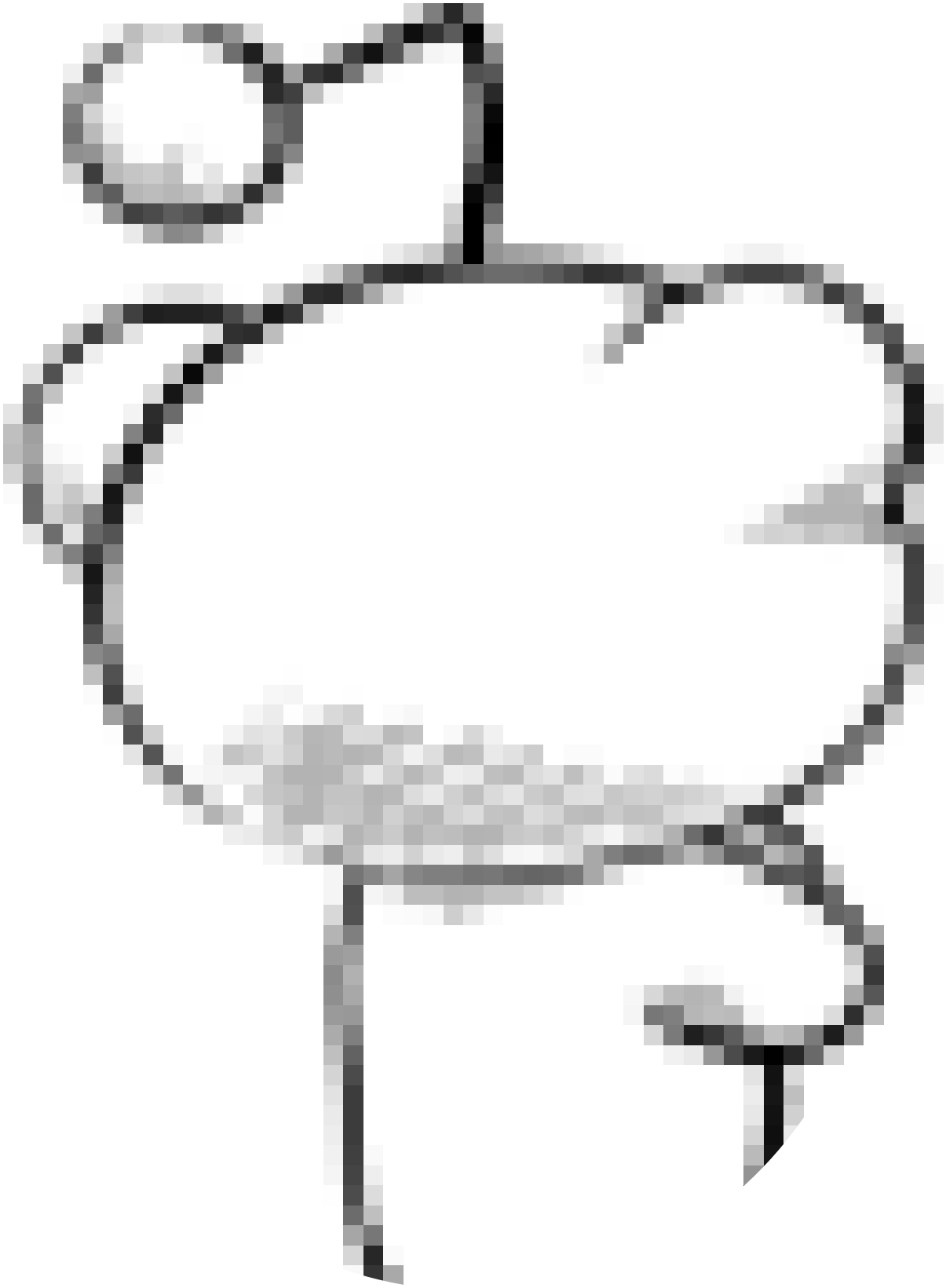
• 13y ago

One of the creepiest things that happened to me was when I was around 10 years old. So, we were driving to my church's kids camp and we had to stop by a Fred Myers to buy some things for the camp. We were in there for around 15 minutes and I suddenly had a urge to take a crap. So, I told my grandma I would go to the bathroom and I left, once I came to the bathroom I went into a stall and as I started taking my pants off I heard a guy go into the stall next to me. No one else was in the bathroom and before I get to relief myself I hear the guy ask in a old crispy voice: "Hey, does anyone know what time it is?" And, as a kid, not knowing better I answered in my high pitched voice: "Noo". I got a little bit creeped out, but then he didn't say anything right away and I calmed down a little and was about to crap, when I heard him ask again: "You wanna see something special?" After that I didn't have to crap anymore and as fast as I can I said "NO" and he said: "I'll show you my penis!". God, when I heard him say that I ran out as fast as I could and had to zip my pants while walking through the aisle to my grandma. I tried holding in my fear, but in about a minute I started to cry and I was really scared. After I started crying we came up to a worker there and I told him everything, sadly though we had to leave, to get to the bus that leaves from church, and I never got to see that man. After this incident I was pretty scared to use public restrooms for a while.



charcoalslam
• 13y ago

My housemate was out of town last week and I had just finished reading 'Salem's Lot at like 11pm. Good a time as any to go to sleep. I sit bolt upright in bed at 1am because I hear the toilet downstairs flush. The best part about this is that the toilet is kind of broken so unless you go down and fiddle with it it won't stop flushing. So I go downstairs, fiddle with it, and finally realize I should be terrified that it flushed on its own. I grabbed my car keys and drove to a nearby park where I slept in my car until the sun came up. Only then did I return home.



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• 13y ago

....There's this certain picture, and to me, it's the scariest out there. I'm damn sure not going to go look for it because I don't ever want to see it again. I'll explain what I can remember from it.

The picture is of a dog is a mostly dim room. The picture is taken at the dog level as you can see a hand petting the dogs head, but it's not your average dog. The hair on the dog's head seems to be more human like than it should be and it skin seems to be tinted a bit more red than a dog's would be. The shape on it's skull even seems a bit unnatural. None of those compare to the dog's face though. I don't remember anything about the nose, or the eyes, but the human like grin on the dog's face, as it looks right back at you through the picture... it's horrible.

If you want to find it, I believe it's called smile.jpg

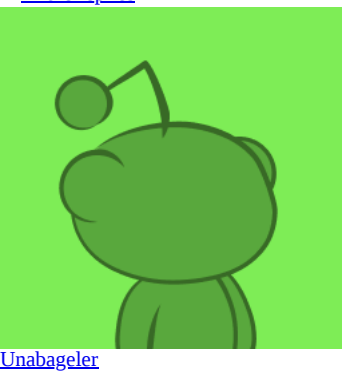
scubed
• 13y ago

I was walking across a bridge near a city close to Niagara Falls. There was a really old house at the start of the bridge that was known for "paranormal activity" and the Radio station that rented it out would always have crazy stories about ghosts and what not. I dont believe in ghosts so I never really payed attention. As my friend and I were walking across the bridge, I looked out towards a path that was directly beneath us. About 200 metres away amongst the dark brush was this white object that was moving towards us. It kinda looked like a person but as it got closer I couldn't see any definition of a head. I saw legs, a torso, and arm swaying back and forth but no head. I quickly stop and ask my friend if he sees it. He confirms. It keeps walking slowly towards us and as more definition comes to light I notice that this "ghost" is doing something with one of his hands as he is walking.. Yes.. the ghost was jerking off. This is when we both finally notice that there is some sort of black cloth on the head of the "ghost" (probably a t-shirt) and that this ghost wasn't a ghost.. but some whiteass naked dude out for a midnight-wank. My immediate reaction was to yell "ARE YOU OK?!" in which he turn around and hid behind a bush. I yelled again "WE CAN STILL SEE YOU". I later found out he does this a lot and the last time someone saw him, he had a large chip bag on his head.

TL;DR - Thought I saw a headless ghost, but it turned out to be a naked white guy masturbating with a shirt over his head.

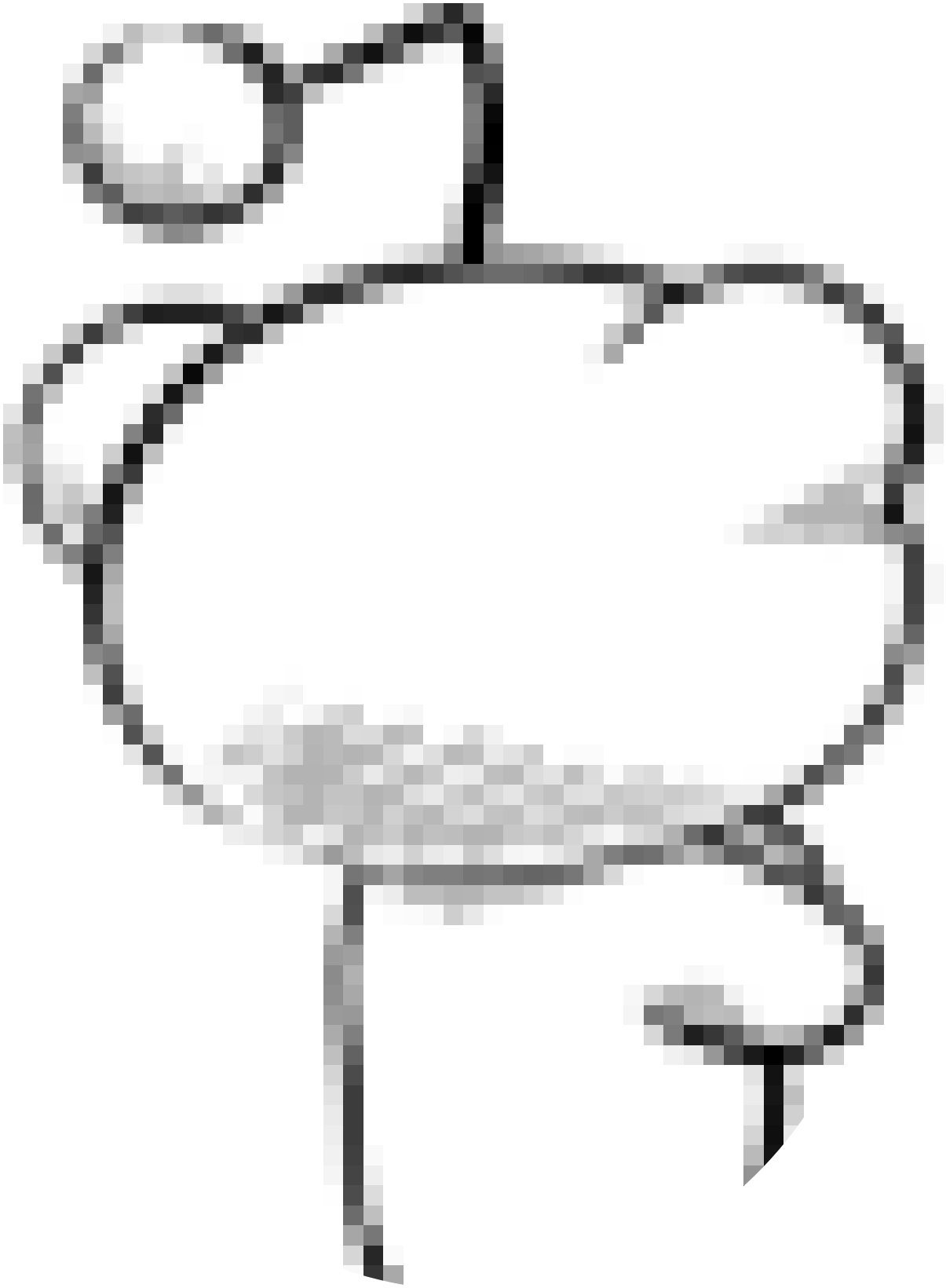
2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies



Unabageler
• 13y ago

One time I was playing cards with some friends. One guy got up and started throwing chairs at me. Turns out he was schizophrenic and I was the voice inside his head.



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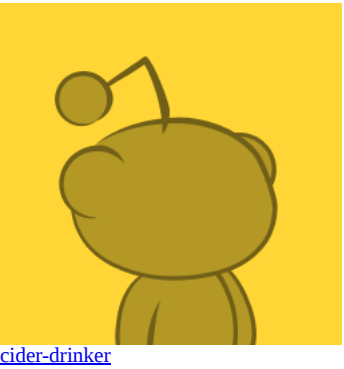
• 13y ago

Last halloween season me and my boyfriend were upstairs watching TV around 1am. My room mates are huge on halloween decorations, so we had all kinds of noise making heads and things outside in the lawn. Me and my boyfriend hear a sound of what seems to be a woman weeping really loud coming from downstairs. We hear it twice, one weep after the other with a little pause in between. I flip out and ask him if he heard it so I didn't feel crazy, and he shook his head yes. I was freaked out so I sent him downstairs to inspect the situation. He came back upstairs after a few minutes and said that there was nothing down there. My room mates have a little dog, and she sleeps downstairs. She was shaking violently and followed him back up stairs. She jumped in my bed and hid under the covers, which she never does. My room mate the next day tried to blame it on the halloween decorations outside making noise, but you could barely hear them from the inside of the house, let alone upstairs where my room is. I made him go outside to purposely set them off to show him how quiet they are when you're inside. Me and my boyfriend still have no clue what the fuck that weeping sound was, and we havent heard her since. There's some mexican legend about a woman who weeps for her children or some shit? La Llarona I believe. I'm just gonna blame it on her.

Grizblod
• 13y ago

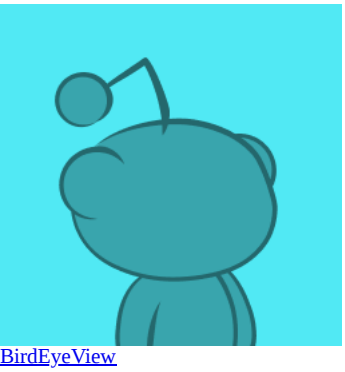
My parent's were hiking in Scottland during the summer. They had been walking for a good couple of hours when they reached a folleage of high bushes and tree's, They realised they had to go through it or else they'd be stuck in the highland's long after dark. As soon as they entered the forrest they started to feel the smell of something rotten anyhow they pushed on and about half an hour later the stench was unbearable and it was starting too get dark. As they where moving further into the forrest they saw a light like the kind of light fire's give away, they walked toward's it and discoverd the source of the horrid smell, Dozzens of dead cow's,goats and hundred's of dead squirrels and bird's all hanging from the tree branch'es above them. The "Ritual site" was a circle with a diameter of about teen to twelve meter's and in the center was a rectangle with a bunch of what they described later as "those celtic sqribbles". They jogged out of the "ritual site" and walked with a brisk pace out of the forrest and got a pint at a pub at the closest village. The story was told in our family when they got back home and was known as the "animal sacrifice story"

(Sorry for bad grammar)



cider-drinker
• 13y ago

I went to watch game of thrones and it wasn't on scariest thing ever



BirdEyeView
• 13y ago

About 2 years ago I used to live in a house that gave me some creepy vibes. Not bad necessarily, but just creepy. It was a brand new house too. We were the first to live in it. I am an only child so I was home alone a lot. While living there things progressively got more and more weird like seeing things in my peripheral, certain areas of a room being freezing cold etc. I have moved out of the house and since never experienced these things again. My friend still lives in that community and says she has also experienced weird unexplainable things. But there was two different occasions of creepiness I will never forget.

First instance: One night my mom came home from work and passed by my room to say hi and continued walking. It was only us two home at the time. I went to her room and sat on her bed to chit chat about how our days were. She was in the bathroom so I couldn't see her from where I was sitting and you have to pass the bed walking out from the bathroom to exit the bedroom. So we're talking and all of a sudden my mom isn't replying anymore. I started to call "Mom. Mom?" I eventually yell for her and from a distance I hear "WHAT!?" I walk out of the room to the kitchen and she had been in the kitchen the entire time and was never in the bathroom. She later asked if I had turned her lights in her room which were like that when I went into her room.

Second instance: One rainy night I was watching tv alone when I started to hear some strange noises. One of the noises was what sounded like the toilet seat dropping. I went to go check it but it was always up. The noise happened about 3 times. It eventually stopped and I kept on watching tv and didn't mind it. Later I started to hear a low thumping noise. I figured since it was raining it might be some distant thunder. But the thumps would crescendo like some body was running on their heels down my hallway. I would mute my tv and listen carefully for it but I could never catch it. I thought I was just being paranoid until it happened again and my dog jumped up onto my bed with her ears pointed looking out to my hallway. All the lights in my house were off which made the situation that much more creepy. I muted my tv to listen again. Then I heard it. This time it started really low and grew really loud really quick towards my door. I jumped up, shut my door, grabbed my phone, wallet, keys, jacket, dog and noped the fuck out through my window. I waited outside in the rain for an hour until my parents came home.

CharredCereus
• 13y ago

Oh man. MAJOR RAMBLE INC. I think this counts anyway? Certainly nothing I can imagine is scarier than this because for me, *in each incident it feels 100% real to me, it is actually happening.*

For most of my life I have suffered from something called Sleep Paralysis.

For those who don't know, sleep paralysis is sort of like a glitch in how your brain runs the REM sleep process.

The transition between wakefulness and sleep is disrupted, and what happens is you're completely unable to move, but you're awake - your brain thinks you're still sleeping though so you will "dream" while conscious and awake. And basically, what this does is it makes you hallucinate. And for some reason your brain prefers nightmares to be the source of material for shit you get to see.

The anticipation is almost as bad as the actual episode. Though they've slacked off of late, I used get them VERY frequently - sometimes several times a week. I live in constant fear of them. I try to put off sleep for as long as I can, but that in itself is not a good solution because I will sometimes get attacked as I'm dozing off, which is obviously more likely to happen when I'd dead on my feet.

It was particularly bad a while years ago, round about when I was about 14 - I spent most of my time in a zombielike state because I was too terrified to sleep in case I had an attack again, but going for so long without sleeping (I think I managed 8 days straight, once) was KILLING me. Like seriously. If you've ever been severely sleep deprived you will know the feeling - you

can't think. You can't eat. You can feel your heart making weird movements. You see and hear shit. You alternate between your entire body strangely warm in individual sections, like a pulled muscle, and completely numb. I couldn't focus my eyes - I was scared if I blinked I'd just fall asleep, so I tried not to as much as I could. Fuck knows how I managed in school. Pretty sure my teachers thought I was on drugs.

I couldn't escape sleep forever though - the nights I got through clear were like.. It was the best feeling. To go for so long with no rest and then sleep for like a whole day and night right through with nothing bad happening. Fucking amazing feeling. And then the dread set in, because if it didn't happen that night it must be tomorrow right?

I should probably describe what I was actually fleeing. I'm sure anyone reading this is getting bored of my wall of rambling.

One of the things that gets me every time, no matter the severity of the attack, is the impending sense of doom and fear. I don't know why it gets me so bad. I don't even think it has anything to do with what's happening, it just happens when it starts and doesn't let up until it's over - I can't think. I can't take a full breath. I shake like a leaf, my vision blurs... All I want to do is scream until my lungs tear themselves apart from the force of it, but I can't even twitch. Not a muscle. Any movement is totally involuntary. It's a terror beyond logical thought, that takes me from my usual steeliness to a place of pure animal terror. Words can't describe it - I'm trying but there's just nothing that does it juistice. It's like my heart is being crushed in a vice, like my body has become a fatal prison, I feel like I could genuinely die from it. And at the time, that's all I want. I just want die. I want my heart to explode, I want my mind to break, I want whatever's tormenting me to just take me and tear me brutally from living so that I don't have to suffer any more. I would rip my own body to pieces to escape it.

Fuck, maybe it's a good thing I can't move when it's happening, I would have killed myself a long time ago.

The things I see, as well... Oh fuck me. Nobody likes seeing nightmares, but when they're as real to you as anything else around you for the duration of the episode... I feel everything. Nothing like being wrenched from sleep by the decaying, brutalized corpse of your childhood best friend raping you while it pulls out your intestines and chews on them, eh? And that's pretty tame as far as they usually go. Waking up with bramble-like vines growing into your flesh and sprouting through your body, sucking away your blood as you withers away into a dessicated wreck isn't pleasant either. Then there's the ones where I'm not in my room when I wake up, I'm in some hellscape for the entire duration of the episode.

Sometimes I just relive bad memories in horrific detail with bonus nightmare seasoning, sometimes I'm being eaten alive, sometimes I get raped and literally torn apart, other times I'm being brutally tortured by whatever monster features in my mind tonight, quite often things happen to me that I can't even write about, sometimes I'm being held down while other people I know have all of the above done to them. Occasionally I also get out-of-body experiences. These tend to get *very strange and **extremely** fucked* up even in comparison to all the other shit.

Sometimes I can't even describe what's happening. It's like breaking through to another dimension the human mind can't comprehend. Loads of shit happening that I simply cannot process. Nothing makes any kind of sense at all. Those episodes are weird as fuck, but equally scary. No nice vision quests or acid trips, this is pure extrasensory fuckery that is not nice to experience. It literally feels like my brain has just broken and everything is mixed and fucked up and I have senses that I shouldn't have while my old ones are not working or haywire. There is no gravity or light or sound or color but there is most definitely SOMETHING. Usually I have to go and be sick after I wake up from these ones.

So, I was going to talk more about it but jesus christ I'm freaking myself out and I'm kind of worried I'm tempting fate. This qualifies as creepy right, knowing your own brain doesn't give a fuck about driving you batshit insane?

Wanna know a fun fact? Almost everybody experiences sleep paralysis once in their life and it just isn't that bad or they don't know what happened, or thought it was just a weird nightmare. And nobody knows what REALLY causes it, or how to reduce the chances of it happening. Fuck, you might be an unfortunate bastard who'll be sharing my torment tonight! *Sweet dreams*. Appreciate every good night's sleep you get because you can't predict this shit happening to you.

Oh I pretty much suffer from crippling insomnia and suicidal depression because of this shit as well. This stuff is not good for you.

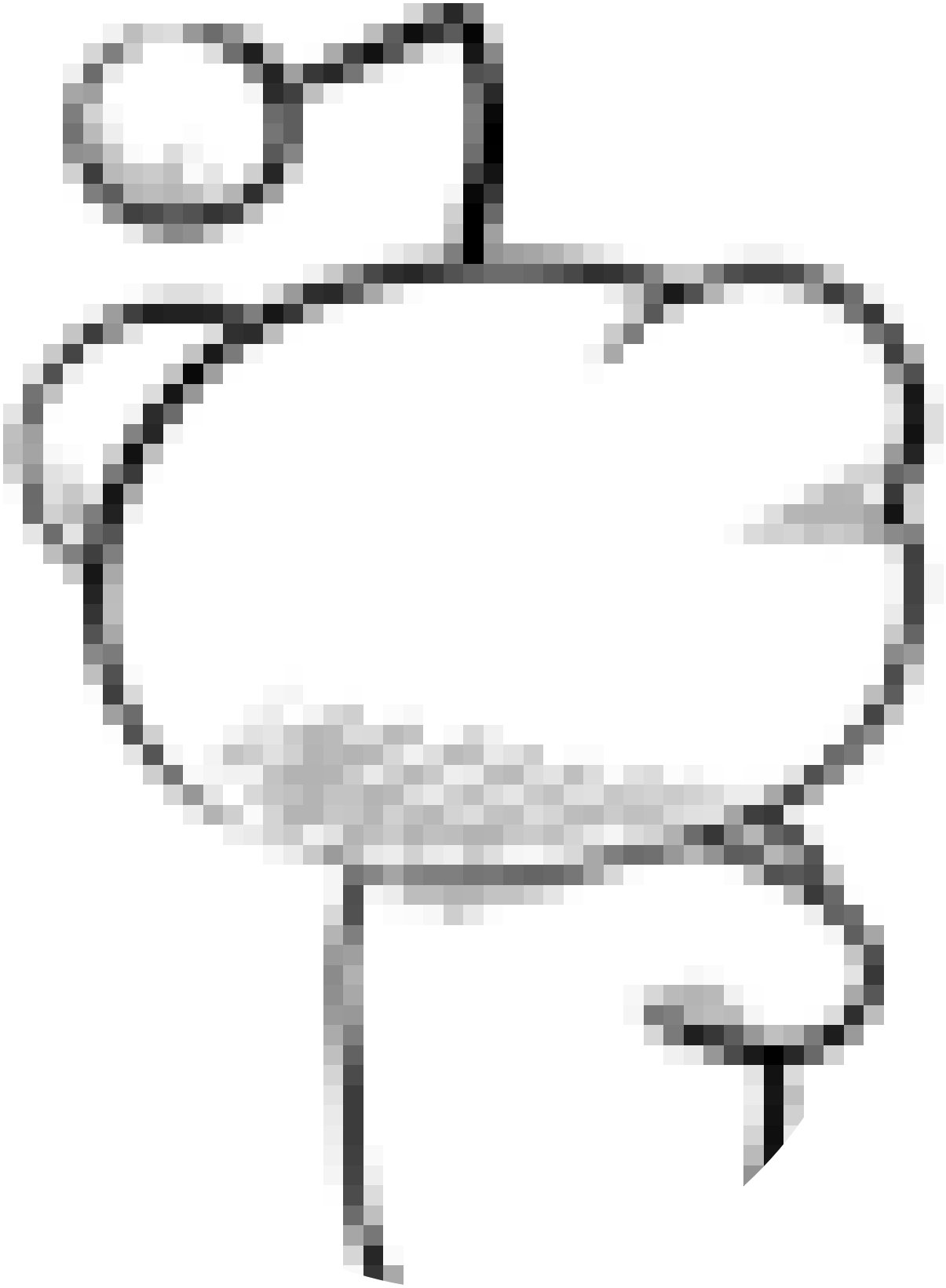
T***L;DR***: THE MIND IS A FUCKED UP THING, for me nothing is scarier than knowing when I go to sleep every night I might awaken into the worst kind of nightmare imaginable. And there's NOTHING I CAN DO except wait for it to be over.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

daschle04
• 13y ago

Not creepy but weird. I am often woken up in the middle of the night to a very strong smell of blueberry muffins. I get up to investigate expecting some strange midnight baking to be going on, but there is nothing. No one else smells it either. Or maybe my brain is broken.



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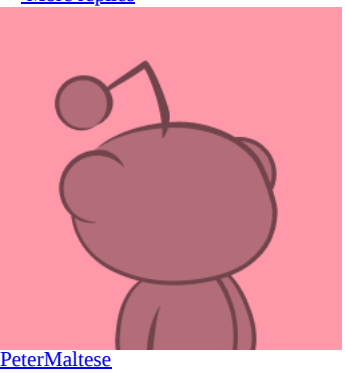
• 13y ago

When I was about 17 years old, I was driving to the next town over to visit my girlfriend during her dinner break. I think she was working at a pharmacy as a cashier at the time. The sun was setting and I switched on my head lights. In the few seconds immediately following, I saw an image that will never be erased from my mind's eye. Just 20ft ahead of me, in the gutter off to the right-hand side, there was a mass of human... just arms folded over legs, bent in positions that didn't make sense. He or she (you couldn't tell) was lying in a pile surrounded by a pool of blood. It was a lot of blood. More blood than I thought was in a human. A second later, I had driven past. At the time, I didn't really comprehend what I was looking at. Even as I pulled in to the parking lot of the pharmacy, I remember thinking, "did I really see that?" It's strange how your mind will take a picture of something and hold it for you so you can see it later. Even to this day, I can still see that scene. It was a hit-and-run that must have just happened. There were no cops, no crowd gathering, just a body and cars flying by with passengers wondering the same thing I was, "death?"

Tronzoid
• 13y ago

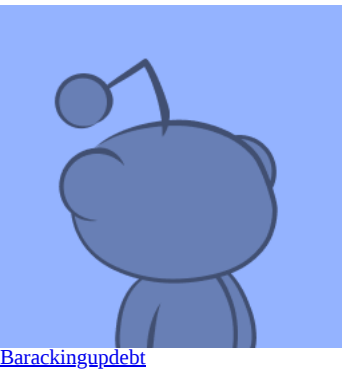
This http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies



PeterMaltese
• 13y ago

My mom in the shower!!!! OHHH!!!

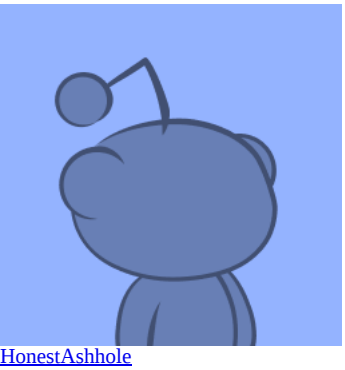


Barackingupdebt
• 13y ago

My friend from Singapore told me this tale. I had to drink heavily for two nights in a row just to fall asleep.

Apparently in the Singaporean Army they have a special protocol to deal with ghost sightings because they are fairly common in Malaysia, which is where the army trains for their orienteering program. You are literally supposed to tell the ghost to "fuck off", and apparently that works.

Anyways, the Singaporean recruits are told that the ghosts in Malaysia are hosted by trees in the forest, which is why many of the sightings occur in the woods. My friend was a second lieutenant in his brigade and was orienteering in a Malaysian forest with eight other soldiers. They were camping in an old graveyard and were digging small bunkholes around the perimeter of the graveyard so they could build some temporary housing. When my friend was standing in one of the small trenches that he had just dug with another soldier, they both threw their shovels back to ground level and prepared to exit, but encountered an apparition that they described as a woman with long hair, beady, unnaturally large black eyes, and a white gown. My friend stuck to his training and told her something along the lines of "Fuck off! Why are you here?!" In response, they heard a voice coming from behind them, and not from the figure they were looking at, say "Because all of the trees are full." This line devastated me for a few nights.



HonestAshhole
• 13y ago

Not particularly scary for me, but since a lot of these posts involve children and creepy behavior I guess I'll post:

My girlfriend runs a daycare out of our home so there is a dedicated playroom on the main floor. It's filled with enough toys to fill a store, most of which make some kind of noise. Every day at least one toy will spontaneously start making noise when nobody is in the room. She claims ghosts, I always attribute it to the toys being left on and stacked precariously so that they shift and buttons get pressed.

About three weeks ago, her youngest (a 2 year old) was tired and wanted to cuddle with me on the couch. We're laying on the couch talking about 2 year old problems when she freezes and stares wide-eyed into the playroom. I glance over my shoulder thinking one of the cats had spooked her and just see the dark, empty playroom.

"What's wrong, baby?" I asked. She still hasn't blinked and she's trembling when she says, "It('s) coming to get me." I asked, "What's coming to get you?" and she says, "I do(n't) know...that..." and points timidly over my shoulder.

"Something in the playroom?"

She nods and says, "Its dark."

"Of course it's dark, baby. The light is turned off." I said smiling and trying to comfort her.

"NO! It's DARK!" she whispered fiercely and then she lets out this strange panicked sound and mouths, "It's coming (to) get me!"

At this point she still hasn't blinked and I can hear her wetting her pull-up. She's clinging to me and tears are running down her cheeks. I gently remove her arms from around my neck and ask her if she wants me to scare it away. She nods really frantically so I get up off the couch and walk towards the playroom. Just as I'm about to turn on the light she shrieks startling the crap out of me. I turn to look at her and she's pointing past me again. I turn around and just see the playroom.

I flipped the light on and don't see either cat. I walk around the entire room, checking windows and the closet just to make sure everything is alright. When I'm sure the room is fine I step out turning off the light to the sound of one of the toys suddenly chiming "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star."

She lets out another scream as this happens so I run over and pick her up, done with whatever is going on. I took her upstairs put her in the bed with her mom, give her a flashlight and turn on a cartoon for her. My girlfriend asks what's going on and I tell the story. She's freaked and I explain that I'm going to the store to get flashlights for the girls to "fight the dark."

About 45 minutes later I get back with the flashlights and they're both in bed with mom. The little one has fallen asleep, but she's crying in her sleep and keeps twitching. I pick her up, carry her to her bed and turn her flashlight on, putting it in her hand. After tucking them both in I also turned on the closet light and put in an extra night-light in their room.

Since that incident they haven't had any nightmares except for the one occasion when both girls forgot their flashlights downstairs. The little one woke up screaming at about 2AM and didn't go back to sleep until she collapsed from exhaustion at almost 8PM that night. The entire day she was attached to me or her mom like a tiny koala. After that night she won't leave our sides without her flashlight. I'm thinking I'll need to get her another one as a backup.

TL;DR -- Girlfriend's youngest daughter thinks she sees something evil in the playroom, freaky coincidence coupled with crazy two-year old antics/nightmares led to purchase of flashlights and less nightmares.

[Edit] Corrected a couple of sentences for clarity

SasquatchPhD
• 13y ago

When I was younger I had a TV in my room and would stay up past my bedtime to watch more "grown up" shows. I'd roll up a blanket and put it against the crack under the door so the light wouldn't show and my dad would think I was asleep.

One night I was watching TV and heard a slow DUNK DUNK DUNK against the windows to my room. I froze. I thought for sure he had went outside to look in my window and catch me, but... that doesn't make any sense.

I ran out of my room to apologize to my dad and found him sitting in the living room, not thirty feet from my room, watching TV. He had no idea what I was talking about.

I'd totally forgotten that until just now. Fuck.

Solipsist_Nation
• 13y ago

I was staying in a hotel in Beijing, People's Republic of China about ten years ago. It was completely surreal! Other hotels had maybe a few cockroaches and yucky beds, but this one was straight out of a horror movie.

The reception looked ok, and you could even buy some cold Tsingtao beer for about 25 cents per bottle, as well as Oreos and Damage brand condoms (seriously!).

So, for the rest of the hotel. I checked in and was about to go to my room. With no knowledge of Mandarin, it was all a bit confusing but I got my key in the end. Getting into the elevator, I noticed what looked like blood spatter on the light fixtures in the ceiling. A bit off-putting, but whatever. I then pressed the button for what I thought was "close elevator doors". It was the button for "turn out elevator lights". Who the hell puts a button like that in the elevator? Anyway, it was not pitch black since the doors were not closed yet, and the same button luckily turned the light on again.

When the elevator stopped, I realized I was probably on the wrong floor, because it was very dark. Also, the floors were completely covered with white bedsheets. There was probably a rational explanation for it. Maybe a water leak? There was a lady there in hotel uniform voicelessly shooing me back into the elevator.

Finally on the right floor, fourth I think, everything is a bit brighter but... strange. It felt like a set of an early episode of Airwolf or something, having been left to collect dust for 20 years. Everything was silent. There was a sort of meeting area in the middle, spanning two floors, with a huge, tacky chandelier. I never saw anyone there, always dead quiet.

Arriving at my room, it looks ok at first, but I notice a sound of constant dripping. Apparently there is something wrong with the toilet cistern. Never mind, I go check the room itself. It has a big water mark in the ceiling like a Japanese horror movie and when I pull the curtains, the whole window is very dusty except for some dragged-out handprints. Not cosy. I am not a superstitious person, but this is where I start becoming nervous in earnest, drinking the vodka I brought straight from the bottle. Luckily, even though there are some cockroaches, nothing kills me during the night.

The next day, I go out. On the way, I notice there are mirrors EVERYWHERE in the hallways. Like every five feet. I am curious and look behind one. A big gaping hole big enough for somebody to come out of.

I get more nervous, and I am also drunk. I see no other people except my friends in the hotel. And, over the big atrium chandelier area I spot an open door behind which one naked, fat, white man sits watching a tiny TV that looks to be from the 1970s.

Back in my room, I decide to try to fix the toilet. I can do these things. But it was apparently broken and held together by glue. Toilet explodes causing water leak. I try to stop it unsuccessfully. Angry Chinese lady arrives scolding me for water leak and for being topless in my own room. I am moved to another room. I have caused the hot water for the hotel to stop functioning somehow. I drink more vodka. My phone rings. A woman with a husky voice asks "Massaaage?" I politely decline.

I go to my friend's room because I have tired of being drunk and alone. Friend and I drink together and hang out like normal people. The phone rings. I tell my friend that she should pick it up and ask Massage Girl (if it is her calling every customer in the hotel, as I suspect) how much for a happy ending. She obliges, and my hunch is right. At the other end, Massage Girl giggles and quotes her RMB 157.50 (about 25 dollars I think). An oddly specific number. My friend gets cold feet and tells Massage Girl "Sorry, I'm already happy!" and hangs up.

I wish I had a fancy ending to this but I think this was all there was to it. Then we went to the Great Wall and saw a man run up to a bear and hit it on the ass with a shovel.

**TL;DR: Not superstitious but had a Japanese horror experience in Chinese hotel. Survived. Happy ending was RMB 157.50. **

2 more replies
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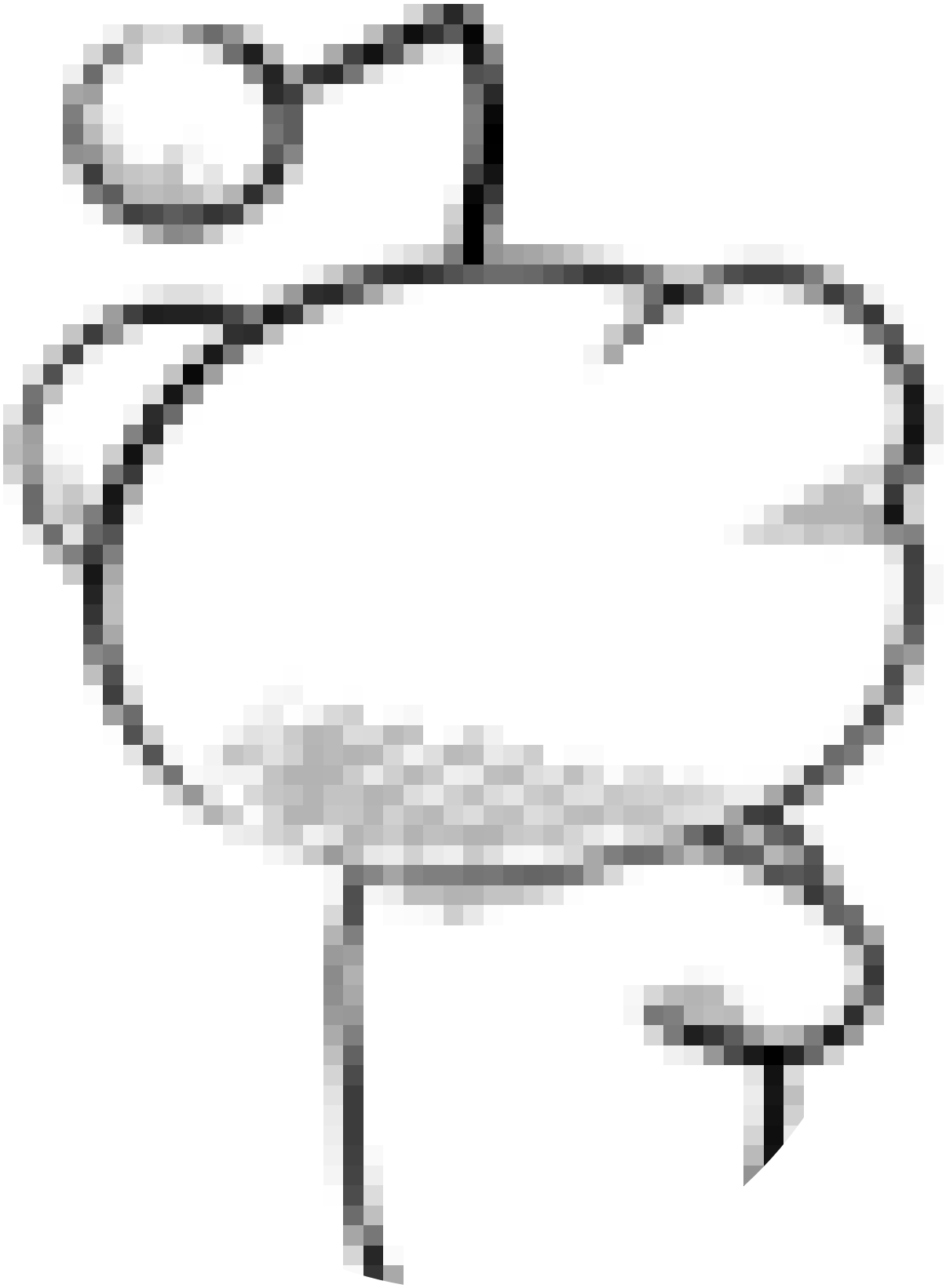
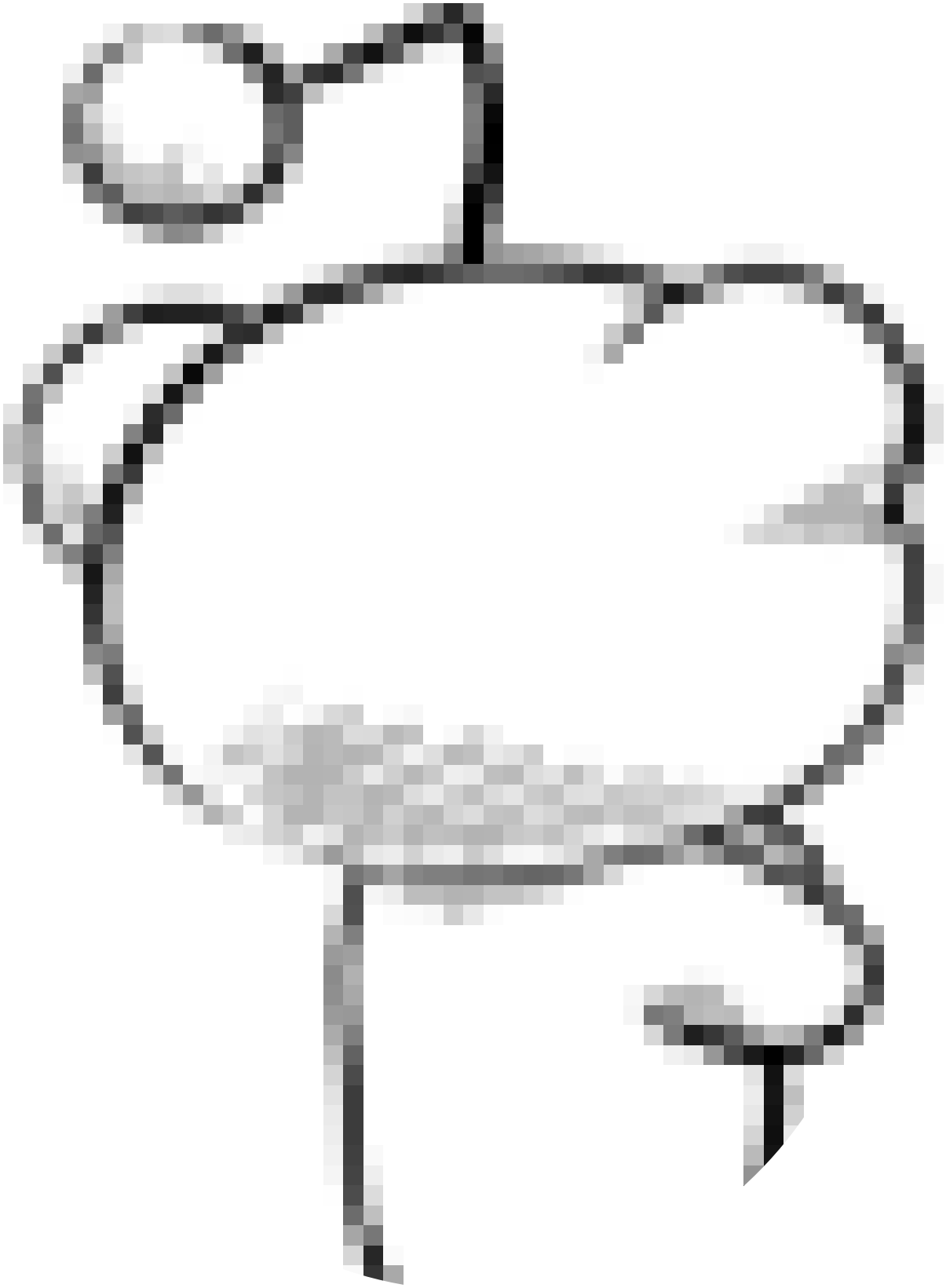


1standarduser
• 13y ago

some hot chicks, knowingly with AIDS, go out and bang tons of dudes at the local bars...



[deleted]
• 13y ago

2 years ago I was at a grocery store buying a bunch of stuff for my empty fridge. There was this early 40's man I passed by while browsing and didn't think anything of it. Minutes later he's right next to me, staring the whole time as I grab some chips. Creeped out I walk down another aisle with him following at a distance. Walk to another one again to see that he's still there. Wanted tell employees, but it's just gonna make a bigger scene and I wanted to get out of the store without the creeper noticing.

So as I was standing in line, he left all of his stuff behind and waited for me by one of the entrances. He finally took his eyes off me looking outside and that's where I dropped my shit ducked behind the counters and raced for the other exit. Saw him at the entrance opposite of me looking back in the store searching for me, I fuckin ran to the car while ducking and gtfo asap.

tldr creeper following me throughout grocery store. made a plan to leave unnoticed

brianstorms
• 13y ago

One time when I was about 11 or 12 I had woken up in the middle of the night, it was around 1:30am. I remember looking at the clock, which was right beside a double window. The curtains were closed.

Suddenly it was daytime, I mean, bright as sunshine outside. No sound, it was as if someone lit a stadium's worth of lights aimed right at the back yard of our house. It stayed on for about 10-15 seconds.

I wasn't sure what it was. First I thought maybe someone was awake and downstairs had turned on the light switch for the backyard patio, but that was one measly little light bulb. There were floodlights in the back, but even they were no match for the brilliant light that was coming in from outside.

Then the light went out just as suddenly as it went on. No sound. I was up and out of bed at this point and pulled back the curtain. Nothing. Black. Not a peep, no motion, nothing.

I left my bedroom and went out into the hall, and walked down the hall. My brother was just coming out of his bedroom. I asked him if he saw the light too. He said we was just about to ask me that question.

To this day, no explanation for what the light was. Note: there were just woods behind the house. No other houses, no power lines, no transformers, nothing but thick woods.

TuxRug
• 13y ago

I was watching Final Destination 5 in 3D at the theater. About halfway through I notice flashlights coming up the stairs, and then some people leaving. I figured it was the ushers escorting out a group of underage/prankster/perverted teenagers, so I paid no mind and went back to watching the movie.

The lights come up at the end credits, I comment to my friend how the movie was a little too gory for my taste and that I preferred the older movies in the series. As I get up and turn around, I notice the row behind us has been cleared out, and paramedics were working on a guy who seemed completely unresponsive.

TL;DR For the guy behind me, the movies may have been his Final Destination.

Jetto
• 13y ago

I ll make this short. but I and someone else entered a supposedly "haunted"building on campus on night.

lets us just say in just under 60mins. there were a lot of "coincidences"

I ll never forget that night

GingerPaki
• 13y ago

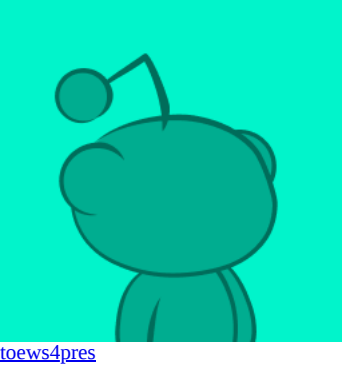
Oooo I love it when people ask this question! Makes for good reading.

Jarreddit15
• 13y ago

Went to pick my sister up last week around 3:00 AM in Brooklyn and was taking one of the main highways. Me and a group of about 4 other cars were being risky and driving about 80 (50mph limit) just in a pack near each other, no affiliation, but anyway the more important part. We see cop lights up ahead and we all SLOW down super super fast, maybe to about 30, since there were cops on both sides of the highway.

We pass what seemed to be a lot of police activity and tape on the other-side and I saw a a body laying out on the road and a single car just parked, Nissan Altima, in the left lane. The body was covered in bloody white sheets and a few other things.. (body parts?) were also covered in white bloody sheets along the road. Super scary and just sad.. Not the scariest, but one of them..

News:Article

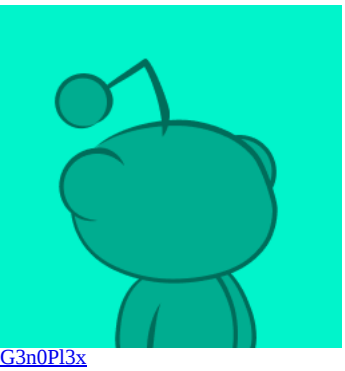


toews4pres
• 13y ago

I used to have a wind up stuffed clown that jingled "It's a Small World" while his head rocked side to side. Except I don't remember ever winding the damn thing. The first time I ever heard it was at 3 in the morning, when the ever so gentle tinkling echoed from behind my closet doors. 6 year old me had no idea what it was, so I got up, open the doors, and there the little red and white bastard was. He was perfectly at eye level, a foot from my face, slowly shaking his head at me. The lyrics of the song may be "It's a small world after all", but that night I heard "You're not going to survive the night after I eat your soul".

I slowly creeped back to my bed, heart about to explode, never breaking eye contact, and stared at the spawn of clown-Satan until he ran out of juice a few minutes later. I didn't get any more sleep that night.

A few years later I had a panic attack on that boat ride at Disney World.



G3n0Pl3x
• 13y ago

I lived in one house for a while which I always thought felt off somehow...Was explaining this to someone online once, when out of the corner of my eye I saw the handle to the door move downwards and then shoot back up a second later. Literally sat there for about half an hour just thinking 'Nope, Nope, Nope, Nope...' .

SageMoonblood
• 13y ago

I posted this somewhere else a while ago. It's something that happened to me last summer. One of my cousins died before I was born from a brain tumor at the age of five. In my room, I had a couple of her dolls sitting on my dresser. Over the summer, there was a night when I was up really late, past midnight. I was drawing, and I started hearing small noises from the corner of my bedroom. I shrugged it off, telling myself it was my air conditioner, which tended to make odd noises from time to time. But it continued, and it got louder. It sounded like a tinny electronic voice, like you'd hear from a child's doll. Now the noise began to move toward me, and I was petrified. It kept coming until it was right beside my bed on the side I was sitting on. I ran out of the room and the noise followed me out. I think she was really just trying to play with me, but the experience was still very scary. Needless to say, I don't have the dolls anymore.

savionen
• 13y ago

When I was 16, was getting ready for work. Was brushing my teeth in the bathroom, saw a figure run down the hallway wearing all white, with long black hair. Called out to them for a second and caught myself. Didn't really tell anyone about it. About a week later my girlfriend came sprinting from the other side of the house to tell me that there was a woman in white with no face staring at her while she was in the kitchen.

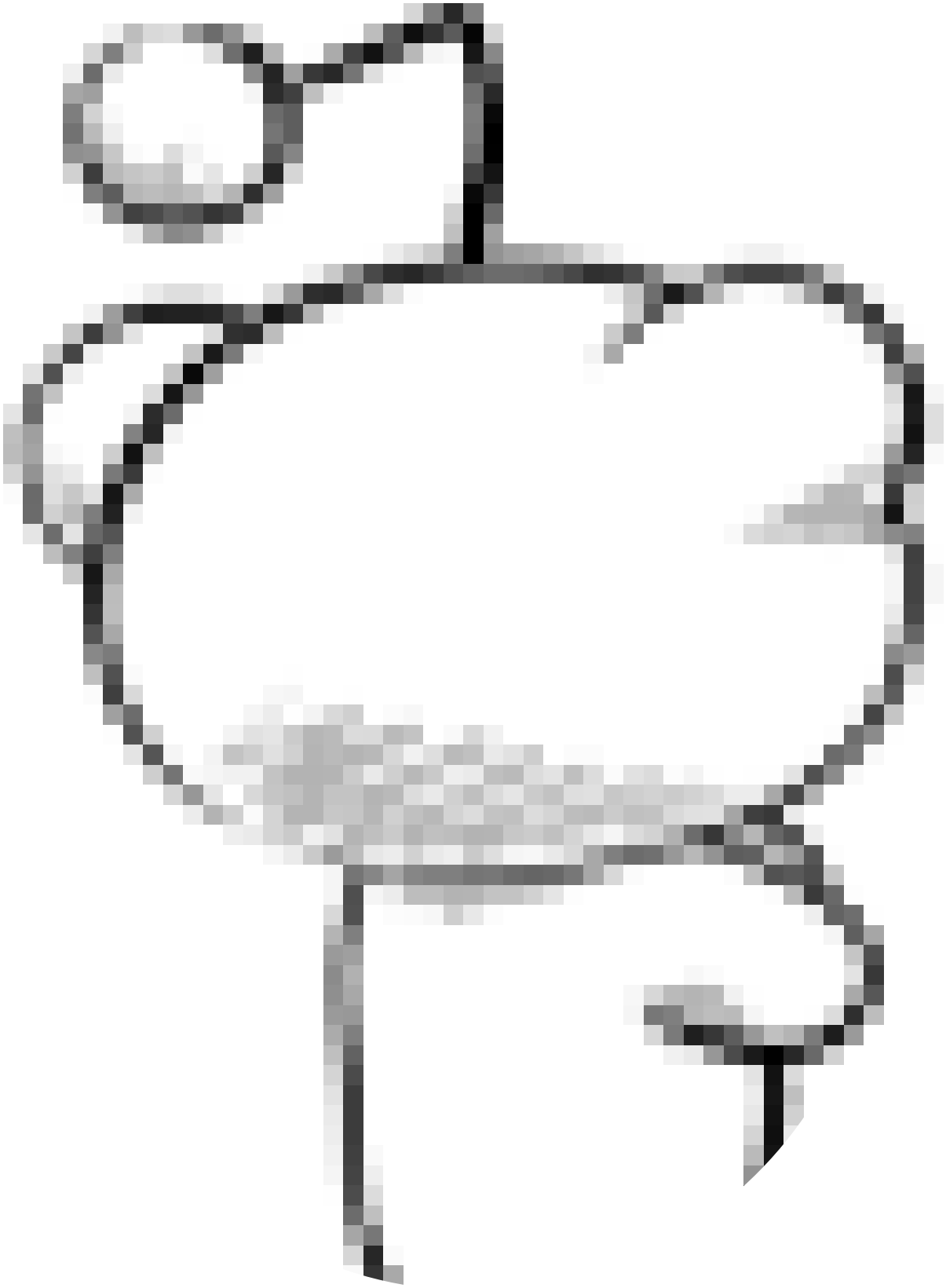
TelMegiddo
• 13y ago

This.

http://thinkprogress.org/climate/2012/09/27/501221/arctic-methane-release-the-end-of-the-world-as-we-know-it/?mobile=wp

seawop
• 13y ago

Lightning struck about 5 feet from me. I was looking out the window of my house with my sister and Mom and lightning struck the patio outside. It looked like a pillar of fire. The strike went through the air ducts of the house and grounded on the floor in my bedroom. I think I must have jumped backwards, because after it was over, I was much further from the window than where I started.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Found a person dead from drug overdose

YUSOMAD
• 13y ago

the story of flossdaily and the pub in long island

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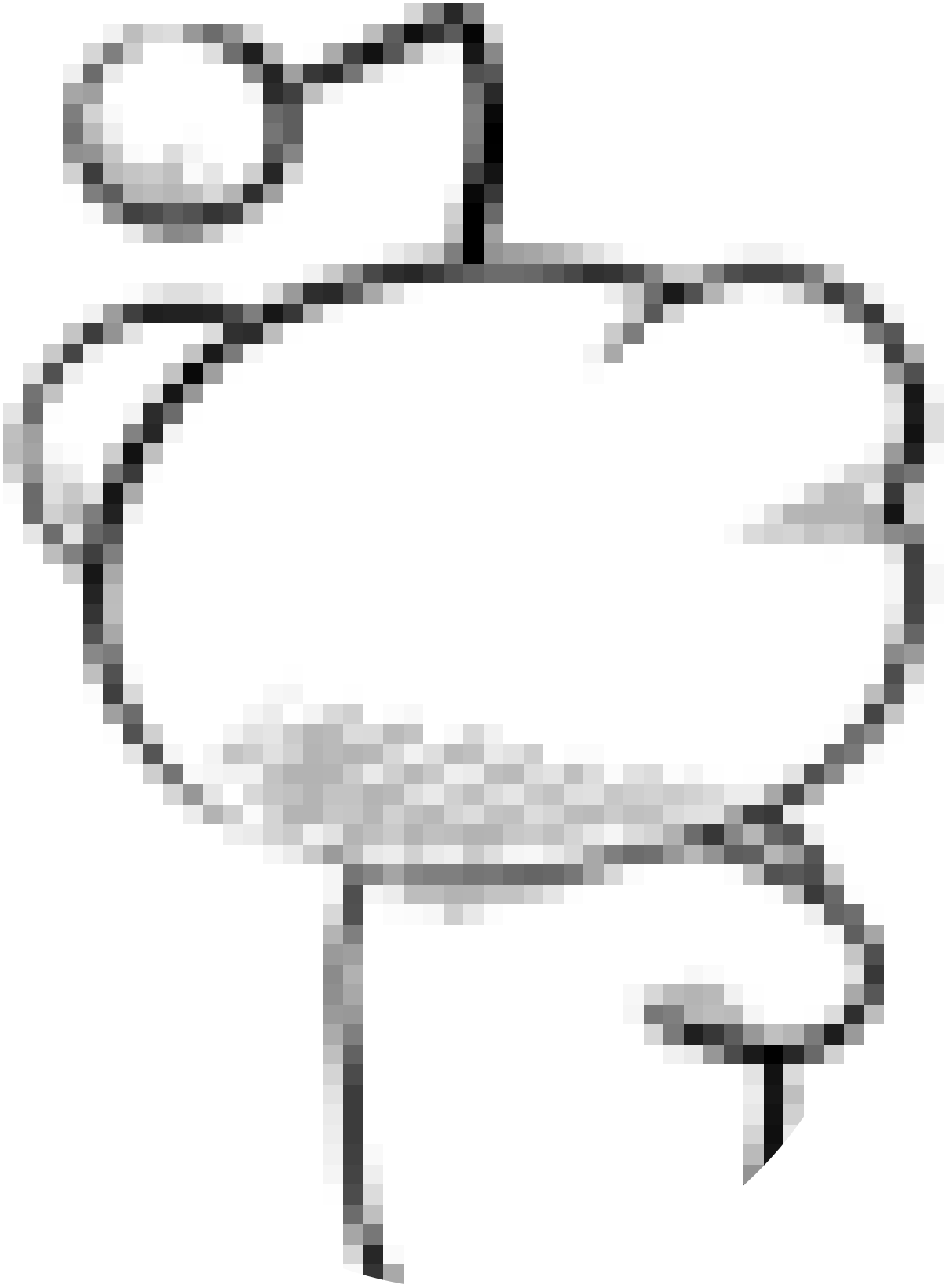


DeSaad
• 13y ago

Non-personal thing that I know creeps a lot of people: this guy.

naked_bacon_baker
• 13y ago

I was staying in a hotel which i heard afterwords was the most haunted place west of the cascades, the palace hotel in Port Townsend, Wa state used to be a brothel or something before it got shutdown. Well in the middle of the night the fire alarm went off so i put some pants on grabbed my bag and went to the door. Opened it and noticed all the other room doors open and everybody else look left then right just like i did, fire alarm turned off and everybody closed their doors at the same time. Dropped my shit went back to bed and didnt sleep. Got up early with a big bag of nope and checked out from that place.

EDIT: Also creepy dude behind the desk didnt help, he was nice and you pretty helpful but looked like the type to keep bodies in the basement, and the owner stopped me on my way in to tell me how he grew up 2 houses down from where i live now but back in the 40s. Too much weird for me.

Reply Share

pnsmcgraw
• 13y ago

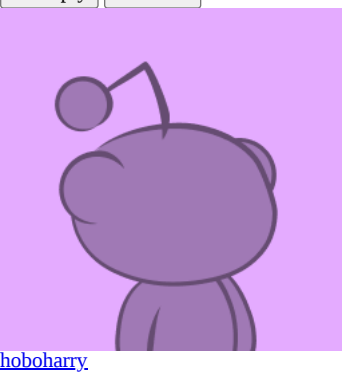
I don't know if you've ever heard of the Dyatlov Pass Incident, but it's pretty damn odd. There's a lot of speculation surrounding it and most of it just makes no sense.

Reply Share

safthersabir
• 13y ago

I was in a dream once and I was in a cabin with my family. My dreams, probably a lot of people's, jump around a lot. So next thing I know, I am in a department store browsing the electronics section. I look at a t.v., and there is a face surrounded by static, the face blending in with the static. Something strikes me as odd about this t.v. screen. It was curved or something, I don't remember. Then I come to the realization that I am in a dream. I guess it was a lucid dream, and i got this extremely overwhelming feeling come over me. Next thing i know I am awake. Except now I can't move my body. My arms, legs, all frozen. I dare not open my eyes, because I felt something in the room. It was getting closer to me, accompanied with a buzzing sound that was only getting more intense. For some reason I remember "seeing" a faint light in front of just blackness. I try to call out for someone to hear me, but can only get a whisper. Everyone in my house is sleeping at this point. Finally, the buzzing gets louder quickly and whatever presence I felt with me seems to get farther and farther away. I then open my eyes, and I can move my arms and legs again. I was so confused as to what just happened and just laid there in my bed for a good hour afraid to go back to sleep. I later learned that what I experienced was sleep paralysis. Although fairly common, it was extremely vivid and terrifying. What is the most terrifying of the whole experience is not being able to do anything to control the situation. The feeling of helplessness is so overwhelming and vulnerable.

Reply Share



hoboharry
• 13y ago

My girlfriend has a very big house with 3 floors and a basement. I slept over on the third floor, where no one else was. I've always gotten weird vibes in the room i slept in and being so far away from everyone else always gave me a feeling of isolation. I usually close the door and sleep with the lights on. One night, i hear a girl saying my name, in a long high-pitched tone, similar to what my girlfriend does. Naturally, I think its her. However, i'm not awake, and I know I am not awake. I'm laying down in bed and simply can't move or open my eyes. Meanwhile, this voice keeps saying my name, and then I feel something pushing down on me. Pressing their hands against me and putting all of their weight on me. I still can't wake up. I feel constricted. I'm trying so hard to move and speak. Finally, I feel a relief, and the pressure disappears, I shoot up and gasp for air with my eyes wide open. I am now fully awake. I look around, no one is there. The lights are still on, but the door is open. I check my phone for the time and its 2 or 3 am.

I often suffer from sleep paralysis, it has given me terrible nightmares as a younger kid and growing up. I am now 19, and this incident occurred around 6 months ago. However, this occasion felt so real. I knew which room I was in, where I was sleeping, my senses were fully aware of everything around me, all while I was sleeping. Creeps me out a little still.

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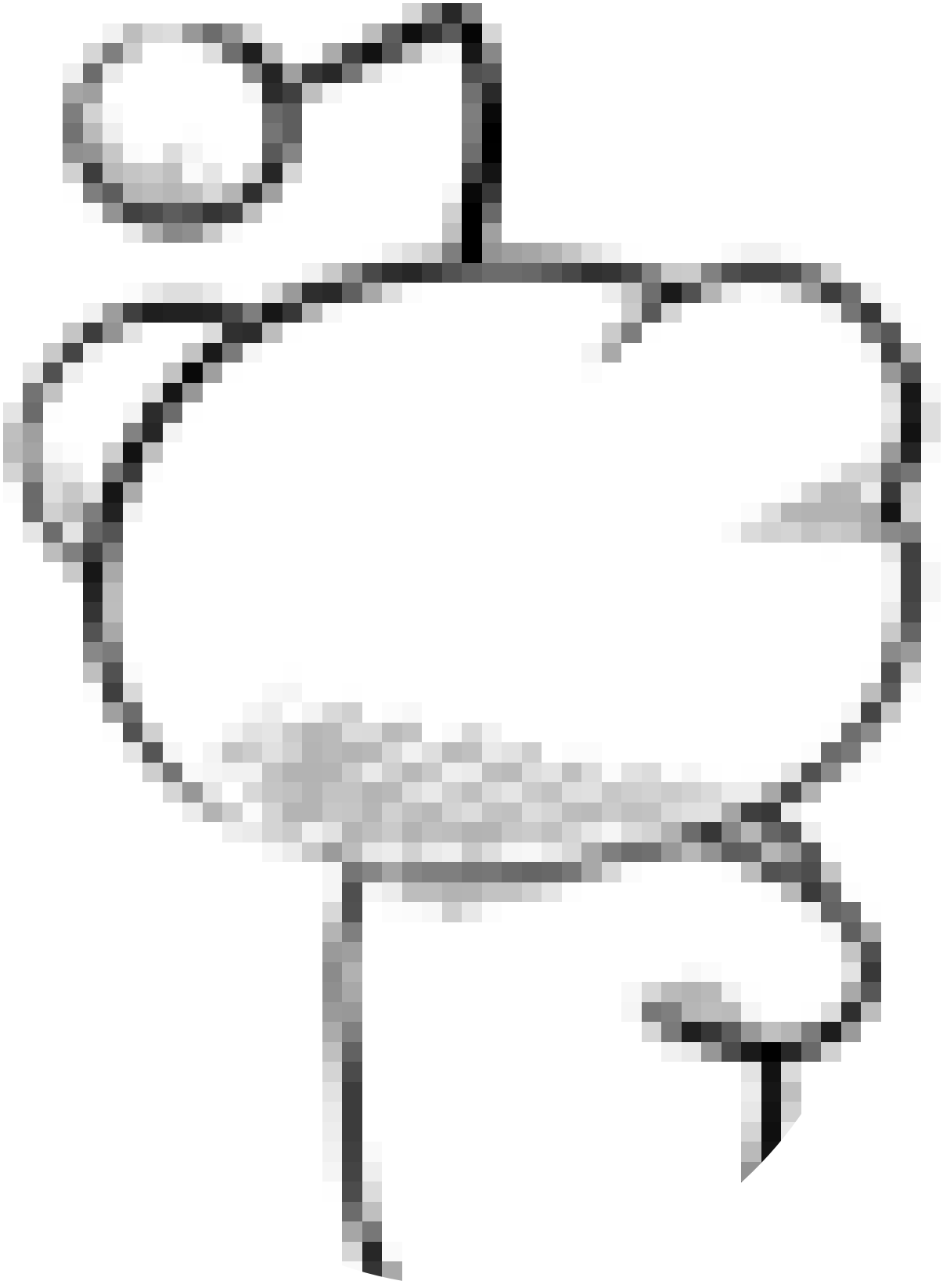

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• 13y ago

When I was in college, I moved in a apartment with two of my friends. We had a cupboard under the stairs, you know, Harry Potter style, but with shelves in it so there were no place to stand up in it.

While we were undoing our boxes, one of my roomate crawled under the shelves, to put some things in the far end of the cupboard. And then, she found pictures on the "wall".

There was a picture of two dead children, you know, those old black and white pictures people used to take of the deceased (like in the movie The Others), and at the back of those, a story about how they were kidnaped, tortured and killed, but remained good children because they kept their faith in God. There were also a bunch of drawings of the most violent biblical stories: angels killing people with lances, decapitations, etc.

Don't know what is was doing there. Hated this cupboard for all my time there. I kind of imagined it was the place where a child was sent to be punished by a catholic-crazy mom.

Reply Share

JesusExists777
• 13y ago

While walking by a huge, old building in San Jose I noticed an old woman gazing out a window at me, with very sad eyes. She had curly white hair, barely moved at all, and seemed distraught, as if she was stuck inside. Eventually I noticed she was completely white, and translucent. Chills rode up my spine the moment I realized she was a ghost. I know a lot of people here are atheists and I don't mean to offend anyone, but I know what I saw. Tables were clearly defined behind her- *through* her, and the second I looked away after staring for three seconds or so, she disappeared.

Reply Share

stanfan114
• 13y ago

When I was a little boy my family would sometimes have yard sales to earn a little money and get rid of old junk. I have fond memories of making change from a strong box and warm summer days, lemonade, and seeing our neighbors and kids visit. During a particularly busy yard sale, I went inside to get some soda, while everyone was outside. Sitting in the kitchen was this old lady I never saw before. She smiled at me and I said hello, but she did not say anything. I thought it was another neighbor who had wandered inside, so I went to the fridge and got a couple sodas. I closed the door and she was standing right next to me, still smiling. I remember she smelled like vitamins. She bent down and looked right in my face and said, "Your parents don't love you anymore. They want you to come with me." She took the sodas out of my hands, put them on the table and grabbed my arm with a tight grip and started pulling me out of the kitchen. I yelled "Let go that hurts!" and just then the screen door slammed and she let go and I ran to the front hall where my mother was bringing in some unsold junk. I told her about the weird old lady and we checked around the house but did not find anyone, nor did we see her in the front yard where the yard sale was closing up. I remember I had a bruise on my arm where the old lady grabbed me that did not heal for a long time. For some reason my parents did not call the police but this was back in the 1970s, so I guess people were not as cautious about stuff like this back then.

Reply Share

zacharymckracken
• 13y ago

A few years ago, age 27-28, I was outside a big city approx. 2 AM waiting for the bus to take me downtown. No one on the street out there besides me. I see a white van coming in my direction and two guys shouting something at me and passing me by. I then see how they make a u-turn and drive the whole way back to me again. This part was the most frightening as I was thinking: WTF. They stop in front of me and ask where am I going, I then say some generic location, and the guy in the passenger seat looks like he wasn't really waiting for an answer and says something like we can take you there, while opening the door. In this moment I just walk in the opposite direction saying, no thanks, that's ok, the bus will be coming soon, expecting to run at any moment. The guy looks a little confused, closes the passenger door and then they drive away, shouting something unintelligible...

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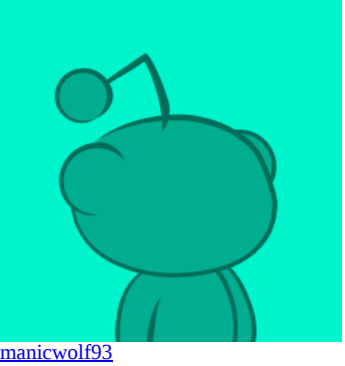


manicwolf93
• 13y ago

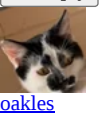
I'm a bit of a skeptic, so when my little brother said he started seeing shadows in our house I kinda shrugged it off. One day he asked me if I had knocked on the bathroom door while he was taking a shower. Thinking he was joking I laughed and said no, but I saw how serious he looked and told him to wake me up before he took a shower. The next morning when my parents left for work, he woke me up and jumped in the shower. I waited in my room, which was across from the bathroom, and watched TV. Suddenly I hear loud knocking in the door. My brother called asking if it was me, and I just sat there looking at the door. I felt my heart drop thinking wtf just happened, he kept calling to me, but I couldn't say anything. He got out and we just looked at each other. He left for school and I was home alone. I tried to go back to sleep, but in the silence I could swear I kept hearing shuffling on the carpet floor. Much sleep wasn't had for a while, and since then nothing has happened, so we didn't tell anyone.

Reply Share

the_acmo
• 13y ago

Saw a pregnant woman ran over by a car. She had his head split open and was still breathing. Then an ambulance came, took her to the hospital. Don't know if she and the baby are alive today.

Reply Share



oakles
• 13y ago

Not my story but it happened to a friend. About 30 minutes from my house there's an abandoned asylum in Downey California. My friend and about 15 other kids went there one night to walk around and check it out.

After about an hour walking around in there they got to the top of the building where they could overlook the entire area. Also on the roof there was another smaller area that raised up from the roof. Being curious my friends Sam and Jonah went to the wall and got up on top without really looking around up there. 10 seconds had passed and they looked behind them to find a circle of hooded people crouched around a small hole in the building that immediately stared at them as soon as they got up on top.

Once Sam noticed them he yelled, "Oh shit" and jumped down and told the rest of the group to start running. They bolted down the building and started running across the field with a group of 10 hooded, cultist people chasing them and allegedly making clicking noises according to my friend. They got out and have not gone back since. I can't help but imagine what would have happened if the hooded people caught up with them...

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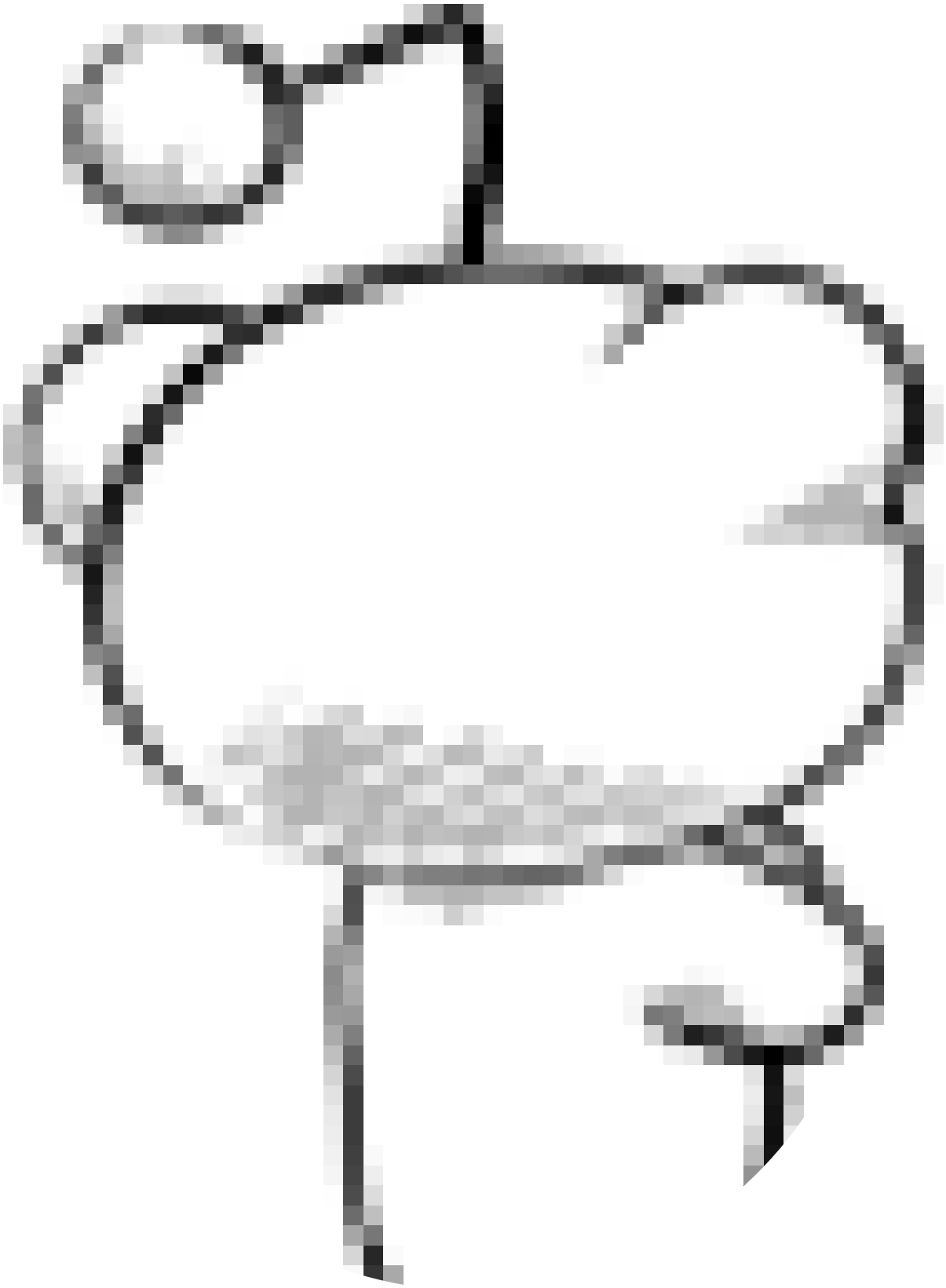

[deleted]
• 13y ago

One time me and my family went on holiday for two weeks. We locked up the house, set the alarm and headed off. No one entered of left the house to the best of our knowledge as the alarm was not set off and no one was seen entering or leaving by neighbours.

When we arrived home I went upstairs and found that one of the four panels of glass in our shower had completely shattered. There were tiny droplets of water but I'm not sure if this was relevant.

To this day none of us have any idea how the panel of glass smashed.

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BudGreen_Cali
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

MOTHER DOESN'T LIKE MY MUSIC

My friend was living in a trailer, taking care of his elderly parents who lived in the house. His parents had lived on the property for many decades and had no intention of leaving. My friend listened to music a lot, not too loud, but too loud for his mom. She would holler at him to turn it down and he would.

His mom soon passed and he remained there to care for his dad. His dad never minded the music so my friend would turn it up a bit now and then. However, if he turned it up too loud, it would shut off? We thought that was really weird. It started doing this right after his mother died? We would joke that it was his mother turning it off. We knew it was something like a short in the trailer or something, but still, fun to blame on his mom.

So, on to a few months later. His poor old dad dies. We knew it was coming. At least they both got to die at home. My friend clears the stuff out of the trailer and moves into the house. Of course, his stereo comes with him. And guess what? The same problem, though, only when it gets past a certain volume. Right about where his mom would start to complain about it? No problems with anything else on the system. Either way, after a few months of no loud music, my friend decides to get a new stereo.

And now here's the scary part. He brings the system home, sets it up, and it does the same damn thing!

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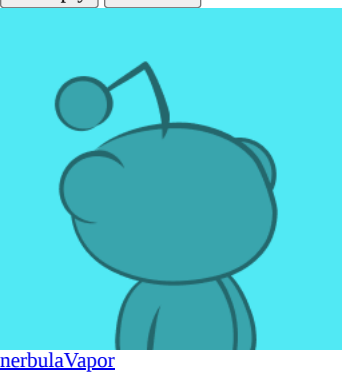

nerbulaVapor
• 13y ago

Was riding the subway train going downtown with a friend.

Train pulls into station, doors open. Another train going the opposite direction pulls into the station, old man falls (on purpose?) into the tracks off his mobility scooter. Gets hit by train.

People start screaming, my friend runs over with his camera of course (security already there, nothing we could have done) I follow and look onto the tracks.

I see someone pinned under the train, leg bone poking out of his clothing and blood leaking from various places.

And then he started to groan and move.

I NOPENOPENOPE'd the fuck out of there and read in the paper that he survived at least until the next day (couldn't find any news after that)

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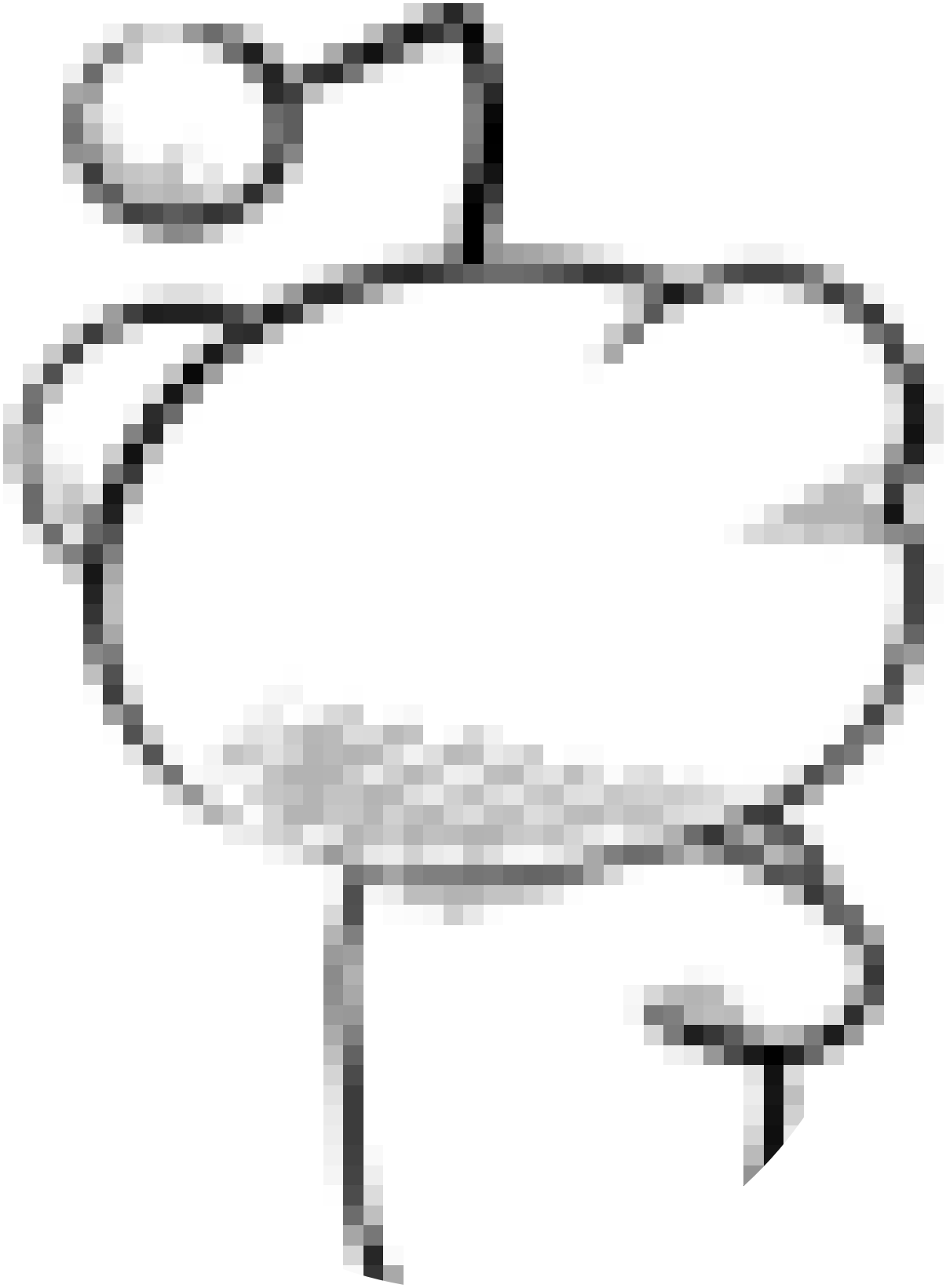

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• 13y ago

When I was about 8 my dad was away on a business trip. Our phone began to ring in the early hours of the morning, probably around 2am/3am. The ringing had woke me up and I had heard my mum go answer it.

Next thing I heard was my mum scream, the slam of the phone on the ground and then her running up the stairs crying. I went in and asked her what was wrong. She wouldn't tell me because she didn't want to scare me.

The next day my grandparents were round and I overheard my mum telling them what had happened. When she answered the phone, all she could hear was an Elvis song being played in the background of a room. Seconds later a creepy whisper could be heard saying, "Don't worry, you'll see us in the shadows soon". Nothing else was said and the music continued to play.

When you think about it, it was most likely a creep prank calling people to scare them but it worked, my mum was terrified. Hearing that as a 8 year old affected my sleep for the weeks which followed.

Reply Share

Elstephen
• 13y ago

I recentley moved into a house that was a marijuana grow op, and had some dangerous pit bulls. In the garage, over the beams, there are handprints of blood, just smeared. Then above the beams is a makeshift attic, which has a little tiny table, and hanging over the table was a mid 70's picture in a old wooden frame, of a lady in full snow gear, standing with wide eyes and a german shepherd. Creeped me out.

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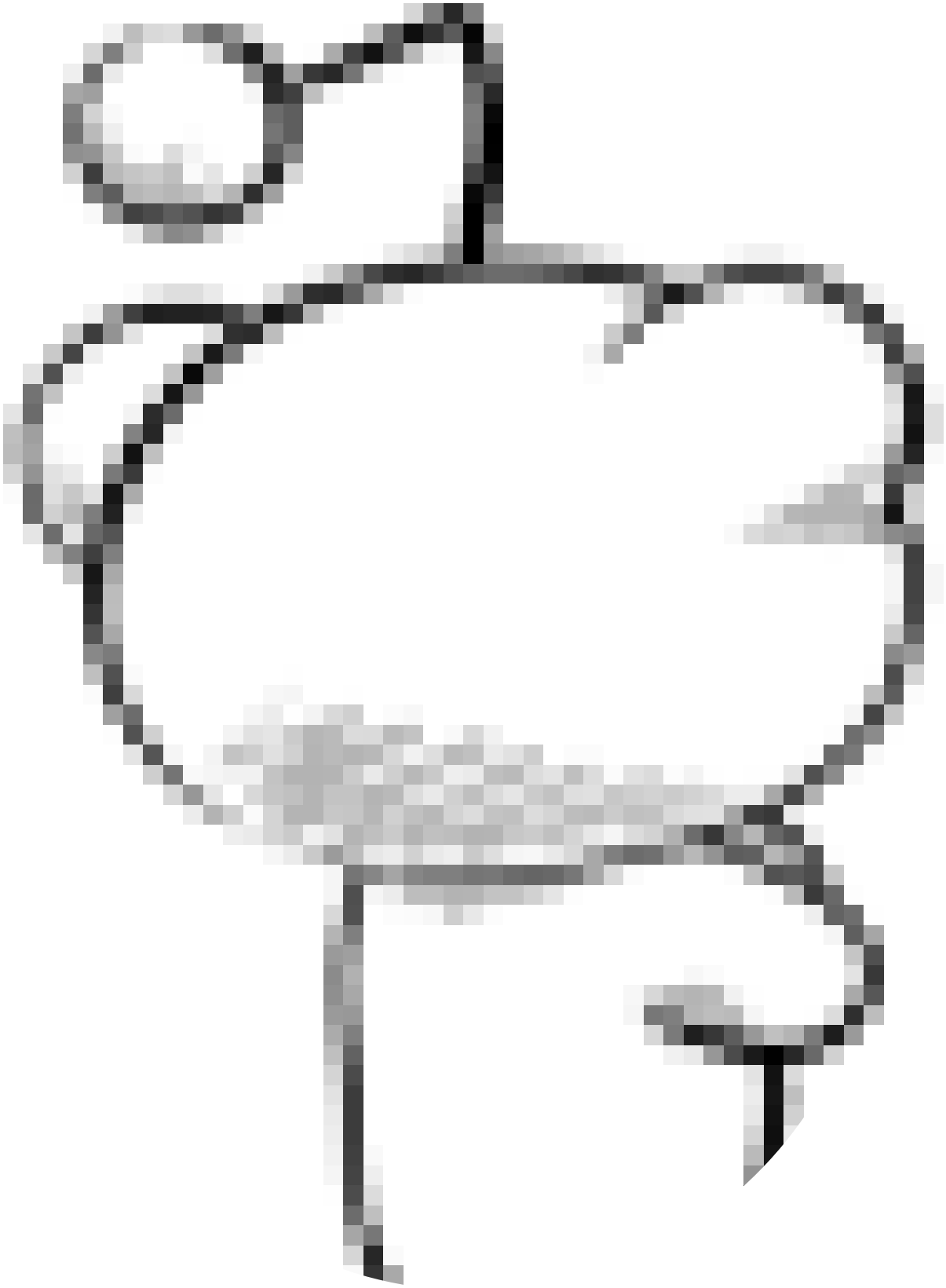

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• 13y ago

Me and 3 friends were on holiday in Amsterdam, staying in a budget hotel near the center square. Anyway from the 1st night, right till the last night I would feel this sweat running down my back pretty much everynight. It pissed me off because it would tickle a bit and I wasnt hot so didnt know why I was sweating. By the 3rd day I noticed I had a small kind of cut/wound on the back of my ear, it itched a bit but I thought nothing of it.

Anyway on the 4th night we return to the hotel room for our last night in amsterdam and im the 1st to enter the room. Immediatly I notice a black thing run off one of the beds and behind a radiator. After a bit of freaking out and hunting around the room, we found it again and it ran out the open door.

MFW I realised that, 'sweat' I felt on my back was actually a mouse in my bed.

MFW I realised how that wound ended up on my ear.... a mouse had been chewing on it while I slept!!!

Went to reception and told the man behind the desk we had mice in our room, no fucks were given. Back in the room my bed was closest to the door and I spent the whole night just watching the gap at the bottom of the door. Every minute or so a small shadow would appear there and I had to chase it off. Didnt sleep at all that night. Never been in a budget hotel since.

stu8319
• 13y ago

Many years ago i was in South Padre Island for a couple of weeks during summer vacation. My friend's dad lived there and owned a couple of extremely successful restaurants so we got to live it up. One night after prowling the arcade, we decided we were tired and wanted to go home and pass out. The route we took had small piers at the end of each street we passed. For some reason we both looked left at the same time and could see the silhouette of a person on one of the piers. There was a light right on the shadowy figure, but you couldn't make anything out at all. We looked at each other with worried looks, looked back and the figure was gone. Neither of us said anything, we just started sprinting as fast as we could. As we ran past street lights, they would turn off just as we passed under them, and would come back on right after we were passed it. Every single light did this. We got inside the house and locked the door and I slept in the bathroom since it was the only place without windows.

2 more replies
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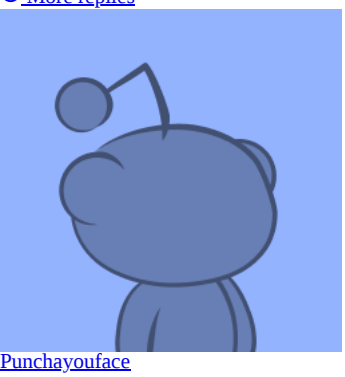


Punchayouface
• 13y ago

I was around eight or nine years old, walking a trail in the woods with my parents and five year old brother. This was back in the late 80's/early 90's when stranger danger was rampant, so my parents were especially paranoid about their kids not within eyesight. I was being a little turd and kept running ahead on the trail all by myself. Once my parents couldn't see me, they'd yell for me to stop and come back. This happened three times, but the third time, I didn't come back like I did the first two times.

My parents got really nervous and ran up the trail to try to find me, but they couldn't find me anywhere. They said I disappeared for around 5 to 7 minutes, but it felt like an eternity. Then they heard me scream like a banshee and heard branches and brush rustling. They thought that I came across a wild animal on the attack or, considering this was a dense, yet fairly popular trail in the middle of a state forest, a monster of a person up to no good. They ran towards my screaming, and tried to follow me through the woods, finally catching up to me. I was petrified, screaming and crying, and where I wasn't covered in dirt, my skin white as a sheet. My eyes were glassy and I was sweaty. I had vomited all over the front of myself, and it was dribbling down my chin. I also had a copious amount of blood smeared all over me (particularly my face, hair and hands), but I wasn't cut anywhere.

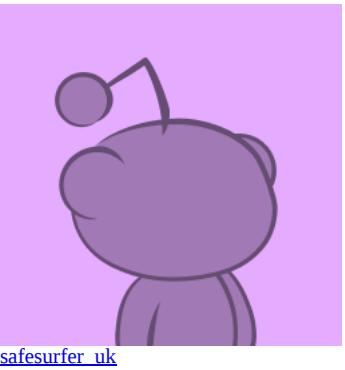
So, going back, when I ran up ahead on the trail, it curved slightly and looking out into the woods, I thought I saw a rabbit. Being a kid obsessed with animals, I wanted to catch up to it and play with it (genius eight year old). I knew my parents would be angry, but I figured that they, being animal lovers too, wouldn't be so mad at me for misbehaving if I had a rabbit to show them when I came back. So, I take off for it. What I didn't expect was the small hill/embankment right in front of me. I slid down head first, smacking head first into something hard. It was such a thud that my vision turned stark white and then I felt the woods spinning around me. I saw a blur of green, white, and red. I sorted myself out and was confused. The green of the forest, sure, but white and red? And the smell. I know I noticed the smell halfway down my slide, but I was so confused by eating shit and falling that I didn't really care until I was fairly sorted out after my landing. The pain in my head and hands subsided to the point where I was able to take in more of what was around me. I'll never forget how bad the smell was and can still remember how it smelled, but I still can't describe the smell to this day. I look down and see that I slid face first into a rotting carcass. My first thought that it was human, because all I could see was a ribcage. I saw that someone actually cut flesh from the bone, and the rotting organs were piled up right next to the pile of bones. Then I realized that I had stinking blood and body fluids on my face from this thing. I was covered in dead body sludge, feeling banged up from the fall down the hill, convinced I landed on a rotted dead person and felt like I was in danger for having even seen this thing, I just puked all over myself. I got up and climbed up the hill, wanting to get out of there. I had terrified myself by thinking that the murderer could still be close by and that I was doomed for having seen what I saw, and I needed to get back to my parents. I didn't realize I was screaming bloody murder while stumbling around and tripping until my parents and brother came running up to me and told me to be quiet and explain what the hell happened. My dad ran back to where I was and came back with a relieved look on his face and said that were were leaving. The carcass wasn't a dead person, it was a deer. Someone had shot it illegally, and to not risk getting caught hauling to whole thing back, cut away the best cuts and threw the rest of the body down a hill right off the trail.

Nothing supernatural or even remotely sinister happened (unless you count illegal poaching), and I'm able to process my role in this story and knowing the truth makes it less creepy now. But being of the age of starting a family soon and imagining myself as a parent, I think the scariest part of the whole story for me now is putting myself in my parent's shoes: their first born disappears out in the woods for a significant amount of time, then is finally found dirty, sobbing, and hysterical. Covered in their own vomit and blood that's not theirs, and when they finally calm the kid down, the kid basically tells them that they look like that because they landed face first on a dead person in the middle of the woods. It's a wonder my parents didn't drink raising me and my brother.

ArchHero
• 13y ago

I've experienced a lot of creepy shit. There was this one night where I was alone in my room in the dark. This was when i was maybe a freshman in highschool. No one else was up. I was really into the paranormal. People who have spent the night at my house, and my parents, and brother have experienced weird shit here. My dad told me one night he woke up to a weird sound, and his oxygen mask got pulled really hard, and my mom was sleeping. No one could've pulled it. Anyway, I have really bad insomnia, so I would be up almost all night. I was bored, and started to record myself asking questions to spirits that may, or may not have been there. I asked "Is anyone there?", and other questions. When I played it back, I heard a loud gasping noise after I asked if anyone is there. I freaked the fuck out, and didn't sleep at all that night.

I have many stories about creepy shit happening to me, and others.



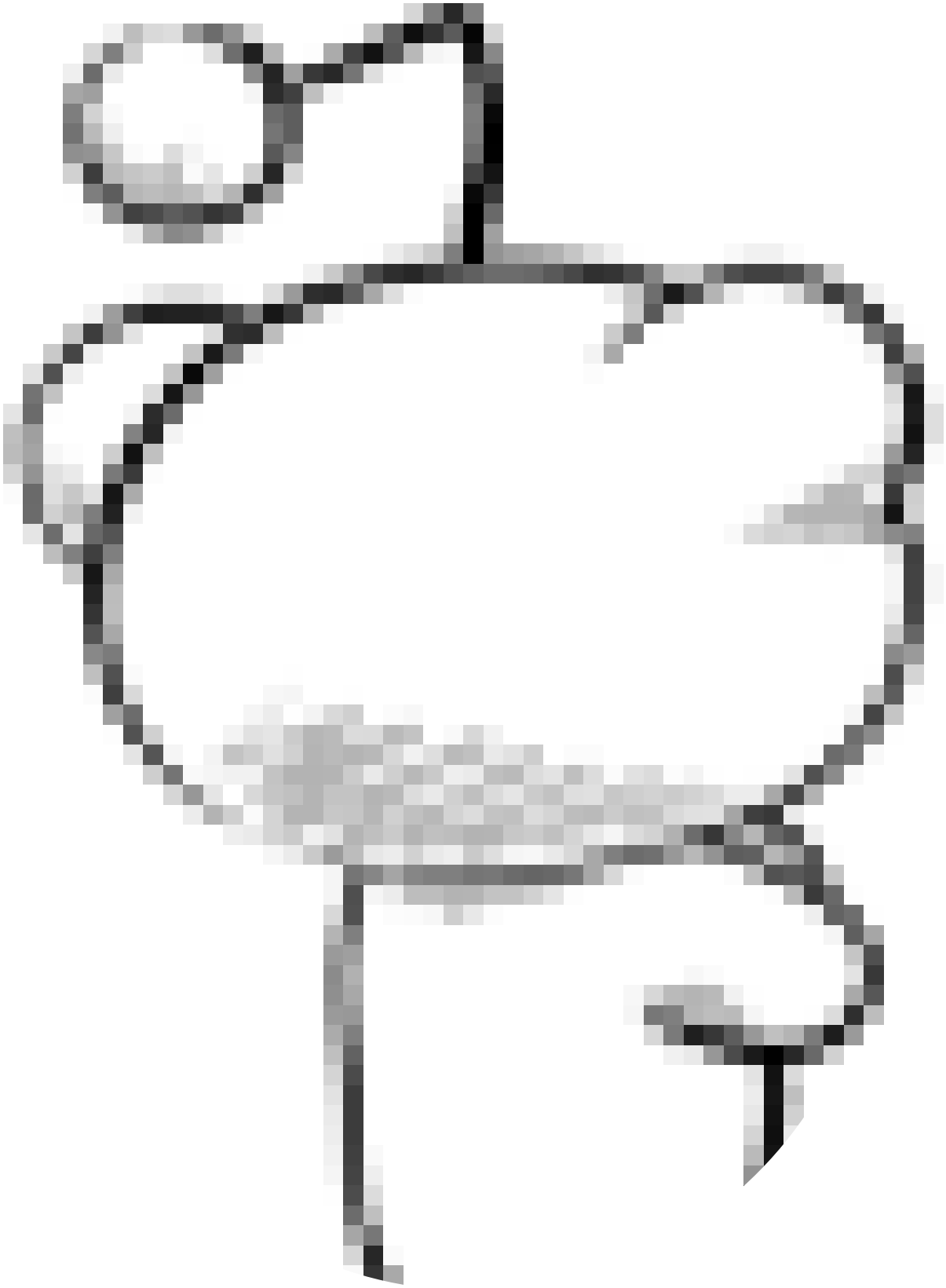
safesurfer_uk
• 13y ago

My family moved house in the mid 80's when I was a teenager and almost immediately we started to experience strange noises during the night. Now we knew before we moved in that the previous owner had died in the house so when this started to happen we were really freaked out by it. Common sense (ie. dad) told us that the bangs and creaks were normal for old houses and after a while we got so used to hearing them that we used to joke that it was Dave (the previous owner). My mother would often roll her eyes, call out to him and tell him to knock it off.

The noises continued and we carried on without paying too much attention to them. Then things started to ramp up a bit. In the middle of the night one time we were woken up by a loud chinking noise coming from downstairs. We all bolted downstairs to the kitchen to find the extractor fan above the gas hob had been turned on to full and the cups which sat on it were rattling against each other. We all stood there looking at each other trying to work out how that happened. It was on full which mean't it had to be switched on to the third setting. I remember my Mum just shrugged her shoulders, shot a glare up at the ceiling and told Dave to quit it. I didn't sleep too well the next few nights!

Roll forward a few years. I have left home and my parents do not mention anything unusual about the noises etc. Then one day I am visiting my parents and I notice high up in the corner of the living room the wallpaper is torn a bit from the wall. This is approx 8 or 9 feet up. I take a closer look and I can see words have been scraped into the wallpaper. It said 'no more looks'.

My parents were oblivious to it. In fact I remember my dad was pissed that he had to redecorate. They still live there.



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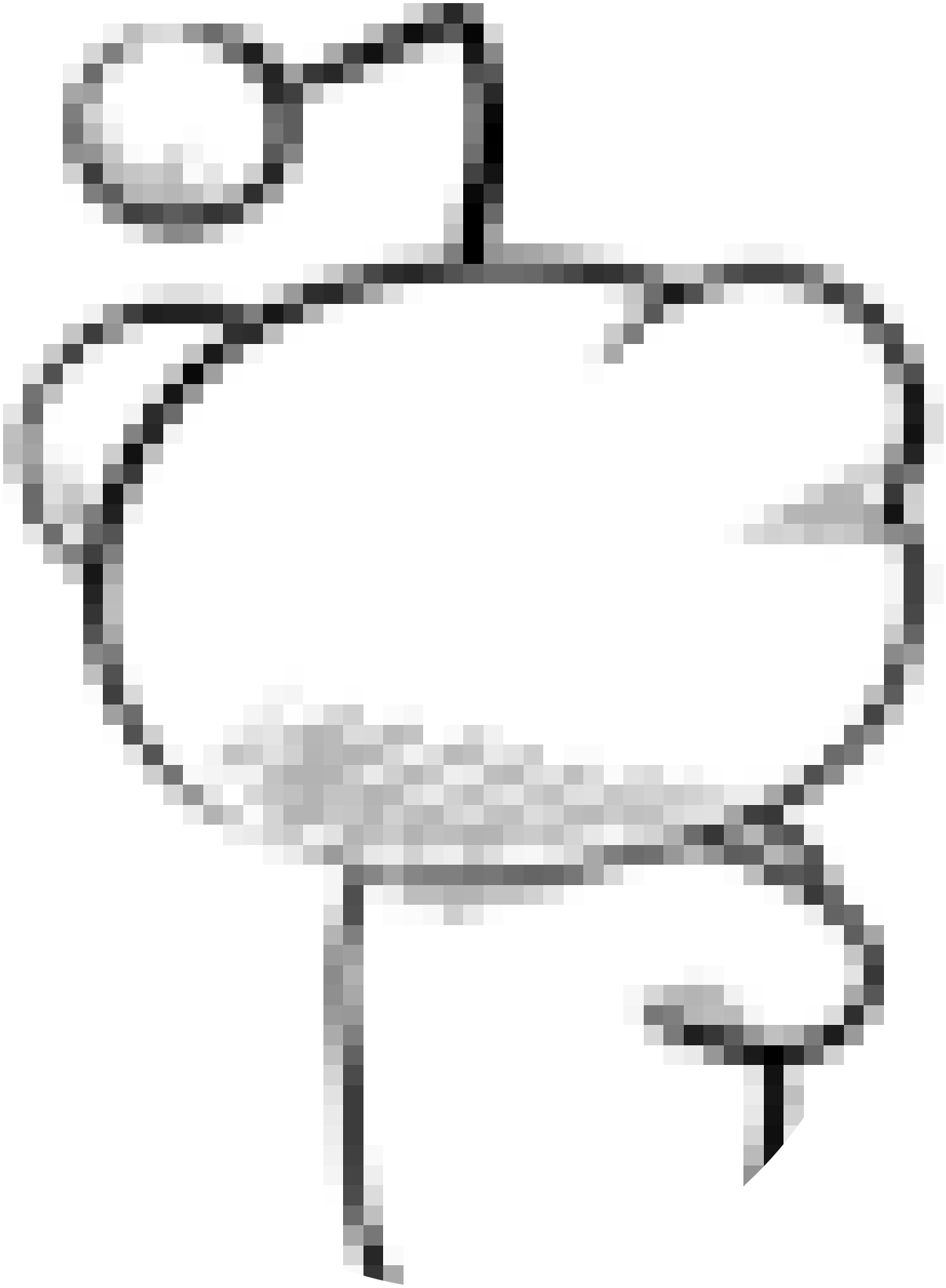
• 13y ago

Over this week actually, something creepy happened to me. Staying by myself in a four bedroom house at 17 is no problem, the problem is when I'm sat downstairs, around eleven ish at night, and I can hear this banging on the floor above me, as if someone with steel heels was walking across the floor and generally dropping shit like a clumsy dick. This went on at all times of the day after that, and whenever I went upstairs to check it stopped, but when I went back down it started again. I pooped, to say the least.



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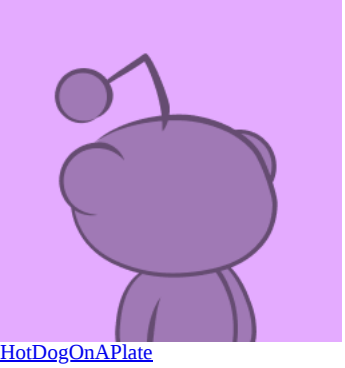
• 13y ago

It may not be creepiest but it was the scariest thing that had happend to me. Me, my mom and sister were just watching TV in our living room. We're in ground floor flat, our living room has a view of street, literally anyone could come in and see what we're doing. So as we were watching the TV we heard keys falling infront of our doors(There is a place infront of our house where we keep keys for close family who don't have 24/7 acces to the keys). All 3 of us reacted imidately asking if anyone was there, no one answered, we 3 have hidden in my mom's and dad's room. After that I heard something scraping the enter doors. I was 14 then, scared to death, I was begging my mom to call the police, so she did. We heard someone slamming the enterance doors, that was the worst part. It faded away after around 5 minutes of constant slamming on the doors. We were trapped in my parent's room for 10 minutes till the police arrived. They didn't see any clues or anything, they just saw a car that drove away in like 150 km/h



HotDogOnAPlate
• 13y ago

This will probably get buried, but what the hell. I'll try my luck.

My government teacher from high school had a tradition of telling all his classes two stories from his younger (and more vulnerable) years. The first one was about a college roommate who - on a bet - drank a huge tobacco spittoon and held it down for a half hour to win a pool of money for a plane ticket home. The second one was a bit of local folklore, about the "Pig Man." He told us the story over a year ago, but the myth was something like a disfigured man that lived out in the woods, slept in barns, etc. The kind of thing parents warned their kids about, like "Be good or the Pig Man will eat you!" or something like that.

Anyway.

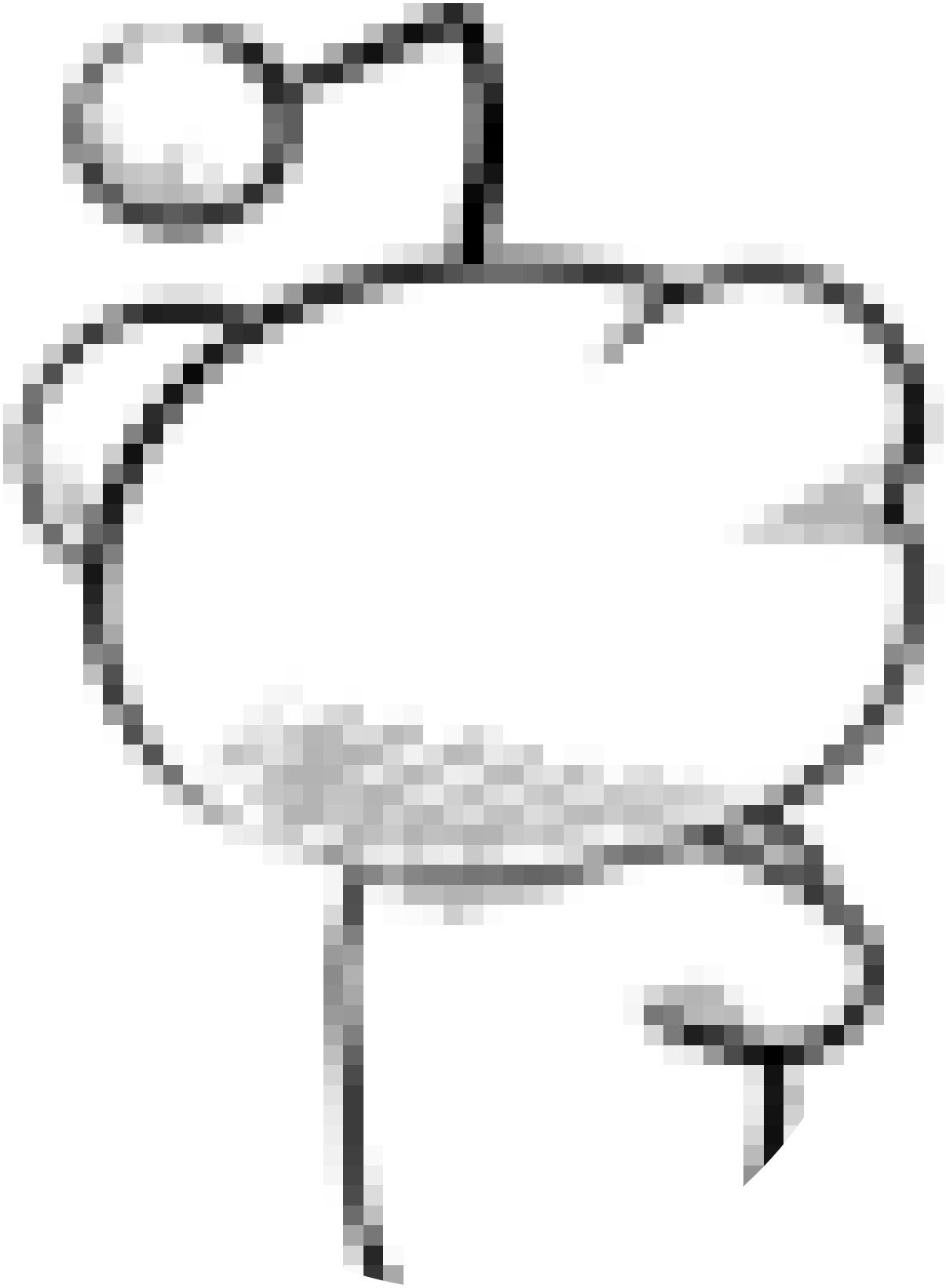
It went something like this: My teacher had just graduated from high school, and he was coming back late from his girlfriend's house around 2am. He said it was one of those really hot, humid Indiana nights in July where everything just kind of hangs in the air. So since my hometown is in the middle of Bumfuck, Nowhere, many county roads are surrounded by cornfields on either side. And before 15 years ago or so, almost all of these were gravel dirt roads. So my teacher is driving down one of these roads at night in his piece of shit car when his engine fails, stranding him on this rural county road at night that's surrounded by 8-foot tall corn fields. So he's trying to restart his engine, and this massive dust cloud behind him is starting to clear when he gets a look in his rear view mirror. In the middle of the road maybe 100 yards back, there's a figure lying prone on its stomach. He can't tell exactly what it is, maybe a dog or something, but he gets a little bit nervous. He keeps trying to start his car, but the engine is just making a *whin-n-n-nerrring* sound. Then the figure gets up on two legs, and just kind of stands in the road partially hidden by this dust cloud. Now, my teacher is really starting to freak out as he desperately turns his key in the ignition, hoping that the car will finally just start. (At this point in the story, the whole class is fucking silent.)

The man starts walking forward. *Whin-n-n-n-n....* He starts to jog a little bit now. *Whin-n-n-n-nnnnn...* The man is still jogging, now less that 50 feet away. *Whin-n-n-n-nnnuh-uh...* Right on cue, the engine roars to life, and he fucking peels out of there, kicking up rocks and a another huge dirt cloud in the road. Once he's a good distance away, he looks in the mirror again and sees the guy in a full-on sprint, only to stop and turn into the cornfield.

Thoroughly jarred, he's driving home now in the car that almost killed him, but decides to stop at his best friend's house first. So he goes up to the window, his friend sticks his head out and my teacher blurts out, "I saw the Pig Man!" And since teenage boys love to do crazy dangerous shit, his friend immediately responds, "Let's go get him!" So they both load up in his friend's Jeep with a couple of shotguns and head back to the same road, driving until they see my teacher's skid marks in the gravel. His friend flips on his Jeep's huge floodlights, and they slowly creep into the cornfield with their guns ready. Maybe twenty or so yards in, my teacher hears something between a low growl and a groan, followed by the sound of something rustling deeper into the field. He's also, for the moment, separated from his friend. If he hadn't nearly been killed horror movie style not 20 minutes before he may have gone after it, but instead he just hauls ass back to the Jeep and meets his friend - who is now also freaked out.

The returned to that same spot in the morning, and followed the tracks of whatever had been running all the way through the field until they reached a major road on the other side. He's in his fifties now, and to this day he still has no idea what it was he saw.

We didn't get much work done that day in class.



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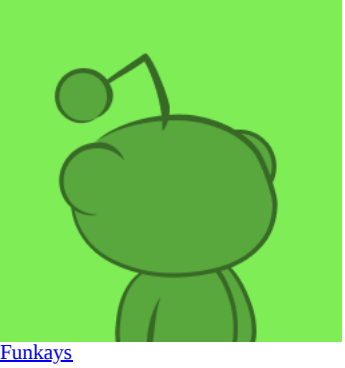
• 13y ago

Late to the party so this probably won't be seen, but anyhow: I live in a pretty nice subdivision, not rich but well off. One night, I look out the window next to my front door and I see someone out walking. Being so late, it was weird but not totally uncommon in my neighborhood. Only problem was this guy was hardly walking, rather shuffling almost zombie-like. He gets a ways down the road but I'm still watching him. I open my front door quietly to see where he goes, but instead he stops dead in his tracks, turns around, and goes straight across the road and in my direction. I shut the door and locked it, then went far away from the nearest window out of sight. I have no idea who it was or where he was from, nor have I seen him again.



Funkays
• 13y ago

Not a ghost story, but i was freaked out and scared the rest of the night.

I was 14/15 years old. My parents were out at dinner and my brother was at work. I was home alone except for my dog and it was around 730pm. At this time of the year it was dark from 6 onwards.

Sitting down at my computer in the basement (The house was not creepy at all, it was newly built by us and fully furnished) i was playing WoW or some other game at the time. Rather bored i contacted my buddy Hunter to come hang out, game and perhaps crash for the night, since my parents were out for the evening. He tells me it sounds great and that he'd let me know. An hour goes by and i hear the doorbell ring upstairs from the front door. Then a series of knocks. My usual mentality is that i dont answer the door because i dont want to bother with random solicitors, neighbors or my parent's friends. The same goes for the phone. If its ringing ill ignore it and let it go to voice mail since it will never be for me.

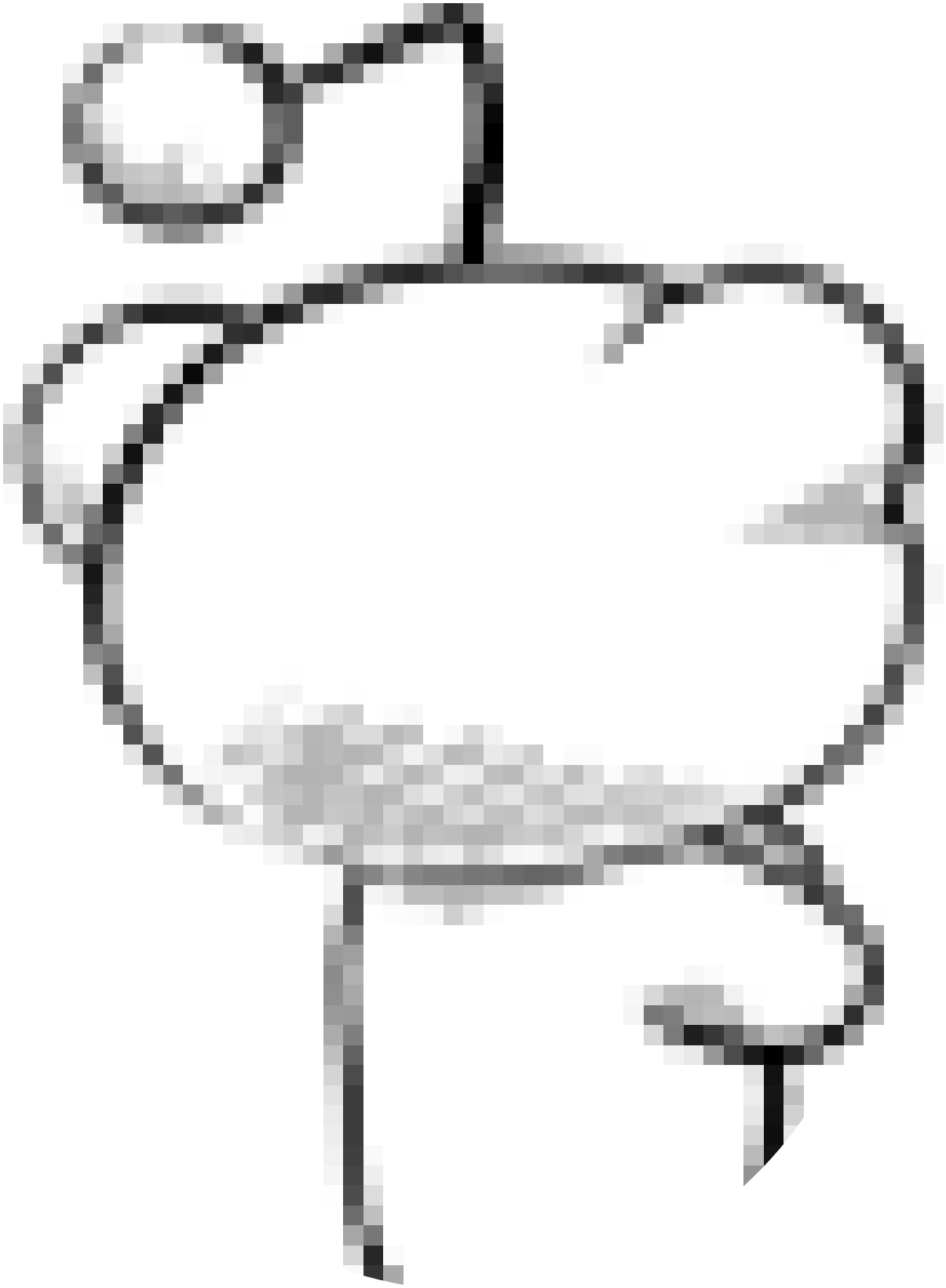
So I ignore the door, a couple minutes go by and ive kind of lost track of what time it is. I then remember "oh yeah Hunter is meant to be coming over to hang, that must be him!" so i quickly go up the stairs to the main floor. I peer around the corner to see who it is (we double front doors that were largely glass so u can make out the shape of the person behind it). i like to peer without being seen in case it isnt someone for me and i dont look like a dick walking around in my house while they're at the front door seeing figures move through the glass.

So i see someone at the door, I *kind* of looks like hunter's shape so i head to open it. Before i reach the door i hear the garage door go up and my brother coming down the street in his car (after market exhaust). This figure immediately turns and walks away from the front door. I thought perhaps i took too long to answer and hunter had just walked back to his parent's car to leave. I open the door and there is this random as heck dude walking down my driveway. He was kind of shabby looking with longish hair and a beard. He didnt look homeless at all and we lived in a well-off neighborhood. He turned and walked down the street at a brisk pace. He didn't have a car or anything.

My brother comes in and i say "yo, did you see that guy outside?" my brother acknowledges it and said he was leaving down the street, but didnt say he saw him get into any sort of car. Then my brother mentions that he's only home for a few minutes and was heading out again. I explained how i was slow to answer the door and he left AS SOON as he heard the garage door begin to open. My brother didn't seem spooked by this.

Hunter then text me saying he isn't going to make it tonight because he cant get a ride. I grab a knife from my kitchen, set the house alarm and proceed to sit at my computer in the basement with my dog until my parents got home.

I also mentioned it to my parents as soon as they got home and they were happy that i took these precautions. I was kind of miffed though because i had called their cellphones numerous times after it had happened to try to tell them and ask when they are coming home. But they didnt answer!



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• 13y ago

Sometimes when I am at home, my desktop computer turns on in the middle of the night by itself. I always make sure to unplug it now.

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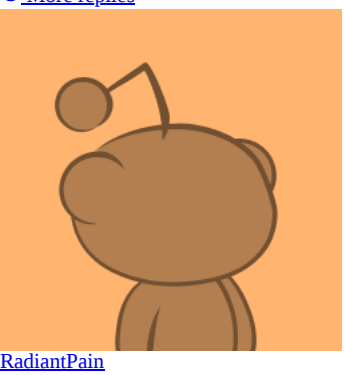


RadiantPain
• 13y ago

Alright, so my family and I had just moved into a house, an old house that was built on a farm far as fuck away from anything.

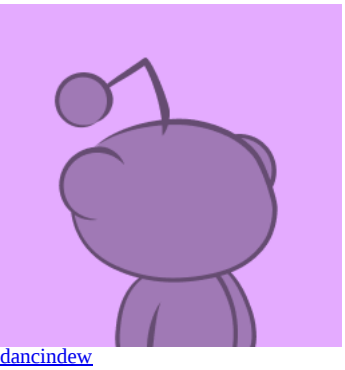
This house had several creepy things going for it, the basement had a dirt floored cellar room filled with random jars, scythes and tools, for one. The upstairs had a window that would always blow open in the wind. And my room had double glass doors just to make everything worse.

Well, there was this story about how the woman that lived there had this cat, and it would come in through the window that would blow open and curl up on the foot of her bed. Well, the window of the house would blow open all the time and my sister, who lived upstairs would complain about feeling something jump on her bed and lay down at her feet. My whole family experienced see a cat out of the corner of your eye.

The doors in the upstairs were known for closing and even locking themselves.

But one day my friend and I (we're about 12 at the time) were playing upstairs, and we open the door to the stairs to see a figure all white and misty. Just standing there. Looking at us. We slammed that door and later booked it down those stairs.

Just a few of the creepy things that happened there.



dancindew
• 13y ago

My senior year of high school we discovered my dad had lung cancer. The amount of time before he passed was one week and he died on Halloween. He was only in hospice for maybe 4 hours. He was sleeping from all the morphine and I was sitting in front of him. All of a sudden he just starts waving with a smile on his face. The doctors had said he had at least 4 days and had to leave to go get my check from work. I kiss him goodbye and tell him I'll be back in half an hour and 15 minutes after I leave I get a call saying he had passed. Get back to the hospital and pick up my mom. Turn on the radio and one of our favorite songs starts playing. After that in the house, sometimes my dog would just start growling in the living room in the direction of his chair. Still creeps me out sometimes.

jaybomofo
• 13y ago

I work in a dining hall at a university. The building is old and built on a slight hill, so one side of the basement opens up to a loading dock and the other has no doors or windows and is below street level. The basement is essentially one long hallway with loading dock doors on the right. On the left is another long hallway with walk in coolers an freezers on either side. At the very end of that hallway is a mechanical room. No one ever goes in or out of there, the lights don't work and it is very noisy and hard to hear in there. We stayed open until midnight, and being a manager i rarely got out of there before one thirty in the morning. We would always hear creepy noises down there and occasionally the doors to the mechanical room would blow open, most likely from the pressure equalling out when the loading dock doors opened up. One night another manager was on duty and as he was leaving (he was the last person to leave the building) he heard a noise right when he walked downstairs. It was the sound of a door closing. We had noticed this sort of thing before and it always seemed like someone was up ahead of us trying to hide. He looked down the long hallway and the door at the end was cracked open. He went in with only the light from his cell phone and kind of wandered around. Again, he couldn't really hear anything because all the noise from the mechanical equipment. He found a doorway with no door on it that appeared to be some sort of old office. Inside on the ground was a pile of blankets spread out as if someone had been sleeping there. He ran out, went home and never ventured back in there until a couple of weeks ago when we went back in exploring. The room now has a locked door that the university put on but we never found out who was down there or what the noises were from.

Chucmorris
• 13y ago

A bit late but there was a guy who saw a girl get her head ran over by a large truck. She was heading home from lollapalooza on her bike. She stopped at a light next to a truck and she lost her footing as the light turned green.

She fell towards the truck and her head/body was under a tire and she got ran over. Before she got ran over there was a loud shriek and the guy (a redditor), was also heading home from lollapalooza, turned around to see it happen.

For those who don't know lollapalooza is a music festival in Chicago.The redditor did an ama. The news stories are easily found via Google. This happened about 2 years ago. I would post links but I can't at the moment.

The sad part is she had friends from out of town waiting for her at her appartment to get in but she never showed.

Mooshobi
• 13y ago

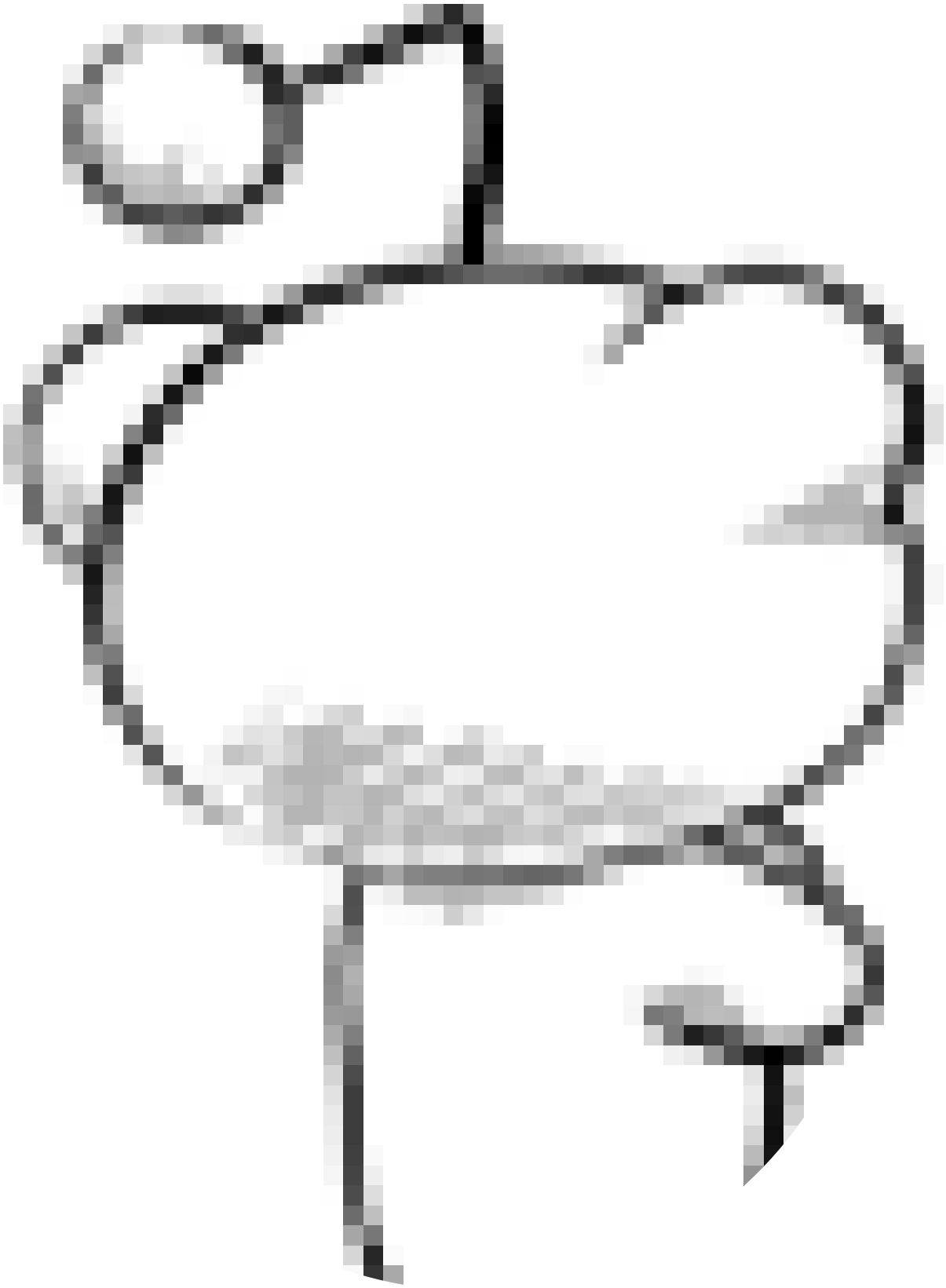
Not really scary, but fucking weird. A couple months ago I would go out into my car late at night and smoke some reefer while listening to the radio. I found it a nice way to calm down and relax after a long day.

Anyways I was packing a bowl and decided to look around to see if the coast was clear. To my right, down the street I saw what appeared to be a white wolf. It was looking straight at me and walking across the street. I looked at it for a couple of seconds then fear washed over me and I just HAD to look away. I'm not sure what came over me, was probably just me being extremely baked. Then when I looked back of course it was gone.

I just found it strange/creepy because I have never hallucinated from smoking before and I didn't think that you could. What's even stranger is that I absolutely love wolves and I find them extremely fascinating, they are definitely in my top 5 favorite animals. So I'm not quite sure what that was about, but it was creepy.

2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yyDW7vGw4t0

That sound. It was the scariest thing ever cause it was so damn loud. Me and my cousin were outside after middle school and we heard it and tried to get the sound but his phone couldnt get it. You could like feel it inside you it was so lound. I mean it wasnt deafening but you could feel it, whatever it was.

5 more replies

5 more replies

More replies

ctrlaltcreate
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I went here: https://maps.google.com/maps?q=33.807416,-118.17732&num=1&t=h&z=18

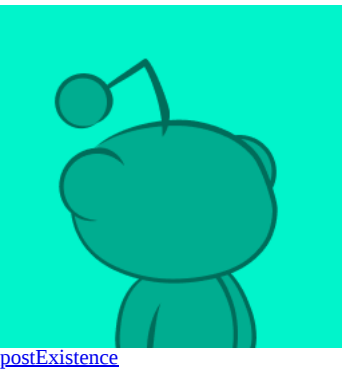
Unfortunately (fortunately?) the building has since been torn down, but there used to be a fairly large, abandoned office complex here. I would go urban exploring with friends.

All we had was a 3-cell mag light, carried by me. There were three of us, and upon entering the complex near twilight, found it to be pitch dark inside. The interior had moldy, stained and torn carpeting. There animal feces, shattered glass, the pages of an old porno scattered within, and disturbingly, axe marks on the doors. There were also empty booze bottles and signs that someone might have camped out there in the past. As night fell, the only light we had at all emanated from my flashlight.

The most heartstopping moment happened when, after exploring for a while, we encountered a door that was just slightly ajar, and covered in axe wounds. The nature of the light was such that the beam of the flashlight couldn't illuminate what was within the room. I pushed on the door, but it resisted. I put my shoulder into it, and managed to get it about 6 inches.

Then the door pushed back, hard. My heart leapt into my throat. Now, I know that it was very likely simply a swollen door frame, but in that moment, in a place that had a very nasty, creepy, violent vibe, we thought better of trying to get that door open and simply moved on... quickly. We explored a bit further, and decided to hightail it when the beam of the flashlight began to dim.

Edit: I should add that it is adjacent to a cemetery. Now, I always found that cemetery quite peaceful and beautiful, except for the time that a pack of about 12 stray dogs came running through the ungated portion. Still, made it creepier.



postExistence
• 13y ago

My family and I were returning from a trip to the grandparents' house in the late evening. We were in the deer-crossing section of the highway when we saw a car in the middle of the road with its emergency lights blinking. In front of it was a 6 - 8 horned buck (male deer), lying on the road right in front of the fender. The car's headlights shot a shaft of light upon the poor animal, and it was still moving its head. It looked right at me as we drove by.

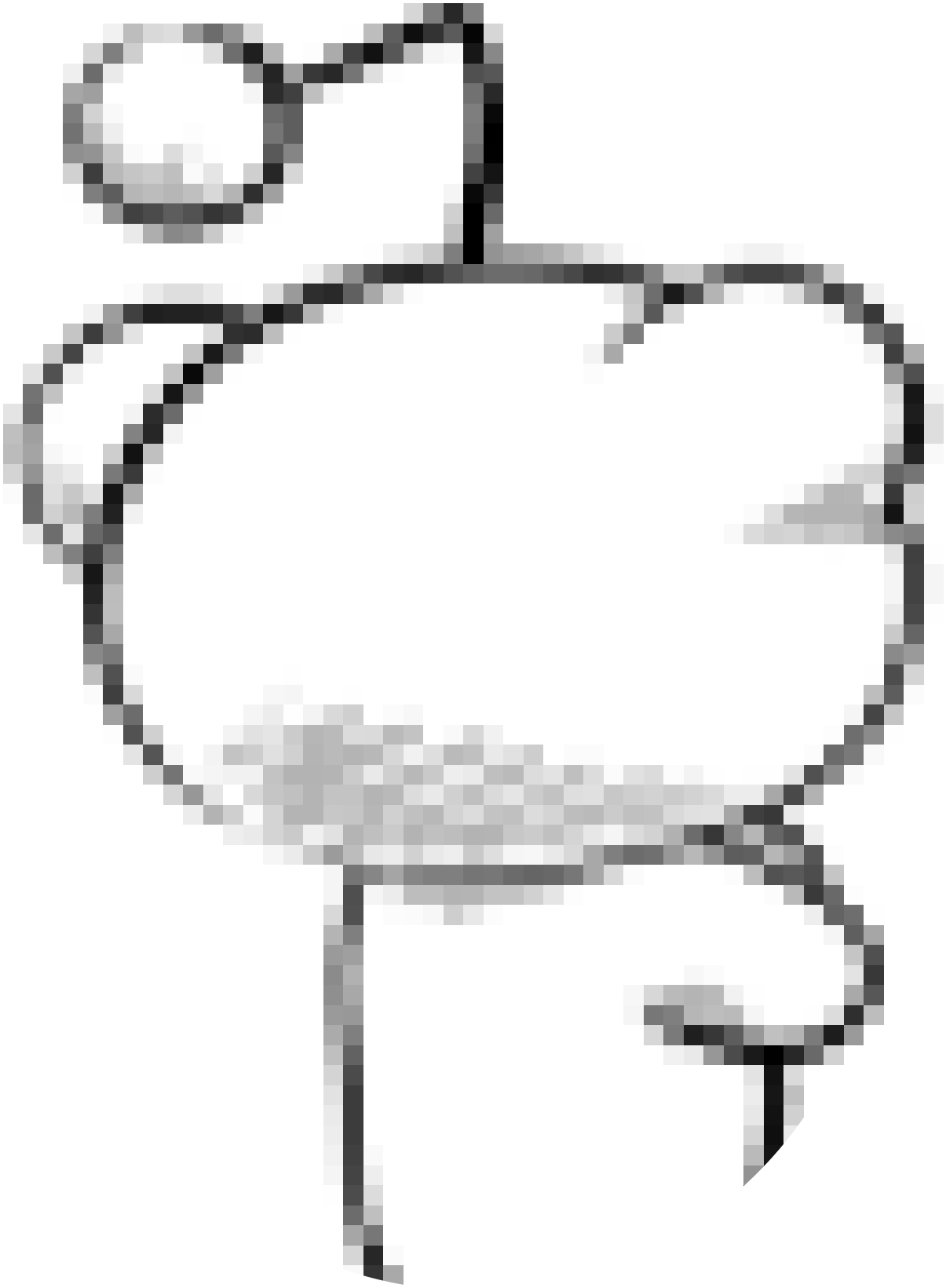
micmea1
• 13y ago

Might be a little late jumping in this thread. I don't really believe in ghosts or spirits, so I assume there must be good explanations for this stuff, but at the time it creeped me out. Firstly, one day I was walking in the woods behind my parents house. It was just something I did to occupy myself when I was bored. Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, a really large dog, it looked as though it could have been a wolf (we live in Maryland, no wolves here) but maybe it was just a really large husky, came trotting by. It was gray in color, and I remember it moved really silently. I was never afraid of dogs, and this one was paying me zero attention. It passed no more than 10 feet in front of me and didn't give me a glance even after I loudly said, "Hey!" (not sure why I did that, I think I felt creeped out and wanted to break the silence, make sure the animal knew I was there). It's eyes focused dead ahead and it just continued to silently trot by. It could have just been a really calm dog, but I have no idea where it could have been going. It was going deeper into the woods, as my parents property backed up into a state park, which is the direction the dog was heading towards.

Second happened last year. I was home alone one night when I heard what sounded like claws scratching on the downstairs door. The way my parents house is built has it so the upstairs portion has a balcony type view into the downstairs living room. I went out into this area to investigate the scratching noise, creeped out already be curious to see what was there. There are no trees or bushes close enough to brush up along side of the house to make that noise, so it had to be *something*. When I looked downstairs towards the two doors that were visible from the upstairs, there didn't appear to be any animals looking in. It was dark out, though, so it was difficult to be sure. I went back to doing what I was doing before and maybe fifteen minutes later I heard the scratching again. It was very distinctive scratching, it reminded me of when our old dog would paw at the door to be let in. I told myself it must be a raccoon, or something similar, but it was strange for an animal like that to claw at the door. There have been other instances, years after my dog had died, where I would think I faintly heard him barking out in the yard. Probably just my mind playing tricks on me.

Cantaloupe12
• 13y ago

A while ago i stayed at a friends cabin in upstate new york. They lived on a small pond in the middle of the woods. Every single night the pair of loons living there would make the creepiest noises ever.



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• 13y ago

Not so much scary as disturbing...I was at a gun store about a week before X-mas 2011. I'm walking in as a gentleman passes me coming out. He then proceeds to get into his car facing the front of the store. As the clerk behind the counter is showing me a gun, we both see it happen, the guy puts the gun he just purchased to his cheek and shoots himself. Turns out the guy had terminal cancer and didn't want to deal with it anymore. He didnt die right away either, an off duty Sherrifs Deputy (and Paramedic) and I went out and tried to stabalize him (I'm a volunteer Fire Fighter). He was very much alive in the since he was breathing but, most of the part of the brain that control everything else was now on the inside of his car. After that...I went home and slept the rest of the day. I had made suicides before and bad accidents but, I had never witnessed it happen.

DebateExposesDoubt
• 13y ago

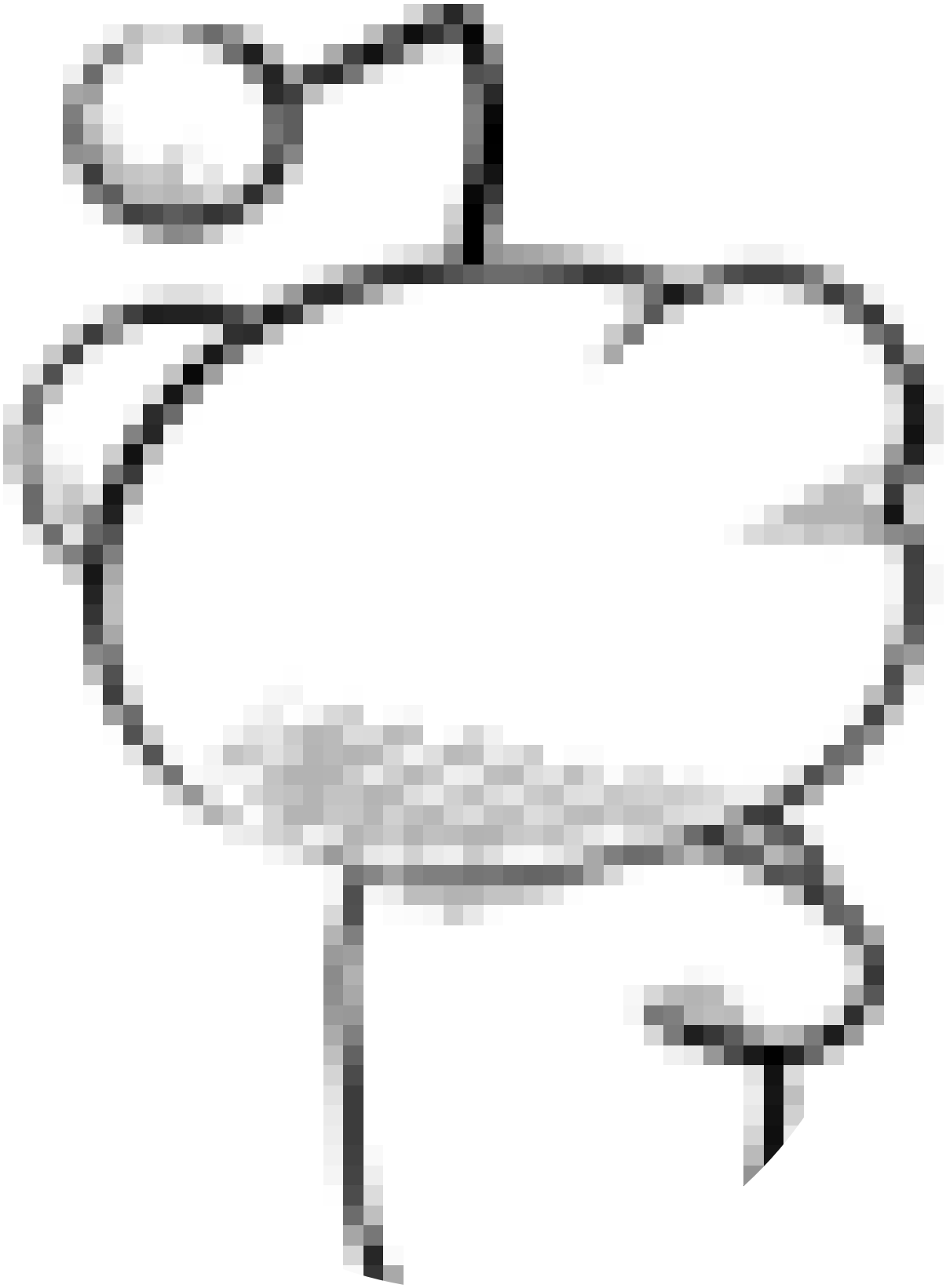
Almost all of the creepy stories I possess start out with the phrase "When I worked at the morgue..."

This is one of those stories. *Law & Order DUN DUN*

In our high-volume morgue, there was a special cooler set aside in its own corner. We called it the VIP cooler, which was actually a bit of a cruel joke because all the occupants were either very decomposed, unclaimed, or bones from old unsolved murders. I used to have to take inventory of that cooler, and occasionally rearrange the bodies on the racks to make room for more. I always got a really uneasy feeling in there, because these people were forgotten. They died alone, no family cared enough to notice they were gone. They decomposed for days or weeks until a neighbor complained about the smell. Or maybe their family thought they were missing, and never knew they were rotting in a morgue cooler. Maybe they alienated everyone in their lives. Either way, there was a profound sadness within those steel walls that gripped me deep within the pit of my stomach. Year after year, bodies wasted away until paperwork allowed them to be buried in an unmarked grave at the county cemetery. It may not seem super scary or creepy, but I promise you the eerie feeling was palpable as soon as you slide the door open. The stench was palpable too. It just doesn't seem right, to die without a name, or to die with a name that no one cares for.

When I worked the night shift, sometimes I was alone while my partners were on call. I'd be in the control room, watching cameras, cleaning up a bit, and very often, I would hear what sounded like someone walking down the halls, dripping wet. I'd stare at the cameras, terrified that some Grudge shit was gonna go down, but it was never anything more than those creepy, dripping footsteps.

shudder



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• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

1 more reply

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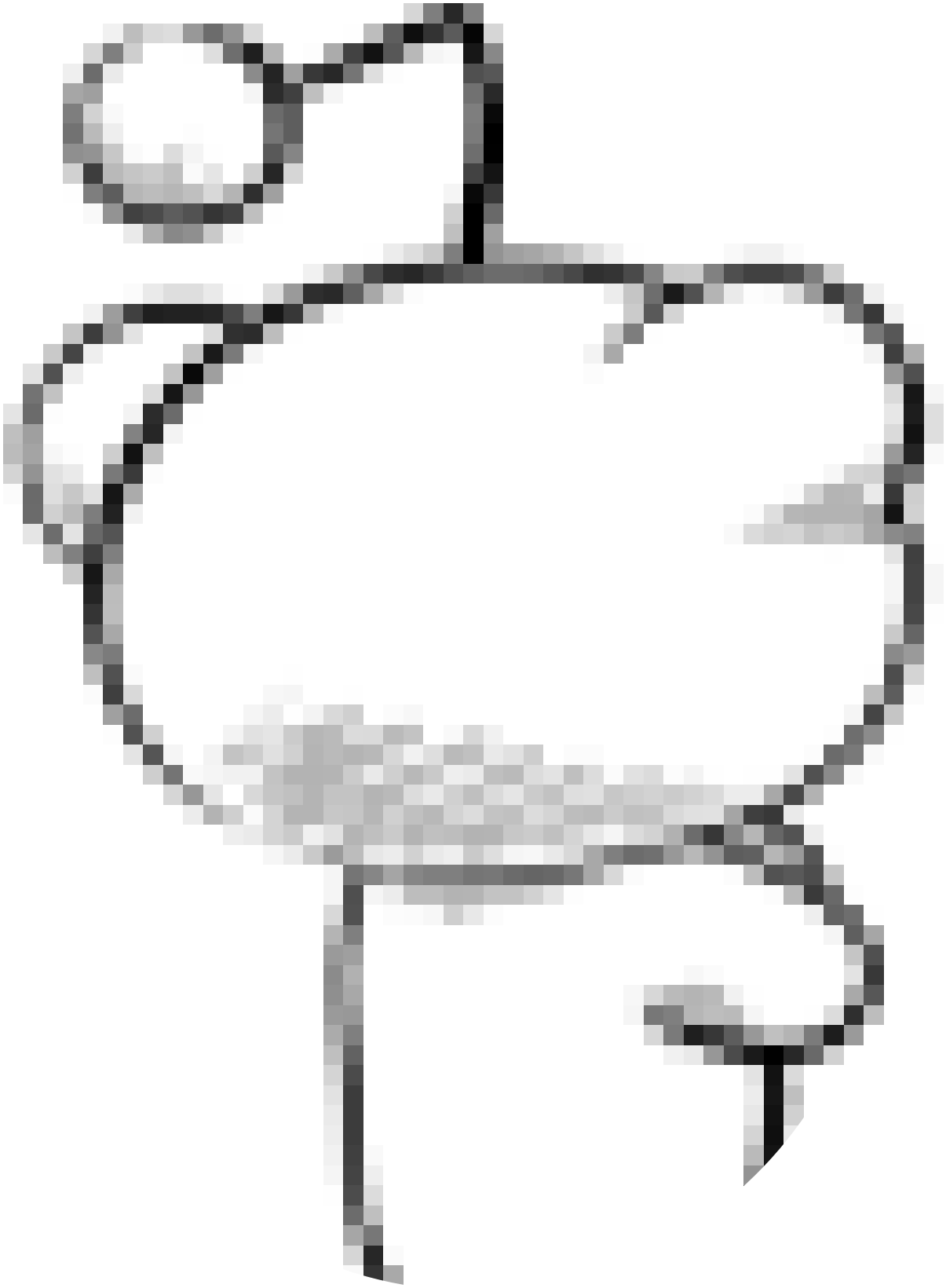
Feedlydee
• 13y ago

Why do I read these threads :(



taimaishoo
• 13y ago

My friend's sister was standing in front of her bathroom mirror getting ready for a night out. She looks out of the corner of her eye and catches a motionless man staring at her from under her bed. She took a couple of minutes and finished getting ready. Then, she left the room as calmly as possible and called the police. After a couple of minutes, she went back upstairs with her brother to find the man had left.

Strong woman.

Fred_Zeppelin
• 13y ago

My wife and I were driving on a freeway near Akron, at night. Ahead of us we saw a semi-truck at a dead stop, parked in the right hand lane (not off to the side).

When we drove slowly past, we saw a man lying in the road, about 10 ft in front of the truck, sort of rolling back and forth, didn't appear hurt, and no one in the truck. The guy on the ground didn't look up, but started waving us on and yelled "I'm Ok, keep going", so we did. No explanation.

1 more reply
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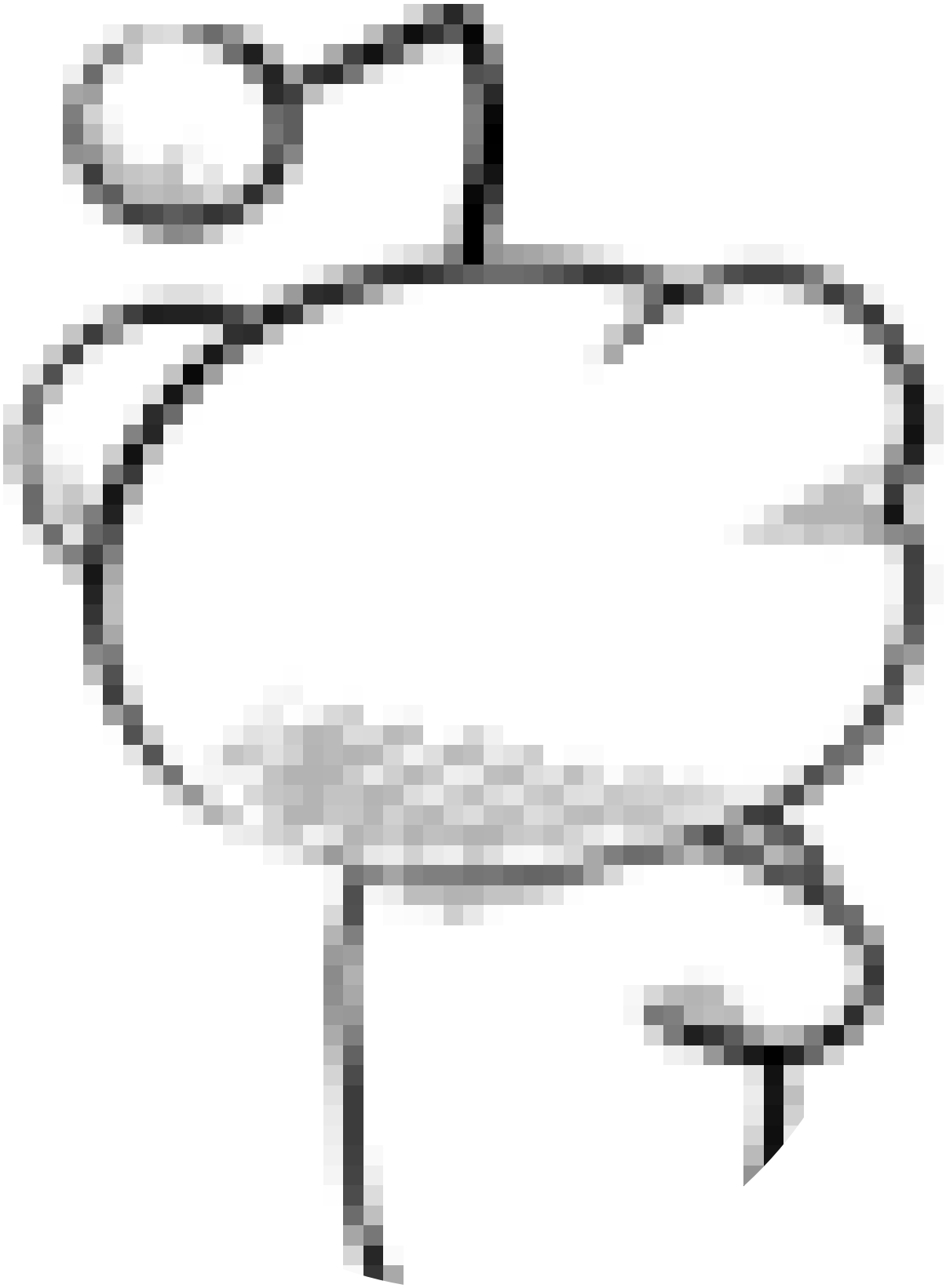
More replies



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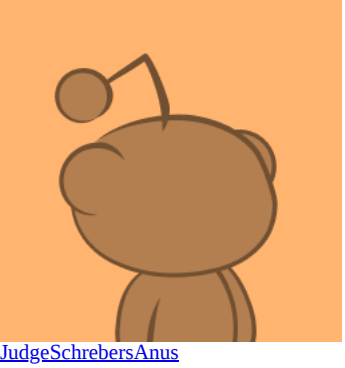
• 13y ago

I'm very late to this, but my brother once found an abandoned house in the woods. There was a car with a tree growing through it in the driveway, and the house was left entirely intact from the 1970s. There were pictures of a family on the walls, dressers with clothes, the kitchen had plates on the tables and pots and pans in the sink. There was a little boy's room with toys out on the floor. It was quite literally a time capsule.

While it sounds horrifying, my brother thought it was pretty cool and he had nerves of steel, so him and his friends would actually go there to hang out on a regular basis. Weird.

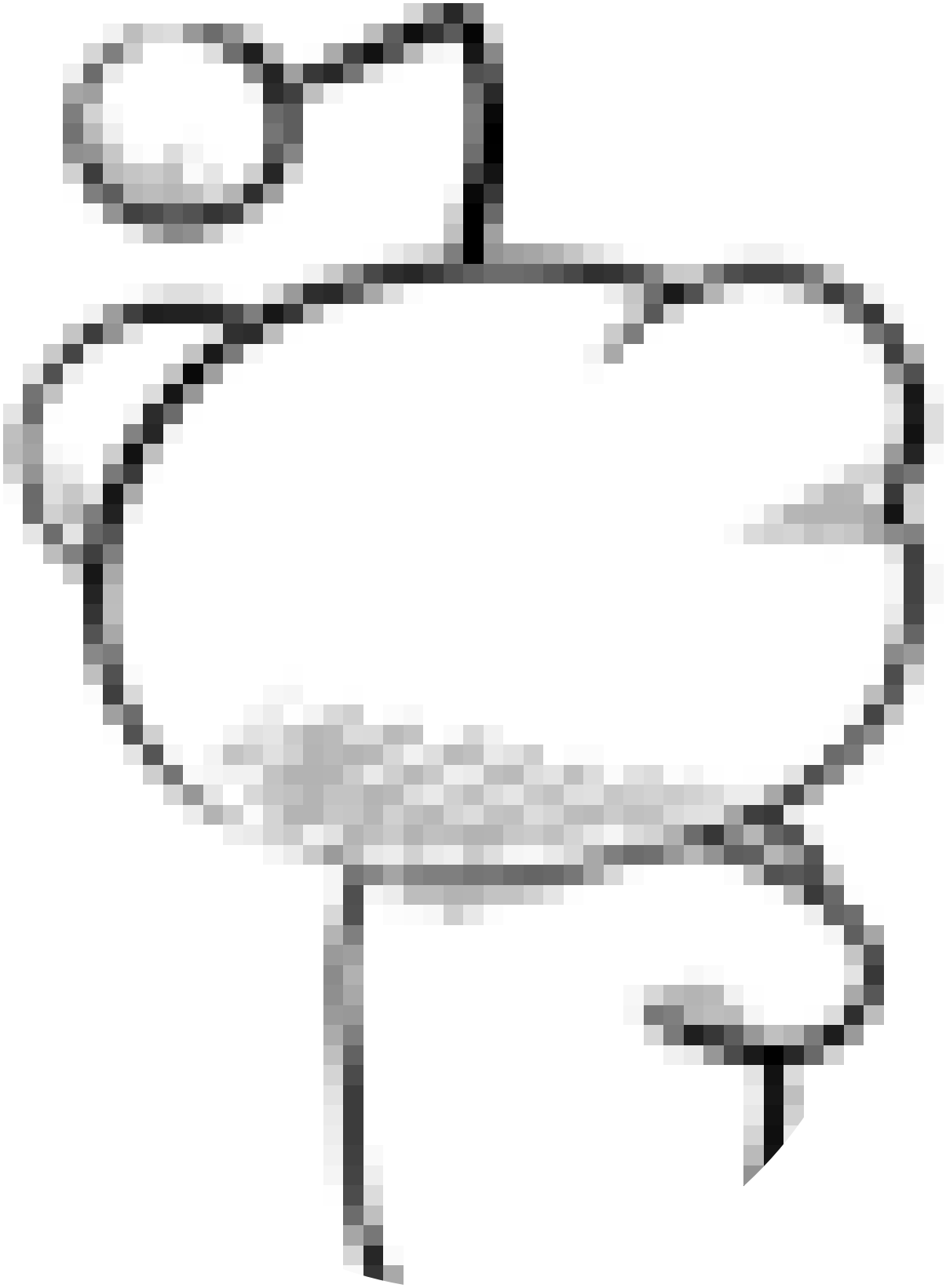


JudgeSchrebersAnus
• 13y ago

Two events come to mind.

When I was 12, my dad and I were driving around town and passed the parking lot of a school where a car was on fire. We pulled into the lot and called 911. Then the car door opened and out crawled a completely black, charred man. Charred clothing and/or skin was flaking off of him. He just stayed on all fours by the car until the EMTs came. We read in the paper the next day that he died in the hospital. A suicide.

A different time when I was in New York city I was riding the subway and we hit a guy. It wasn't obvious from inside the train, but we were kept at the station for a long time. When they finally let us out, his shoes and bag from CVS with mouthwash were still on the platform.

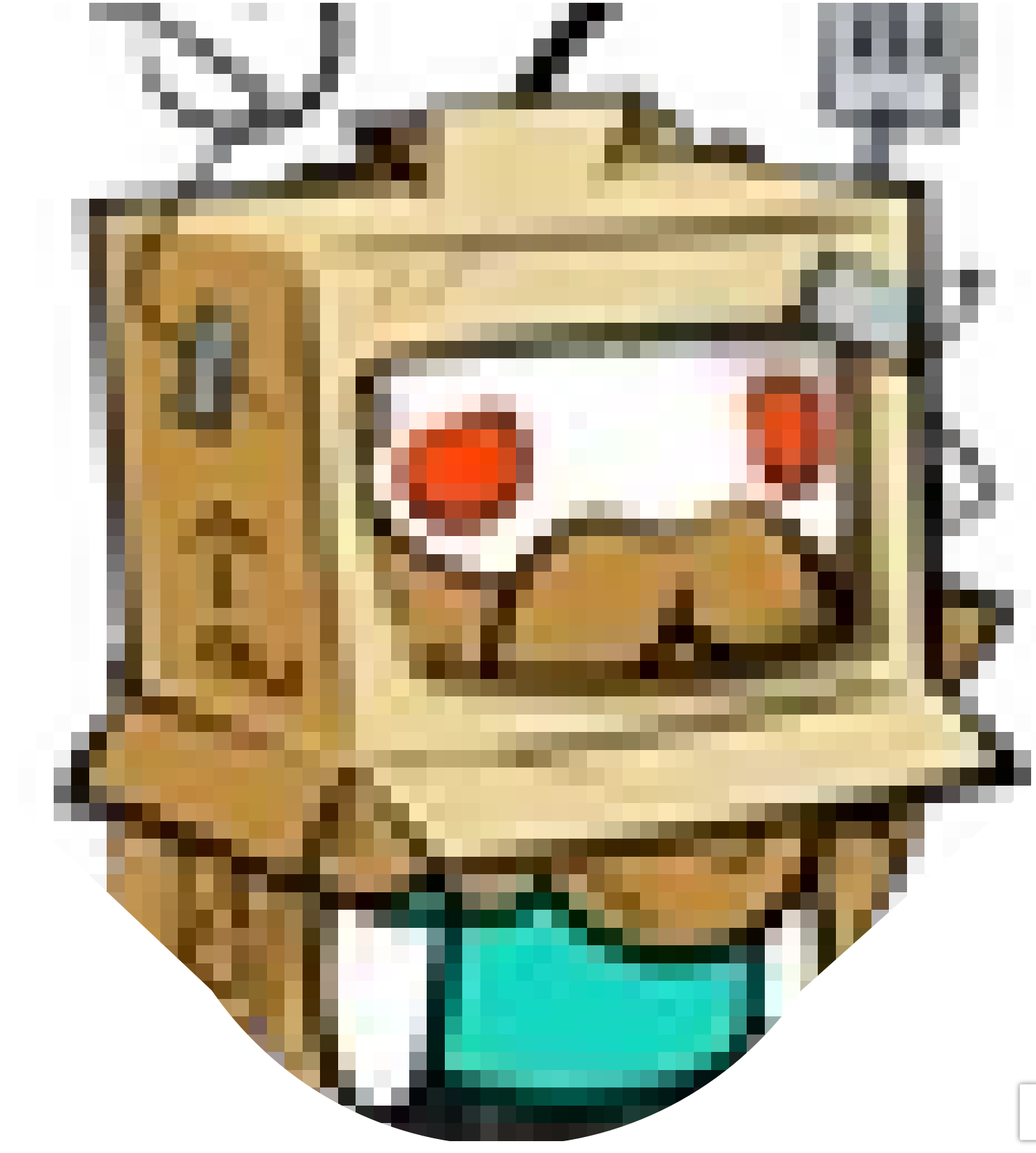


rylopia
• 13y ago

Me and a friend was touring Scandinavia, at a B&B just outside Oslo called the Oslo Cafe, we shared a room and both could not get to sleep. About 2am we both get up and investigate the room for anything weird and when we get to the corner of the room just opposite of the bed we both just get weirded out. It was crazy, 2 guys scared of a corner. We literally sat all night just staring at this slightly darker corner of the room. The next morning we asked for a change of rooms and the woman at the desk said that almost all of the people who use that room complain of the same creepiness! Not sure wether its the set up of the room or what but it was seriously fucked up.

nevergiveup777
• 13y ago

First time I caught it before I got to the end. FUCKER.

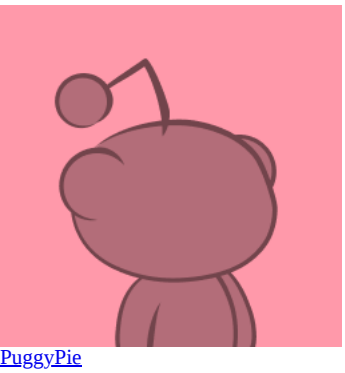


bayard91
• 13y ago

My freshman year of college, I received a frantic phone call from my sister saying my grandfather had a stroke. I sped home to see my grandfather in critical condition and my family in shambles. Though my grandma kept talking about hearing a knock. When I got her alone, she said that she heard 3 knocks at the door Monday morning, and when she answered it, no one was there. The same that happened on Tuesday to her. Wednesday morning my grandfather had his stroke. She kept going on and on about how her mother had experienced the same thing with her dad and it was death knocking at the door to claim his victim. I knew she was beyond flustered and not in the right mind frame so I let her vent to me and I didn't think anything of it. At about 3 In the morning, I had volunteered to stay up with my grandfather who was in and out of sleep and remembering who he was. The nurse had gone to get some mess for my granddad and I was in the room alone. I heard three knocks. Thinking it was the nurse coming back but couldn't open the door because her hands were full, I pull open the door to reveal no one. The next day my granddad passed away. Though I wish it stopped there. The night of my granddads funeral I passed out relatively early because I was exhausted. I was abruptly woken up from my slumber by a strange feeling. I shot up in bed to find a person dressed in an army uniform standing at the foot of my bed. His eyes were unnaturally wide open, head cocked to the side and he appeared to be screaming with no noise coming out. I freaked, flipped the light on and barely slept the rest of the night. The rest of my family claims they had strange experiences that night too, but mine was the only one that was creepy.

xus447x
• 13y ago

I was at my grand parents house in the country. I used to ride my four wheeler all over the place, and on the property a few acres away was their old house they used to live in before building their current house. One day I decided to go inside to take a peak. I walked into the house and it was old and falling apart, but I wanted to see what was upstairs. As I began walking up the stairs, I fell through. I landed in the space under, and took a second to gain my composure. I looked up at a whole in the wall, which should have been looking into what would have been the living room, but it was just black. It was weird because it was the middle of the day. As I stood up to look into the hole, a woman appeared. She had very sunken eyes, and a strange smile. She stared at me and started to come towards the hole, all the time her smile got wider. Right as she reached the hole, I was grabbed from the stairs, my grandpa had seen me go into the house and followed me. I never went back to that house again.



PuggyPie
• 13y ago

So I'm in film school, off on a shoot for a friend's short film about two people lost in the mountains (real original, I know). This guy, the director, is an interesting fellow. An outdoorsmen, leaving us all in the dust hiking up this fucking mountain. Also I should mention he is hypersensitive, to the point of borderline superpower. Incredibly sensitive to light, so he wears sunglasses all the time. Can smell when someone bleeds, can hear high frequencies, etc.

Anyway There's about 6 or 7 of us on this trek up a mountain, far off the beaten trail deep into the woods. While we're working on a scene suddenly one of the crew members (an ex-military fellow) goes really still, staring off into the distance. He reaches for his knife and starts stalking off into the woods at something none of us seem to be able to see. He won't answer any of our questions, and we let him go off on his merry way. (He had a knife. We did not.). He came back a few minutes later. He told us someone had been watching us, but he ran off. Honestly, I'm not sure I believed him, but regardless it creeped us all out.

Fast forward a few hours, it's getting dark. Fast. Since we're on the side of a mountain. We're working on the last scene of the day when the director yells for us to cut and starts rushing to pack up and get back to the trail ASAP. I ask what the deal is, and he says there are animals all around us. "Like...bunnies?" I ask. "No, like coyotes." - "How many are we talking?" - "I can't distinguish their strides, that they blend together, but the smell is strong. If I had to guess, about 5 or 6."

We all start booking it down the mountain at this point, Mr. Hypersensitive leading, Mr. Military bringing up the rear. Director would occasionally point out where they were, running parallel to our group down the trail. People were tripping and cutting themselves running for their lives. When we got closer to the mountain's base and where we parked our cars Mr. Hypersensitive tells us he can't smell them anymore.

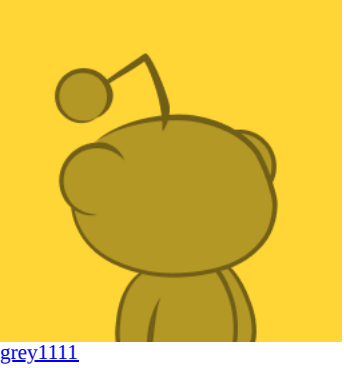
I now know coyotes rarely attack people, and they were probably only following us out of curiosity, but at the time all I could see in my mind's eye was a super pack of canines tearing us to shreds. Overall, it was a terrifying day.

joenathanSD
• 13y ago

Dead guy calls his family/friends from a train wreck for hours prior to his body being discovered:

Peck's body was recovered from the wreckage 12 hours after the accident. Yet for the first eleven of those hours, his cell phone placed call after call to his loved ones, calling his son, his brother, his stepmother, his sister, and his fianceé. In all, his various family members received 35 calls from his cell phone through that long night. When they answered, all they heard was static; when they called back, their calls went straight to voice mail. But the calls gave them hope that the man they loved was still alive, just trapped somewhere in the wreckage.

http://www.snopes.com/horrors/ghosts/deadcall.asp



grey1111
• 13y ago

When I was eleven years old my mother and I lived in Palm Springs in a country club. Our condo faced the golf course and had sliding glass doors on one entire side. Everything about the place was beautiful and the summertime was idyllic. I used to play outside just off the fairway with our dog Bogart and ride horses at a local stable.

My mom worked and my grandfather took care of me during the day. I loved having adventures and would hang out with some of the security guards at the club because they had golf carts which I like to run around the property in.

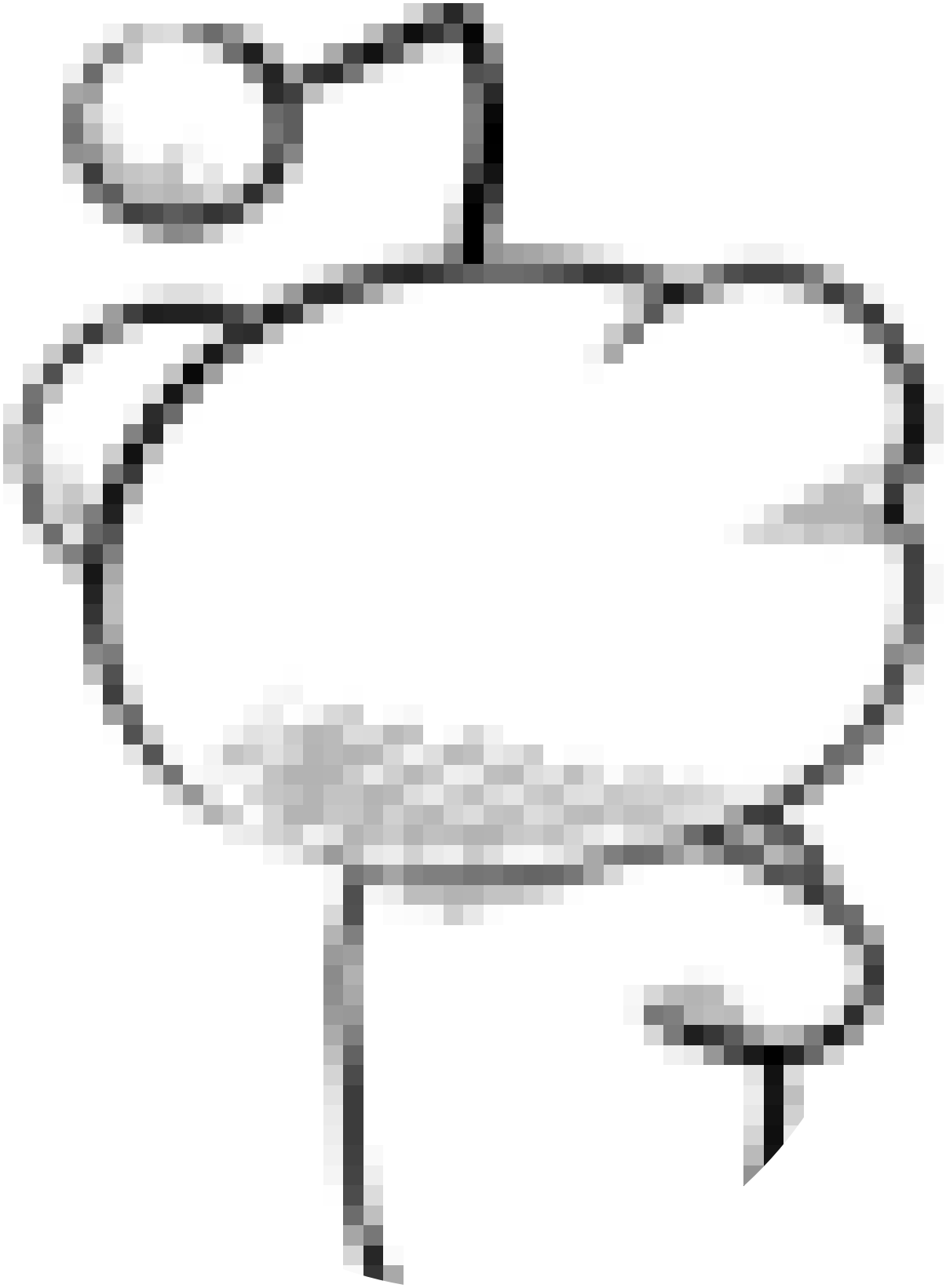
So, one night during the summer my mom had gone to bed and I just could not go to sleep. I was wired and something told me that there was trouble brewing. I remember sitting on my mothers bed with our dog and I had the TV on but muted. Just laying there in the dark, all of a sudden I heard something from the living room. It sounded like the sliding glass door being opened.

I moved as quietly as I could and snuck around the corned to peer into the living room. At that time I was co fronted with a full grown man entering our condo. I wanted to scream "bloody murder" but all that I could muster was "mom", with a meek tone.

I ran back into my mothers room and woke her up. The intruder had fled. The two of us were scared to death and called the security office. Five minutes later a patrol man comes to the door and he and my mother search the outside of the condo. He asked me what happened and I told him. After he left I grabbed my mother. "Did you see his ring?". "Yes," she said. "Well, the guy trying to come in the door had a rind on his hand with a stone like that, too." Her jaw dropped. This man had been over at our house many times and had taken me out for adventures, etc.

Long story shorter, the head of security set up a stake-out and actually found that this guard had been watching myself and my mother through our windows for months.

Now if that ain't creepy, I don't know what is. And yes, he was fired but my idiot mother didn't press charges.



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• 13y ago

At the age of 8, on Christmas night, my brother and I were doing a figure eight in the basement, trying out the new roller-blades we received that day. About thirty minutes goes by of us just trying to get as fast as we can doing this figure eight and something draws my attention to the basement window. In the window I see a spirit/ghost that I can only describe as The Jackal from the movie Thirteen Ghosts. I freaked out and cried my way upstairs to the safety of our well lit living room.

I've encountered this spirit twice since then. Once while high on ecstasy in a house my best friend lived at which happened to be built on top of an old cemetery, and another time when house sitting for a friend.

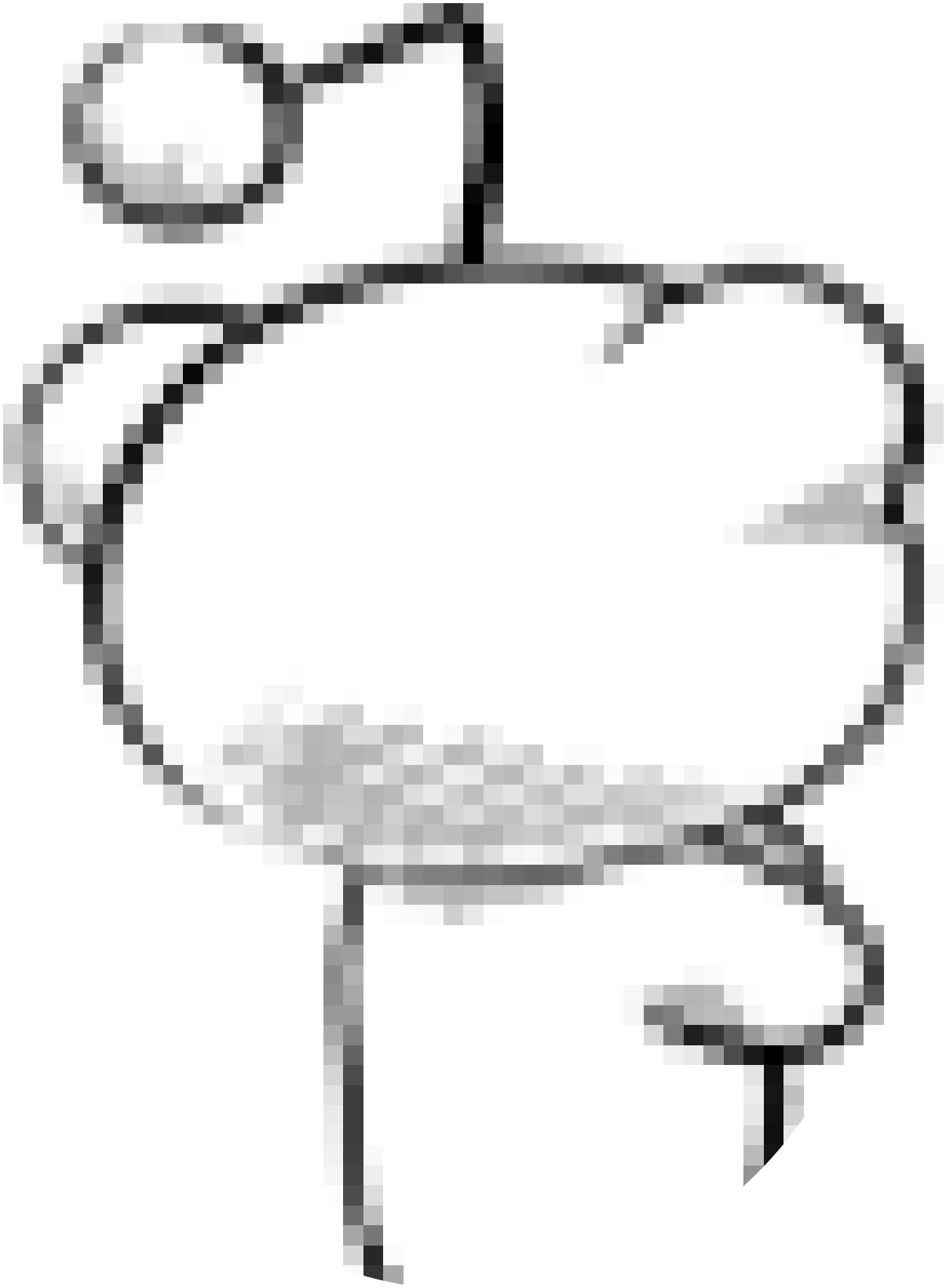
I spoke to a spiritual adviser about it, since it's now something I consider a recurring experience. It hadn't clicked before, but the figure eight is, derp, also a sign for infinity, which he believes to be a powerful symbol, and since I invoked it I will be visited again by this spirit through out the rest of my life.

Notenough1997
• 13y ago

Ive never told this before, so the narration will be a bit choppy: i live in a suburb outside of pittsburgh. A few years ago, three police officers were killed in a shootout(it made national news, google it). Since i was a toung kid, about 5 years old, i have had a memory of having a party in my house for my birthday. Of course, it was mostly family friends, i was an unpopular kid. I was running around with one of my cousins when i ran into a grown-up's leg. Flash forward 9 years: im cleaning my living room with my little sister when i decide to take a break and lean against a bookcas-type thing, when all of a sudden, *flashback*!!! Me:"who are you?" Paul:"im paul! Im a friend of your dads! Im a police officer. Do you know what they do?" Me: "yeah. They protect people" paul: "thats right. Im here to protect you." I come out of the flashback and see Paul J. Scuillo the second, who had be killed a year or two prior. He says to me"it was my jop to protect. Its yours now" then he disappears. I look at my sister, who was still cleaning. She didnt see or hear a thing. Until about 3 months later, i see him in a picture and say "who is that? He looks just like the officer that was killed". My mom starts to cry, and says to me"thats because it is". TL;DR: a dead officer whom i met once when i was five, appeard to me and told me i was a protector. Then i learn his identity 3 months later. Rest in peace, Pauly.

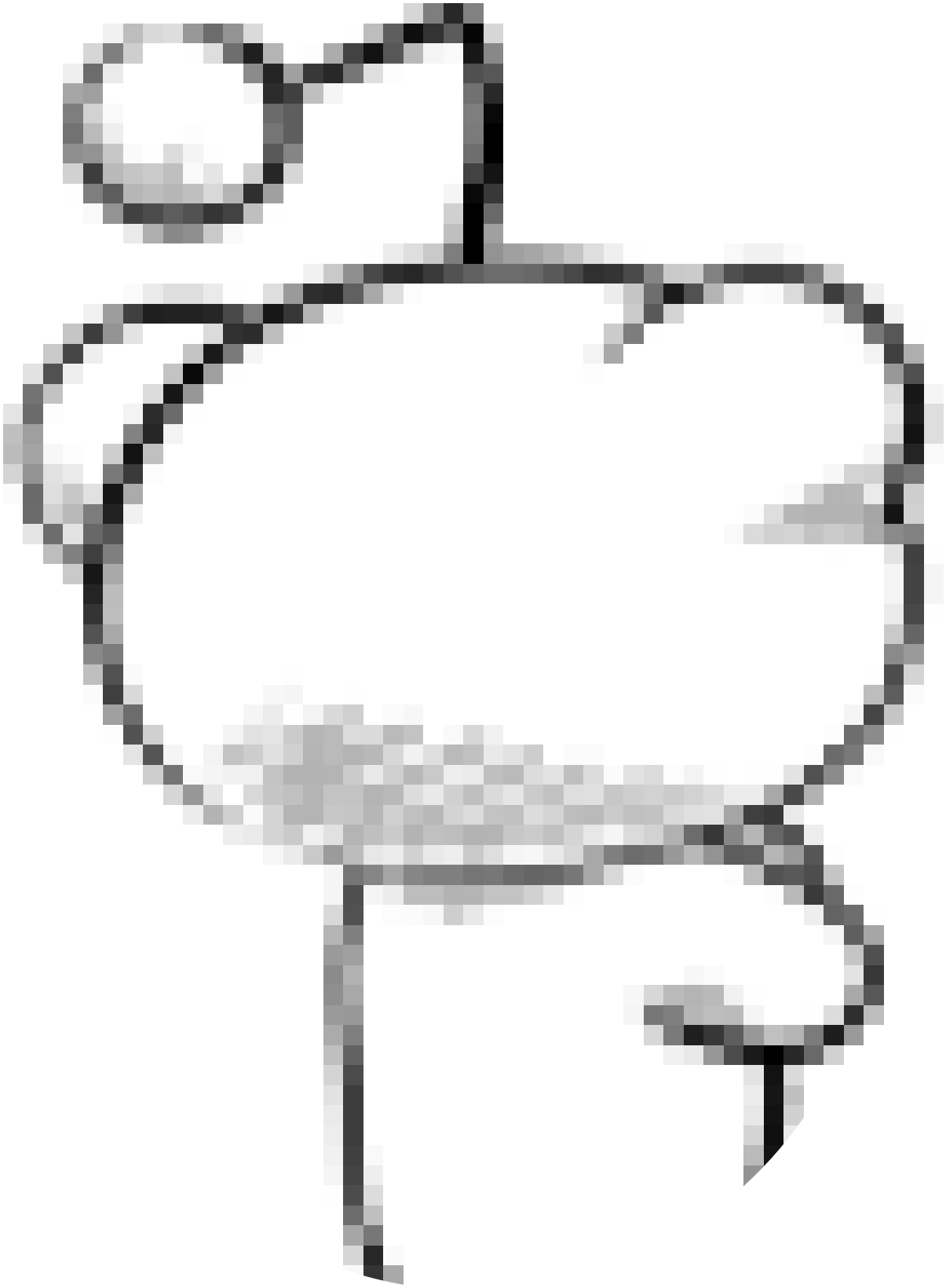
viceroy_bifuri
• 13y ago

Scary: A few years ago my husband and I woke up from deep sleep to a terrible loud noise and bright bluish light shining and flashing into the windows. The noise became deafening and the light was brighter, like it was trying to get in. I was paralyzed by the thought "I am about to be abducted by aliens." I couldn't believe my husband was right about aliens all along. After a minute went by and we had stopped screaming, "What is that?" we realized it was a police helicopter searching our yard for someone. Then I was panicked someone was going to try to get in our house or was hiding nearby. We have a basement with hidden steps and I was convinced the person of interest was probably located there. I crawled around the house terrified I would see someone out the window . I. started turning on outside lights hoping to aid the police and deter anyone from taking cover. After a while the helicopter moved on but it was hours before we could sleep. Never did find out who they were looking for.



JNRazer
• 13y ago

I once saw a sheep looking at me. #nothingserious

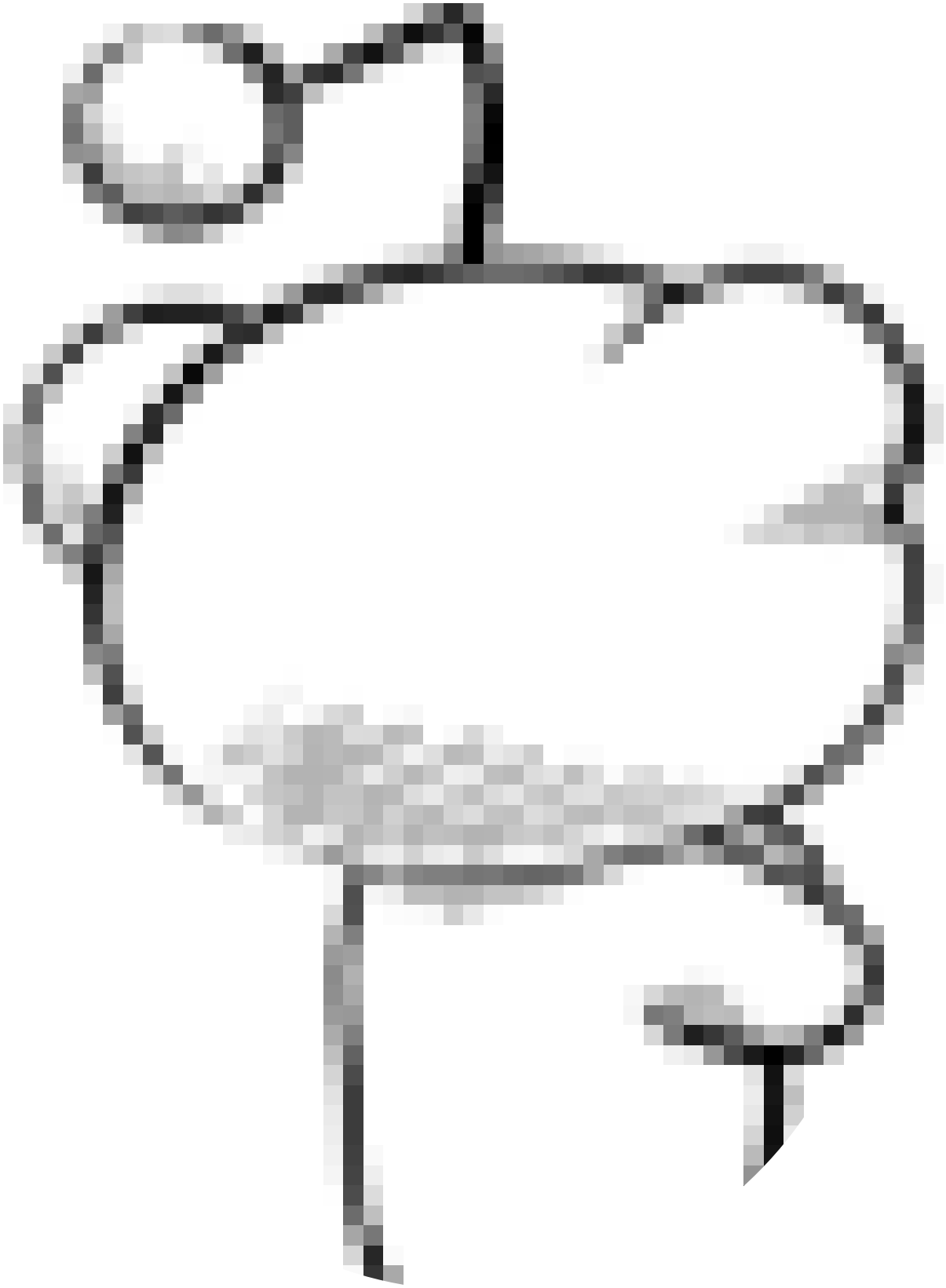


[deleted]
• 13y ago

I worked in a nursing home for a summer one year, and it sucked. One night I went into a room to answer a call light, and I went in there and both residents were asleep. I saw a shadow cross mine on the bed curtain, so I turn and see someone (I assume my co-worker) go into the room across from me. I go in there, and no one is in there. No one is on my end of the hall. I was a little shaken, but decided it was nothing. I told our charge nurse about it later, and she said "Was it room 119?" I looked shocked and said "yes..." She then told me how strange things always happen in that room, people seeing shadows and what not. She told me heard a scream and then a thump so she ran in there, but the room was empty. Another night she was passing meds and she saw someone standing in the doorway, she didn't recognize her so she assumed a resident from another wing had wondered over. She looked up to tell her she would help her in a second and she wasn't there any longer. She had been in a doorway, so the only place the could have gone was the room. The room was empty. Not too scary, but it's true. Only "ghost" I've ever seen.

crogar
• 13y ago

A friend of mine's sister, is a very adventurous person, and liked to camp in the wilderness. She often liked to camp by herself, just to get away from people all together and just be with nature. One trip, she was by herself and about two days into her adventure, she set up camp at a clearing in the forest, and began to get ready for bed. She didn't see any person for about a day, she passed some hikers on her first day in the forest, but since then, she has only seen wild animals. She likes nature a lot, so she takes a lot of pictures with a disposable camera, and she does this on every trip to show her friends what she does. She drops off the cameras to get developed, and after she picks up the pictures, she begins to look through the pictures she took. She stops on this one picture. She is stricken with fear by what she saw in that picture. It was a picture of her sleeping in her sleeping bag, taken from above her, as if someone was standing right over her taking that picture. She only saw two hikers the first day but when the picture was taken, she was by herself. Or so she thought.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Woke up from a nightmare with bloody footprints on the floor.

plokijuhujiko
• 13y ago

This was probably the most terrified that I've been. I was walking through the woods one time and I heard something moving nearby. This was a deciduous forest in the southern US; a lot of undergrowth and low branches, so not a lot of visibility.

Whatever it was, from the sound it made it was moving quickly and rustling a lot of leaves and bushes as it went. It seemed to be moving around me. I wanted to get away, but I couldn't determine a direction that would definitely be putting distance between us. I also didn't want my back to it. I started backing away and scanning for a branch that was the right size and straight enough to serve as a club. All the branches around me were gnarled and twisted though.

Eventually I moved in front of a gap in the trees and bushes that let me finally see what the noise was. Apparently, a dozen or so wild turkeys sound approximately like your nightmares have found you in the waking world.

MustardForBreakfast
• 13y ago

This clip... [NSFW] WARNING: Death.

I still don't know what to say. Its just horrible.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

ktbird7
• 13y ago

Had a peeping tom at an old apartment.

The front window to our apartment faced a bright light so we could see the shadows of everything that went by even when the blinds were totally closed.

One morning I got out of the shower, probably about 5 AM, and I sit at my computer, towel waist down (I am female). I hear a noise, look over and someone is up against my window trying to look though the little holes that the blinds rope goes through, and trying to open the window. Thankfully the window was locked. Woke my husband up, came back out and the guy was gone.

Husband sat in front of the window. Guy came back again while I was on the phone with the police and immediately left.

I did not sleep with the lights off for two years.

LascielCoin
• 13y ago

These threads always come up when it's nighttime here and I know it's a bad idea to read it but I still do it. Every fucking time.

Sauce_Money
• 13y ago

The Poughkeepsie tapes. Here

Prof_Nutbutter
• 13y ago

When I was a lot younger, around 12 or so, I was home alone late on a Saturday night. I only remember it was a Saturday because I remember that I was watching SNL on TV. My dad was a supervisor at a factory and was working late, but I expected him to be home any minute. See, we lived in a split-level house, and the chair I was sitting in was upstairs, right next to the stairs. Anyone walking in would have seen me sitting there right when they walked in. As I'm giggling at the TV, I hear someone step up and open the front door and walk in. Since I expected it to be my dad (and I was probably in the middle of an SNL skit), I didn't bother looking over and down at the door. Loud, stomping footsteps told me that "my dad" went right downstairs. I hear some shuffling about for a few minutes, before the footsteps return up the stairs and head back out the door. I figured he had went into the garage, as that's where he liked to relax after work and knock back a few cold ones. But I hear no sign of him for some time. Getting curious, I step out my front door but my dad's car is nowhere in sight. The garage is empty. I head back in and pick up the phone to call him.

"Hey dad, where'd you go?"

"Huh?"

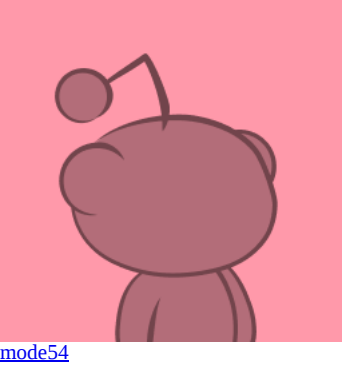
"You were here just a minute ago, I heard you come in, where'd you head off too?"

"What?!? I'm just leaving work! Go over to the neighbor's house RIGHT NOW."

I think I broke records with how fast I sprinted over there. He called them and explained what happened. I was shaking and terrified. What bothers me the most is when my dad got back and checked out the house there was nothing missing, nothing broken, no sign of anything out of place. We never found out who it was.

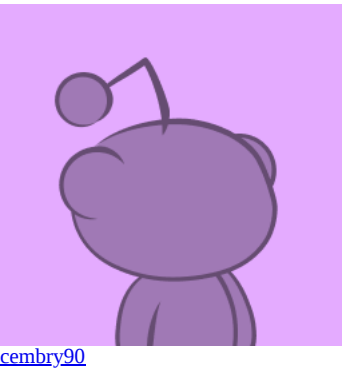
free_reddit
• 13y ago

There was a huge wreck on I20 Monday. I ran over to help and watched a family burn to death in their car. Definitely the scariest and creepiest thing I've seen in my life.



mode54
• 13y ago

When I was younger my grandmother bought me porcelian dolls for everything. She loved them and just assumed since I was a young girl, I did as well. As a gift when I was about fifteen or so, I got this one doll that was in a seated position. It was musical. You could wind it up and its head would rock back and forth while playing creepy ass music. I put it on the far side of my bedroom because it was insanely creepy. Well, countless nights I awoke in the middle of the night to it deciding to play music and rock its head. I kept telling my parents what was happening and they thought I was dreaming it. Finally, my mother put it in her room. They quickly learned I wasn't lying because it started happening off and on in their room at night as well. My mother boxed it up in the basement.



cembry90
• 13y ago

NSFW, but these:

http://i.imgur.com/1MoCj.gif

http://i.imgur.com/SuC0GmR.jpg

http://i.imgur.com/EumnM.jpg

1 more reply
1 more reply

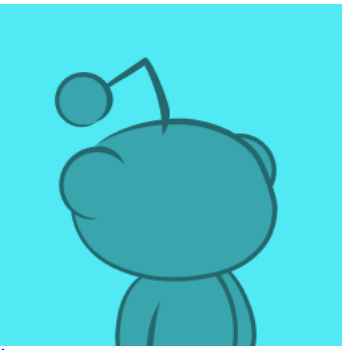
More replies

Fixx3r
• 13y ago

I had nightmares quite often when I was in my early 20s. One night I remember dreaming about some demon faced thing, and these dreams were common enough that they didn't affect me too much. I sort of woke up to the sound of my wife's alarm clock being switched rapidly from on to off to radio over an over. I asked her what the fuck she was doing and turned over to see her fast asleep beside me. I sat up quickly and must have screamed or something, and she woke startled. I told her what happened and she looked over at her alarm clock which was silent, and tried to turn it on and it came on full blast. Threw that thing in the dumpster right then and there.

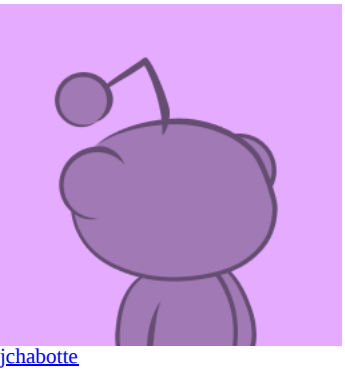
BenDes1313
• 13y ago

My uncle lived in Soviet Hungary back in 1957 during the Budapest revolution. His family had to flee and when they did it was him(age 12), his mom, two other refugees, and a guide. When they got to a certain point the guide said to get down and be quiet as the Russians would kill them on sight. My uncle and his mom followed but the two others did not. My uncle watched as Soviets came and killed the other two men right in front of him.



justcomment
• 13y ago

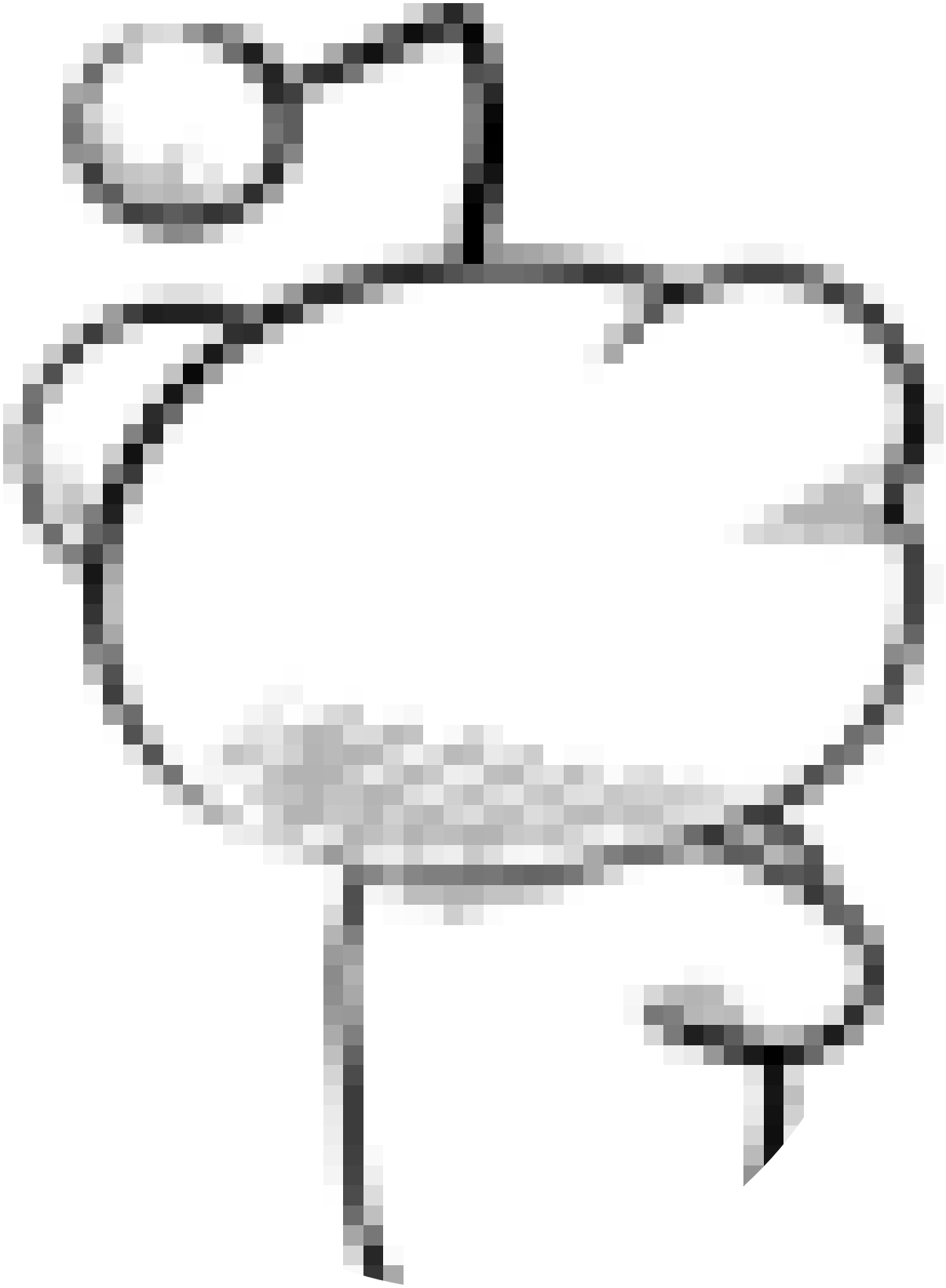
Just a bunch of hair on a chair, At attic of an abandoned house.



jchabotte
• 13y ago

When i was house hunting about 10 years ago, i came upon an "open house" that was for sale by the owner. Walked in and standing there was a disheveled looking man in overalls who was apparently the owner. Lord knows why you wouldn't dress up for a house sale? dunno.. anyways.. He gave me a tour showing me the house and all the while i got this creepy feeling like someone was just behind me. After giving me the tour of the place, he asked if i had any questions about the house. I asked him about the history of the house as he had mentioned his family had built it about 100 years ago. i asked him why he would sell it, as it was such a nice house. He looked at me and told me "My grammy died in this house".. He then paused for a second and his eyes wandered. He then said "She doesn't like you".

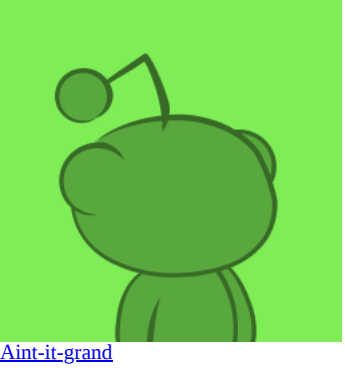
I left IMMEDIATELY.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I live in the middle of nowhere, and unless you're used to them, foxes making noise are really fucking terrifying! Had a friend stay over once and ask me if we should call the police because it "sounds like someone is being raped".

Have a listen if you're not familiar: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J6NuhlibHsM - around the 0:31 mark is what we normally hear.

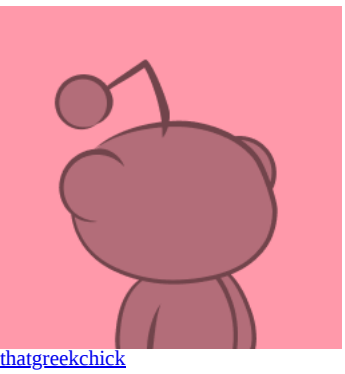


Aint-it-grand
• 13y ago

My parents divorced when I was around 13. They had always slept in separate bedrooms and so when my father moved out I decided I wanted his old room. My father is manic depressive/bi polar and refused to take his prescribed medicine. Instead, he opted for cocaine and methamphetamine. Needless to say, his room was a mess. He hoarded useless items and had a fascination with reconstructing toy dolls with other children's toys. The guy was crazy. Anyway, after cleaning out the entire room (which took weeks) I was ready to finally sleep inside of it for the first time. The room became a lot bigger without all the clutter. There were beams on the ceilings, a big window, a walk in closet and two big cupboards. Just me, my bed, and a lamp. I decided it was time for bed. The first night I slept soundly, but the room creaked and the ceiling beams, closet mirror and big window cast eerie shadows throughout the room. It wasn't until I turned sixteen that I started becoming terrified. I would lay in bed and stare at the reflections from headlights on my walls. The yellow streaks of light painting the dark blue glow of my room. And in the corner on top of one of the rafters the light wouldn't distribute correctly. I'd stare at the corner when no cars were passing and it looked normal, maybe a bit darker than the rest of the room, but normal. I became fascinated with this corner. I stared at the human-sized empty spot that stood slightly across the room perched on the beam every night. I swear sometimes it shifted, but the strangest thing would be that some nights, it wouldn't be there. On the nights that it wasn't watching over me I saw spiders. Thousands of spiders crawling through the walls, I knew it was just an optical illusion but it terrified me. The swarms became more and more rampant the longer the black figure was gone. Then it would return. It would watch me watching it. And just sit, in a crouched animal-like pose. The figure became more detailed the longer I stayed in my room. Soon it was clear that it was a man, and though I knew it kept the spiders away I still couldn't tell if its intentions were good. He seemed protective, jealous and violent. I began to wake up from dreams of him standing directly over me, menacingly. Still JUST watching me. Sometimes I would wake up and he wouldn't be there, one time I woke up and screamed thinking it was a real person right in front of me. This became a pattern. He would start perched on the beam and over a couple weeks make his way across my room inching closer to my face, then disappear. Then the spiders resumed except this time they had a friend. A girl. Pale white, black hair and a white dress. Unlike the male, she didn't notice me. She just crawled with the spiders above my head. The walls sloped down towards my headrest and she would just crawl on the sloped ceiling, without noticing my rapid heart beat less than a foot away from her cold body. I became aware of a couple things: I knew he was human-like but he wasn't human and I knew that whoever she was, she wasn't alive anymore. She began to show up more often than he did. She would scatter across the ceilings and walls, not noticing me and I would just watch her, praying to whoever that she would never notice me. But she did. This particular night she crawled on the floor which I found very odd as she had never done this. She was crawling towards me but she hadn't noticed me yet. Then she froze. I shut my eyes tight and held my breath, nothing. It felt like an eternity before I snuck a peek. I glanced at the floor where she had been and nothing. No, this time she was staring me down sitting and a smile played across her lips. Immediately upon seeing her notice me I shut my eyes, pulled the blanket over my head and tried to calm down. I almost fell back asleep under the covers but I was so warm. I let my hand out for a second and peeked through the covers. She was still sitting, smirking and staring. I pulled my hand back in, slowly as not to alert her but she saw. Her face softened and turned almost child-like and curious. I tried to fall asleep and I kept telling myself this wasn't real. There's no such things as ghosts, I should know this. I must have calmed down because I fell asleep. I awoke what seemed like fifteen minutes later to what felt like a hand holding my hand. A loose grip and slightly warm. I pulled the blanket very fast off of my head only to see her just as fucking scared as I was. I screamed bloody murder and she fled to a far corner and huddled herself into the fetal position. My sister heard my scream and rushed in to see what was wrong. She switched on the lights and as soon as she did the girl disappeared. That was the last I saw her. I moved out. I was 17 and I thought ready. I didn't tell many people about my experience until it started again at my new house. I had noticed that though I couldn't see him anymore I still felt the man watching me. Sometimes from the corner of the yard when I would smoke at night and mostly in my bedroom. He seemed to have lost interest in me. From when I was 17 to 19 he only made rare appearances. I almost became jealous of who he wanted to watch more. Though his visits became rarer his figure became stronger. He looked more animal-like now and even more menacing. He also became unpredictable. He would stand over me while I slept and hit me. One time a red mark was left on my chest. He scared me more than ever, I started to have more nightmares of him and one in particular confuses me to this day: he broke through my window, shrieked and wrote his name on my wall. The only letter I'm sure of was a "z" somewhere in the middle (probably seven letters total) and a "b" or an "h" near the beginning. I tried to solve this mystery of who he was but I couldn't find anything very promising. After that nightmare his visits became so sparse. Rarely I would feel him watching me but he never touched me again. The girl was gone too. Occasionally I'd see spiders on the walls but she never emerges from them. Honestly though, I haven't seen or felt either in years. But I got the courage to tell my sister about the whole ordeal and I kid you not. She saw the crawling girl in her room too. Never the man though.

TL;DR I have a very active imagination and saw things that didn't exist for many years.

Also sorry for the wall of text.



thatgreekchick
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Well, this one time myfriend and i were asked to babysit for her neighbour. we said sure, why not? so we got to this ladys house and she told us that her daughter wasnt home yet, but she would be shortly, until then she let us have some candy and popcorn and stuff. so after a while i got bored and began playing with the dog, annie. a few moments later there was a knock at the door, but before we even had a chance to get up the little girl just walked right in with her other little friend. the two little girls were taking pop corn and throwing it all over the house and putting it in out shoes.The girl we were supposed to be baby sitting seemed to be the one instagating it, by telling the other girl to do it and that itd be funny to watch us clean up their mess. once we realised what was happening we asked the girls to clean up their mess. and with a little bit of bargaining they got the broom and began to clean. we made come kraft dinner for them and they her little friend left... that when things began to get creepy... my friend Naomi, who was babysitting with me, suggested that we play hide and go seek, i didnt really feel like it but eventualy i gave in to the 7 year old begging to play, like come on, who wouldnt? so the little girl and i were going to hide first, now i know that im goin to sound crazy but the second i step foot on the first stair to go hide, something didnt feel right... i suddenly felt scared and uncomfortable. but i put that aside, im one to be scared easily so i just turned on the light and proceeded with the game. we dis in her moms room, got found blah blah blah. so eventually it was my turn to find them. i walked up the stairs cautiouslessy, letting my uncomfortable fear and uneasiness get the best of me. i got to the top of the stairs and turned on the light in the little girls room, there was no way i was going to step foot in that room, something about it just terrified me... eventually i found them behind the shower curtain, and of course they jumped and yelled at me. so after that i told Naomi that i was getting these weird feelings and she thought i was just crazy and being paranoid.

a little while later we sat down at the dinner table just to talk and hang out and what not. then the little girl turned to me and said "i want to see your vagina!' i was shocked and i told her not to use that language. she went on talking about vaginas, saying weird things that you wouldnt hear a 7 year old saying like "i want to open vaginas and touch them" i was shocked. Naomi and i

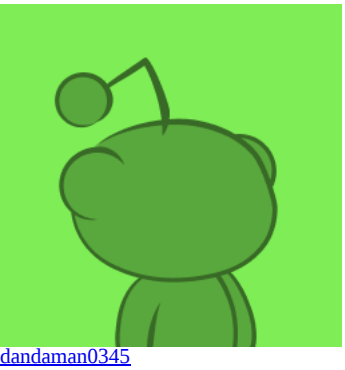
just looked at eachother like wtfffff so then i suggested we listen to some music. the little girl looked at me and said " i dont want to listen to music" then she began to cry for her mother. confused about what to do i tried to go give her a guv but she backed away from me. she then turned around walked over to the computer chair and sat facing the wall the next few things that happened terrify me to this day. she then turned her head slowy with the most fucking terrifying smile ive ever seen in my love and stood up. she walked to the computer and played some music, then she looked at Naomi and ran over to her for a hug but in stad of just hugging her she kid of ran up her body and hugged her around the neck... so i just sat down and put a movie because this little girl was just freaking me out. so we sat down and put on a moviem then all of a sudden the dog ran to the wall and begam barking and jumping on the wall, my heart was starting to pound. this went on for a few minuted mthen all of a sudden the dog jumped back and whimpered loudly. i literally got up and ran out of the house, i ran back to Naomis house and went up to her room. Naomi grabbed the little girl and borught her back to the house and left her to play with her little sister. we were both terrified at this point. so, Naomi being native began to burn smudge, a remedy meant to keep away bad spirits. as we were burning it the little girl walked up to Naomis room. she just stared with a blank expression. and stood there. she wouldnt come in the room... we told her to come and sit with us but he just turned and slowly walked away.

wel thats my story! and i can assure you its 100% real.

LFreeze
• 13y ago

I went on a vacation with my family to Spain when I was around 14-15 years old. In the middle of the night, my sister woke me up and told me to come to her room because she heard weird noises coming from the apartment beside ours. I went over to sit with her in her room, and heard nothing. Just as I was about to go back to my room I heard this deep, piercing demon-like voice coming from the apartment besides ours. I'm not sure what language it was (It definitely wasn't Spanish, or anything recognizable in my mind) but he sounded angry and in pain. My sister had the dumb idea to try to talk to him, and he only got louder as he crept closer towards the wall separating our apartment. He started breathing hard as he was talking directly to us, and sounded like he had his face right up against the wall.

We then heard a lot of sounds from his apartment as if he was packing his bags, and heard him open the door to leave. We went over to our door and looked through the eye hole, and saw a black silhouette walk across and stop near our apartment. He looked directly at us. We made sure the door was locked, and when he heard the sound of the door locking again he rushed at the door, banging at it with his suitcase yelling whatever demonic noises that was coming from his mouth. We freaked the fuck out, and grabbed whatever we could to arm ourselves in case he broke in. Eventually he left, but we couldn't sleep after that. None of our other siblings or our parents woke up from all the commotion, which was kind of frustrating as they never wake up during emergencies (They slept like a baby when a fire alarm went off in a hotel we once stayed at, and also when the national bomb threat sirens went off and we were supposed to head to the basement)



dandaman0345
• 13y ago

During my sophomore and junior years of high-school, I started abusing dramamine. It is responsible for some of the most terrifying moments of my life. Lots of people don't know that dramamine is a hallucinogen when taken in large doses (10-20). It isn't anything like psychedelic hallucinogens, however. People on acid or shrooms generally are aware that they are hallucinating, and the serotonin released while taking those drugs generally puts them in a good mood, which causes the hallucinations to be happy or funny. This isn't the case with dramamine.

Now, I don't have the time to bore you with the details of how I progressively started doing more and more of it, so I will just jump right into the antidote (it will be plenty lengthy in itself).

One night, while at my friend's house, I took 13 or 14 of them and started to get the feverish, cold, dead feeling associated with a dramamine trip. I sat down and started to play an RTS on his computer, because there is no way I could verbally communicate with him (being rendered mute is also part of the trip, along with cotton mouth, feelings of dread, and sensitive eyes; most of which I suffered from at this point). The game surprisingly didn't hurt my eyes at all, and my friend began coaching me on different strategies for this game. He became insistant that I flank the opposing troops, route a certain archery unit, charge a certain battalion, form a phalanx, etc. It was geting to the point where I was incredibly annoyed, and I turned around and said, "I don't need your help, man."

This is when I realized that my friend wasn't there. I was sitting in my room alone...*at my own house.* My computer was turned off, and I was sitting in utter silence. All of the hallucinations stopped for a few minutes (hours? seconds?) and I began to get the cold chill in the pit of my stomach again. My heart felt like it was pumping antifreeze along with blood and it froze every muscle in my body. I began to hear whispers. *Daniel*...Then my mom calling my name from downstairs *Daniel!*, but I knew it wasn't real at this point. I tried shaking it off, reasoning myself out of it, but the whispers and faint calls persisted. Then, from the opposite side of the room, "*DANIE*..." a loud cry, cut off short.

I decided I needed to leave the chair in order to clear my head. I dropped to my knees because I knew I was too dizzy and weak to stand. I decided to play xbox, so I pivoted around and started reaching for the power button when I noticed a tiny spider crawling across the top of it. I paid no attention, because it wasn't big enough to hurt me and I always feel bad for killing spiders, even creepy ones. I began reaching for the power button again and 3 more spiders appeared. Now I was beginning to freak out. When I started freaking out, roughly 30 spiders appeared and were crawling all over my xbox. Tiny ones, smaller than ants that I saw every day, and big, freaky ones with a leg diameter the length of my thumb: all swarming on my xbox, spreading all over the floor, and crawling on the top of my desk and my tv stand.

"I must have looked away for a second or zoned out or something." I thought, trying to make sense of an inherently senseless delusion. I still knew I was on dramamine, but the hallucination was so vivid, it could have been actual spiders and I would be none the wiser. So, I decided to conduct an experiment. I slowly reached toward the top of my desk toward a solitary, not entirely threatening looking spider, and let it crawl onto my finger. I immediately felt the sensation of a bug crawling up onto my hand. Nearly shitting myself, I started shaking my arm violently and patting my head to make sure there were none crawling on me. Upon turning around, there was only one spider left on the desk, standing completely still. After a few moments of an intense stare-down, it vanished in a puff of smoke.

"Fuck this shit, I'm going to bed." I thought, still verbally paralyzed. I turned out my lights, laid down, and immediately heard loud laughter from somewhere in my room. I shot up in bed and looked around my room. I didn't see anything at first, but then noticed a silhouette of a cat climbing over my furniture. It paused and sat down facing away from me. I stared for a while thinking, "I don't have a cat. This isn't too bad of a hallucination, albeit creepy." Suddenly, the cat rotated its head 180 degrees and stared at me with the face of an owl. Not just any owl, but one with black sockets for eyes and a cheshire smile. I turned on my lights quickly to discover there was no cat. I turned off the lights again and laid down, my ice cold heart pumping antifreeze through my veins, my stomach turning over with fear.

After laying there for a few minutes, I began to get an uneasy feeling. It felt like there was someone watching me. I had never understood the feeling before that moment, and always attributed anything akin to it simply to paranoia. But this was distinct. This was different. I sat up to see a silhouette of a man standing in my doorway. I didn't dare move. I blinked, shook my head, and covered my eyes, trying everything to get rid of the hallucination, but the figure remained. I slowly reached over to turn on the lights, never taking my eyes off of whatever this man, this *thing* was doing (namely just standing there, watching me). My palm hit the lamp pole and, in my paranoia, I mistook it for the cold petrified skin of a corpse. I curled up under the

sheets, frozen with fear and unable to call for help, cry or even move with enough coordination to flee. I stayed like that for several minutes, desperately trying to calm down. When I finally realized it was all a hallucination, I put the covers down.

The man was standing at the foot of my bed. Still a silhouette, still stone cold with a piercing, albeit invisible gaze. I couldn't see his face, but I felt like it looked on me with hatred and malice. I could feel him loathing me and waiting for me to make a move. I opened my mouth to scream, but nothing came out, but the voice in my head was loud enough to fill the room. To startle me even. My eyes were still closed and I felt locked in the expression of a person about to die. When I opened my eyes, I was sitting in my chair. The lights were on. I hadn't moved.

Reply Share

Nansai
• 13y ago

Alright a bit late to the party but this thread was absolutely made for me. Creepy supernatural stuff happens to me all the time. Here is something I posted to r/nosleep when I first joined reddit.

I used to work at blockbuster and 99% of the time worked the closing shift. So last winter, around November or December (I live in Canada by the way so it was snowing really heavily) I was on one of these shifts. It was around 11:30pm and I was cleaning the back counter.

When I do this I like to look outside, you can guess staring at a counter gets really boring. I was just watching the snow fall when I noticed something. Footsteps were appearing in the snow. They were steadily approaching the entrance to the store and when they got to the door they vanished. Now, surrounding our store we have this small blue pillars, probably around 5'5 in height. The footsteps had stopped by the pillar closest to the door.

There, crouched down by the pillar, its back facing me was a creature. It had the shape of a human, it wore a grey hoodie with the hood down revealing a bald head. It wore normal looking sneakers and jeans. At this point I had stopped cleaning and was just staring at it, paralyzed. I was already afraid although I didn't have any reason to. Until it turned around.

It had no eyes, not even eye sockets. It didn't really have a mouth either. Just strings of flesh thinly separated. The inside of its 'mouth' was pitch black. Even though it had no eyes I could tell, it was looking at me, snarling. Staring into the depths of my soul. I was terrified, completely unable to move. I had never been this scared in my life. It felt like it was staring for a good 10 minutes, even though it was only a few short seconds. When it finally vanished I kept staring at the spot, watching the snow fall until my boss came and asked if I was alright.

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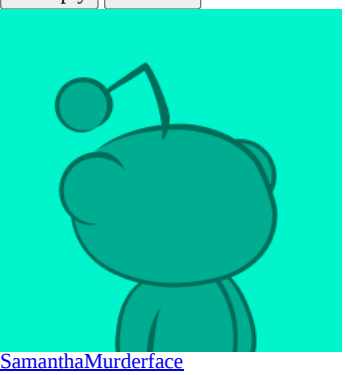


SamanthaMurderface
• 13y ago

My family home is in the middle of no where and it was always creepy to be so far out, especially alone. My parents were teachers so they would go to PTA meetings, alumni meetings, all kind of stuff after school and I would be at home alone. Well, in my bedroom upstairs, there is a window facing a horse pasture and right beside the window is one of those old TV antenna. Not jut on a pole, but pretty ladder-like. Me and my sister would use it to climb down from my window to sneak out occasionally.

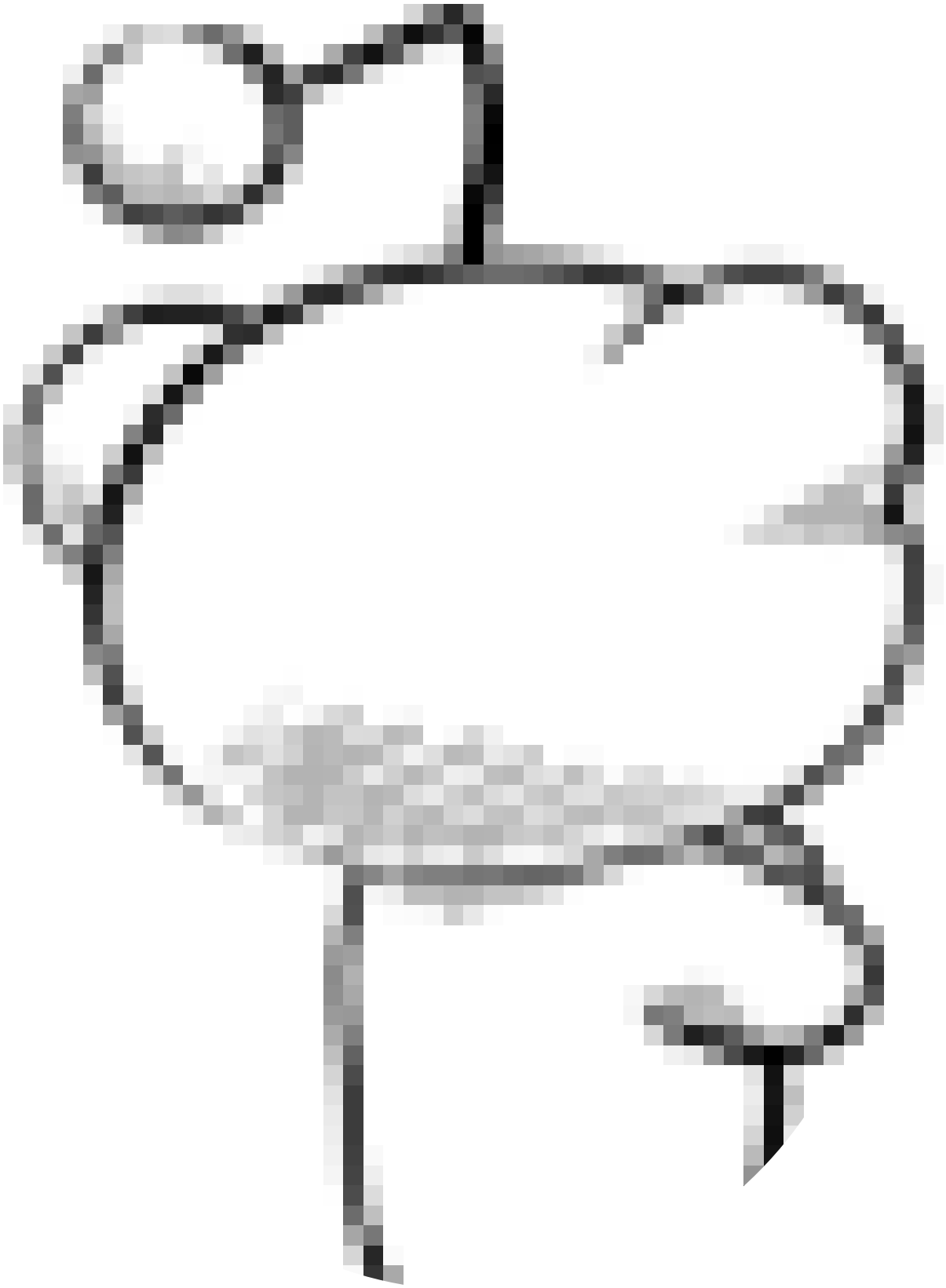
One later afternoon, my parents were gone and I had a friend over. It was kind of stormy and the power had went out. So we were completely bored, just up in my bedroom talking when we hear someone pull up into the driveway. We go to the window and watch as a guy came to the front door and knocked. We didn't answer it and he walked down the porch and to the side of the house, and begins climbing the antenna. Me and my friend scream, grab the phone and dive into the bathroom and lock the door. We call my dad and tell him there was a guy climbing the antenna. He laughs and tells us that it was just the guy coming to take it down. They had forgotten to tell me he would be there that day.

Still, I was sure that some guy was coming to kidnap or murder us.

Reply Share

lightningboltkid
• 13y ago

This is for you OP. If you're interested to hear more just let me know so I don't make it TL;DR. My gf was dealing with "ghost" issues while we were apart. When we got back together I took everything at face value and didn't care to even decide whether or not I believed her. Just took it day by day. One night we were Skyping on my phone while she fell asleep cause she was a little scared. She passed out. In a creepy voice that wasn't hers without moving her mouth told me "goodnight" right afterwards my phone died even though it was plugged in. Needless to say I became less skeptical after that.

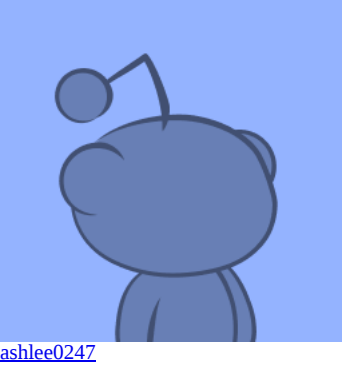


Jens_Voigts_Lebaron
• 13y ago

Doesn't even come close to a lot of these, but one time comes to mind. To preface it for context, I was staying with my mom and three younger sisters in a house in a very nice suburb, like a 20+ minute drive from the city.

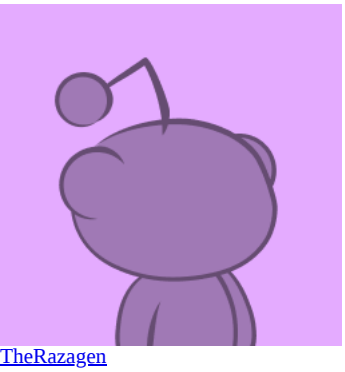
I was out walking my dog at night and just coming back to my house. My dog was going crazy barking at the magnolia bushes that we have in a little garden in our drive, right in front our front door. My dog was an idiot, and loves to bark at everything, so I was trying to get her to not wake my sisters up by walking her up to the bushes so she would realize it's just the wind. Turns out it wasn't just the wind- it was an older guy in army surplus clothing, covered in dirt, sitting inside the bushes and staring back at us.

After my heart started again, and he didn't respond to me telling him to get off our property, I went inside, locked all our doors, and called the non-emergency line for our local police, who came and took him. Apparently he was a homeless guy from downtown who had gotten drunk/high and managed to get a series of buses from downtown all the way out to the suburbs.



ashlee0247
• 13y ago

Not me, but my mom saw a toddlers foot get destroyed by an escalator. The parent had the child strapped into a stroller, on the down escalator and the little girl's loose sock went straight into the end of it, along with part of her foot. She said there was blood everywhere and the child was screaming for what seemed like hours until the paramedics got there. Not creepy, but it sounds terrifying to witness.



TheRazagen
• 13y ago

This is OC. I have not mentioned this.story for the sake of people thinking I am insane. Only my ex girlfriend knows this,story.

A few years ago, when I was 17, I was sleeping in my bed (obviously) until I woke up from a nightmare around 3 a.m. I am very stressed out person, so I have nightmares all the time. Seriously.

So I was laying there half awake, until I heard it. It was a piercing screech of an animal, or something zooming past my window at a very fast speed. For some reason I thought it was the girl who lived down the street from me, and her friends just messing with me since we had a prank war going on. My window has a lot of visibility of the street I live on, so I got out of bed immediately thinking it was them fucking with me. I can see her house from my window, but I didn't see her car outside her house, and plus it went the other direction down the street away from her house. This was all within a 20 second time period. I later asked her if she was even home that night, she was at a friends party that night apparently.

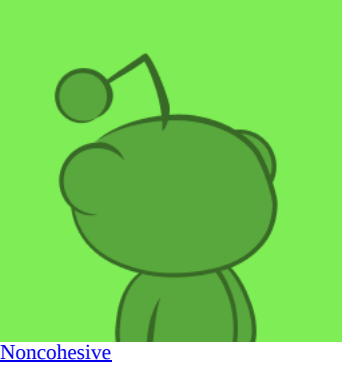
I then realized if her or one of her friends ran by my house, they would have been loud running down the street, or sidewalk. It was very late at night, so there stomping feet would have echoed. Then I realized it was way to fast for a person, and I am on the second floor of our house, and it sounded like it flew RIGHT by my fucking window. It must have been a bird, right?

That wasn't the very odd thing though. We have had owls sit on our house, and they screech and hoot. It didn't sound anything like them, not even close. I am familiar with the animals that live near us, for the most part, and I couldn't think of what it was. I thought it was a crow at first, but they are very distinct sounding, aren't they? It was definitely something flying by, because it echoed down the street, and I heared the sound flying away. I hear every car that drives by. My neighborhood is not a very busy neighborhood either, but occasionally a car drives by. I was freaked out at this point since it was no person, nor any animal I know of.

It sounded like you would imagine a large flying creature would sound, which is a bad description, but that is all I could picture. Like a beast flying by your window making a very loud scream, and it only did it one time. Only as it flew past MY window, and never again. I have never heard the sound again, it has been 4 years since that day. The only picture I can give you of what it sounded like, the image of a flying humanoid, screaming as it goes past your window on the second story.

dragonsky
• 13y ago

Why the fuck am I always browsing this kind of threads before I go to sleep.... ಠ_ಠ



Noncohesive
• 13y ago

Sleep Paralysis.

dingdongwingwongwang
• 13y ago

I doubt anyone is still reading these... but this happened at work a while back.

I work for a small security/fire alarm company. We do inspections on fire alarms. One the places we inspect is called the Killgore center. It's an abandoned childrens psychiatric unit. Been abandoned for like 50ish years due to asbestos, and they won't tear it down because asbestos abatement costs a shitload. Since they don't, they have to monitor it.

Well, I am thoroughly creeped out by this place just being an abadoned childrens psychiatric unit. It's creepy.

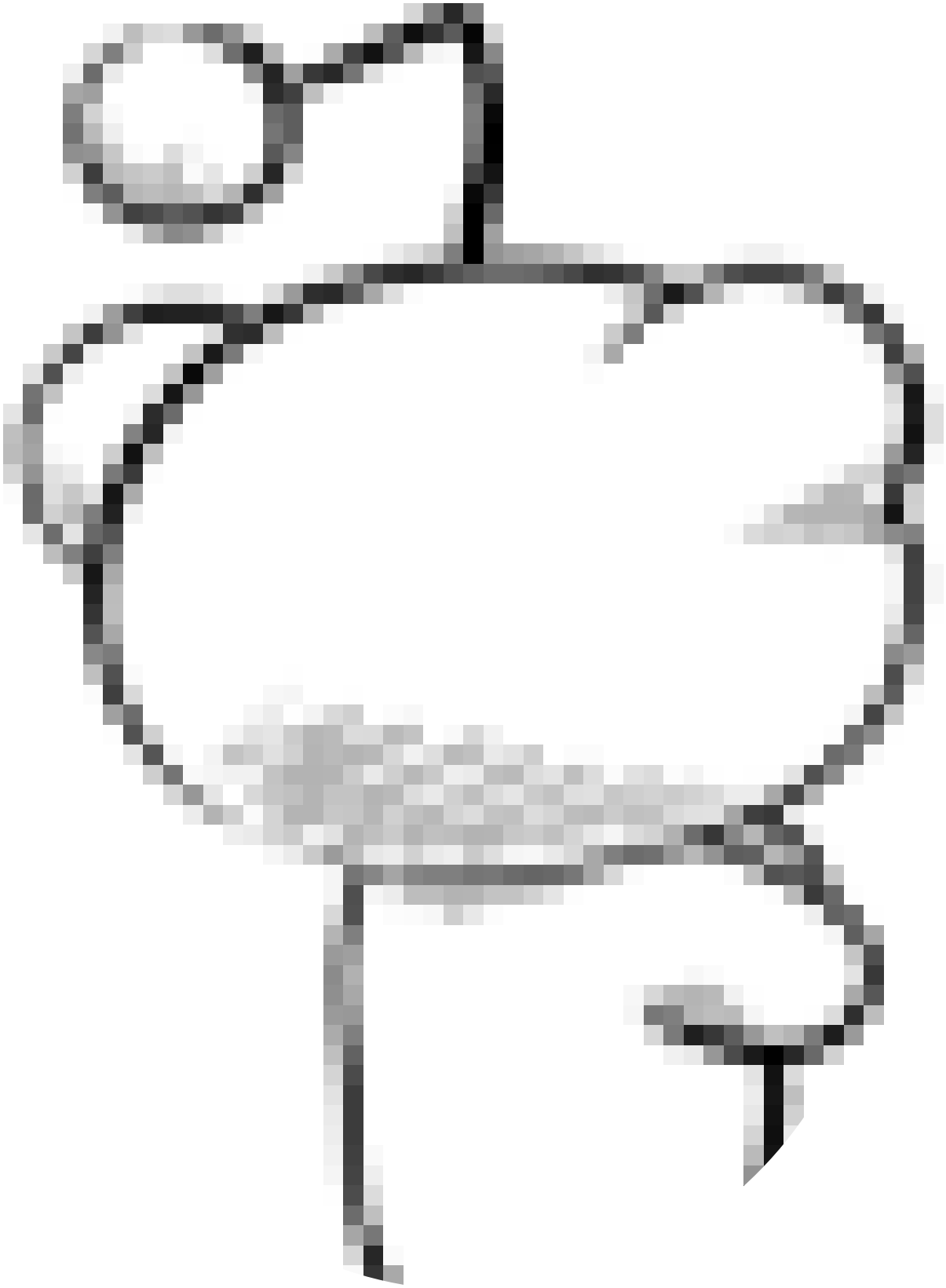
Well as I am doing the inspection I cross by a window that was busted out. There is blood stains on the concrete around it and someones fucking finger print scraped off by the glass is just hanging there. I radioed back to my partner and we followed it. It went door to door until they tried to open the door to the 'quiet room' (where they put the kids when they went nuts). Huge metal door with a small window to view in. Thing is, this window was scratched over *from the inside*. This was the last door they tried, as whoever it was jumped out of the window directly in front of the door to the 'quiet room'. When we were there, the door was double barred with two different keys needed to get in.

Apparently a guy accused of robbing a place was sent to the hospital before being taken into custody, he ended up running out to avoid being arrested and broke into this place trying to avoid being caught. The police said when they finally caught him it was 2 hours later, he was naked and stark raving looney talking about seeing shit.

However, I sometimes wonder if maybe there's something more to this... and maybe it wasn't something that tried to go into the room, but something that got out.

Noncohesive
• 13y ago

When I was in high school, I was in Airforce Cadets, I took the train home with my friend after it finished at about 11pm. One night, a couple were down the other end of the tracks. Me and my friend were talking when we noticed they had jumped onto the tracks, then they were lying down on the tracks, we shat bricks. Luckily they were just being stupid and got up after about a minute of lying there. Still was scared that they were doing it intentionally to kill themselves...



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• 13y ago

Pretty creepy experience here. I lived in Monterey, California when I was about thirteen or fourteen years old. I remember one day I was walking along this walking path by the ocean with a friend of mine. We walked by a parked car. There was a man inside. He was wearing sunglasses, I think he had a beard. Anyway, his window was rolled down and as we walked by he leaned over and said, "You guys wanna listen to some music?" My friend hesitated, but I immediately said, "Nah, thanks." And I really started to walk away fast after that, the whole time thinking, "Did Jeff (my friend) seriously consider that? Is he fucking stupid or something?"

TLDR: Pretty sure I was one step away from being kidnapped when I was a young teenager.

Reply Share

Lizziloo87
• 13y ago

I was told this by someone I work with the other day. She said that a coworker of ours was working over nights and at that time there wasn't a lock for the smoking section door, well she was outside around 4AM smoking a cigarette and the only one out there. Suddenly, a man comes out from behind a pine tree and he has a black hoodie on so she couldn't see his face. He comes walking slowly towards her, she quickly books ass back into the building. That is how the smoking door gained a lock.

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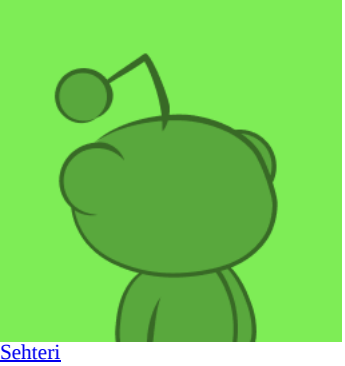

Sehteri
• 13y ago

Been reading this thread for about 30 minutes now and its almost 00AM, time to go sleep. Oh wait.. Who needs sleep anyways.

Reply Share

Kakarot_Henderson
• 13y ago

One of my most vivid memories. I was about 5 years old in our old, 2-stores house. I don't know if this is relevant, but it was a pretty old house- maybe late 1800s. Anyway, my 2 older sisters were playing with their dolls in my room. I don't recall the other ones, but this doll was the kind that opened and closed her eyes based on whether she was propped up or laying down- it wasn't battery operated or anything. I temember asking about that, very specifically after. My sisters headed downstairs for lunch while I was putting away my Legos. All of a sudden, I had this terrible, gut-wrenching wave of paranoia and fear roll over me like a black wave. I turne to look at the doll- it was laying down, eyes shut. It slowly blinked twice.

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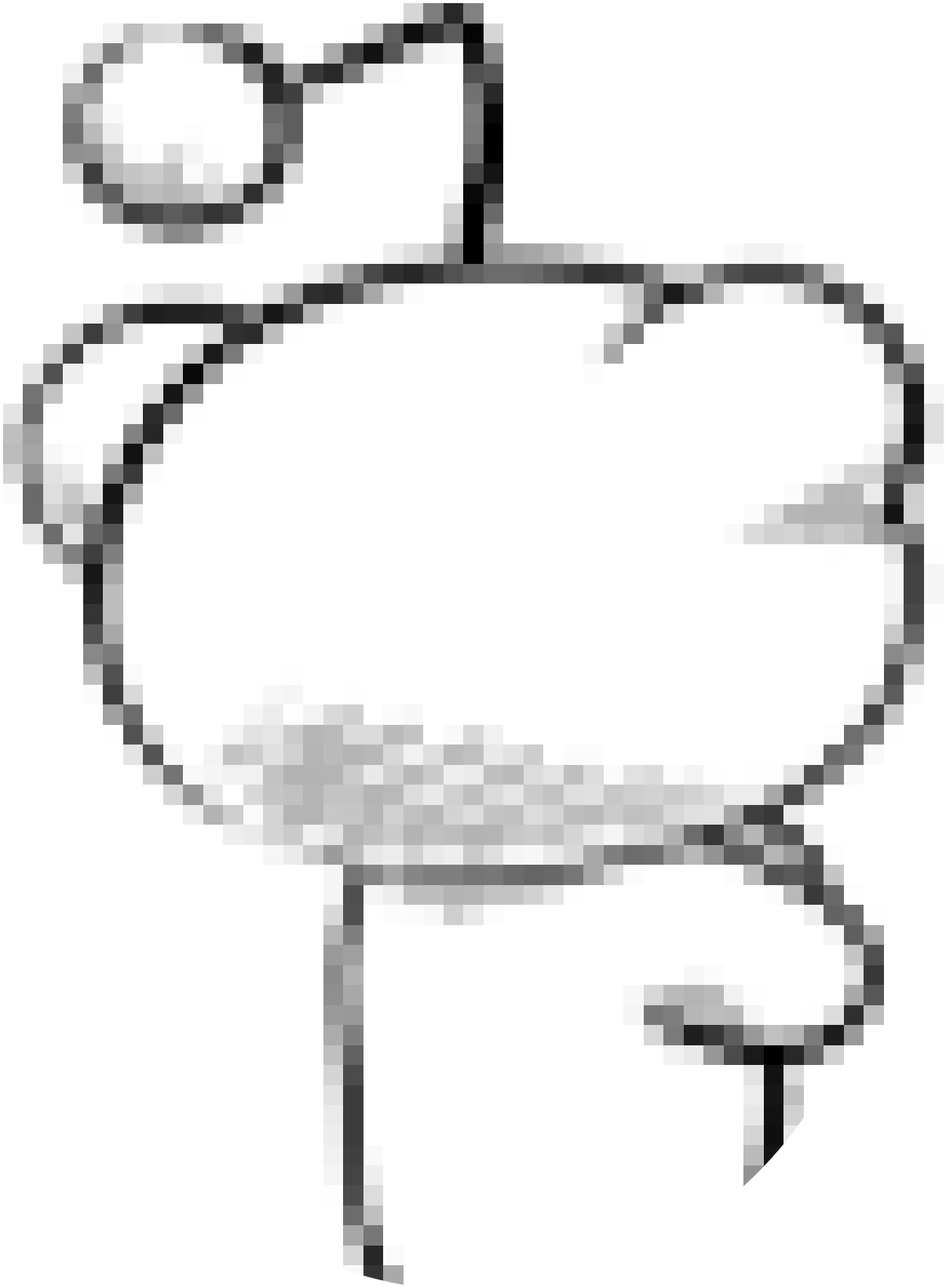

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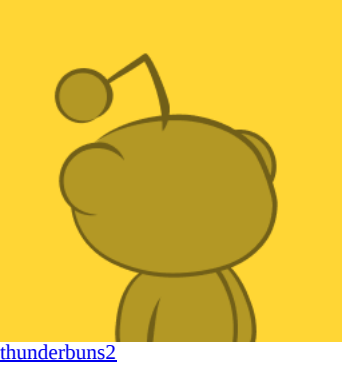
• 13y ago

When I was in Highschool my friends and I thought it would be funny to mess around with a Ouija board one night, whats more is it was Halloween. We turned off the lights and lit candles but nothing ended up happening so we just took pictures with the thing and made fake videos instead for fun. Afterward when we went to look at the pictures on my friends camera everything that had the Ouija board in it was erased whereas our pics from earlier in the day were all still there... Didn't think much of it- fast forward through 6 months of crazy shit going down in my house

Doors would open and close by themselves, the stereo in the living-room would turn on blaring music at 2am (would only happen if I was the only one still awake) and pictures would turn or fall off walls. I'll never forget hearing my mom scream as she walked in her room- I ran in, 3 pictures she had hanging on the wall were all off kilter... eventually the activity died out, or maybe we stopped noticing? Either way FUUUUUCK that..

Reply Share



thunderbuns2
• 13y ago

I used to work in a psychiatric facility for children. It was built on the grounds that housed an old orphanage in the early 1900's. Not a very nice place, from what i have read of it. The building in which the offices are held is the building that used to be the orphanage and the facility where the children stay is a much more modern building. The clothing donation room is in the basement of the older building. One night, one of the clients gets out of bed and tells me that he has school pictures tomorrow and needs a nice shirt. I run over to donations to find him something that will work for school pictures. There is generally a creepy feeling in this building at night. I unlock the building and find a shirt that will fit the kid. On my way out, i heard a noise. I turned around to see if there was someone else in there because the staff there had a tendency to mess with each other. As soon as i turn around i both hear and feel someone blow on my neck. I turn around and i no one is there. At that point i figured it was time to GTFO

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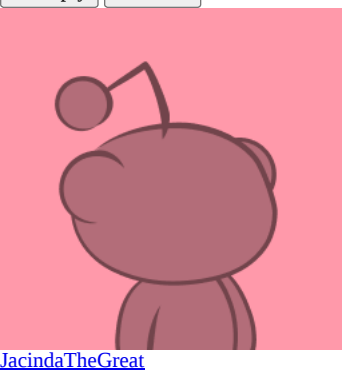
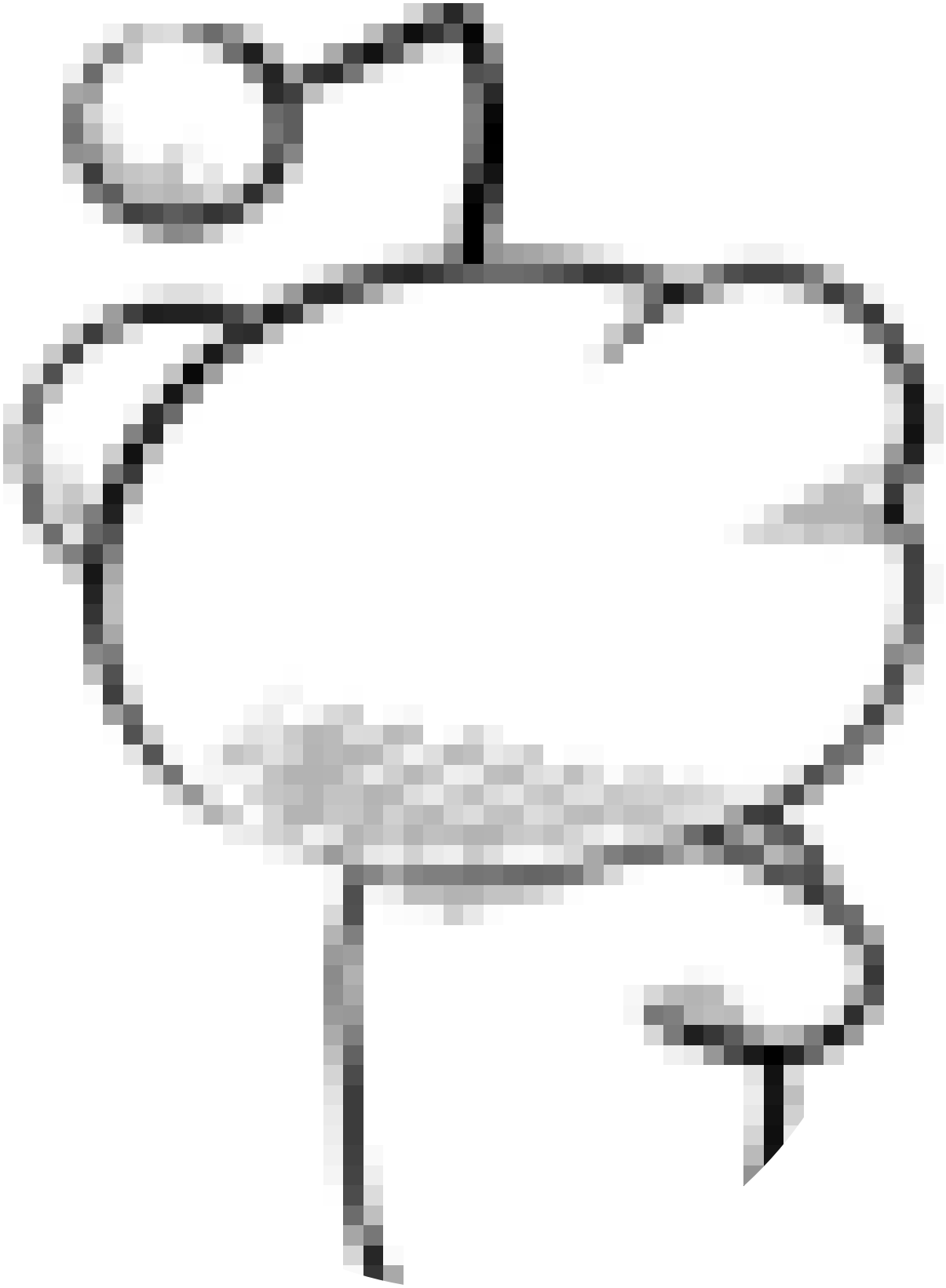


JacindaTheGreat
• 13y ago

I was talking to my dad on the phone, and we were wrapping up our convo and just before I hung up I heard a ghostly voice say "Stop it" and then the phone hung up by itself. I called my dad back who said he heard the exact same thing. It was freaky and some thing neither of us can explain.

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment removed by moderator

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies

Bob_the_Hamster
• 13y ago

(I have told this before, and my memory might be embellishing a little)

I woke up in the pre-dawn hours of the morning, and walked to the bathroom. I flipped the bathroom light switch and the light game on, strangely, yellow, and then burned out in less than a second. I was left blinking at the darkness.

I took a few steps back down the hall thinking to look for a bulb, but realized that replacing the bulb in the dark would be really difficult, so I figured I would just go back in and take a piss in the dark. I could replace the light in the morning.

I groped for the toilet, but as I found it my eyes had adjusted enough to see a small dark spot on the floor directly in front of the toilet. I could imagine that it was blood, and i suddenly realized I could smell something strange and sickly sweet.

This creeped me out, but I remained calm. I walked back down the hall into the other room and hunted until I found a flashlight. The battery was low, but it worked.

I carried it back into the bathroom and shone it at the floor. There was a block splotch of liquid, which looked like blood after it dries.

The sickly sweet smell was getting stronger. It smelled like... honey... except somehow wrong.

I remembered the light, and turned my flashlight upwards.

The round glass bubble of the light fixture was slowly filling up with smooth inky liquid. As I watched, it crested, and dribbled out and around and down and began to gently splatter on the floor

At this point, anyone who has experienced the worst sorts of plumbing accidents must be thinking that there was a sewage leak from a pipe above my apartment. That idea never even occurred to me until years later when telling the story to others, and I will tell you why.

The smell. The moment the stream of black liquid started to fall, the sickly-sweet smell became overpowering. It wasn't a shit smell, not even close. It wasn't a smell I would ever associate with a bathroom, or any other part of a house for that matter.

My nose is not good. sinus troubles have left me with a vastly diminished sense of smell, so when and odor does reach me, it grips my attention powerfully.

All I could think of at that moment was that something lovecraftian was descending through my roof.

[Read no further if an explanation would spoil the fun]

My upstairs neighbor busted a water pipe, but when the water came down into my bathroom it passed through an enormous rotting bee-hive that had been built between the floors and then abandoned when the bees were exterminated shortly before I moved in. It had picked up the inky color and horrible sweet stench from their decomposing honey.

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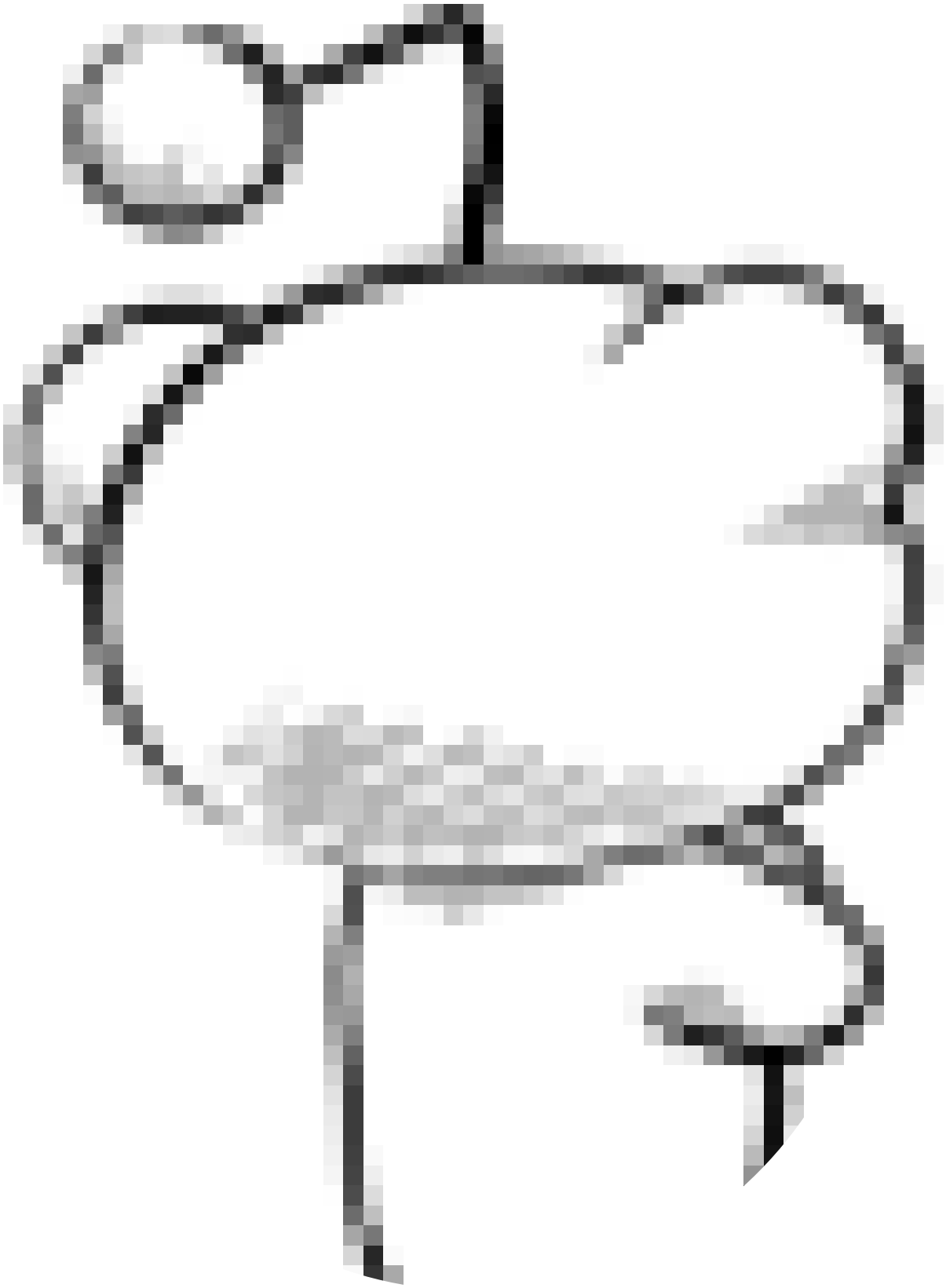
4 more replies

4 more replies

More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

no korean flash comic in the top comments, so far so good

Reply Share

paulcosca
• 13y ago

This was quickly explained, but in one moment I felt like I was living in a horror film. It remains the single most terrifying moment in my life.

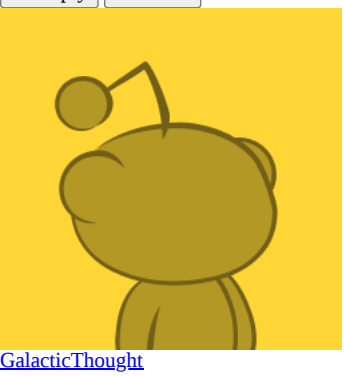
I was thirteen or so. I've always been a heavy sleeper, so waking in the middle of the night is highly unusual. But I open my eyes and the room is still pitch black. I turn my head and realize that my pillow is wet. Reaching up to feel it, I realize that my sheet, the blanket, and my shirt are all wet. My hair and face are both damp. I don't keep water near the bed or anything like that, so I have zero idea of what could be going on.

There ARE no lights kept on in the house, so my walk from the bedroom to the bathroom across the hall is in complete darkness. My anxiety is rising. I reached the bathroom, look in the dark mirror, and flick on the light.

For one, single second my eyes completely refuse to believe what is happening. My face, my hands, my chest, and my hair are all completely covered in blood. It takes everything I have not to scream.

Back in the bedroom, I flick on the light and find that my pillow and everything around it is drenched in blood. After washing all of it off, I checked for some source. No cuts or anything like that. As it turned out, I must have burst a blood vessel in my nose and had the most epic of nosebleeds in my sleep. A banal end to a seriously horrific moment.

Reply Share



GalacticThought
• 13y ago

Dan Carlin's "Hardcore History" podcast. The one on the the Protestant Reformation called the "Prophets of Doom." The scariest part of this story is that this actually happened and it wasn't that long ago.

http://www.dancarlin.com/disp.php/hharchive

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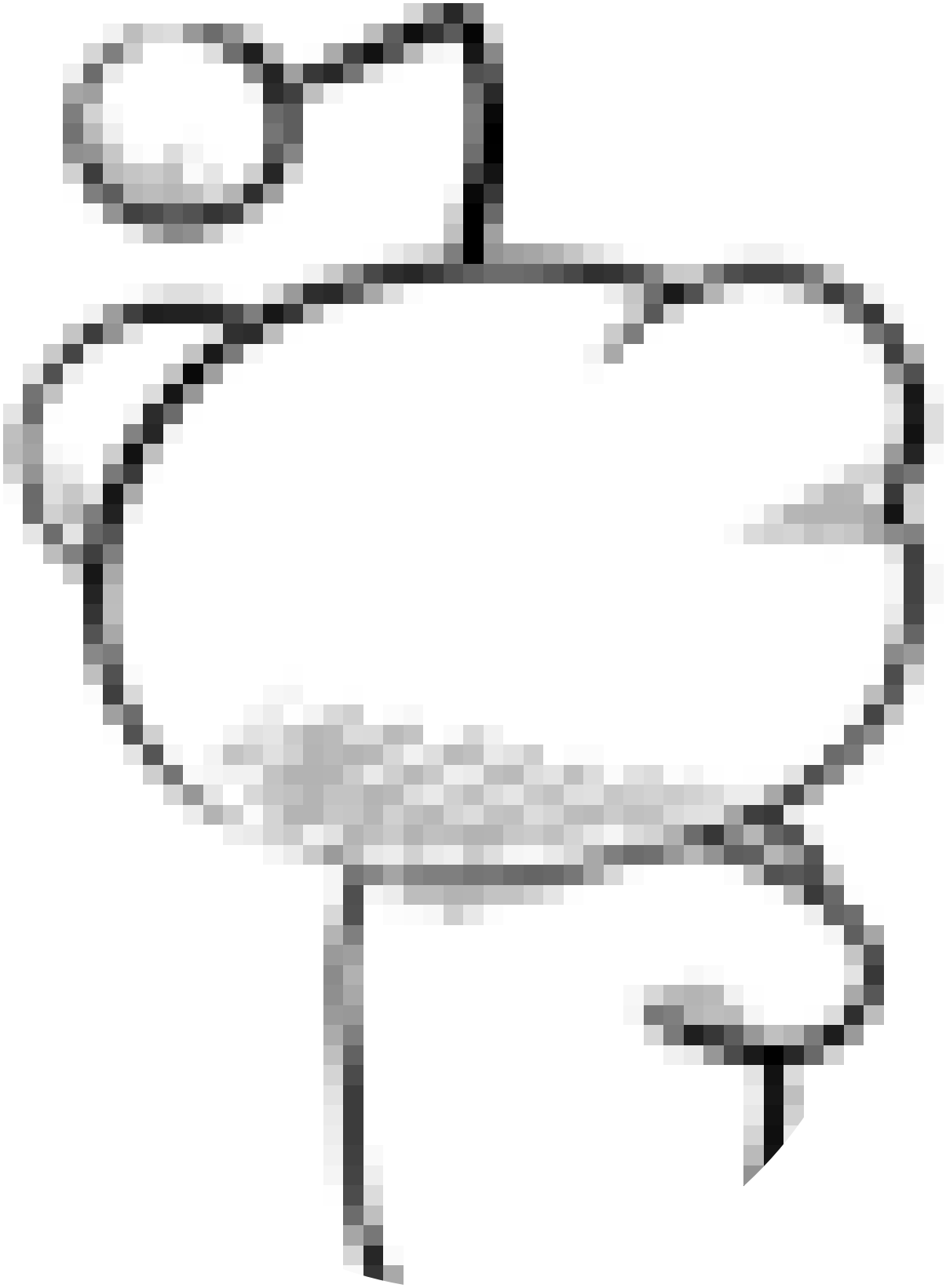

[deleted]
• 13y ago

For me was the night my 7 year old little brother was conceived. The noises coming from my parents bedroom haunt me till this day!

Reply Share

SteazGaming
• 13y ago

My father is not the kind of man that creates or tells stories. Despite this, he always recollects when he was young man around the age of 12 the ghosts that would come and visit him in bed. Every night as he went to bed, an old woman (presumably a ghost) would come to the foot of his bed and sit on the edge. She would look at him and sometimes just stroke his forehead. One night, an old man walked in and said "Come on, he doesn't want you here anymore, your just scaring him." That was the last night he saw them.

Now, as I said, my father doesn't make anything up, and so the plain matter of fact way he tells this story leads me to believe it is real.

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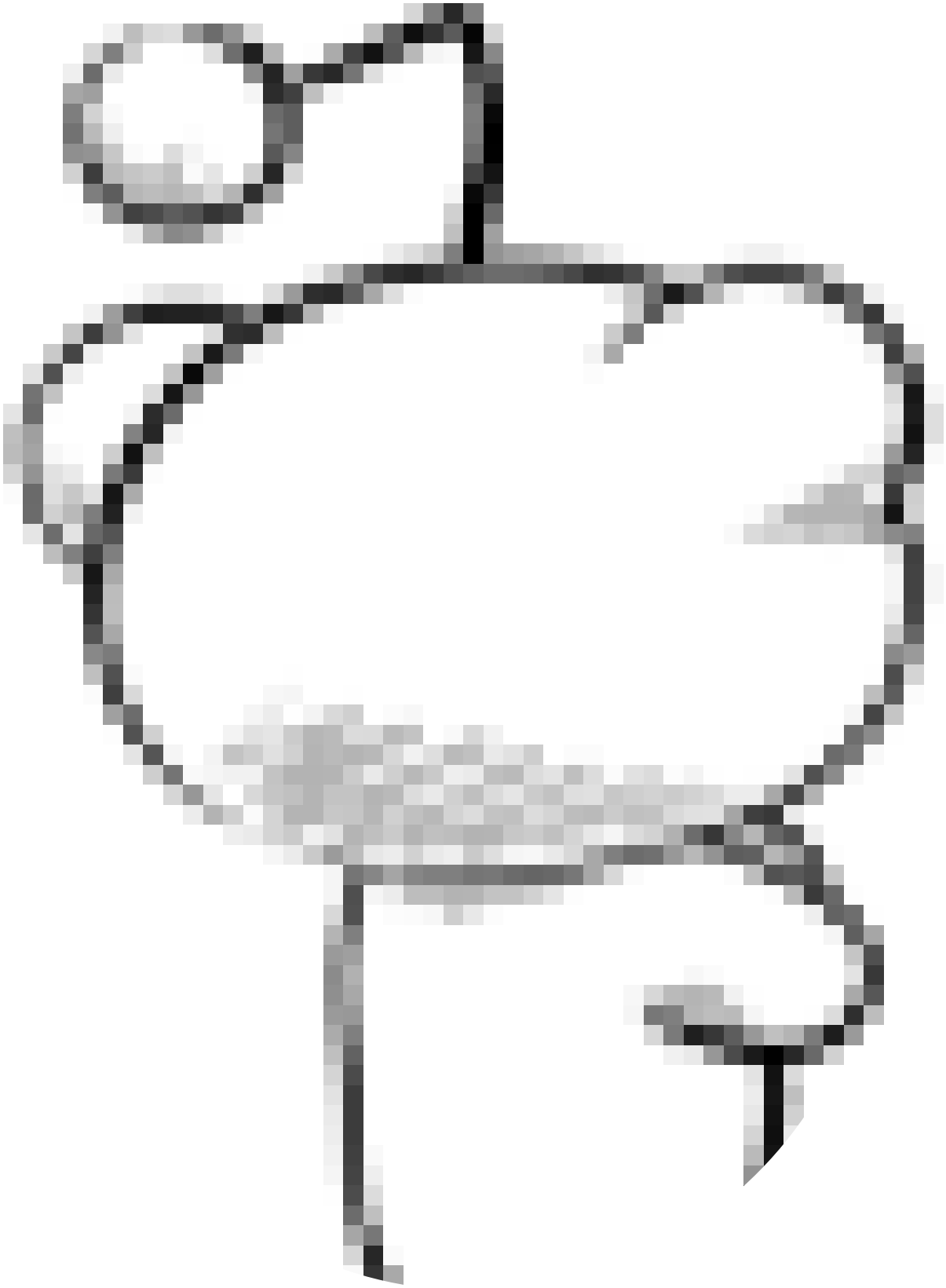

[deleted]
• 13y ago

This is the best thread I have ever read.

Reply Share

SourPatchAdult
• 13y ago

I saw a video on a special episode of Maury of a woman peeking around a corner. When the cameraman goes to follow the woman, she's not there anymore. Even though it may be fake, it freaked me out. I tried looking up the video but I never found it. Does anybody know which video I'm talking about?

Reply Share

eelamme
• 13y ago

I was at my cousin's house with family the night my great grandfather died. He had hospice care and was set up in one room of the house. My family were all gathered in that room sitting and talking and remembering my papa (he was non-responsive at this point). I was standing in the doorway next to my cousin.

A man walked past us down the hallway. The hall way was pitch black at the end and the man disappeared into the darkness. He was dressed in black pants and a black hooded shirt and had his hands shoved in his pockets. At first I wasn't perturbed because there were other people in the house. Then it occurred to me that everyone in the house was sitting in the room in front of me. I did a double take at the man as he passed and he stopped a few feet from me then kept walking. I didn't see his face because he was turned away and his hood was up. I ran down the hall way after him and tore apart the only room at the end of the hall which was the windowless laundry room. I got agitated looking for the man and my family started to get upset because no one else had seen him.

I quieted down about him after a while but was still unsettled. It may have been because I was under distress from loosing a family member but the man felt real to me. When he walked past he had brushed against me and felt as solid as any human-being. The thought that I hallucinated something so solid and real feeling still disturbs me to this day. TL:DR a figure dressed in black walked past the death bed of my great grand father.

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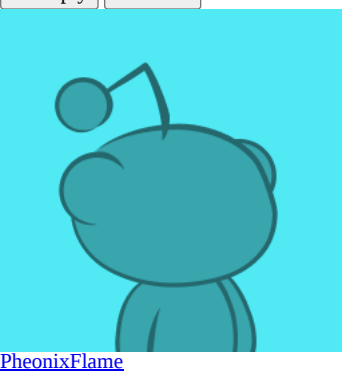

PheonixFlame
• 13y ago

Not as scary as some of the other stories but definitely freaked me out as a child. When I was younger I would have this dream about being in hell and the devil was trying to get me to sign my name in this huge book. He would almost whisper the words "sign it... You know you want to everything will be fine". Eventually he would get more presistant and urgent and at that point one of my parents would wake me up. The scariest part at the time was that I always knew it was a dream but I just couldn't get up. A couple of times I actually thought about signing it just so the dream would end.

SourPatchAdult
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The story of Rose on r/nosleep did some damage to my mind. It was so creepy but I couldn't stop reading.

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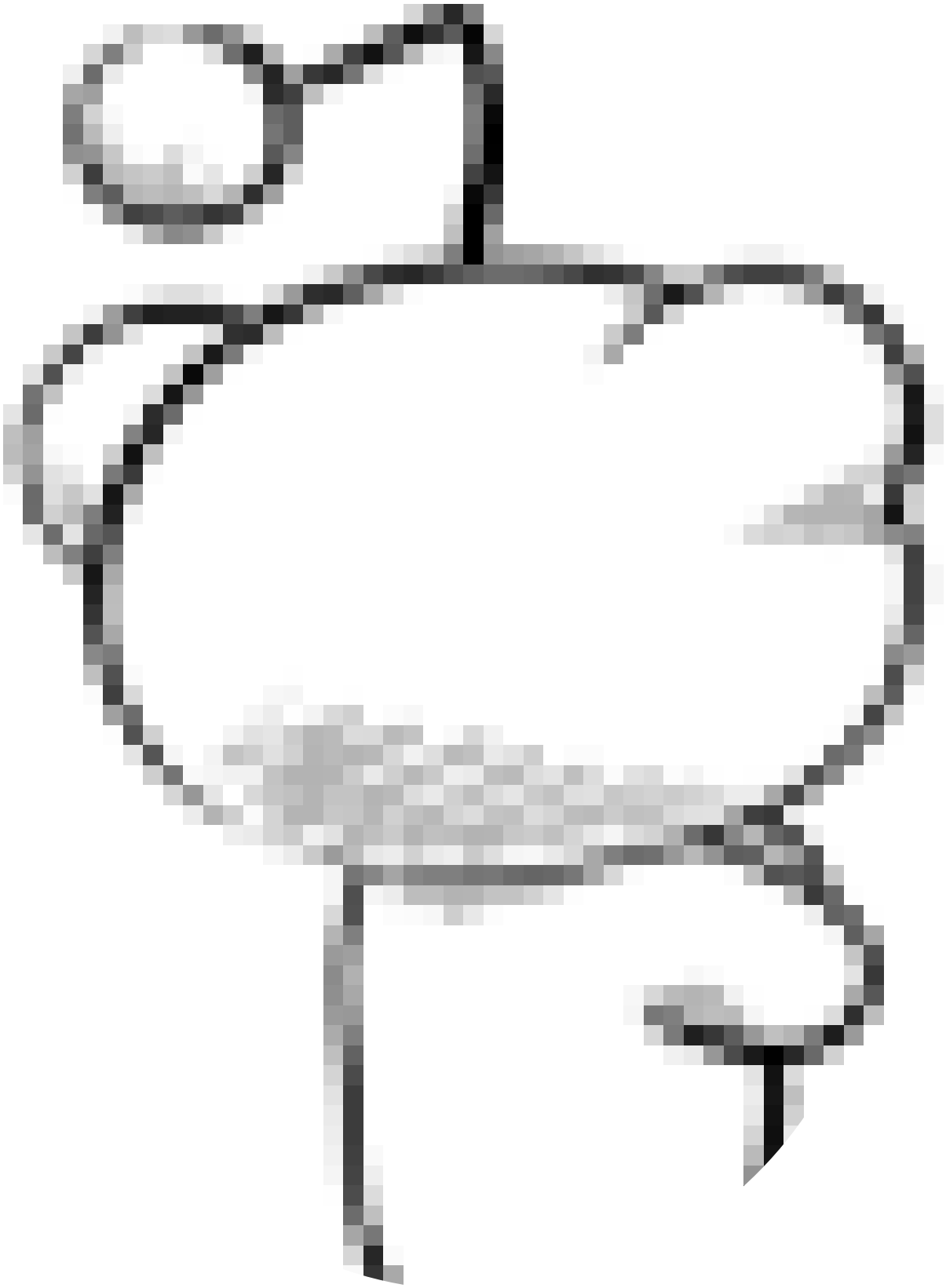


hatesbaseballcards
• 13y ago

I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream

FloridaMullet
• 13y ago

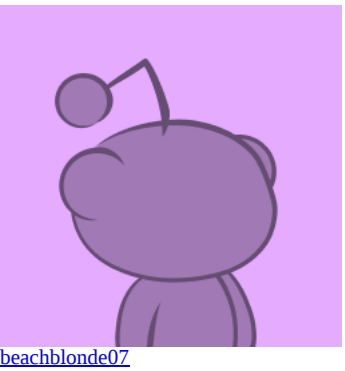
Two weekends ago, two of my buddies and I were hiking in the mountains of northern Wyoming about 80 miles from Yellowstone. My friend, Tom, grew up being a wrangler in those parts and knows the area well. He was leading us to a meadow where there elk often shed their antlers. My friend, Sandor, was about 20 yards to our left, to increase our line of sight. Just before we entered the meadow, Sandor tells us to stop. Tom and I look and him, and he points to a massive grizzly bear only about 75 yards away. The bear was probably about 1200 lbs and would be taller than 10 feet if it stood up. Thankfully, luck was on our side; we were downwind (it didn't smell us), it was facing diagonally away from us (it didn't see us), and the wind was blowing loudly (it didn't hear us). We froze, and then slowly backed away, turned around and got the hell out of there.

One the way to the meadow (before our encounter), we saw that bear's paw print in the mud. It was so massive, I took a photo. This is my friend Tom's hand next to it. He is 6'5.

http://i.imgur.com/xliUXr5.jpg

Syclone
• 13y ago

Why reddit.. Just why do I have to read this shit?



beachblonde07
• 13y ago

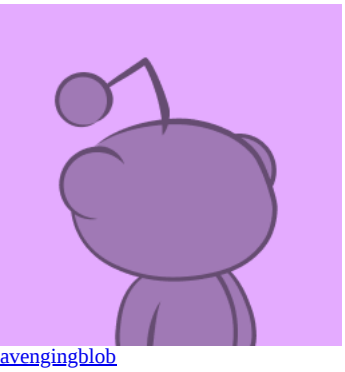
Grandparents house was one of the creepiest places I have ever been to. I didn't believe in paranormal crap until shit started happening to me there.

When I was 12 I was babysitting some of my younger cousins while all the parents went to a comedy club. There was aboiut four of us there total and we were ALL in the living room watching a movie. Then suddenly a loud crash comes from the kitchen which is on the other side of the hall. You can get a good look of the kitchen from the living room so I look and it's as if somebody placed their arm across the counter and dragged it across knocking EVERYTHING down. The counters were completely bare. Then you could hear footsteps coming from the room above us. I took the kids, brought them out to the front lawn and called my parents. Nobody was in the house.

A couple years later I'm 16 and listening to music in the garage but then the stereo shuts off. I think nothing of it then turn it back on but it does it again. I'm still thinking it's faulty wiring or something so I turn it on one more time. After a couple of seconds it shuts off a third time but this time the lights shut off with it. Nobody else in the house is having power issues and there was nothing wrong with the electricity in the garage.

The time that creeped me out the most was when I was the only one up around 1AM. I was listening to my ipod and working on some school project. I was in the living room again and my grandparents just upgraded to a large flatscreen that directly faces the kitchen hall. I look up and see a figure in the TV's reflection of a guy standing in the kitchen just staring directly into the room I am in. I freeze and crawl over to where I can peak into the hall but nobody is there and when I look back the reflection is gone. I was scared shitless and I'm still getting chills just thinking about it.

There was also times when things would go missing, electronics would turn on and off by themselves, lights would flicker, doors would be left open, you could hear voices, etc... I was relieved when they finally sold that house.



avengingblob
• 13y ago

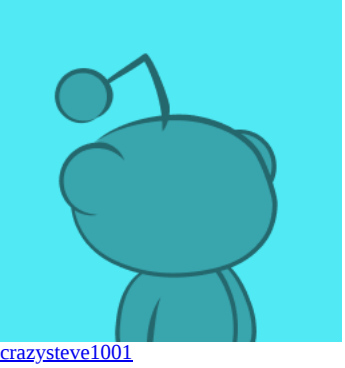
GM soybeans fed to rats in a recent experiment lead to hair growth in their mouths by the third generation and complete sterility by the fourth...

dr_puppy
• 13y ago

the shining scared me so badly

tigerlily13
• 13y ago

I'm really glad i'm reading this thread in broad daylight surrounded by people.



crazysteve1001
• 13y ago

This is going to get buried, but about 8 years ago, on Christmas Eve, my family and went to Downtown Glendale. Which is an annual Christmas celebration with lights and performers and such.

But this night, we all got on a horse carriage, which took us through the old historical district and it was really quiet and no one else was there. But as we turned a corner, we saw this lady (I assume) with a mask on her face.

But it got weirder, she was wearing a big coat that had a life-sized dummy sewed onto it. So she was walking with him next to her to almost make it look like she was with her boyfriend/husband. Also she was pushing a baby stroller with a doll in it.

We were all creeped out and went to try to get a better look at her after we got off but couldn't find her.

SlowFive
• 13y ago

Not Mine, but this story is pretty good.

I have an odd habit a friend recently picked up on, a habit I developed about a year ago. He noticed that when I enter a room, any room, and shut the door, I turn my face away from it and close my eyes until I hear the lock click. Only after the door is fully closed will I open them. He gave me a hard time about it until I told him where it started. I work for a water-seal company in St. Paul. We produce sealant for exposed wood — decks, boats, that kind of thing. You hear about sealant being a dirty word in the Ashland-Ichor Falls-Ironton area, but not all those companies were part of the infamous “Ethylor summer” that wiped out the local economy in the ’50s. I got sent to an industrial park outside of Ichor Falls on business.

I checked into this dismal hotel, the Hotel Umbra, that looked like the decor hadn’t been changed since 1930. The lobby wallpaper had gone yellow from decades of cigarette smoke, and everything had a fine layer of dust, including the old man behind the front desk. I hoped that the room would be in better shape. Mine was on the fourth floor. Being an old place, the hotel had a rickety cable elevator, the kind with the double sets of doors: one of those flexing metal gates, and a solid outer pair of doors. I shut the gate and latched it, and pressed the tiny black button for my floor. Just as the outer elevator doors were about to close, I was startled by the face of a young woman rushing at the gap between them. She was too late; the doors shut, and after a moment the elevator ascended.

I thought nothing of it, until I needed to take the elevator back down for one of my bags. I entered, pushed the button for the lobby, and pressed my tired back to the elevator wall opposite the doors. They had nearly completely shut when again I was surprised by a woman’s face moving towards the gap, staring into the elevator through the gate, too late to place her hand in to stop the doors from closing. This time I sprang forward and held the “Door Open” button, and after a moment the doors lurched and slid open.

I waited a moment. From the opening I could see partly down the hallway: no one in sight. Still holding the button down, I slid open the metal gate and craned my head into the hallway to look down the other direction. No one. No trace of the girl, no recently shut hotel room door, no footsteps, no jingle of keys. I released the button, but did not lean back against the wall. I stood directly in front of where the gap in the doors would be, in the center of the elevator. After a pause, the outer doors again began to slide shut, to move towards each other until the space between them was the width of a young girl’s face.

In that quarter-second several fingertips appeared, followed immediately by her face again, rushing from around the corner, staring at me as the doors met. I had been watching the gap where I thought she might be, so I saw her — she was about thirteen years old, and very plain, almost homely, with a pale complexion and neck-length dark brown hair that looked mussed or slightly dirty. I didn’t have time to glance down at her visible shoulder, to see what she was wearing; from her behavior I wondered if she was a runaway or a homeless person who had gotten into the building. She had had a glassy, blank expression, tinged with a little desperation, some distant desire or need. A look that could easily be accompanied by the words “Please help.” The next time I passed the front desk, I asked the old man if he’d seen a young girl running through. “Heard the stories, then,” he said between throat-clearings, rocking gently in his seat. “Young Maddy has been here a long time. Takes a liking to gentlemen guests. Always been shy. Never says a word, not a word. Just curious.” I told him I hadn’t heard any stories, and that there had been a girl taking the stairs and standing in front of my elevator on every floor.

“That’s our Maddy,” he said. “She likes you then. Sweet on you. She just wants to see, that’s all, just to see. All she ever does. Curious little thing. Just wants to see.” I stayed at the Hotel Umbra for three nights. It was a four-night business trip; the last night I tried sleeping in my car. It didn’t help.

Let me tell you about Young Maddy. You only catch glimpses of her, of a face with a resigned look of quiet desperation, dominated by a pair of wide, dark eyes. Locked doors, barricades, nothing made a difference; she gets inside. I never saw her longer than half a second. Every time I laid eyes on her she retreated instantly, only to appear again an hour or two later. An hour or two if I was lucky.

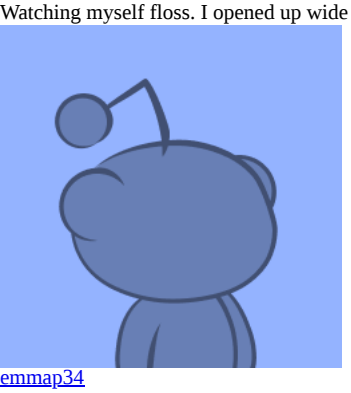
Let me tell you about where I saw Young Maddy. Every time I shut the door to my bathroom, in my hotel room, I saw her. If I watched as I shut it, at the last possible second I’d see the crescent of her face moving fast at the gap. I’d throw the door open to find nothing. Every time I closed the closet door I saw her. If I watched that gap, she’d suddenly be inside the closet, leaning her head to watch me just as it shut. It’s as if she knew where to go, where to be, so that my eye would meet hers. But there was never an impact, never a moment when she’d make contact with the door or the wall.

The first time I sat at that writing table I saw her. As I closed the large bottom drawer. She rushed at the gap from inside the drawer, her wide eyes pleading for something I could not give. I pulled the drawer from its rails and threw it to the floor. I did spend that last night in my car, but like I said, it did no good. Tossing and turning on that rental car seat, the back ratcheted as flat

as I could get it, I'd have to open my eyes sometimes, and if there was a place for her to dart from my view when I opened them, she did. In the side-view mirror, or peeking over the hood of my car — once upside-down, at the top of the windshield, as if she was on the roof.

I'm back in St. Paul again, and I've been back for a year. But Maddy hasn't stopped. If I keep my eyes open long enough, if I watch a place long enough, I'll eventually catch sight of movement — near the copier in my office, a pile of boxes in an alley, a column in a quiet parking lot — and my eye will get there just in time to see her eye retreating from view. There's never anything there when I go to look, so I've stopped looking.

That's how I've had to change things since the Hotel Umbra. I've stopped looking. I keep my eyes shut when I close doors, when I shut drawers and cabinets, fridges, coolers, the trunk of my car. Not all spaces. Just ones that are big enough. At least, that used to work. I was getting ready for bed a few nights ago, standing in front of my bathroom mirror, door shut, cabinets shut. Watching myself floss. I opened up wide to get my molars. I swear I saw fingertips retreat down the back of my throat.

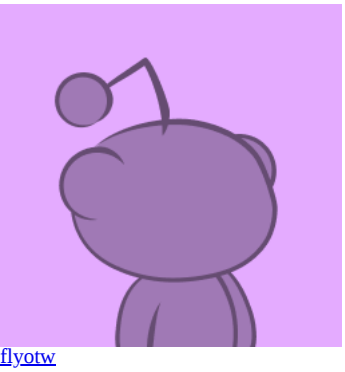


emmap34
• 13y ago

I was driving home from work one night, fairly empty highway when in the distance on the side of the road, i saw a parked car. Not thinking anything of it, i kept going. Just as i was coming up on the car, its driver side door opened and a guy tumbled out into my lane, and just sprawled out in the right lane, unmoving. Luckily there was very little traffic and i was able to swerve out of the way. I immediately pulled over to help, but as i was unbuckling my seat belt, i saw someone else get out of the car and run in the opposite direction. Shaking, i called 911 and they told me to drive away. I never found out what happened.

poke_the_bear
• 13y ago

Last summer I decided that it would be a good idea to drive across Canada, starting in Vancouver and making it all the way to P.E.I. On the return trip we were driving through Saskatchewan in the middle of the night. There weren't any street lights on this stretch on the highway. Keep in mind that we had been at this point driving for two weeks drivings sometimes for 16 hours straight. It was around three in the morning and we had started driving at 7 the previous morning. We were trying to make for the BC border by late morning. I guess at that point sleep deprivation and I had started to hallucinate because every two hundred meters of so there would be a guy on the side of the road...just on the edge of my headlights and just as I approached him he would step out into the road in front of my car. Just a dead calm step into my car too late for me to swerve out the way. Always it was the same guy...always he was just at the edge of my headlights walking along the road, always he would step out in front just before I would pass him but I wouldn't hit anything. This went on for about forty-five minutes before I had to stop.



flyotw
• 13y ago

Well, I went to an abandoned mental institution and it was pretty damn scary. It was literally like everyone had just been told to leave and not come back. There were Books, files, newspapers dating back to the 80's, medical supplies etc… just left untouched for many years (except the looters and vandals.

One thing in particular that scared me was the projection tapes and videos (see in photo) which had titles on the front saying 'hypnosis and mind control'.

Another thing that scared me were the beds with straps on, children's wards with freaky drawings on the walls and the files with what the patients had been up to.

Lastly the padded rooms were a bloody scary place to stand. The smell was horrid and the blood up the walls only amplified the horror.

Quick overview but will expand if people request for more information.

Enjoy some photography from the hospital of doooooom!

http://i.imgur.com/KGjcu9C.jpg http://i.imgur.com/MPNOqSE.jpg http://i.imgur.com/a8zW97h.jpg http://i.imgur.com/o8govbb.jpg http://i.imgur.com/lxyjWk8.jpg

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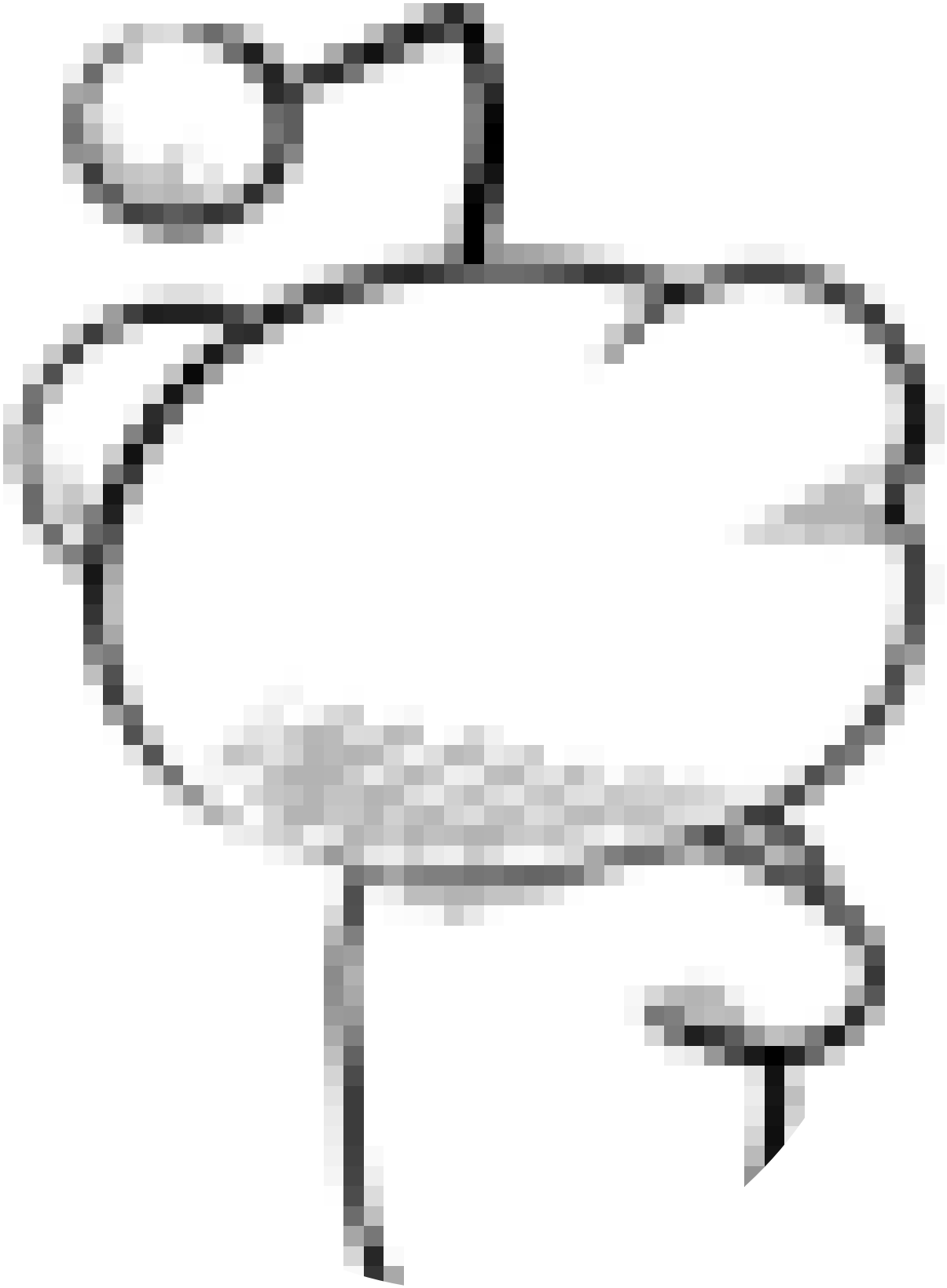
More replies



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• 13y ago

"A man went to a hotel and walked up to the front desk to check in. The woman at the desk gave him his key and told him that on the way to his room, there was a door with no number that was locked and no one was allowed in there. Especially no one should look inside the room, under any circumstances. So he followed the instructions of the woman at the front desk, going straight to his room, and going to bed. The next night his curiosity would not leave him alone about the room with no number on the door. He walked down the hall to the door and tried the handle. Sure enough it was locked. He bent down and looked through the wide keyhole. Cold air passed through it, chilling his eye. What he saw was a hotel bedroom, like his, and in the corner was a woman whose skin was completely white. She was leaning her head against the wall, facing away from the door. He stared in confusion for a while. He almost knocked on the door, out of curiosity, but decided not to. This disinclination saved his life. He crept away from the door and walked back to his room. The next day, he returned to the door and looked through the wide keyhole. This time, all he saw was redness. He couldn't make anything out besides a distinct red color, unmoving. Perhaps the inhabitants of the room knew he was spying the night before, and had blocked the keyhole with something red.

At this point he decided to consult the woman at the front desk for more information. She sighed and said, "Did you look through the keyhole?" The man told her that he had and she said, "Well, I might as well tell you the story. A long time ago, a man murdered his wife in that room, and her ghost haunts it. But these people were not ordinary. They were white all over, except for their eyes, which were red."

Also, Sinister (a movie from last year) scared the hell out of me, mostly the home video scenes

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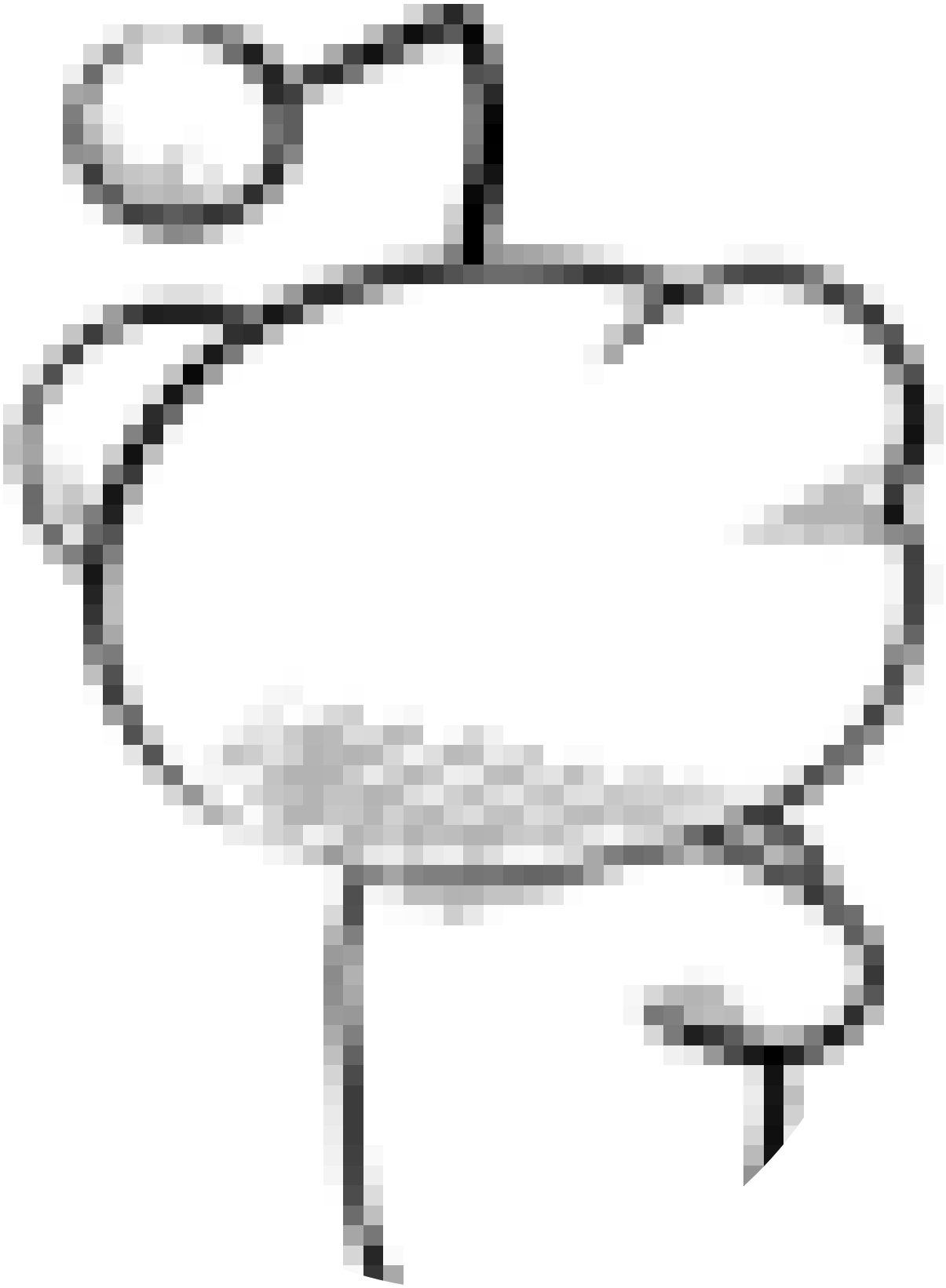

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• 13y ago

An RPG flying in my general direction.

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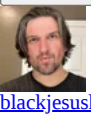


blackjesushiphop
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This one is more creepy then scary I suppose...

When I was a child I would see things in the dark. Mostly when it was bed time or late at night and I was still awake. They were people shaped figures that would move around the room...and usually hide or duck out of the way when I saw them. Sometimes they were my size...childlike and sometimes they were about the size of my parents...but occasionally they were massive.

Floor to ceiling size entities would move around in the darkness without a sound.

I was never really frightened of them for the most part. Other then being startled by something moving in the corner of my eye they didn't bother me...and even as a kid I thought it was just my mind playing tricks on me. Like I said before they would vanish...or dart into a door or closet...or duck behind something...almost like they didn't want to be seen. But every once and a while...they stayed still.

Let me preface by saying this wasn't a nightly thing...it would happen infrequently...but enough that even as a kid I took notice.

The only time I ever felt a little bit scared it when it seemed they weren't scared of me. And this would always happen when I would wake up from being asleep. I would open my eyes late at night to find a figure darker then the darkness standing over me. I even remember one time one of the child size figures standing on the foot board of my bed crouched like a gargoyle.

At no time did any of these things ever make a sound...or ever try to touch me or anything...they would just be around. It would creep me out to think they watched me in my sleep...but as I got older I chalked it up to dreams. I was probably just half awake and half asleep. This attitude continued as I got older. I started noticing them less and less. A split second out of the corner of my eye...or something walking past my doorway or something like that.

I never told anyone about them...mostly because I myself thought it was a product of an over active imagination...but also I thought no one would believe me anyway.

When I was 15 my grandmother was diagnosed with lung cancer. She was in pretty bad shape and had spent a lot of time in the hospital trying to hang in there to no avail. When the doctors told my grandfather there was nothing else they could do...and she may only have days to live...she was sent home to die in comfort. I was very close to my grandmother as a child and I wanted to spend as much time as I could with her before she went.

In her final days...I don't know if it was the sickness...or the medication she was taking to ease the pain...she was hit with strange bouts of dementia. She would ask me to write a letter to her long dead sister to tell her she was going to move to France. She asked me to take her in a ride in her car...but my grandparents didn't own a car. Stuff like that. Then she called me over one night and hit me with a bombshell.

"They wont hurt you...they just watch over you. They mean you no harm child don't be afraid of them. Behind that dresser is a door. They come from there at night to watch over us. They always have."

Now at this point I had thought much about the things I saw in the night as a child. I was a teenager at this point. I took what she said as more ramblings of a dying woman. I hadn't connected the dots. Until I asked her who she was talking about.

"The Shadow people..."

My face went white. I hadn't told anyone about them.

As an adult now I don't see them. Sometimes I think I do...but really its just me staring at my dresser waiting for something to appear in the dark and my mind runs with it.

I think my 10 year old daughter sees them though. I heard her talking in her room to herself around 2am.

But I suppose...she could have been dreaming.

(Edit: Corrected some things)

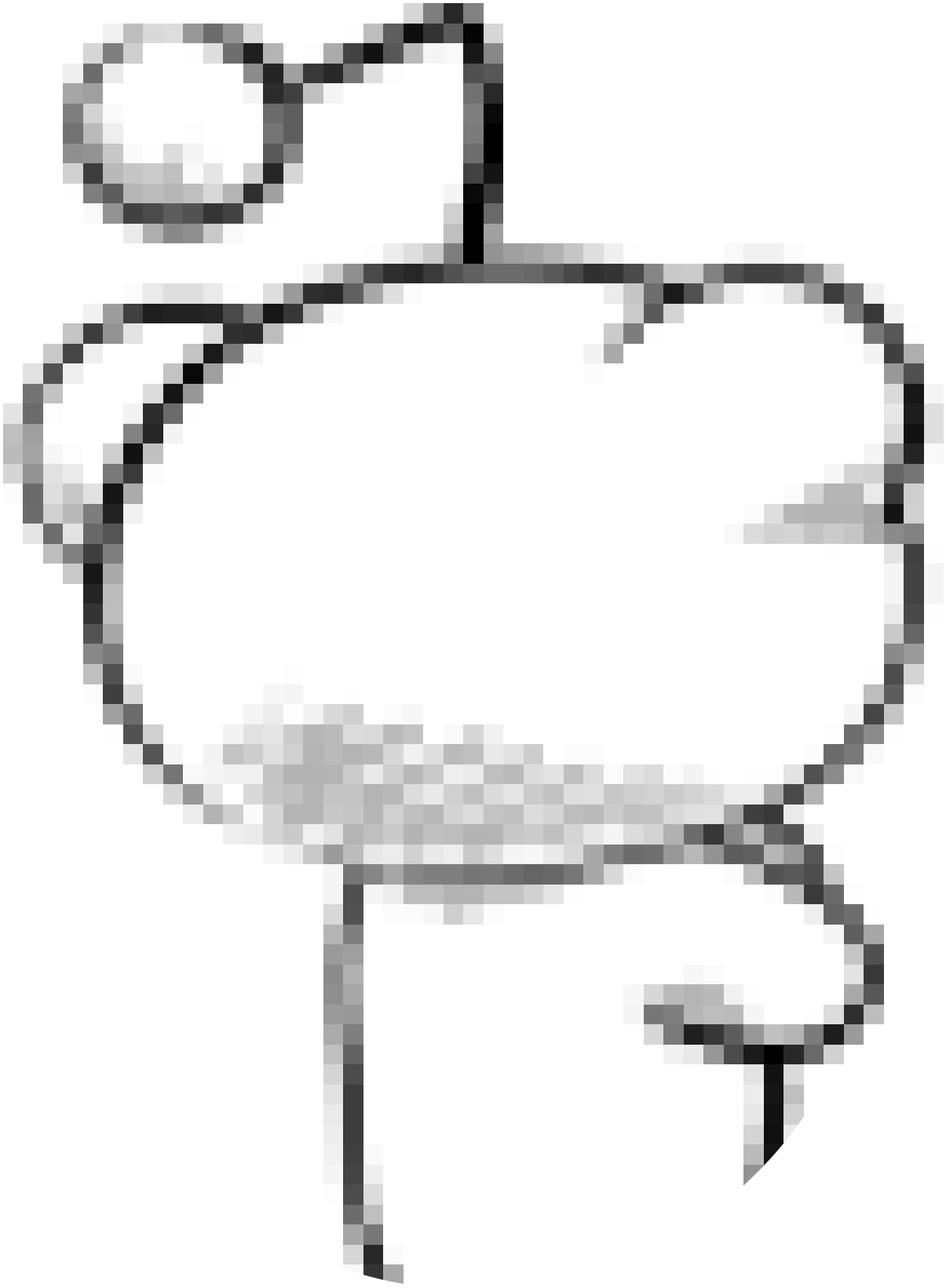
fearofthedark69
• 13y ago

A Bigfoot walked into my campsite at 1am in the morning.

A fear I cannot possibly explain.

GideonThaCat
• 13y ago

When I was about 8 or 9 my family and I took a vacation to Florida. We were getting Ice Cream at maybe 7 or 8 and went to Cold Stone because Cold Stone was the absolute shit for 9 year old me. Anyway, my mom let me wait outside in one of their outside tables while she went to go get the ice cream. Everything was pretty fine until I keep hearing someone pestering someone until I realize they're talking to me. I turn around to see this, possibly french, drunk off her ass, lady. She kept calling me and saying random things. It wasn't anything mean or creepy, but for a 9 year old who's constantly hearing about the dangers of strangers and pedophiles I was pretty freaked. My mom came back and saw what was happening and we both went back to the hotel.



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• 13y ago

Of course, as I read through this thread my power goes out and dog starts barking like mad! Ugh.

giantbook
• 13y ago

I still to this day can't comprehend what I saw, but almost 10 years ago some friends and I were drinking and hanging out. 2 boys and 2 girls. the other girl and I had to pee and we were right by a school. So we went out into the field to do our business. We were pretty much right next to each other and both of us gasped at the exact time time. we both saw it. Black figure, maybe about as wide as a cow but was easily 6.5-7 feet tall. All we saw was black and two eyes. It was moving very very slowly, sideways. It was almost like it was floating sideways. Needless we ran back to the car. But without a doubt we saw it.

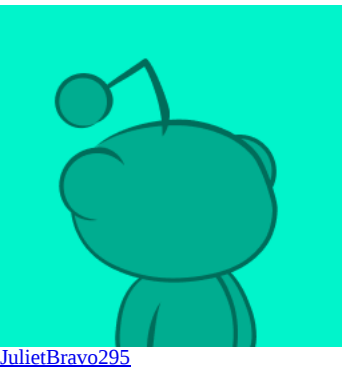
jonnymars
• 13y ago

I saw a jumper across the street from my old office, she was standing on the top of a car park threatening to jump off. People were shouting at her from the street, trying to talk her down. Eventually she tried to turn and go back onto the roof, but she slipped. She was hanging from the roof for what seemed like forever, then she lost her grip with one hand, and then the other. The way she hit the ground, I knew that was it for her. I later read in the newspaper that she'd done this 3 times before, but had always come down.

sekai-31
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Some person tried to target my family for no particular reason.

It started one morning on a Sunday with a phone call at 5am. I think I was 12 at the time. My mom lumbered downstairs and answered the phone and all of a sudden I heard her effing and blinding and telling the person to go jump off a cliff or something. I heard my dad run downstairs and take the phone from her.
"Hello? Who is this? Why are you saying these things? What do you want?"
He kept asking questions in a very calm voice. At this point everyone was awake and listening intently from their beds. My dad hung up the phone. My mother raged for a long time.
In the morning, me, my two brothers and sister asked her what happened. Apparently the person on the phone had been saying very 'obscene things'.
My parents went to work, the rest of us stayed home. There was a phone call later on and we were all hesitant to answer it. My eldest brother answered the phone (he was 20 at the time). He swore down the phone and we all realized it was Obscene Man.
The next morning, at around 6am the phone rang again. My mom was getting ready for work and answered it. Again, cue the raging swear words from her. "Why the fuck are you calling? If I find out who this is, I'm going to strangle you! Don't you dare ring us again!"
Parents at work, brother's at Uni, phone rings about 4pm.
This time I answered it. Being a cocky 12 year old, I had a whole arsenal of retorts and rhetoric.
"Fuck your ugly ass-"
"Mate, you realize you're paying for this call? You're paying for us to laugh down the phone at you?"
The man suddenly goes silent. I stay on the phone, waiting for him to say something. He says nothing. We're on the phone in silence for about a minute when my elder sister snatches the phone and slams it down, telling me never to answer it without our parents around.
Anyway, the phone calls go on for a few more days. My brother and sister was always too afraid to answer it, my eldest brother was always at Uni, my mom would swear back, my dad would calmly try and get info, and with me, the man would always be silent. Perhaps he could tell I was a child by my voice and didn't want to say such things to me. They stopped after a while.
But then the slashing started.
My dad's tires got slashed on a Sunday night, meaning he couldn't go to work Monday. He got them fixed. Then my mom's tires got slashed, front and back. We got them fixed. A few more days passed, nothing happened. Then out of nowhere, both cars had all of their tires slashed. My dad decided to call the police. They couldn't find anything (no surprise there). Then for about a week everything was perfect. The phone calls had long stopped, the cars were unscathed.
But our enemy wasn't done with us yet.
On this one night, my dad was at work, my eldest brother was at Uni, and the only people in the house were my mom (sleeping), my brother and sister (busy watching movie) and me in my room reading books. So my window faces the front of the house, meaning I can see the cars, the gates and the street.
As I'm reading, I hear this huge angry yell coming from outside. I put down my book and listen intently. It's not words, just screaming. "ARGHHH, ARGHHH, ARGHHH." Not scared screaming, but 'fuck you, I'm going to get you' screaming. I snatched off the lights and cracked the curtain open a fraction.
Standing outside our house was some white guy. I couldn't tell how old he was but he was dressed quite young, maybe mid twenties. And he was just standing outside our house, looking up at the windows, and screaming at us. Being a stupid 12 year old, I brazenly yank open the curtain and stare him down. He must have noticed me but he had a cap on so I couldn't see his eyes.
Anyway, he just went on screaming. Then I hear police sirens. The man froze then bolted down the street. A police car slowly rolled down the street after him. I think my family had just cottoned on about what was going on. My mom was suddenly calling for me to come downstairs. I'm too bewildered to tell her what I saw. Everyone on our street comes out of their houses.
At the very bottom of our street is a tiny house that was burnt down a long time ago. It still stands however. Anyway, the police car is down there. Coppers start coming up the street, ushering us back into our homes. I run back to my room and peer out the window. Down by the burnt down house the cop cars have gathered. Suddenly a cop says into a megaphone:
"Get down! Get. *Down.*"
I think the guy might have been on the roof and threatening to jump or something. The cops were there for a good half hour. Nothing was said on the megaphone after that so I don't know what was going on down there.
Anyway, after that the harassment stopped. No phone calls, no slashes, no screaming. All over.
We refer to it as the Slasher Incident now. We still have no explanation for it.



JulietBravo295
• 13y ago

Im in Toronto at my buddies place on the eleventh floor balcony. We were smoking up and just shooting the shit and people watching. Below us in the front visitor parking lot a car pulled up and a guy started shooting at another guy who was walking toward the bldg entrance. He pulled out a pistol and returned fire and the vehicle sped off in reverse. You could tell guy on foot had been hit a few times. He was holding his gut and stumbled towards the door. He made it inside but he died in the elevator. We know this because when we ran to the elevator bank to go downstairs and help the door opened and the guy was on the floor sitting against the wall. Blood everywhere. Dead eyes staring back at us.

antoniostark714
• 13y ago

The single most terrifying thing I have ever experienced.

Years ago, I was probably about 15, I was spending the night at my friend's (we will call him John) house. Our other friend (I guess we will call him Sam) was there as well. John's parents weren't home, so we were utilizing the entire house to do typical 15 year old boy shit. Watching movies and playing video games and being loud and stuff like that. We spent most of our time on the second floor of the house, where John's room was.

The house was fairly new. Built within the last 10 years I am guessing. It was a very typical, suburban, upper middle class home. There was nothing creepy or disturbing about it, other than the windows. The house had a ton of windows. It seemed that, no matter where you were, you could see out of a window, and it was especially creepy at night when you could only see darkness.

Another interesting thing about the house, was that there were 2 stair cases that both led to the second flood, each at opposite ends of a straight hallway. If you walked to the top of one, you would see the other at the end of the hallway. And on the wall above each one of the staircases was a large window.

We were down stairs at one point, probably getting food or something, I can't exactly remember. For some reason, I went upstairs before John and Sam, thinking they would trail behind me. I walked up the stairs on the left side of the hallway, and as I got to the top, I saw it.

As I stood at the top of the stairs, looking straight ahead of me at the window above the other set of stairs, I could see my reflection. And behind me, was a large, black, lengthy figure, which looked to be rising up the stairs. The most disturbing part was the way it moved. It did not stumble up and down as most people would as they walked upstairs, its just floated.

Complete and utter dread flowed over me, as I stared at this figure getting closer and closer. As it reached the top step, I could see it's full figure. It was tall and skinny, with the only visible body part being a head, but I could see no features, just black. Then, It slowly began to raise what looked like arms. They were thin, long and tree branch like.

At this point, I snapped out of my fear frozen status, and freaked the fuck out, sprinting straight ahead, and down the stairs at the other end, as the figure stood still, arms spread out the entire time. I did not dare to look behind me. I ended up back downstairs where John and Sam were still talking or doing whatever they were doing.

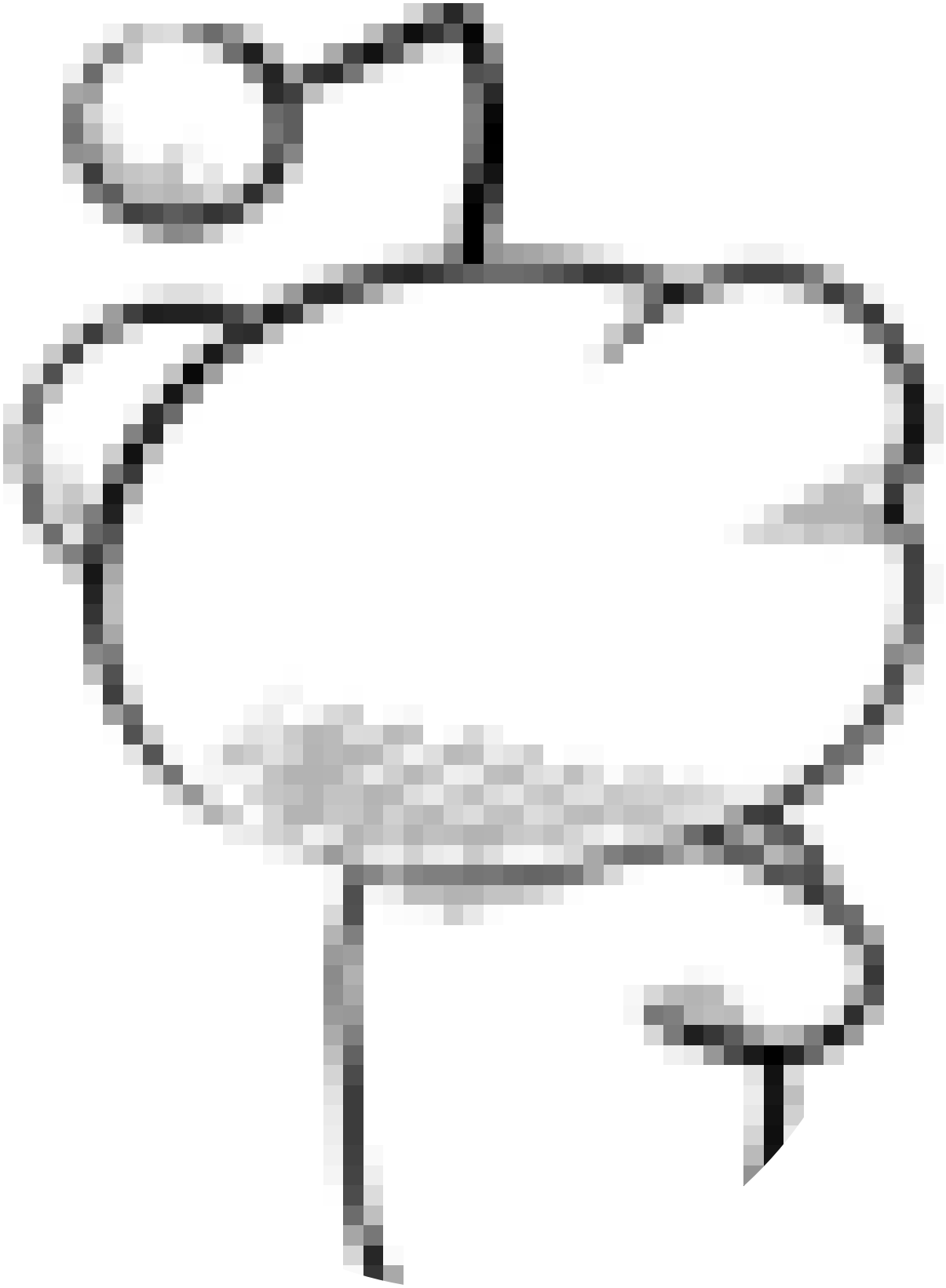
They saw the look on my face and immediately knew that something was up. They asked what was wrong, but I could not make out any coherent explanation that could justify what I just saw. I think I basically told them that I saw a shadow.

They kind of blew it off, but I couldn't handle it and I just went home. I have no idea what I saw that night. I am not a religious person at all, and I find the notion of the after life and ghosts completely ridiculous. But I do believe that there are many unexplained things in our universe. Since then, I have never had any other occurrences with anything of the sort.

This shit still freaks me out to this day. Fuck reflections.

I did go back to John's house after that many times, and nothing else really happened. Except for one night, I was spending the night again, and the power went off for like 3 seconds as we were watching TV, and when the power came back on, the cable box was on channel 666. That had to have been just a reset coincidence or something, but it was still freaky as shit.

TL;DR I saw a black figure follow me up stairs in a windows reflection.



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• 13y ago

Probably not going to get noticed, and not super creepy, but when I was younger some friends and I decided to go on an adventure to an old abandoned tanning factory. Late at night, we parked about a mile away in a parking lot and walked down to it. There was a small tree-covered dirt path leading to the property. We snuck through the fence (I was pretty chubby so I ripped my jeans on the fence, I think), and snuck along the waterline to the plant.

After we emerged from the treeline, we were met by a large, well-lit meadow area. Police tended to cruise the area pretty frequently, so we made our way really quickly across the meadow to the side doors of the plant. We got to the large double door and slipped through (once again, a tight fit for me).

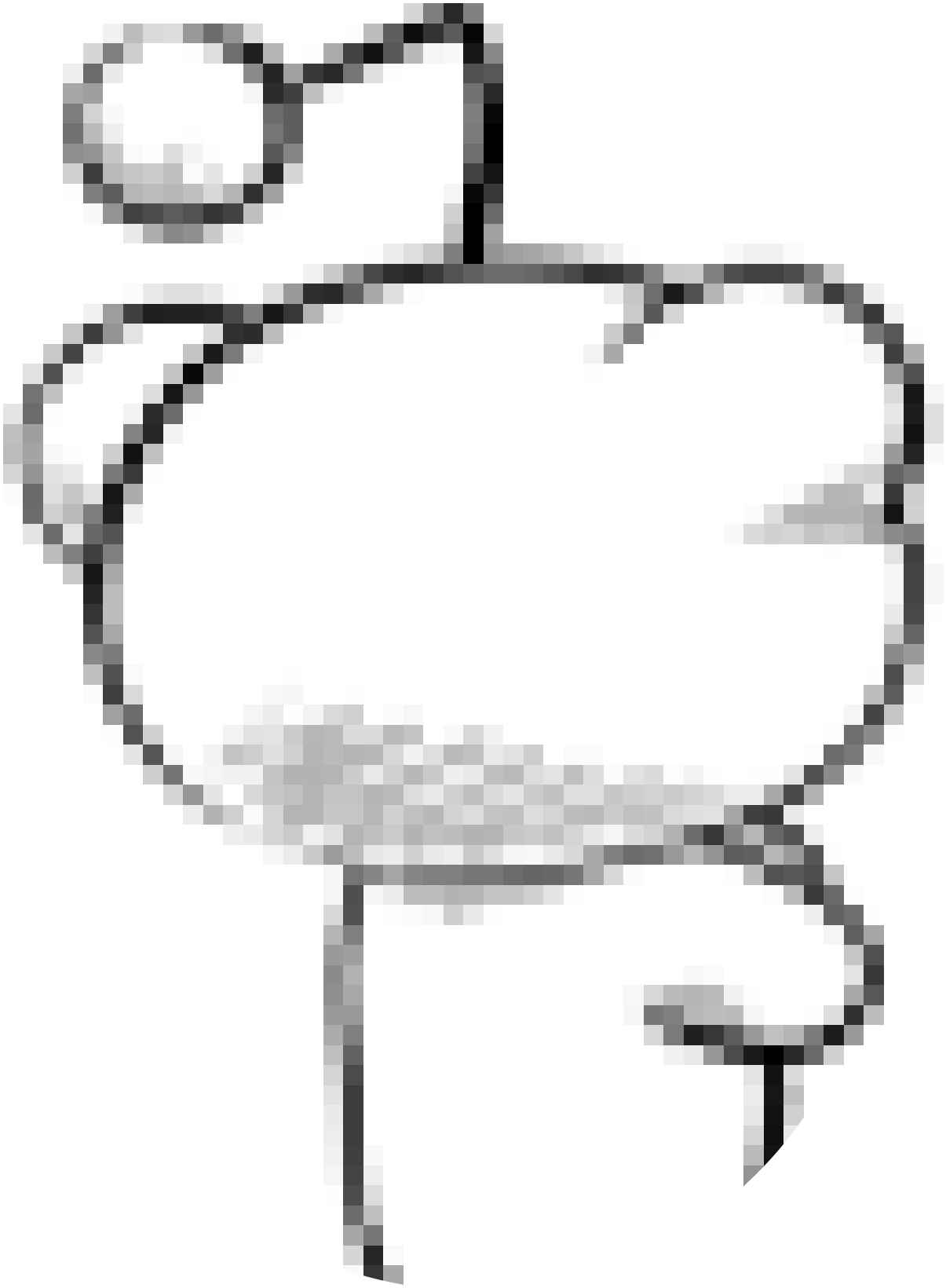
Inside was really bizarrely creepy. It was filthy dirty, and dark as hell. However, the first room you came to from that entrance was a large-ish garage area. There was a single florescent light lit, with a children's bike directly in the center of the light beam. Freaky as shit.

The rest of the building was pretty standard, but there was one room upstairs that had a wood floor with a lot of water damage. The floor was warped to where the ceiling was 7ft in certain places and 4ft in others. Along the ceiling there were hooks for hanging leather hides. Almost cut my face open on one of the rusty bastards.

Beyond that, pretty uneventful, until we heard sirens and had to get the fuck out really quick. Very fun times.

another_old_fart
• 13y ago

A long time ago a gf of mine and her roommates lived in a house where a previous tenant had hung supposedly herself in one of the rooms. Over a period of months the roommate who lived in that particular room slowly became withdrawn, to the point where she stopped talking to the rest of them and would just stay in her room all the time, coming out only at night to eat ravenously and leave a mess in the kitchen. Eventually she went away to a mental hospital. Afterwards they decided to use that room only for storage and to do ironing. They blocked the door open with a heavy rock, because the few times they went in there and shut the door it felt like someone else was in there. Once in a while they would get up in the morning to find the door of that room closed, and the rock out of place.



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• 13y ago

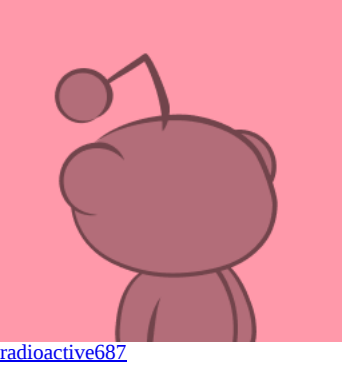
This is 100% true Reddit. When I was 5 or so, me and my mother lived alone in a 2 bedroom flat. I usually played on my Playstation and I know how cliche this sounds but it is true, I would sit and play Crash Bandicoot with this old woman. I can still remember her wrinkled, pale white skin, and beaming white hair. We would play like every night and I never ever mentioned her to my mum, until one night the woman was walking up and down the stairs, paying no attention to anything else. I asked her to play with me, she ignored me and kept walking up and down the steps, slowly. I went and told my mum that Mabel (the woman's name) wouldn't play with me. Obviously, my mums like wtf dude who the hell is Mabel? So I say 'The old woman that plays Ps1 with me!' It is pretty predictable, there was no woman there called Mabel. And after that night that I told my mum, I never saw her again. It all sounds like some generic film, but this is true guys. I know it was definitely not my imagination, it was far too vivid. At the time it really never scared me, but looking back now I get chills thinking about who this woman was.

BlueShrub
• 13y ago

In my second year of college a few friends and I rented a small, old house in a quiet neighborhood. This house had some quirks, such as a wet basement bathroom with little mushrooms growing all about, and an incredibly suspicious door in one of the basement bedrooms which was, as we had been strictly instructed by the landlord, to never be opened for any reason. The door itself led to an area which would have to have been located UNDER the front yard, rather than under any other part of the house. What really added to the aura of this mystery door was the fact that it had been duct taped all around the outside.

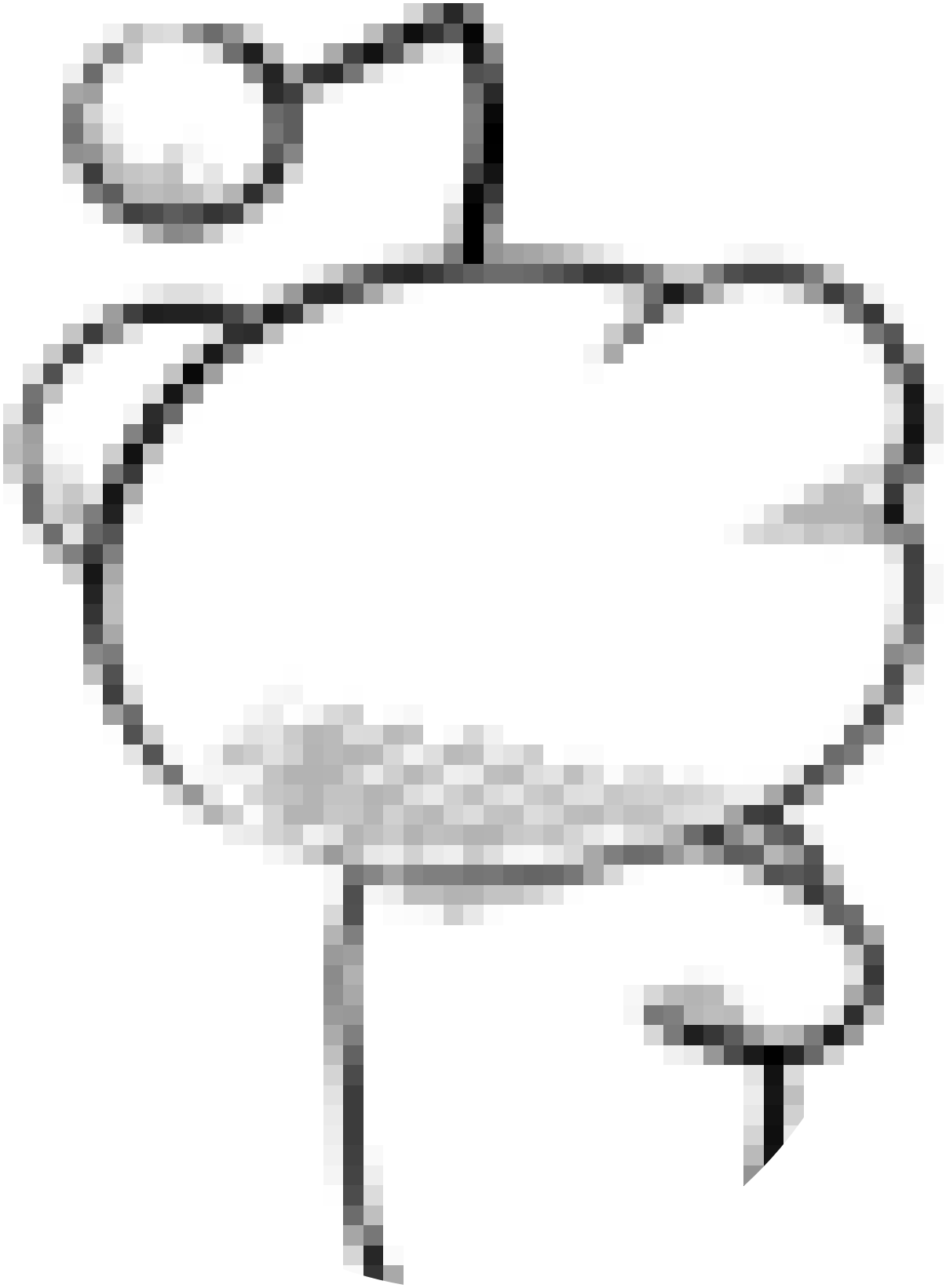
Fast forward to the start of the semester, the first night of sleeping in the place. Roommates had gone out that night to celebrate on the town while I held back. A friend of mine had come over to see the place, and as he left I locked the doors to the outside. As I try to sleep I hear my roommates coming home, making loud banging noises as if they were slamming doors upstairs. The noises were loud for a moment, and then silence. Eventually I decided to join in on whatever strange activity they had decided to engage in upstairs. As I made my way upstairs I came to the realization that the lights were off, the doors still locked, and I was alone in the house. Panic quickly rushed in as I ran back to my room and called my roommate to ask where they were. "We are downtown" he says to me, annoyance in his tone, as I hear party noises in the background. I turn the lights on and stood, paralyzed in my room, and again I heard it. I thought of the duct taped door in the room beside mine.

Turns out it was just the sump pump, lesson learned.



radioactive687
• 13y ago

This was scary for me at least. I was camping when I was twelve and it started light showers while we were eating breakfast. we figured we'd go in when we were done eating, it was thundering or anything. So out of nowhere we hear thunder, but from a distance. A few seconds later thunder crashed right above our camper. A split second later there was another crash, which was then followed by more thunder. My leg started stinging like hell, it was the worst pain ever, a mix of stinging and aching and burning. We ran inside, called 911, the usual stuff. I was completely okay, I got out of the hospital the same day but man that was frightening.



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• 13y ago

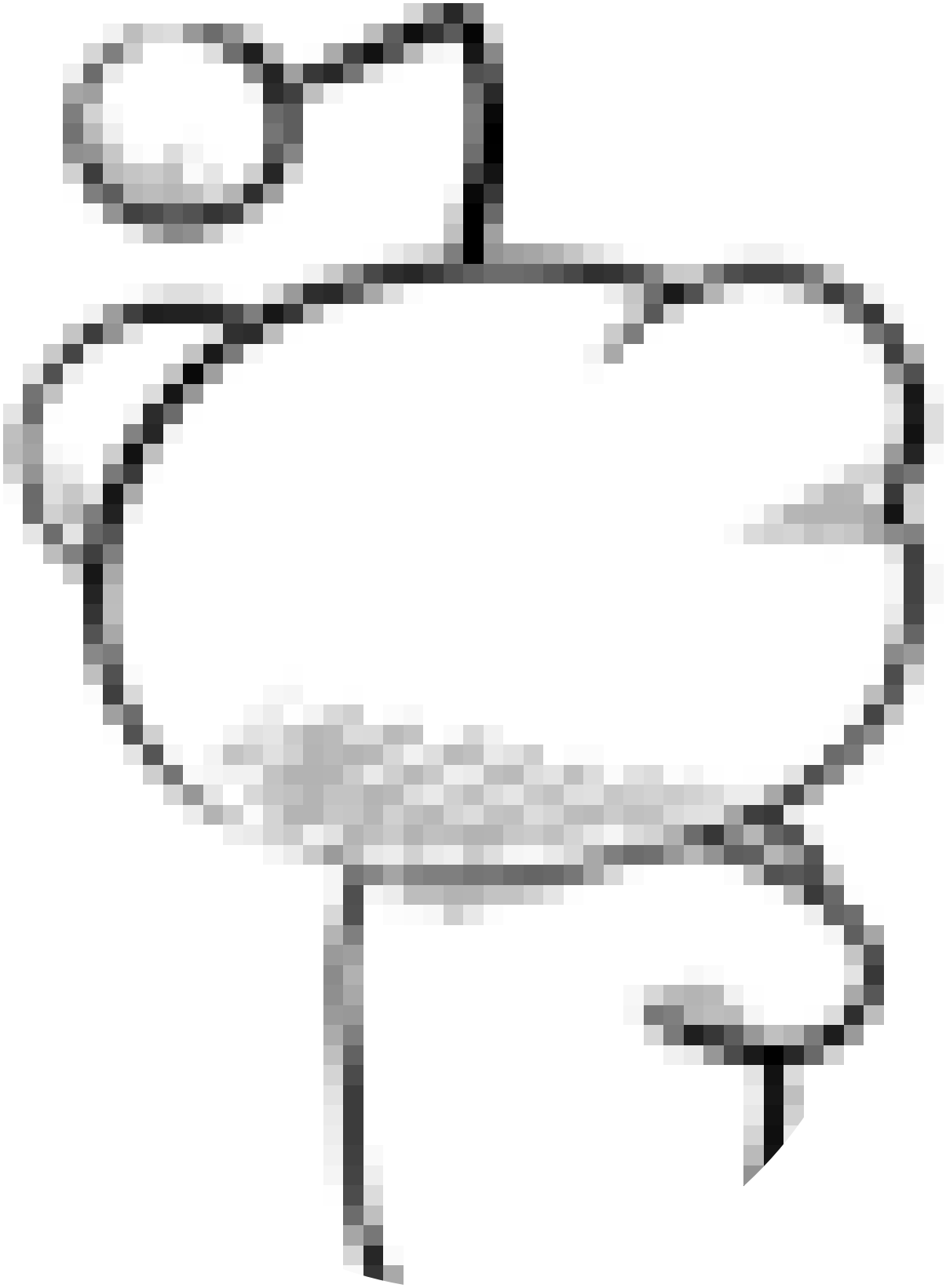
The Lavender town theme. I get nightmares.

CimmerianThoughts
• 13y ago

This will probably get buried but I've always wanted to tell this story.

When I was little, I used to be obsessed with aliens. Reaaaally obsessed. Which was funny, because they terrified me. To this day, I still remember vividly how hard my heart was pounding as I read about Barney and Betty Hill. Anyway, I had gone to bed early that night because I was punished for some reason or the other, and I was staring at the ceiling thinking about nothing in particular when suddenly... Lights. Bright lights as bright as the sun flood my room through the slits of my blinds. Nothing to panic about, right? But then the sound of hydraulics, the steam of a spaceship door opening? No, couldn't be. But then the moaning began. It was like nothing I had ever heard before, a low guttural "whurrrrr". They were coming for me. What if I hid under the covers? Ten year old logic seemed to prevail as I felt like I had escaped abduction, but then the coup de grace: the scratching on my windows. Nope. So I finally had enough and the fight or flight instinct kicks in, I go racing down the hall to my parents room. My dad gets up reluctantly and takes me to the door after I explained everything that happened. I can't even put in words the terror I felt as my dad unlocked the front door to debunk my alien theory. And there it was in all its glory... Not aliens. The neighbors had come home late and rudely left their high beams pointed into my room while they unpacked. Lights: check. The sprinklers went on to make a hydraulic hiss. Spaceship doors: check. The sprinklers were causing the rose bush to slide over my windows, making the thorns screech across the glass. Scratching: check. But that didn't explain the moan. I explained to my father that there was still something off, and amidst my explanation of the moan it happened again as I was saying it. I leapt behind my father's legs. He began to laugh as he looked at our front porch. Right on the door mat were two cats getting down and dirty. Moaning: check.

I still don't think I've been that scared of nothing in my entire life.



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• 13y ago

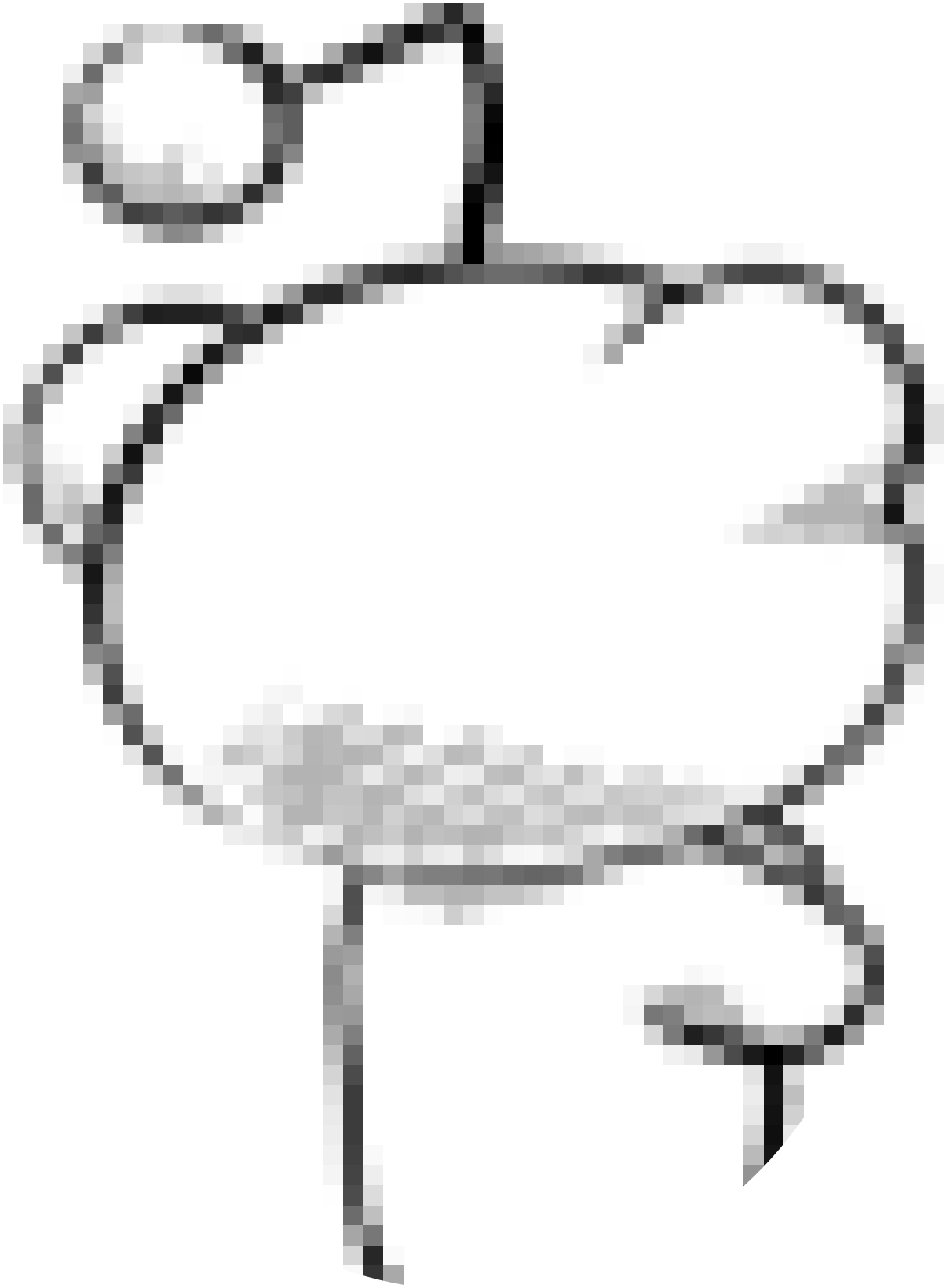
In August 2008 in the summer I was at my boyfriends cottage on Whitestone Lake in northern Ontario with two of our other friends. At about 2am we were sitting on the dock drinking (I was drinking soda because I don't drink) and we look out across the lake behind the trees and see weird light sources, like really bright red glowing lights that we can see behind a thick forest.

I started freaking out like WHAT IS THAT WHAT IS THAT because I didn't believe in aliens, ghosts or any of that paranormal nonsense. My boyfriend and one of his friends are laughing being like MAYBE ITS AN ALIEN SHIP. Now due to where the highway is located (2 lane shit nothing highway) and where the lights were coming from it couldn't have been a truck stopped or trucks driving because last time I checked trucks didn't have red lights, plus there was no highway there just Crown Land (government owns it).

Our soberest friend climbs into a peddle boat with me to peddle over to the crown land to have a look at what it is. We're half way across the lake and we hear a motor... which is kind of odd because who is out in their boat on the lake at 2am?? Someone else seeing these strange lights? NOPE. Boat approaches us and gets about 4 feet away and passes us fully lit metal boat with a motor on the back... BUT NO ONE IN IT GUIDING IT.

So after the empty ghost boat passes us and the weird lights are still happening in the dense forest I make an exec decision as the sober person and we turn the peddle boat around. My boyfriend and our other friend are still on the dock and we ask them if they saw that boat pass us... and they were like what boat??

UM..... TO THIS DAY NO ONE DISCUSSES WHAT WE SAW. I am not sure what it was but if someone could explain it to me scientifically what happened I would sure appreciate it.



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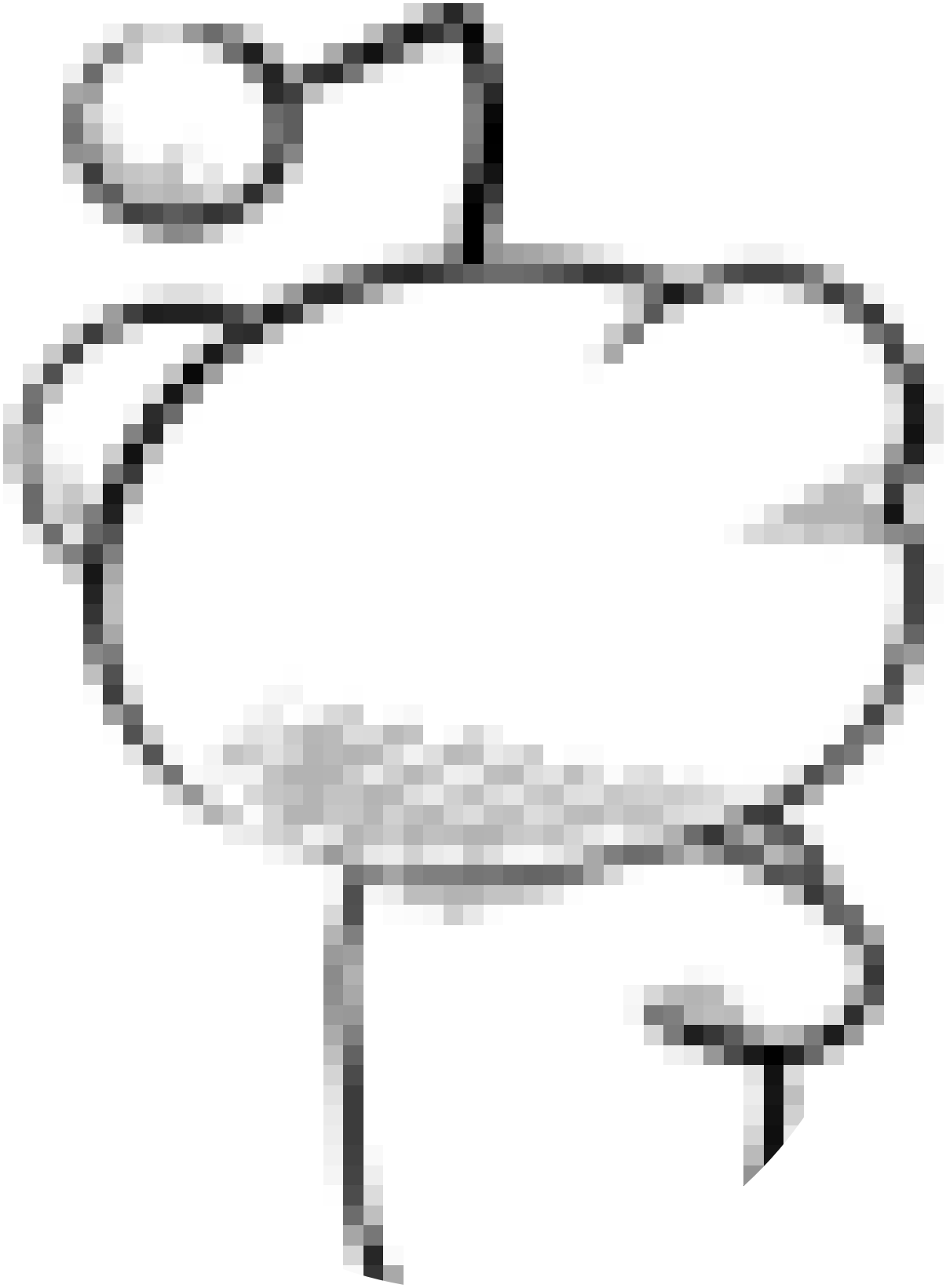
• 13y ago

When I was about 13 or 14, I had a dream about my older sister being in a car accident. In my dream, she was sitting in our living room telling me, my brother, and my mom about how she was going to be in a car accident. Throughout the whole dream, she kept turning to look at me, like she was telling me specifically. When I woke up, I told my mom about it. She seemed rather unnerved, but didn't make a huge deal about it.

About a week later, on Easter, we were at my aunt's house to have dinner. I was sitting in the computer room with my cousin when my aunt comes running in, saying my sister had been in a car accident. Apparently, my mom had mentioned how I dreamed about this happening. My aunt had a hard time being around me for quite a while after all this happened.

My sister was fine, she had a broken hip and had to be in the hospital and use a wheelchair for a while, but she lived.

My mom swore, until the day she died (RIP mom) that I had foreseen what was going to happen. Since then, I have had dreams that seemed to "come true." I believe the more recent ones to just be coincidence, but the one about my sister just seems too creepy.



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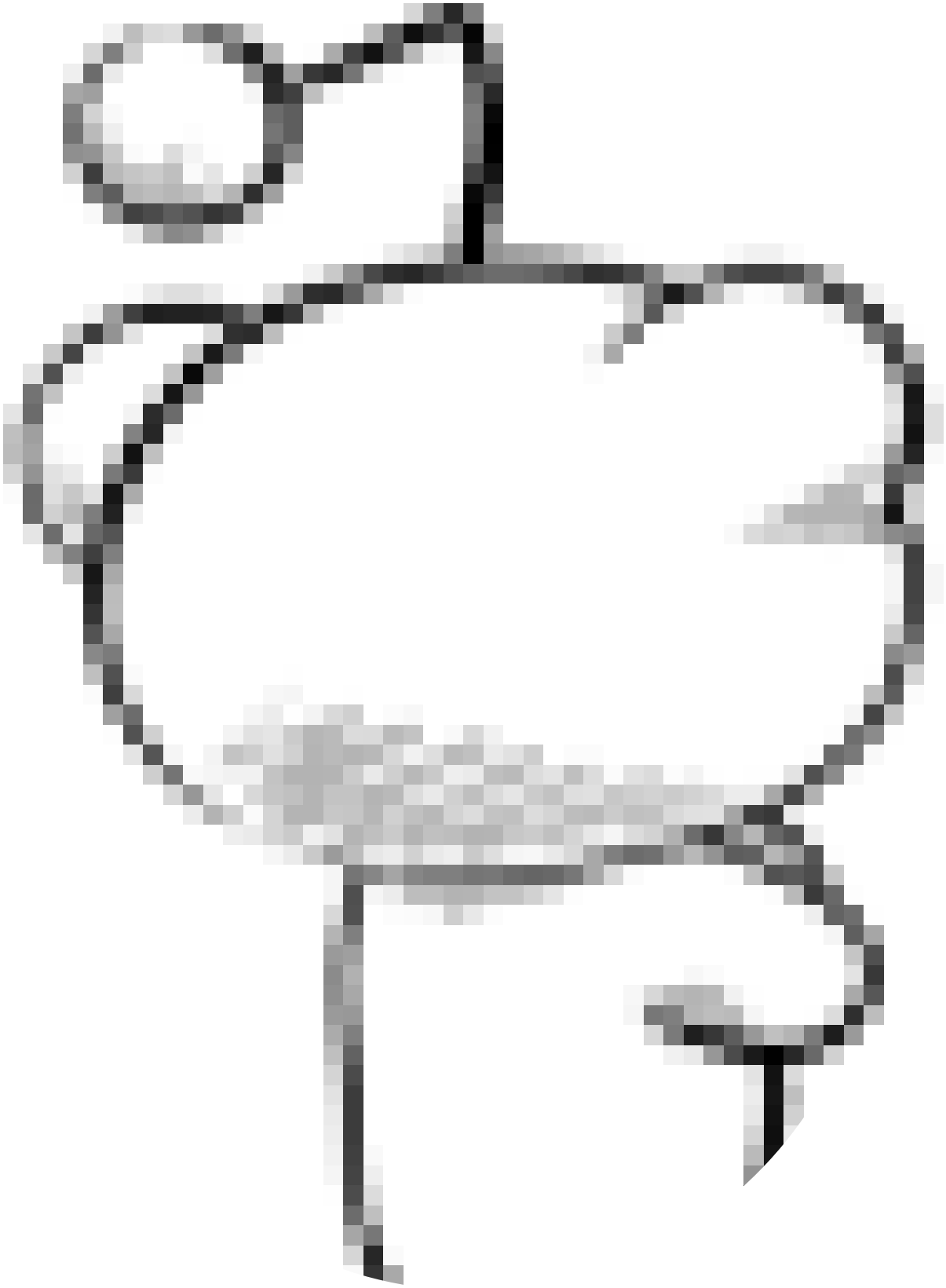
• 13y ago

I was driving with my friend Legolas one night, we were on our way to a party. We didn't really know the way and we found ourselves on a back road, thick with foliage on either side. In my headlights I caught a glimpse of something in the darkness in the center of the road ahead, I figured it was roadkill. Having such thick foliage on either side of the car I couldn't really avoid it so I drove over it, but as I got closer I saw what it was; a severed human head. Legolas and I sped away from it and confirmed with each other what we had both just seen. I decided to turn around to make sure, so as to file a detailed police report. Legolas didn't want to go back with me so he got out on the side of the road. I turned around and went back. When I got to where we saw the head, it was gone. I got out of the car and looked around and discovered a blood puddle where the head had been. I got back into the car, shaking, and locked my doors. I started to back out of the foliage to go back where I left Legolas but when I looked in the rear view I saw a man, illuminated red by my rear lights, holding the head up. I floored it forward, away from him. I must have been going over 100 mph. I did a quick 180 because I couldn't leave Legolas out there, and I sped back through the foliage, picked up Legolas, and we got the hell out of there.

We didn't know what to do so we ended up going to the party in spite of everything, but we both just kind of sat around. The next day, Legolas and I DID file a police report, but I don't think they took us very seriously.



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• 13y ago

There won't be a long story here just simply my input with opinion. I personally found that the original slender man story and videos from marbles something have given me the chills for a first time in a long time. When I first found out while staying up late at night reading urban legends I honestly wasn't sure if it was real or not. I had the ability to use my imagination to imagine what slender is like. Unfortunately though, once it became popular, it flat out got ruined. People showed pics of his face, and the original folk lore of having a shit ton of arms got removed. :/ I feel bad for those that couldn't find the tale of him the same way I did and many others before me!

antoniostark714
• 13y ago

I already posted one, but just for a good stories sake, I'll tell another one.

My grandparent's used to have a dog. Her name was Shadow, and she was an absolute joy. She was never aggressive or mean and was always supper excited to see you. My dog, Max, was her best friend you could say, and they would always play together and what not.

At the time, my mother would go to my grandparents house pretty regularly to do laundry, because our washing machine was broken. Shadow would be in the garage, where the washing machine was, because she would chew up the house while my grandparents were gone. She would always get super excited whenever she would hear someone come through the front door, and would jump up at the garage door, scratching it with her front paws to try and get out. My mother was used to her doing this every time she went over.

Unfortunately, Shadow died about 5 years ago due to complications with tumors. Everyone was bummed but we got over it pretty quickly because Shadow had led a good life.

My mother would still go to do laundry over there for a while. And the first time that she went over there after Shadow's death, nobody was home. She walked in the front door, and got to the garage door. As she went to turn the handle, sure enough, there was loud slam on the door, that visibly shook it.

My mother says that she was terrified at first, because nobody was home. But she knew that noise. She opened the door and nobody was inside. She says it was just Shadow saying hi.

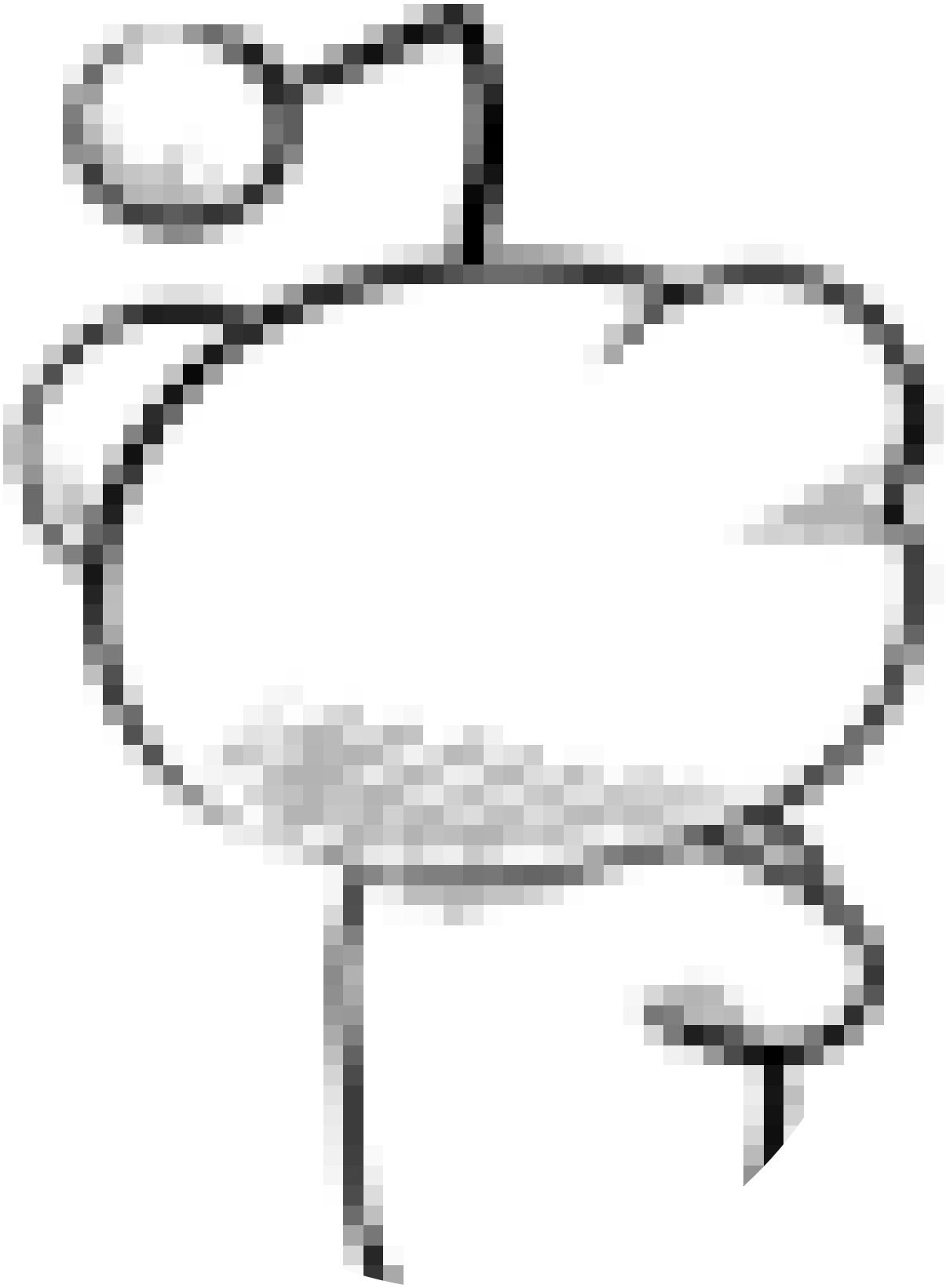
Not scary or creepy really. Just an interesting story.

mccauleyc
• 13y ago

Scariest sound- a fox killing a rabbit. It was blood curdling. It sounded like a baby crying, and I was in a small cabin in the middle of the woods.

2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies



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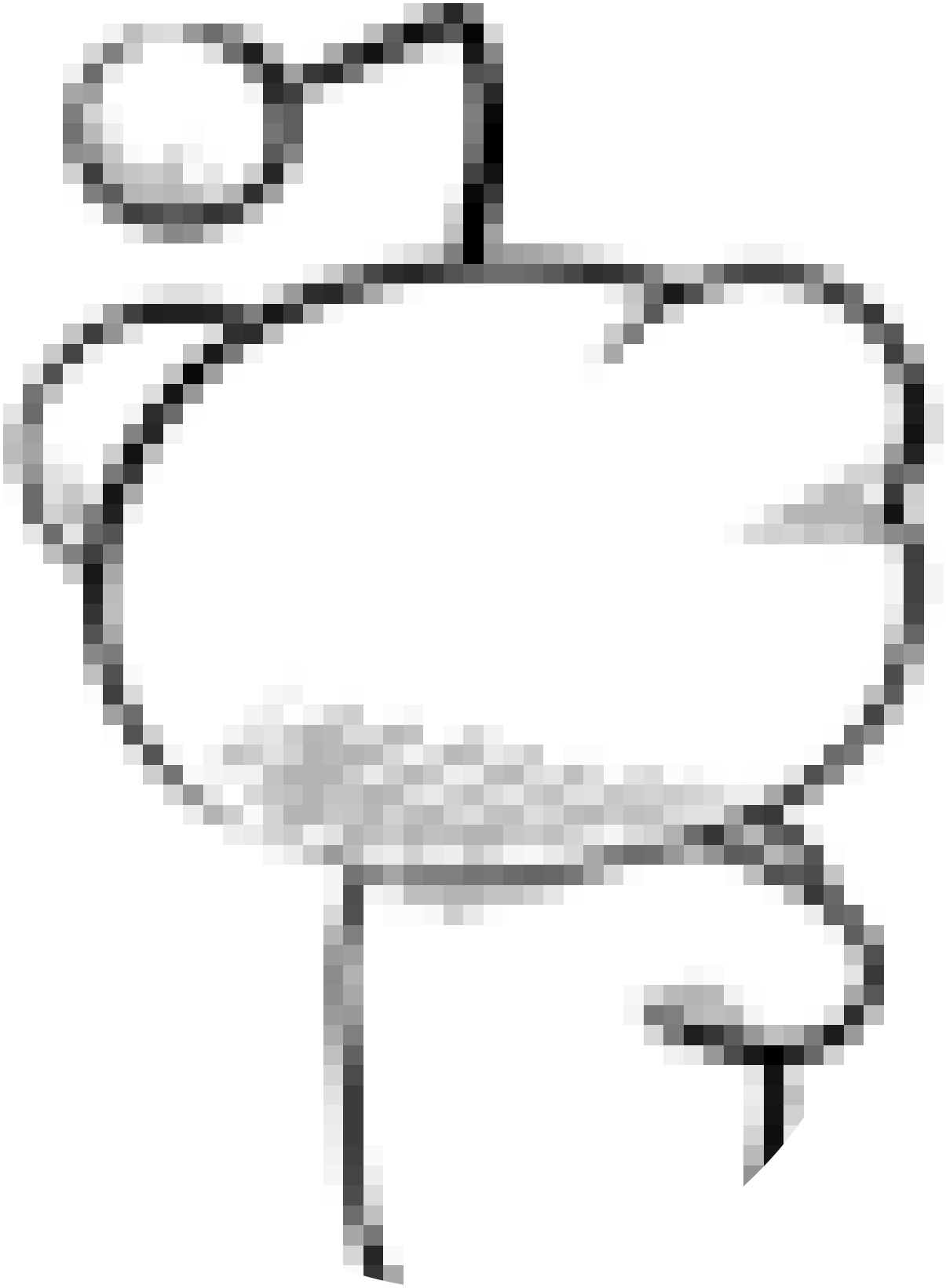
• 13y ago

Doctors trying and failing to resuscitate a little girl in the hospital I was in.

They worked for at least an hour. I do not know how the world continued to spin that day.



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• 13y ago

At my brother's first house he would have friends over constantly so it wasn't weird for people to just walk in. So one night I'm sitting in his living room and the door to the hallway slowly opens and there was someone standing there. It was as tall as the doorway wearing all white with extremely long black hair over it's face. I thought it was one of my brothers friends so I stood up and introduced myself and as soon as I took one step towards it, it shot straight back through the doorway and every door in the house slammed shut. I went through every room in the house and there was nothing. After that I would never go there if there wasn't anyone there. Also a couple weeks after that happened I ran into someone who I went to school with (he was a homeless tweaker so I don't fully believe him) and he said he was living in the woods behind that house with a faceless demon and he described what I saw that night.

Azranas
• 13y ago

I was in my room sleeping but was awoken by the creeking of my door, I wanted to get up and see what it was but I couldn't. I was completley paralysed, no matter how hard I tried I couldn't move a muscle, open my eyes or scream. Then I heard foot steps coming towards the bed and could sense something sinister, I thought it was my room mate but they never come into my room without knocking. Next I feel pressure on the side of my bed next to me, still trying my hardest to move yet I couldn't I was completley terrified. I then felt the pressure on my chest as if something was stradling me, and then on my throat and I couldn't breathe. This whole time I was in complete fear as to why I couldn't move or do anything.

Next thing I know I jolt up awake, the rooms empty, door is closed. I was confused, dazed and terrified. I looked up what had happened on the internet and apparently it was sleep paralysis nightmare.

Fuck that shit.

2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies

lucky7seven
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Didn't happen to me but still quite freaky.

(Background) I grew up in one of many small villages sporadically dotted around the outskirts of a large town in England. These villages are small, having at most only a small shop or pub in each and a few dozen houses. As such all the village kids would attend the large school in the town centre which was often the only time many of them got to see each other because of their houses being spread out across the rural area. Each village is fairly isolated but connected by a series of narrow winding country lanes with high bushes and a ditch lining the farmer's fields on either side of the road.

Anyway, my friend's father (this is taking place during 1970's) was aged around 15 and had a girlfriend that he'd met in school, who lived in the next village. Nearly every day he would cycle along the lanes to see her after school and hang out together until dusk, when he would then travel the roughly 3-4 mile route back home. Bare in mind this was before the days of mass transportation and cars were nowhere near as common as they are now. The lanes are completely unlit and there are no street lamps.

Sometimes they would lose track of time (as young lovers do) and he'd stay extra late, having to ride back in darkness, this wasn't usually a problem however if the sky was clear as the moonlight and stars were sufficient to provide enough light to see without too much difficulty.

One particular night after overstaying his welcome, the weather had turned overcast which drowned out any remaining light from sky making the journey even more arduous than usual. Any more than a few meters ahead at eye level was just inky blackness and he would have to use the tree-line of the hedge-rows against the sky to make out his route.

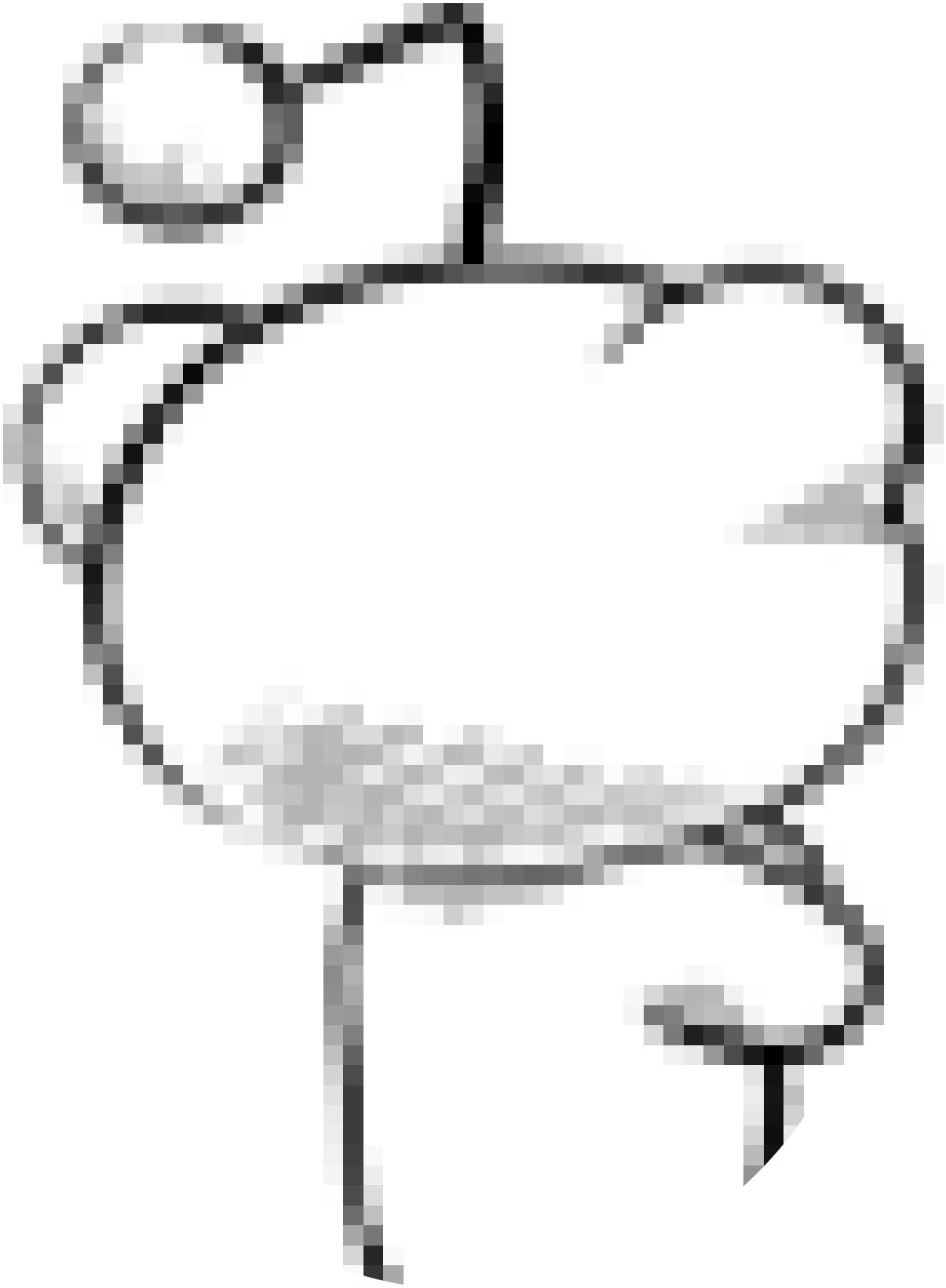
As he was nonchalantly travelling down the lane as he had many times before, roughly just past the half way point, a dark blur suddenly rushed from the hedge row and shoved him hard in an attempt to knock him from his bike. Despite severely swerving and nearly ending up in the drainage ditch, by some miracle he managed to stay upright and recover his bike. Peddling furiously as the figure grasped at his clothes and gave chase, however he was too quick and broke away, riding on listening to the sound of the footsteps and panting receding behind him.

He described it as "the fastest I'd ever gone in my life" and was "practically having a heart attack" by the time he got home. It was reported but nobody was ever brought forward as a suspect or even found to be any evidence someone had been waiting on the road that night.

The other weird thing was my friend's dad hadn't passed any parked cars during the entire journey over miles either way so it was likely the attacker was someone from either his or the next village, possibly even someone he knew, that had walked to the ambush spot.

There were no other reported attacks in the area and nobody has gone missing to my knowledge in the area since, so it appears to be a one time incident, but who knows what would have happened to him if the assailant had been successful in pushing him off. Maybe he would have just took his bike, maybe something much worse. We'll never know.

Believe it or not he actually continued travelling that route for some months afterwards and never encountered him again, I think it would have been enough to put me off for life!



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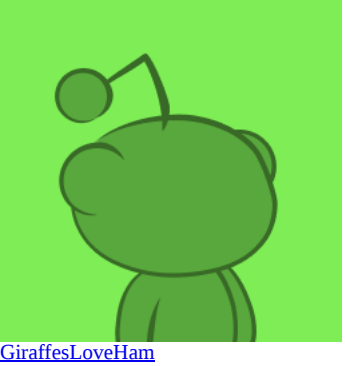
• 13y ago

Not me, but my mom. Her boyfriend's neighbors had a schizophrenic son. He was older, but he couldn't really function on his own. One night my mom found her tires slashed. The guy had done it to a few cars on the street. After that people started getting upset with the neighbor and told them to put their son into a mental institution. A few nights later my mom was over at her boyfriend's house and woke up to the smell of something burning. She says that it smelled like something burning, but she couldn't figure out what was burning. A few days later they found the neighbor's chopped up and burned bodies.



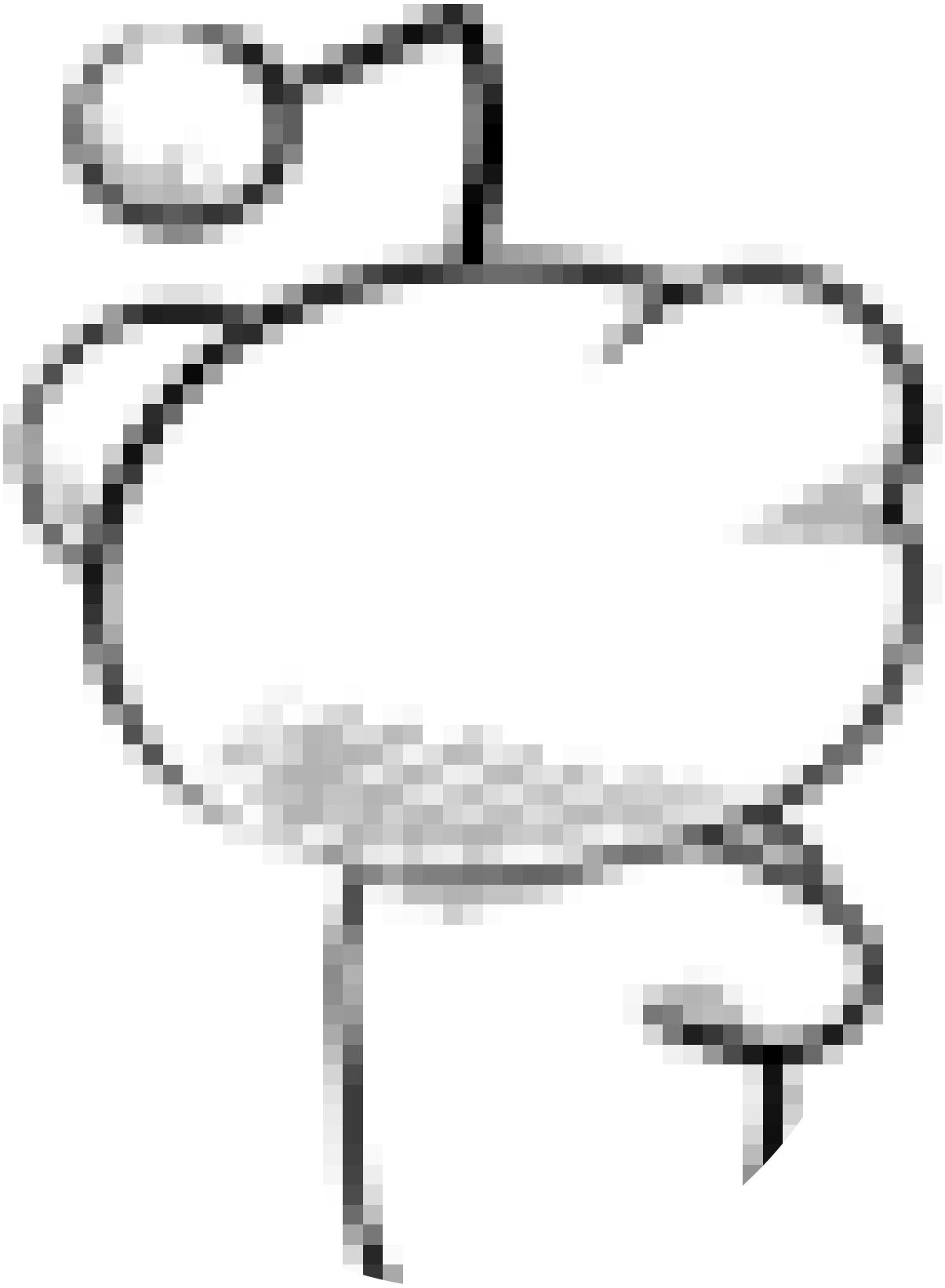
GiraffesLoveHam
• 13y ago

My friend just told me a story about a Japanese man with a conjoined twin on the back of his head and he committed suicide because he claimed it was whispering to him in his sleep to kill his family. Anyone else heard of this? I couldn't find anything about it online.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



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• 13y ago

This thread is getting old so people probably won't see this. Ah well, anyways, the creepiest thing that ever happened to me came in the form of dreams. Not just my own dreams either. Let me begin. One night while my cousin, who is a year older than me, 16/17, was staying over at our house for a few weeks over summer, we decide to hit the hay around 12:30 or 1:00 am. My dad comes in wishes us goodnight and we both just casually drift off to sleep. My dream occurs and it is an exact replica of what had just happened before my cousin and I had fallen asleep. I was on my bed, my cousin was on the floor, my lamp was on, and my dad opens the door to tell us goodnight. This was a dream that I could not tell was a dream. Anyways, as my dad is talking to us for a short time I notice something different. You know those roofing tiles in a lot of schools and stuff that you can kinda push up and into the roof with your hand? It's basically so you can reach maintenance up there. Well my roof in my bedroom (in the dream, not in real life) was made of that. What I notice is some movement in the roof. I look up and notice something is holding the one of the roof tiles up from up above it. I meet eyes with this small, black, imp creature with big yellow eyes staring at me. As soon as we see each other it drops the tile and i here it scurry off through the roof. I screamed in the dream and woke up.

Two days later my cousin and I are going to sleep one night again, this time my cousin is laying at the foot of my bed on the ground right next to my closet door which was cracked open about ten inches. I had a spare bass drum for my set sitting in there. Lights out we both try to fall asleep. I am awake for a good thirty minutes without falling asleep; my cousin had fallen asleep within five minutes. As I lay there with my eyes closed I all of a sudden hear: "tcain5188!" "What," i reply. "Dude I just had the scariest dream," he says. "uuuuh what happened man? he describes it verbatim: "well basically we were both laying down just how we are now, and we were talking about something when I noticed movement in your closet. When I looked there was this little imp thingy with big yellow eyes sitting on top of your bass drum just staring at me. As soon as I tried to say something it jumped at me and I woke up."

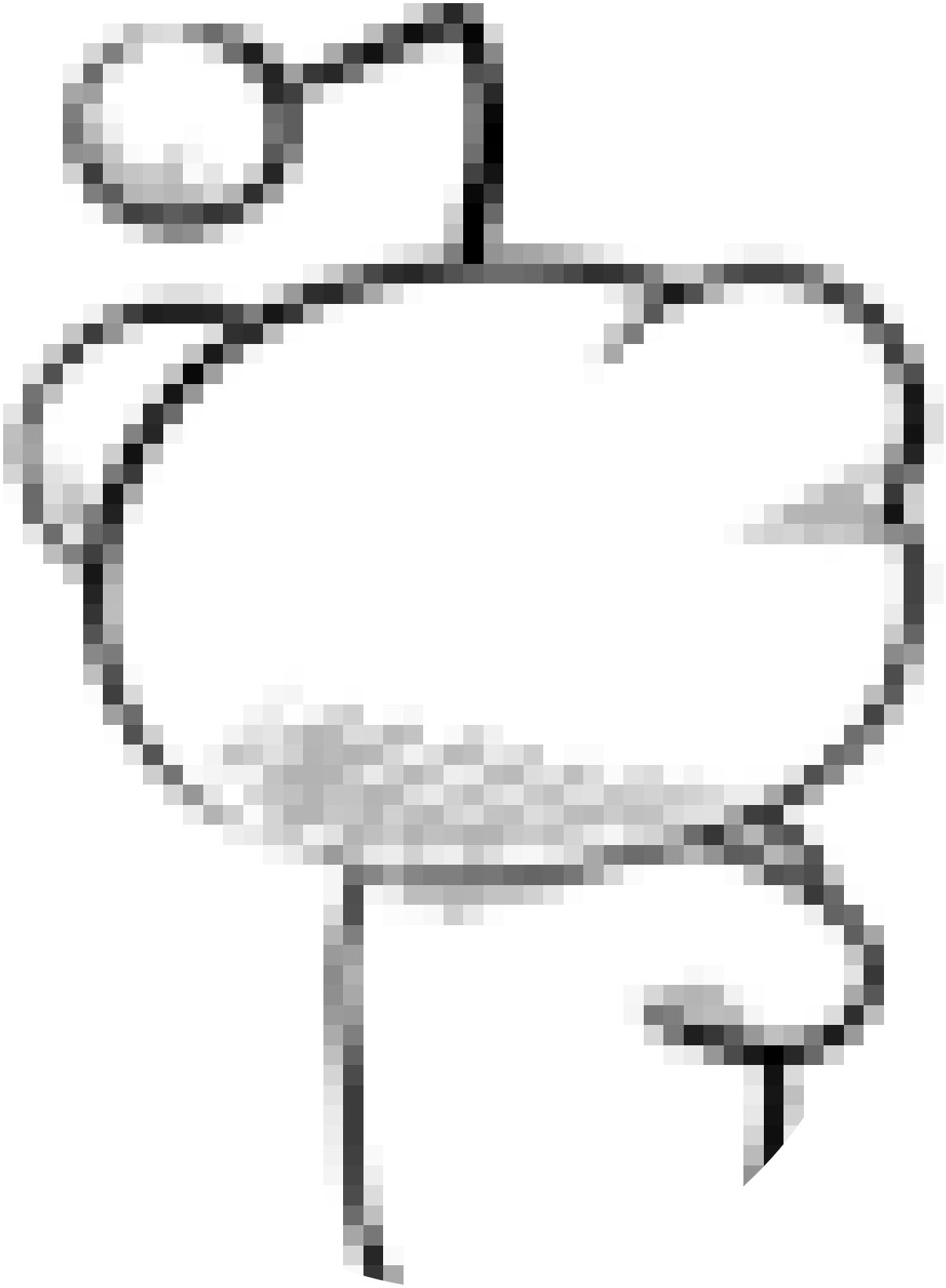
The best comparison to this creature that me or my cousin could come up with is the imp summon from world of warcraft, which looks like this:
http://3.bp.blogspot.com/_mprnb0C4Oi8/SxaL71xvRUI/AAAAAAAAAlk/s8Oa8ESnEyw/s400/imp.jpg

fuck

chaoticneutral
• 13y ago

Candle Cove.

http://www.ichorfalls.com/2009/03/15/candle-cove/



spanqueques
• 13y ago

Well, when I was younger I used to have a lot of sleep paralysis episodes.

One night I was dreaming that I was in a field and actually realized in the dream that I was in fact asleep, so I tried to force myself to wake up and remember squeezing my fists real tight until I finally woke up.

I was standing in my driveway in the dark and it was raining. My mother came outside and starting yelling at me, asking me why I was outside. Then all of a sudden I started noticing my mother acting odd, she had a blank stare and I knew it wasn't actually my mother, I was still dreaming. Then I looked towards the street and saw a horrific dark demon like presence. I was so scared and got in the fetal position and began screaming and crying until I woke up.

I was experiencing sleep paralysis and laid there on my side in fear, I could feel the hand of the presence pressing on my back and I pushed and pushed inside until I broke free.

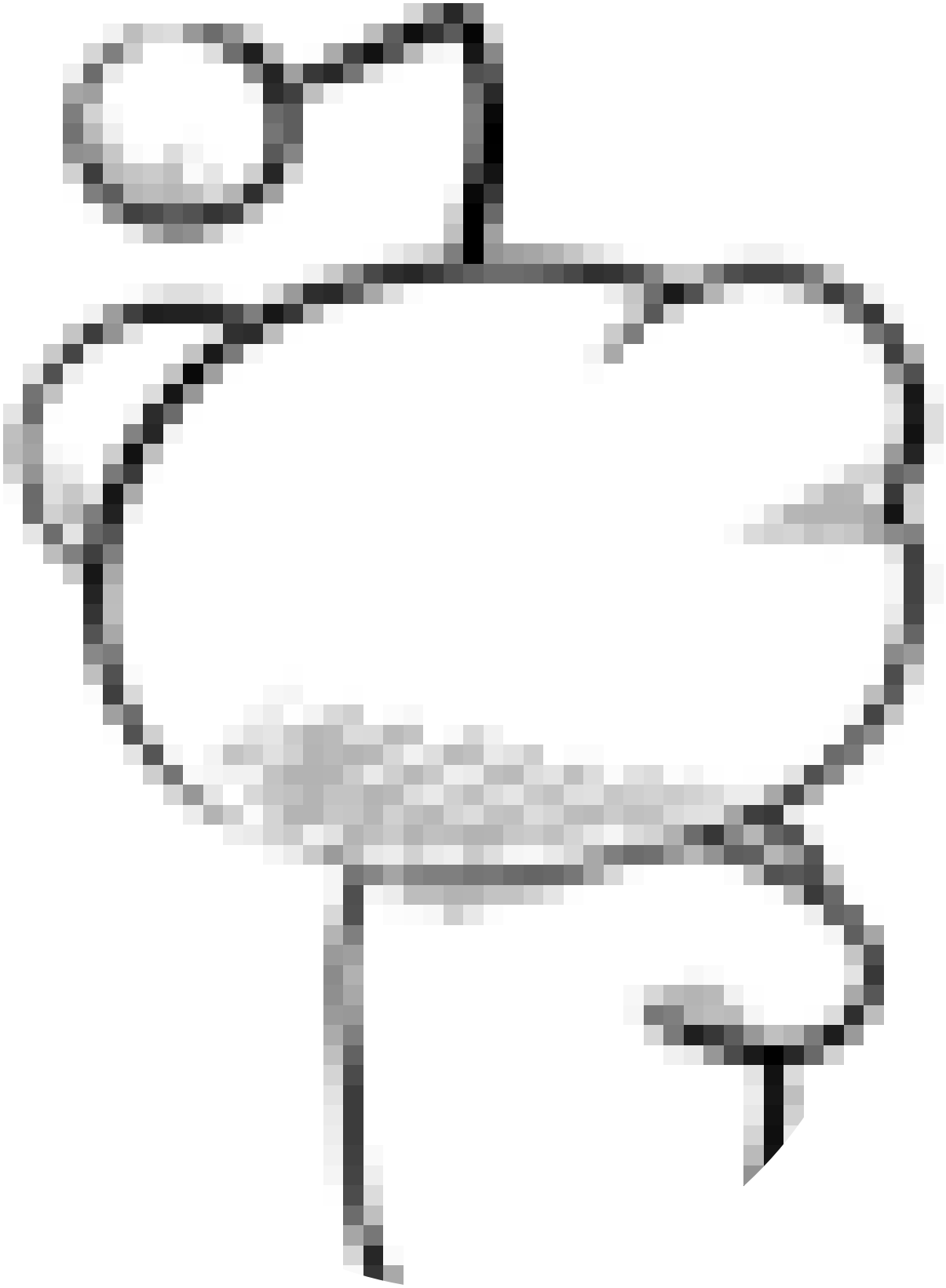
I know I was just hallucinating and all, but that was the scariest shit that has ever happened. The brain is really fucked up sometimes.

2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies

sink620
• 13y ago

I don't necessarily have a creepy story but this was one of my favorite ask reddit's to date. I killed a solid hour and a half at work when I had plenty of work I should have been doing.



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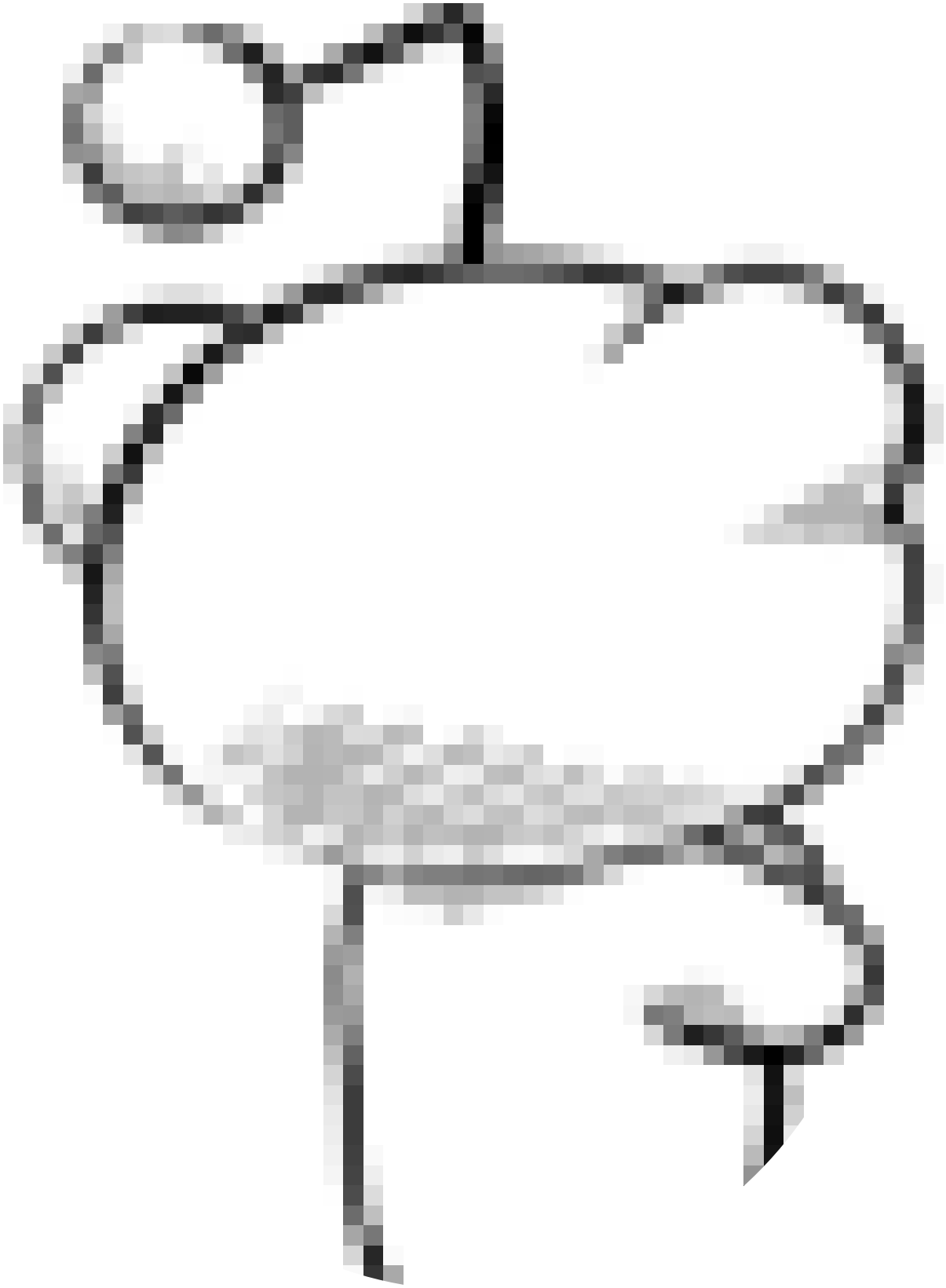
• 13y ago

I have a few short ones i thought were pretty scary happening to me.these all happened in a short time frame. My brothers used to play with ouji boards in cemetarys all the time and steal things off peoples graves when then take them home. First off they had taken a pinwheel from someones grave and taken it home and it would spin 24/7 no matter what. A short time later I was watching tv in my room and all of a sudden the tv started turning on and off really quick along with the light in my room the hall light and my door was slamming repeatedly. Scared the shit out of me especially around the age of 8 I didn't know what had happened. Needless to say a few things happened to them as well so they took all the stuff back.

A few years after that had happened my brothers moved out and my parents gave me their room. The first night I slept in there I got woken up at 2am to the sounds of running and a little girl screaming help at the top of her lungs outside my window. It progressively got louder and faster until it was directly outside the window then it just stopped. I moved back in my old room the next day.

This last one was more creepy than scary. For some reason in the air vents to our house every once in a while music from what sounded like the 30's would be playing with glasses chiming and people talking but you couldn't understand what they were saying. It would go on for about 30 minutes then stop. I told my parents about it and neither of them believed me until they heard it themselves. At first it was scary But after a while it was just soothing more than anything.



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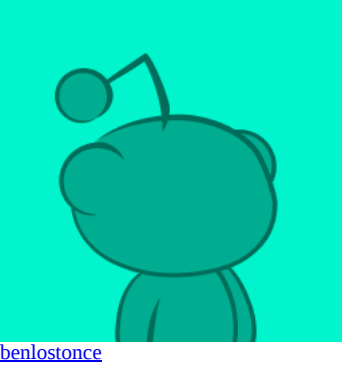
• 13y ago

The sound in the opening theme of *The Hitchhiker* scared the crap out of me every time as a kid, and I knew it was coming. Still gets a couple of good heart beats just thinking about it.

kwhiggs8
• 13y ago

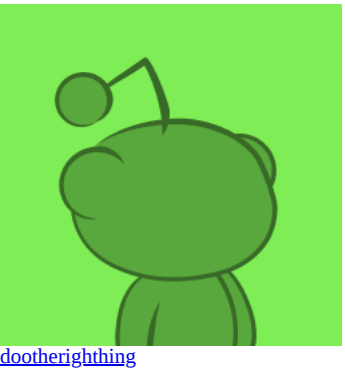
When I was about 11, my mom and I went to Kmart at around 8:00 at night to get buy a quick present for a wedding we were going to the next morning. I decided to stay in the car as usual to listen to the radio and hear those talk shows where people call in and complain about everything. The parking lot was mostly empty except for a couple of the cars for the people that work there. Our car was parked in one of the first parking spaces near the front entrance and after about 5 minutes of sitting there, listening to the radio, a piece of shit Honda Civic pulls through the parking lot entrance and coast through the parking lot. The guy who was in the car looked like he was in his mid 50's and he had a blank expression on his face. The car coast right by me and I just stared at him. The car stops mid coast and he turns on the light in his car and turns his head towards me. He gave me that blank expression and smiled in the creepiest most insane way I have ever seen. He had a few teeth that were a dark yellow and his eyes were widening a little. I just sat there, frozen with my jaw half open. I was freakin scared out of my little my mind I was praying he wouldn't pull up next to me. He then puts that blank expression back on his face and starts to coast the car back around. When he starts coasting away, I bolt my little ass out of the car crying hysterically, screaming "MOMMY!" The store clerks didn't give two shits but when I explained to my mom what happened, she told management about it the next day when they were in, but they didn't give a shit either. We couldn't tell the police about it because he wasn't doing anything illegal. Just being the scariest person I have ever seen. 9 years later, those crooked yellow teeth with that smile still scares the living hell out of me.



benlostonce
• 13y ago

My grandpa told me a story that happened when I was just a few years old. He and my grandma used to live on a curvy one lane, rural road. Late one night they were coming home from the city and the rounded the bend to find two teenage girls, hacked to death with a cleaver or butcher knife. They were both naked, and sliced into bits. The uber-creepy part of the story is that their clothes were perfectly folded and hanging over a fence next to the bodies. The murders have never been solved.

My grandpa promptly backed the car outta there and drove down the road and called the police, then led them back up the road. Every time I drove up to their house, and I mean for decades, I couldn't help but think of those girls at the spot my grandpa found them.



dootherighthing
• 13y ago

This is kind of creepy, happened last year. I've never experienced any weirdness like this before so I didn't know how to explain it.

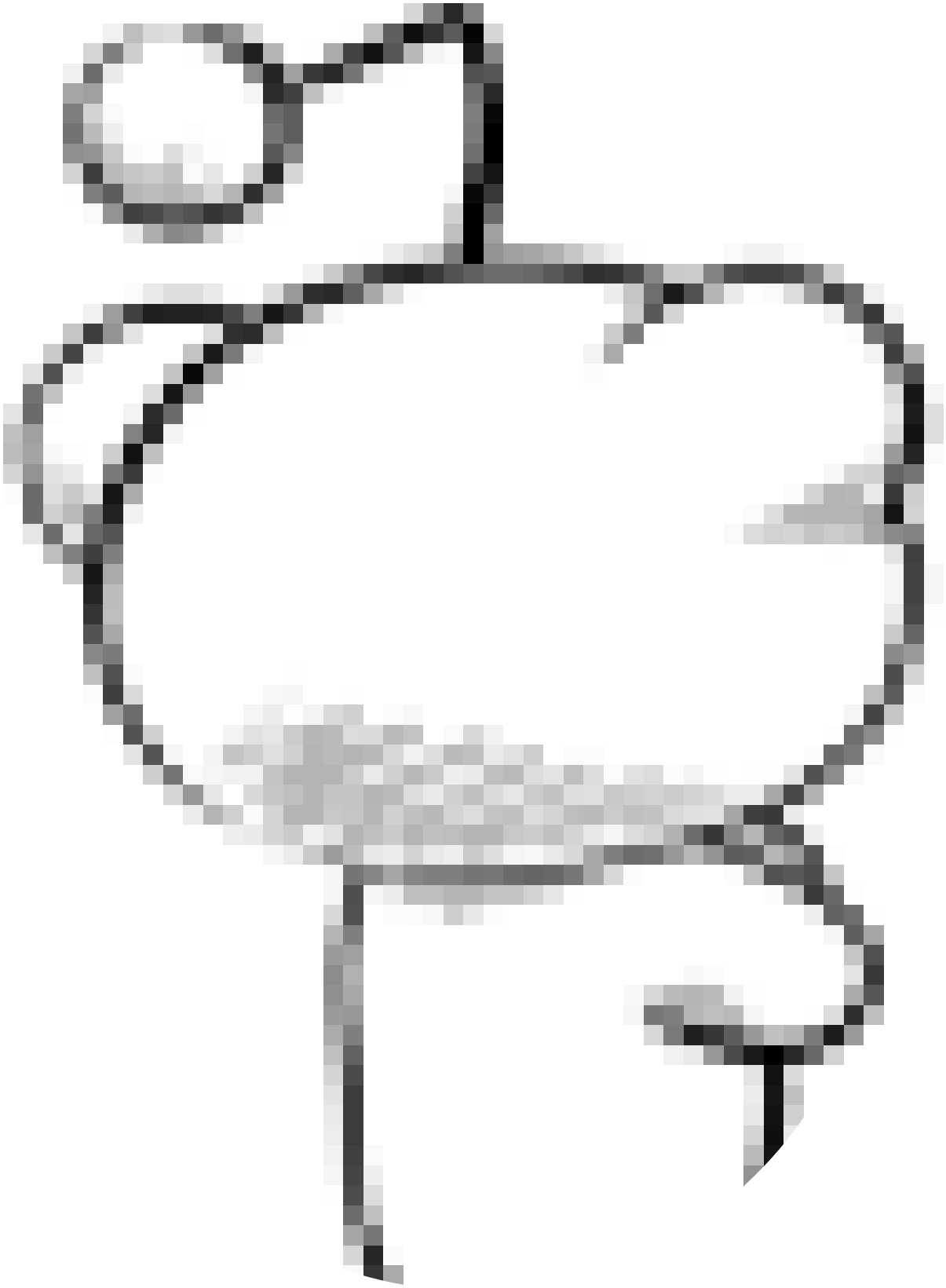
I was staying at a friends house, interstate. It's a really old house with heaps of rooms and hallways. It's not scary but when you're alone in there, it is deafeningly quiet with the occasional noise from the grandfather clock which added to the creepiness.

I came in one day and once I got in the back door and walked to the kitchen, I shouted out "Heyyyy!" to my friend. I was expecting only her to be home. I hear a very profound "Hii-iii" back, from upstairs. It was definitely her voice, it's the same way she always says hi to me. I opened a beer and filled a glass while saying back to her, "How are ya?" or "Hows it goin?" she replied back "I'm upstairs". Okay, I shrug. I went outside with my beer and had a cigarette for about 10-15 minutes, expecting her to come down cause she knew I was bringing us beers.

After she didn't come down I headed upstairs to her room to say hi. I had two beers in my hands as I walked up the stairs. The lights were all off. I thought that was weird. I get to her door which was shut, also weird. I opened the door and the room was empty. I called out. Then I put the beers down and frantically started checking every room, running around the house. No one was fucking home.

Then I call her and no answer. I text her "Where are you? I thought you were home?? WTF?!"

She didn't get back to me til 7. I stayed in the kitchen, drinking all the beers until she got home at 8, convincing myself I wasn't crazy.



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• 13y ago

I live in the Adirondack park of Upstate New York. I was 17, and my boyfriend at the time lived in the woods, up a mountain with very windy roads.

I had gone up to his parents house for dinner that night and ended up staying until after midnight playing games and enjoying a bonfire and such. There was a full moon that night and the skies were clear so it was very bright as I drove down the windy mountain roads.

There is a bend in the road that has been nick named "blood curve" because of how many accident have occurred there. That part of the road always freaked me out no matter what time of the day it was.

So I was just rounding that curve, when what looked like a person walked into the middle of the road. Being an inexperienced driver in a standard I slammed on my brakes but forgot the clutch stalling out in the middle of the road sort of at an angle. I scanned the road and didn't see anything, just as I started to catch my breath there was a huge bang on the passenger side window, like someone ran into the side of my car. I looked over and there was a huge shadow clear as day, banging on the window to my car. I could see the light from the house behind it and the smoke coming up from their chimney. It looked like a large man, except it was just kinda, black and transparent. It started pulling on my door handle when I finally snapped back into reality and started my car. thankfully I'm super paranoid about my doors being locked so they always are. I literally flew the rest of the way down the mountain. The second I pulled into my driveway I just burst into tears.

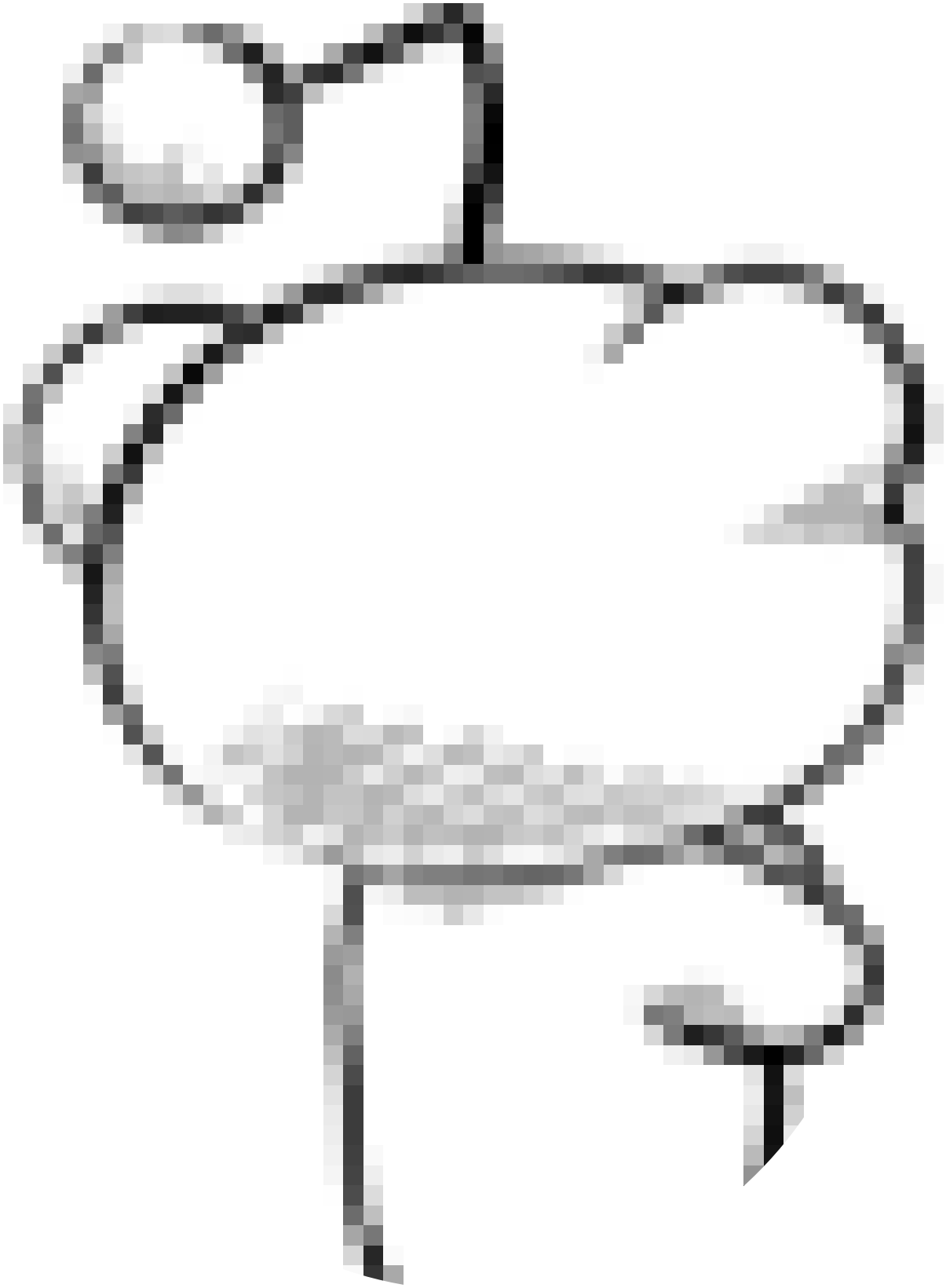
The next day my boyfriend and I checked my car out and there were scratches all over the passenger side of my car. All the way down the whole thing. Creepiest thing ever. I refuse to drive up there at night now.

ElMangosto
• 13y ago

I was driving from Chicago to Michigan late at night one Sunday. I stopped at a rest stop to pee. When I went in, there was a guy standing at a mirror, seemingly looking at his pants. The first thought that crossed my mind was that he had spilled something on himself and was cleaning it off. The mirror he was using was across from the stall I went into to pee.

When I exited the stall, I saw that he was actually holding his junk in his hands. He asked me, almost like he was embarrassed "Do you want a blowjob?" and I just scooted out of there as quick as I could.

I was making this drive a lot that summer, and I swear I saw his truck there again a few weekends later. Didn't stop that time.



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• 13y ago

I had a job interview in a city far away from my home. I missed the last bus to that city, so I hitchhiked for a ride. I came across a young businessman who happened to know the company I had interview with. The road was mountainous with lots of bridges over gaps and waterways. In the midst of pure darkness, while watching outside, for a flash of a second I saw a face of a woman. And a face only. It was bloodied.

I didn't make much out of it. I actually thought it was a hallucination. After a mile, the driver says that he felt like he saw a bloodied face of a man. I acknowledged that I saw a similar thing. We slowed down, arguing if we should go back and check it out.

We agreed to pass by quickly. And we did. we saw a man and a woman, covered in blood. I mean covered. All blood.

Pass again, this time slower, to see if there was anything suspicious. We came back again and asked them what was going on while slowly moving and ready to flee. Their minibus had jumped under the bridge. With many other people trapped in it.

We had to do something. We called the police and ambulance, but they would take ages to arrive, we were very far from anything. We went down to the crashed minibus. Looking around with a torch I clearly remember I could not distinguish one body from another. People were piled up in a horrific way on top of each other and tangled together. All looked dead. Then I saw a little foot hanging out from that pile. I pulled the foot, assuming the worst. I'm not making this up, I pulled out a kid, still asleep! She was about 3 years old, asked me where her mom was. Her mom was dead.

We pulled another kid alive. The driver was dead, some of the passengers were making random movements. Absolutely horrific.

Magnetrolia
• 13y ago

Nowhere near on par with the rest of yours, but here we go:

Growing up on Air Force bases, I've always lived close to an airfield - usually within a couple miles from the airplanes (we had bad luck with housing, apparently). We also spent six years in North Dakota, AKA the very tip of tornado alley and home to some of the scariest thunderstorms you've never seen.

But that's not the scary part.

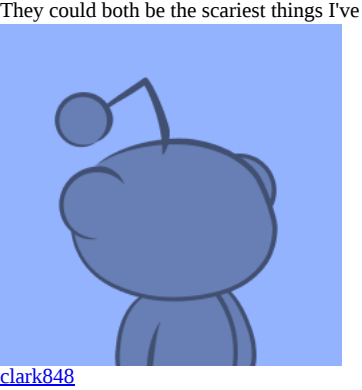
The scary part is when you wake up at two in the morning to an explosion. You, being fourteen years old and knowing that the planes are less than three miles away, think that a plane has exploded. It's 2002, 9/11 was less than a year ago, this used to be a missile base, *what if the terrorists still think it's a missile base?*

You know you're being bombed.

Then you look outside and see the rain and the lightning and your heart is beating a million times a second and you expect to see fire. And you slowly realise that it was lightning, likely hitting the street not too far from the house, loud enough to wake you and make you think that something three miles away had exploded.

Either that or the day my mother came in crying while my father was TDY in Saudi. I expected the announcement that he was dead. He was not, but another friend was.

They could both be the scariest things I've heard/assumed.

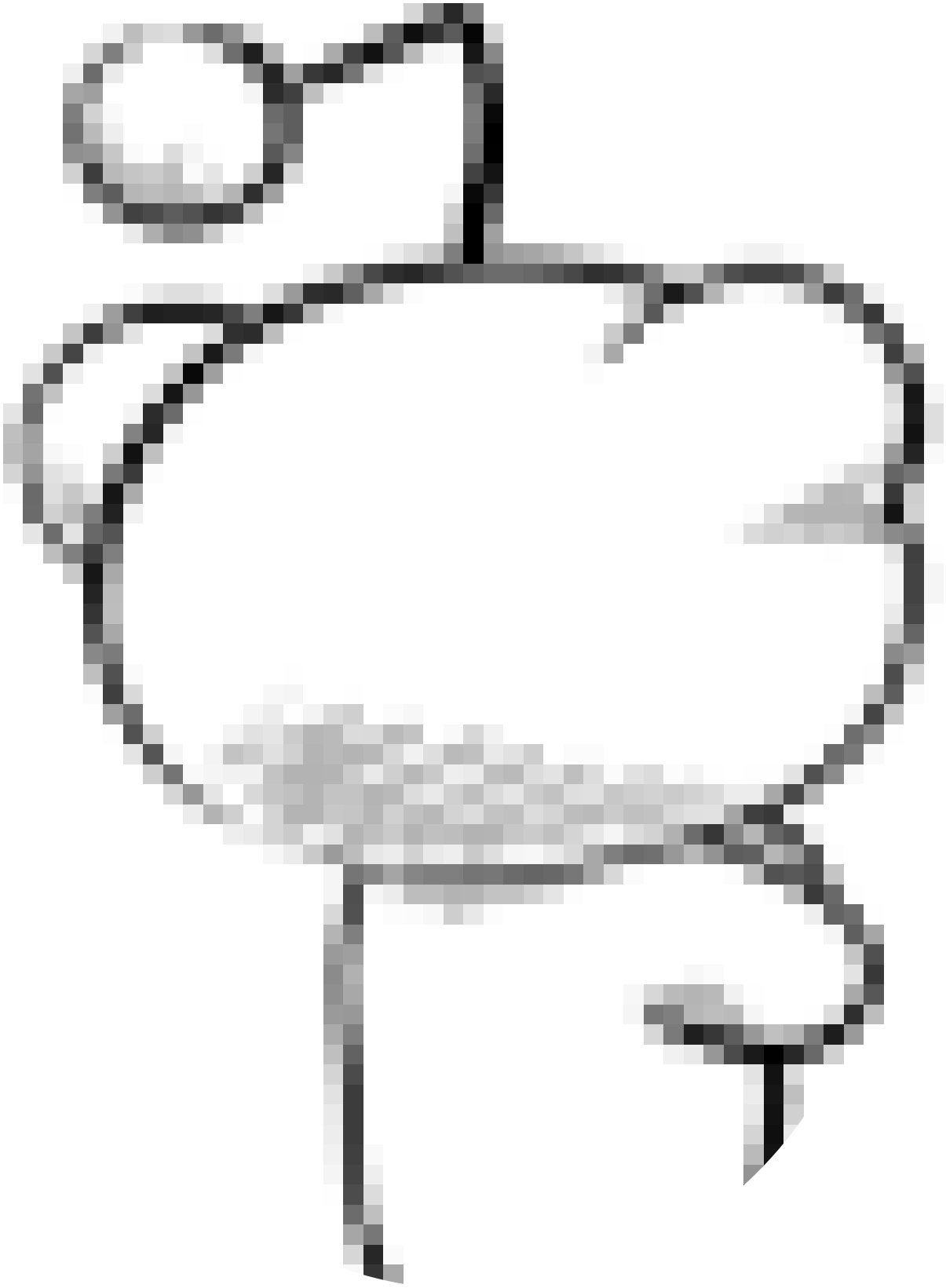


clark848
• 13y ago

I'm sure this has already been posted, but if not... http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31&weekday=tue

Taszee
• 13y ago

Not the worst but for a kid this was bad. When I was a child the rest of my family was leaving town. Being old enough to stay home alone finally I was all happy to be on my own for 4 days. The day my parents and brother left there was a knock on the door. We have windows next to the door and I could see the police at the door and I was a little confused. When I answered they asked if anyone else was home and I told them no. They told me that there was a criminal nearby that had been breaking into houses and may be violent and to call a number they gave me if I saw anything strange. I locked every door and window after they left. Not even 30 minutes later I saw a man jump over my back fence through my kitchen window and sneak around a bit. He left but I assume this was the guy they wanted and in my child brain this is horrifying. I called the number and told them what happened but I never found out if they caught him. I have never been so glad as when my family got home.



cbfw86
• 13y ago

That one story from r/nosleep a few years back. "She found a way into our home." I didn't sleep for two days. Fortunately I was a student.

JungleOrAfk
• 13y ago

Time for bedditing? Better read a scary thread.

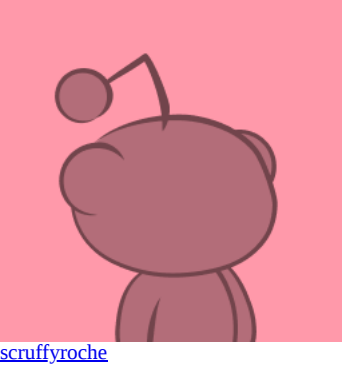
darksomos
• 13y ago

When Hurricane Ike came through Texas, my father and I rode it out at our house. The wind noise was terribly unsettling. When the eye of the hurricane was right on top of us, we went outside to see how our house and neighborhood were holding up.

The sky was vomit green. Pale, otherworldly, unnatural green. It was so freakishly surreal, like this was the same neighborhood but on the wrong planet. It may not sound that creepy, but once you experience it, you don't forget how unnerving it can be to walk out your front door into a completely different world. Kind of like all the most jarring aspects and feelings of time travel Marty experienced in Back to the Future, but far, far more gut-wrenching dread.

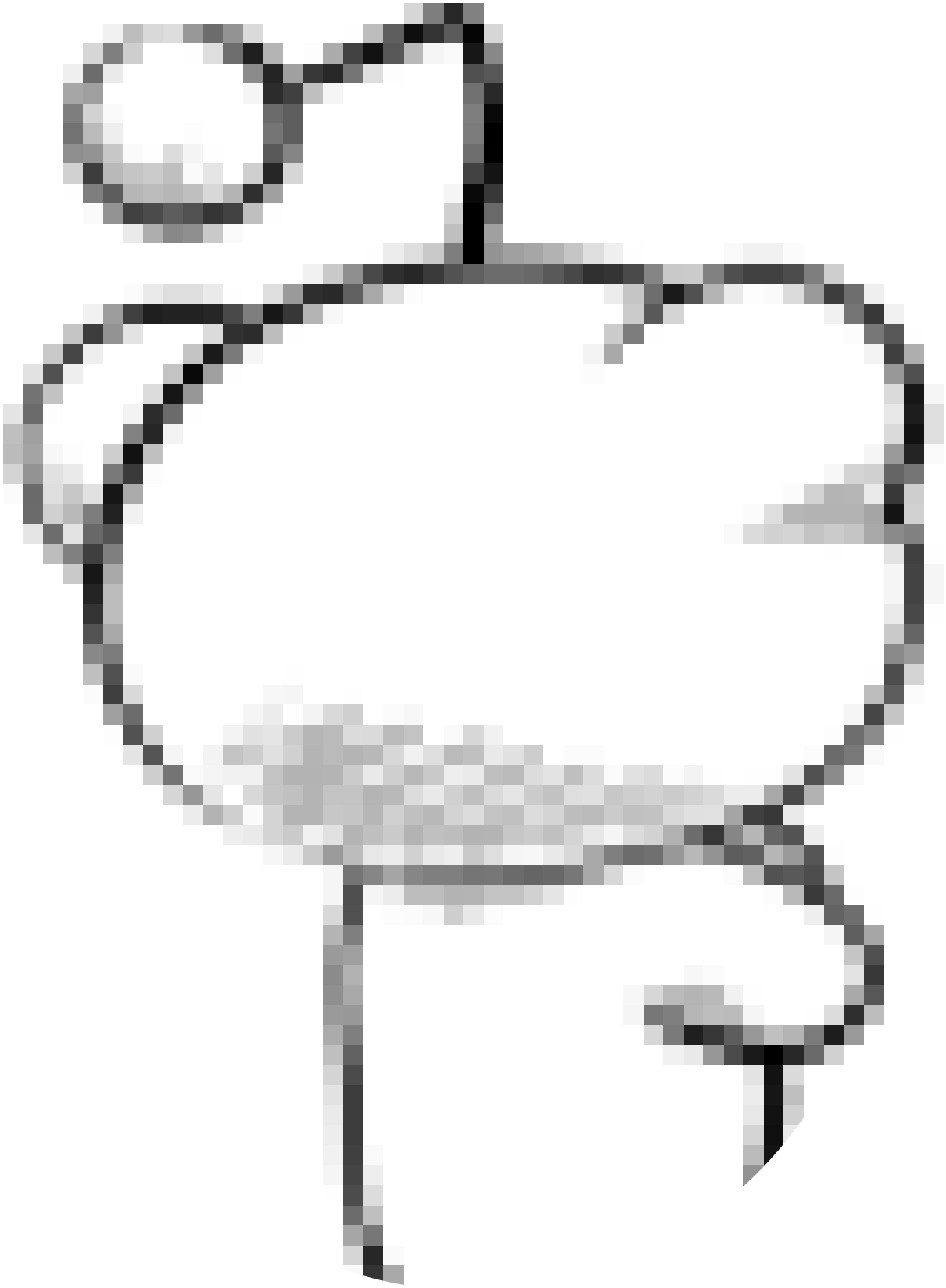
Soulcle
• 13y ago

I decided to be a rebel at the age of 15 and stay up on my pc playing Warcraft 3 at 1-2am (My pc at the time was downstairs at the front of the lounge, next to the bay windows). I then heard a sound which, I can only explain as a baby being raped - right next to, on the other side off the window. I later found out it was just the screeching of foxes, but I will never forget how big the brick that I shat was.



scruffyroche
• 13y ago

I work in this really old building, imagine narrow slits for windows maybe 6 inches wide. One day, in a store room about 80ft long with a staircase leading up to it, I wasn't aware that my boss' 6 yr old daughter was in the room. I walk up the stairs carrying some boxes, drop them and look down the aisle. 80ft away, wearing a white dress was a little dark haired girl illuminated by a shat of light with dust particles floating through. I almost shit. She never spoke. She never moved. She just smiled and started humming some childrens song.



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• 13y ago

I have a bit of history of bad thinga happening over Christmas, mostly just me being ill. One year, at my grandmothers house, I get up from the table in the middle of Christmas dinner and walk into the living room and lie down on the sofa. Now I have to say, staring at floral wallpaper is really fucking boring and after an indescribable amount of time I start trying to find something else to look at, however, just as I'm about to move my head around I notice, in the corner of the room a little white and blue (mostly white) figure of a lady who, in my mind looked a bit Asian, kneeling in front of another object (can't remember, I think it may have just been a box) which I presume to made of China and as I move my eyes to focus on this figurine I realised that...

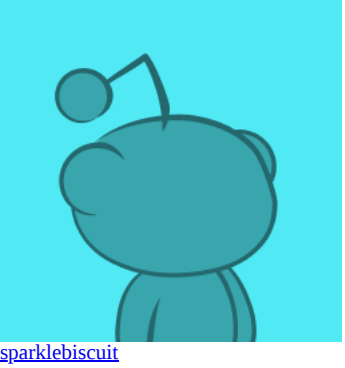
IT...

IS...

WAVING...

AT...

ME...



sparklebiscuit
• 13y ago

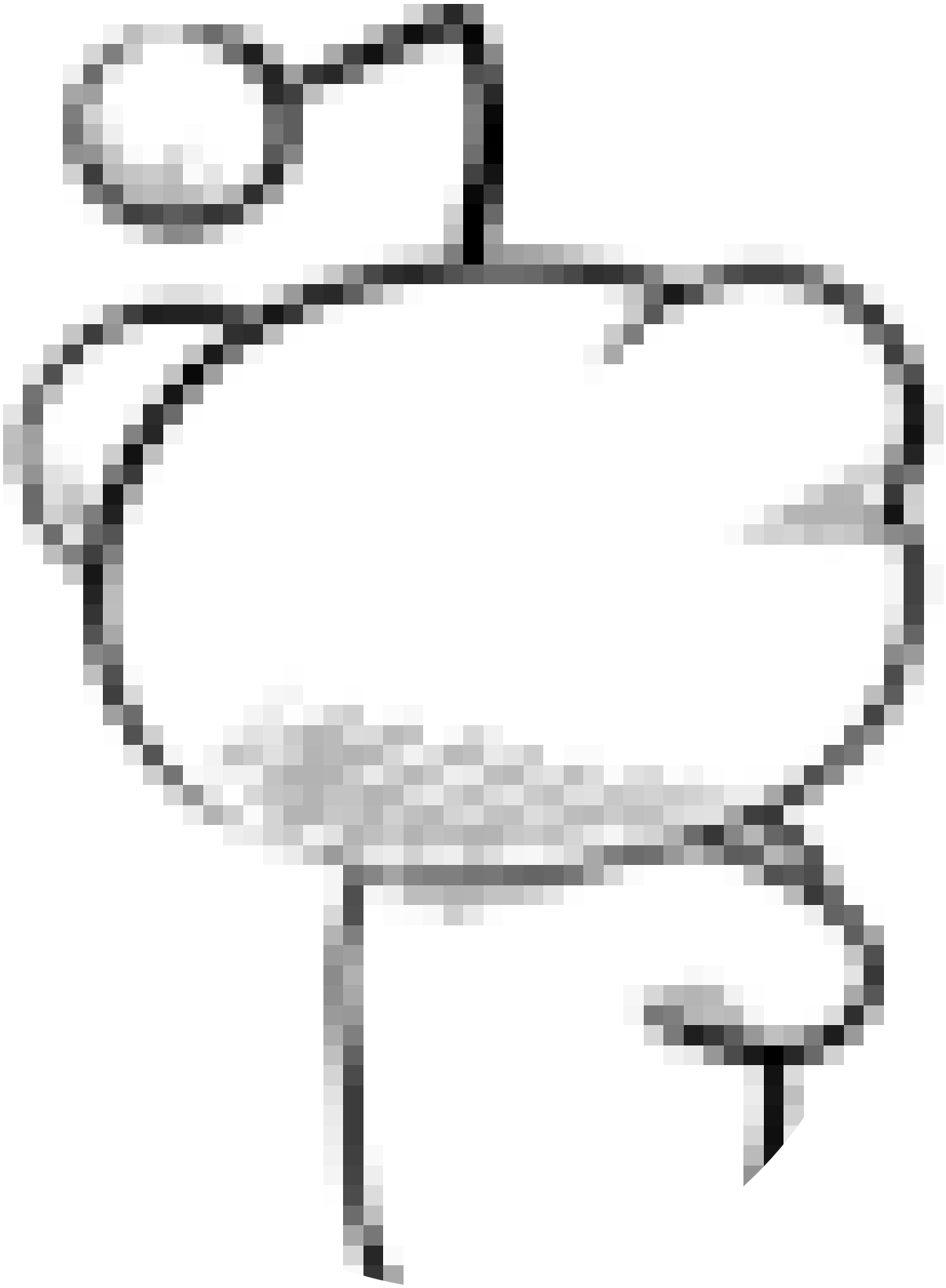
I have two; one that I've posted on here before, and another I thought of. Even though this will probably get buried, whatever.

So there was this haunted road about 45 minutes away from me called Paradise road. It's a road surrounded by really thick, tall and looming woods on both sides. Rumor was that there used to be a satanic cult that would practice in those woods, and occassionally you could see black, hooded figures and a decapitated racoon. In highschool, my boyfriend, his 3 guy friends and I decided to make a trip to the road. Long story short, we got lost and ended up finally finding it at 3:30 AM, and decided to drive along the road to get a feel for it. I remember being so scared and closing my eyes, but the one time I went to open them all I saw were these scattered, floating orbs inbetween the trees. They looked almost like christmas lights, just hovering. I yelled "did you guys see that?" And one of my guyfriends said he saw it too. To give you and idea, it was pitch black and cloudy outside, and you couldn't see anything past your hand without car lights... so seeing those lights was unreal. I looked away freaked out, and when I looked back they were gone. Later, the guys went to look around the woods, and I stayed in the car. My boyfriend believed in ghosts, having some experiences himself and also stayed in the car, scared shitless. His friends came running back yelling "HOLY SHIT GUYS, YOU HAVE TO COME OUT HERE" and reported that they could hear this woman wailing and another voice whispering in their ear. Of course, I backed even farther into my car and they joined. After one of the guys claimed they saw a face, we decided to book it. Afterwards I got one picture of one of the "orbs," and this creepy, mask-like/skull looking face.

My second story was also in highshool, after I snuck out. I drove my car back to my parents house, parked it on the side of the road and sat there for a while. I have this habit of picking my split ends and thinking about life, and I ended up doing so at like 4AM. I remember this weird, eerie sound I've never heard before slowly approach my car. The best way I could describe it, was this crackily, grudge/bird like chirping that seemed to be crawling towards me from under my car. I remember freezing, using all my effort to lock the doors and wait for what seemed like 30 minutes until the sound went away. It wasn't until 10 minutes after the sound went away that I sprinted for my life to my house and attempted to fall asleep.

2 more replies
2 more replies

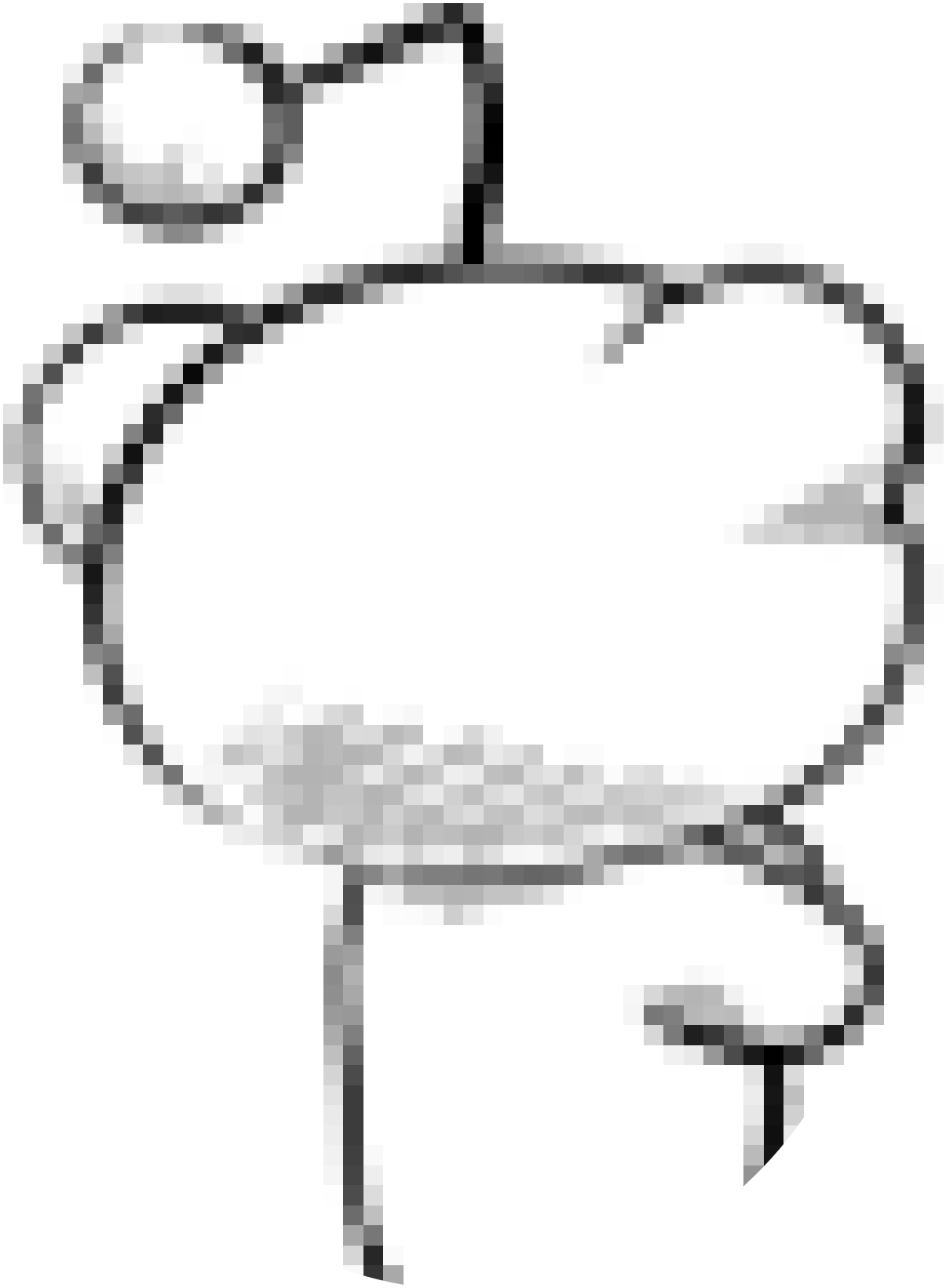
More replies



Wannagoplease
• 13y ago

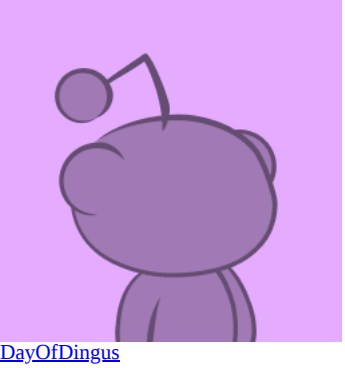
This dude at a recycling center in Portland just found a dead baby

http://www.columbian.com/news/2013/may/28/police-dead-baby-found-portland-recycling-center/



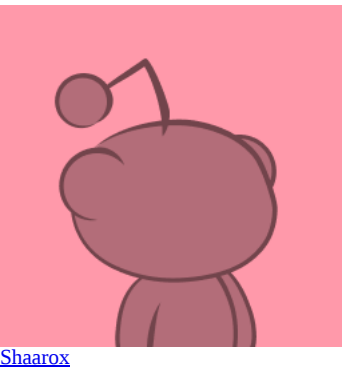
CallMeDoc24
• 13y ago

I'm sitting hear reading these responses and pissing myself, literally. Well one that I have was when I was in grade six, and I can actually verify this sine I had a friends but anyways.... It was after school and I live nearby so I decided to invite my friend over to play some PS2 since no one was at home at the time. So we go upstairs and put "Need for Speed" in and start playing. In the middle of a race, my friends and I hear a loud sound....almost exactly like a person slamming a door closed. At this point, we get up and look towards the basement door(where the sound seemed to come from) from upstairs. Being little kids and scared out of our minds, we decided to run out of the house as quick as we could. I ended up going to my neighbour's house and my friend went home. The odd thing is, all the doors and windows in my house were closed and the basement is quite isolated from any other room which makes me think it was someone. I waited until my brother came home to check the basement but there were no signs of anything or anyone to cause the sound. Also, if I may add, my house has made a lot of disturbing noises in the past, but this definitely being the most nerve-wracking.



DayOfDingus
• 13y ago

So I was watching Black Swan on a long flight to San Francisco, which to me was a pretty trippy movie to begin with. I was watching as Natalie portman slides into insanity when I feel something rub up against my leg. I got startled and look down to see this black rope of fur wrap around my leg and I start freaking out. It took me a few moments to realize that it was a cat but I was still kind of worried I was still hallucinating until the person next to me asked if that was a cat. This kinda freaked me out but its nothing compared to a most of the stories already posted.



Shaarox
• 13y ago

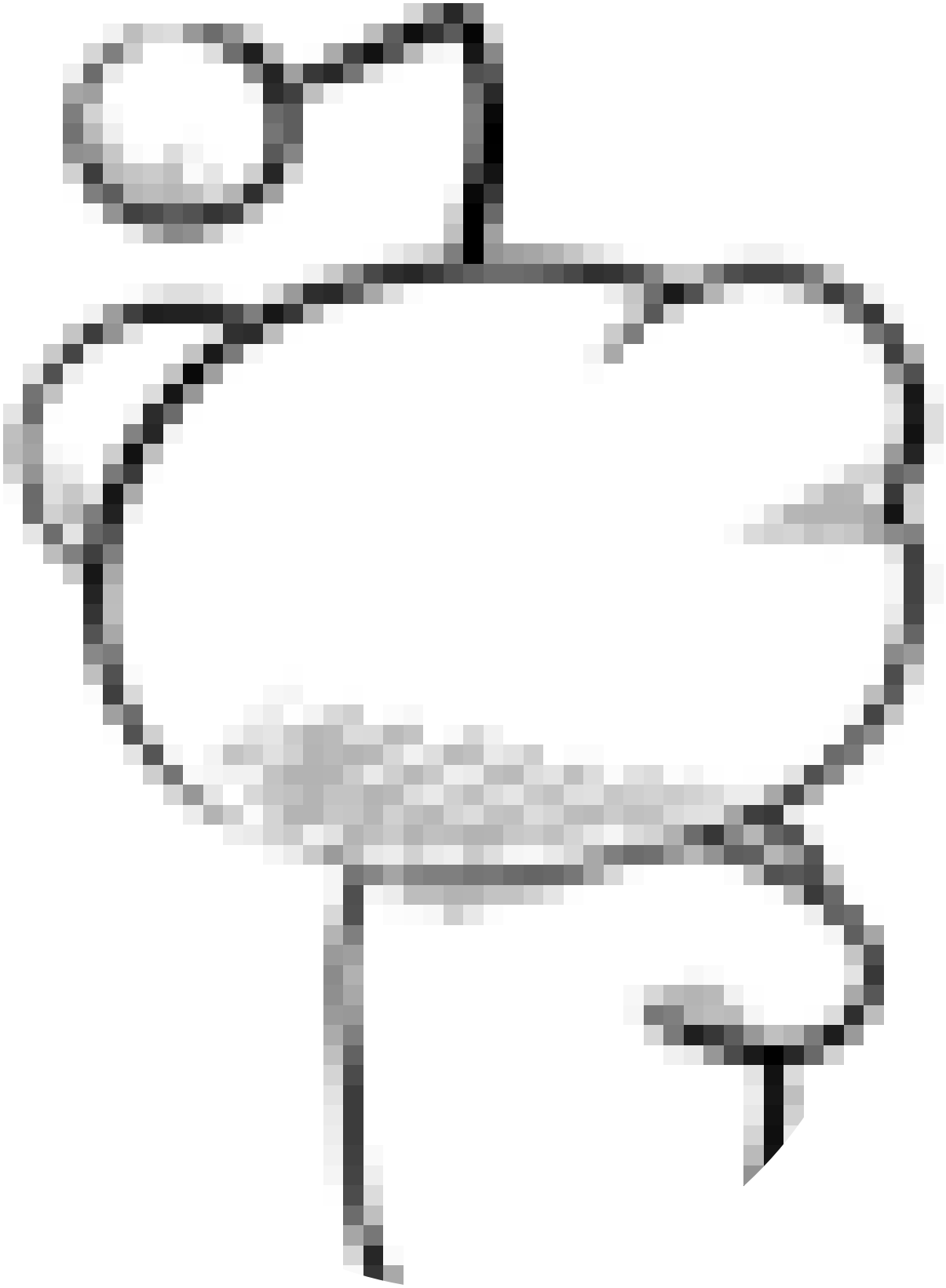
http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31&weekday=tue

This gave introduced me to a whole new level of scared. I've never had my body feel the way it did during some parts of this, and I never want to feel it again. Seriously, I know what's in it and I REFUSE to read it again.

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

gonzo123100
• 13y ago

The scariest thing I've ever seen was watching a gun pointed at my dad. Twice.



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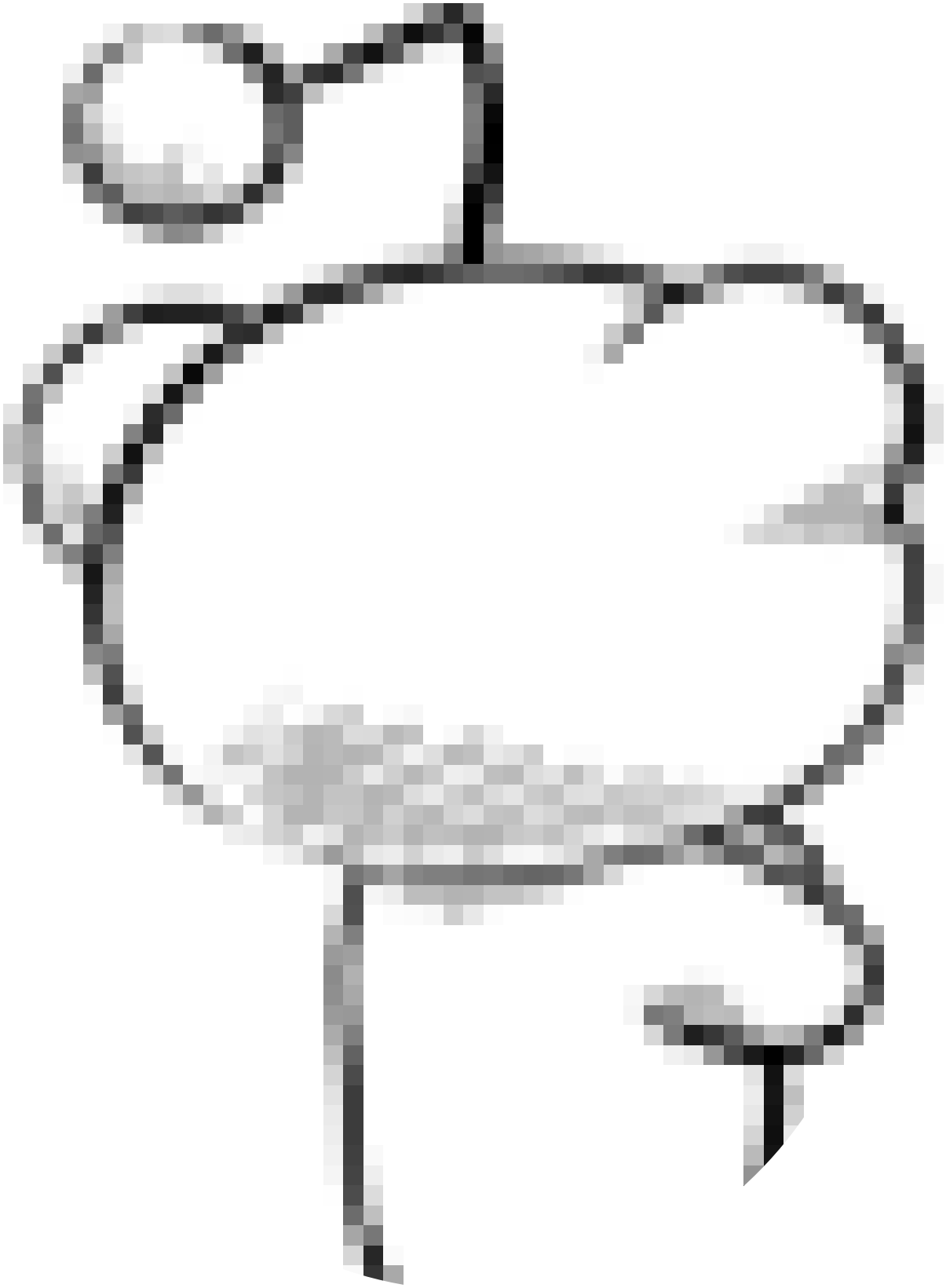
• 13y ago

No story here, but this thread is convincing me to carry some kind of weapon wherever I go!



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• 13y ago

In retrospect, I suppose I was kind of asking for this one. Here goes.

One of the elementary schools in my town is very old, over a hundred if I'm not mistaken. It's built in the Richardsonian Romanesque style, columns, arches, gargoyles, I shit you not. Last summer, both that school and the attached junior high school were undergoing renovations, and being myself I decided to sneak in while it was under construction. At night. Alone.

I actually attended this school between second and fifth grade. As the school is very old, of course there was the obligatory creepy story. According to this particular tale, the school partially burned out shortly after 1900, and it was said that a student (or students) was trapped on an upper floor and perished in the fire. Naturally, the attic of the school was widely considered by the student body to be haunted. I never made it into the attic while I attended there.

That night, I skirted the fence and gained entry through a hole in the wall where they were putting on an addition. The inside of the school honestly gave me chills. Elementary schools are so often decorated in bright colors and are well lit, as I remembered the building. In its current state, the floors were old exposed hardwood, the walls were bare, and the only light came from hanging bulbs. The halls were deathly quiet, except for some quiet, insistent buzzing, which I took to be the electricity. After wandering around a bit, visiting some of my old classrooms and such, It crossed my mind that I had never been in the attic before. Most of the interior doors were gone, and the remaining ones weren't locked, so I figured that it'd be easy to pop up there and take a look around.

As it turned out, while the majority of the rest of the building was at least dimly lit, the attic was not. There is a short flight of stairs leading to a small landing, and then a second stairway leading up to the attic proper. By this time I was fairly comfortable with my surroundings, but the fact that I was entering a total, silent darkness gave me a bit of a pause. Having foolishly neglected to bring a flashlight, I took out my phone to light the way and began to climb the stairs.

I was halfway up when I heard, directly ahead of me, a loud bang, a door slamming shut.

I absolutely panicked. Fight-or-flight immediately kicked in, and I don't think I've ever moved so fast in my life as I did as I ran back down the stairs. As I hid in a classroom on the second floor, my very first thought was that maybe there was still a worker in the building, who I somehow hadn't noticed.

Then I remembered that it was eleven o'clock at night.

I immediately noped the fuck out of there. It wasn't until I was safe at home in my pajamas that I remembered the stories that I'd last heard almost a decade previously. In the comfort and privacy of my bedroom, I shat my pants in fear.

Reply Share

Jeeez135
• 13y ago

Obviously no relation to me, but the Dyatlov Pass Incident is an interesting read.

http://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dyatlov_Pass_incident

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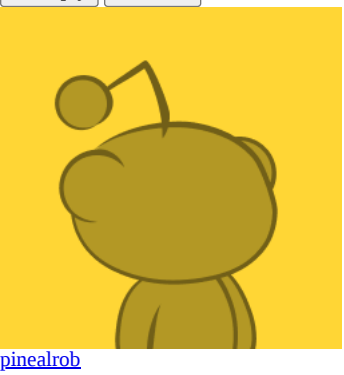

pinealrob

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

It was a late night when I was 13-14 and Titanic the movie was on TV. My mom and dad slept in 2nd floor while I was alone by myself in 1st. I dragged myself through the first 2 hours of the movie since I wanted to see the ending when all goes to hell. I got this sensation that something were wrong and I suddenly get this goosebumps feeling from top of my neck and down to my lower spine. I just didn't want to be there anymore, something was wrong. I went up to bed and was trying to sleep. My room was right over our hallway downstairs and we had wooden platting. Suddenly I could hear these small footsteps on the platting, walking from the living room and towards our stair and outer hallway. It sounded like the footsteps stopped in front of the stairs. Apparently a woman died in the house before we moved in, but that was 13 years ago before I experienced this. I remember me and my sister got always these bad vibes when we were alone in 2nd floor. I don't know, just creeped me out a bit:)

Reply Share

MikeOrtiz
• 13y ago

My grandfather was hit by a motorcycle and died a few years ago after falling into a coma and eventually succumbing to his injuries. Fast forward a few years later, months ago actually. It's midnight and pouring rain outside, my dog is going crazy by now and he has to go outside. I let him out and start watching from the window when he starts barking - he's normally a quiet dog and only really reacts to other noise. Near the fence there's something hanging on a tree, almost glowing, but I can't really see and it's raining so I'm hesitant to go outside. I eventually let my dog back in and go to sleep. In the morning my mother reminds me that today would have been my grandfather's birthday. When the rain finally stops and the sun is coming out I go to check on what I saw and see what it is: a balloon that says, "Happy birthday".

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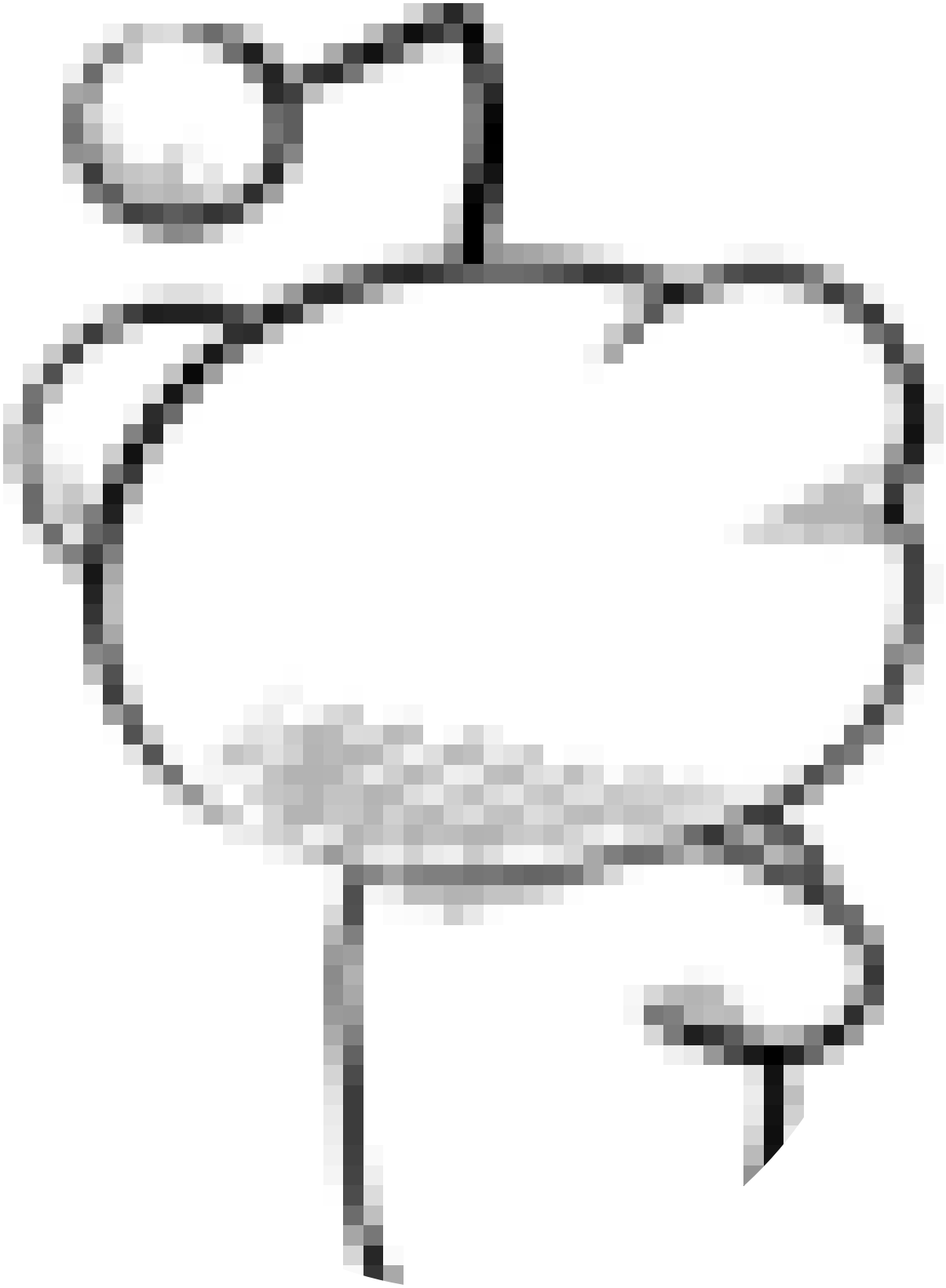

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• 13y ago

Years ago I lived in the same house two separate times. Once with my mom and dad until they divorced, and then again when my mom bought it and we moved in with my stepdad. The house was about 150 years old, and to our knowledge used to be a road tavern, with the rooms upstairs to rent for the night.

My room was fine during the day, but at night it had a totally different feel. Not just being dark and shadowy, but it seemed like there were eyes on me constantly. Looking back, I chalk that up to weird electrical wiring in an old house. However, the house itself felt *off* everywhere. I'd switch rooms and hear noises. Like full-blown boot steps in the hallway. My doorknob used to turn constantly. I'll never forget the sound of the crystal and metal scratching. Our dog used to bark at empty corners- angry, growling barks from a dopey, happy-go-lucky dog. I was never happy there. It was like living with dementors. Scary stuff for a ten year-old.

Mom and my stepdad divorced within a year. So did the next couples that lived there. When I was 20 or so I visited home and found out that the man that had lived there after them shot himself in the garage because of marriage troubles.

It's not anything that I could prove, but I wouldn't ever go back there. Fuck ever living there again.

Reply Share

Faz517xx13
• 13y ago

When me and my best friend were 8, we use to jump fences to sneak into peoples backyards. One night we saw a person dressed as a clown climbing through a window in the backyard, but out of being scared we would get caught for jumping fences we stayed quiet and ran back to our houses.

....3 days later...

There was a 61 year old man from the psychiatric hospital that had gone missing. He had been last spotted dressed as a clown leaving the local mart and the local cops started searching backyards and neighborhoods.

.....4 days later....

Neighbor calls the cops after walking into basement and seeing a man dressed as a clown hiding in the corner of their basement. I wasn't the one who walked into the basement or even led to the catching, but looking back at it now I easily could have.

Walking into a dark lit basement that is used for storage to see a 61 year old man dressed as a clown could easily be the most fucked up thing I can think of.

TL;DR - 61 year old man dressed as a clown found by homeowner in their basement after a 4 day search.

Nostalgialoves
• 13y ago

I was about 7 years old and just decided to move my twin bed so it would be closer to the window and I'd be able to look outside while in bed. The only way to do this was to nudge it into a corner next to the window, the foot of the bed flush to the wall and the headboard in the middle of the room. It was the dumbest setup, but I was thrilled with the view (fence and neighbor's house). I was asleep and woke to a voice I'd never heard before. I couldn't make out what was being said, but it was a deep, masculine voice and the creepiest, raspy tone I had ever heard. I open my eyes to see a black shadow in the corner the foot of my bed was in. It did not have a human form, just long, vertical, and the darkest black abyss. I couldn't move, scream, nothing. It called my name, laughed menacingly, "We're going to play." I felt disgusted, dirty, and scared out of my mind. I don't know what happened after that, just know that in the morning, moved the bed the fuck away from there!

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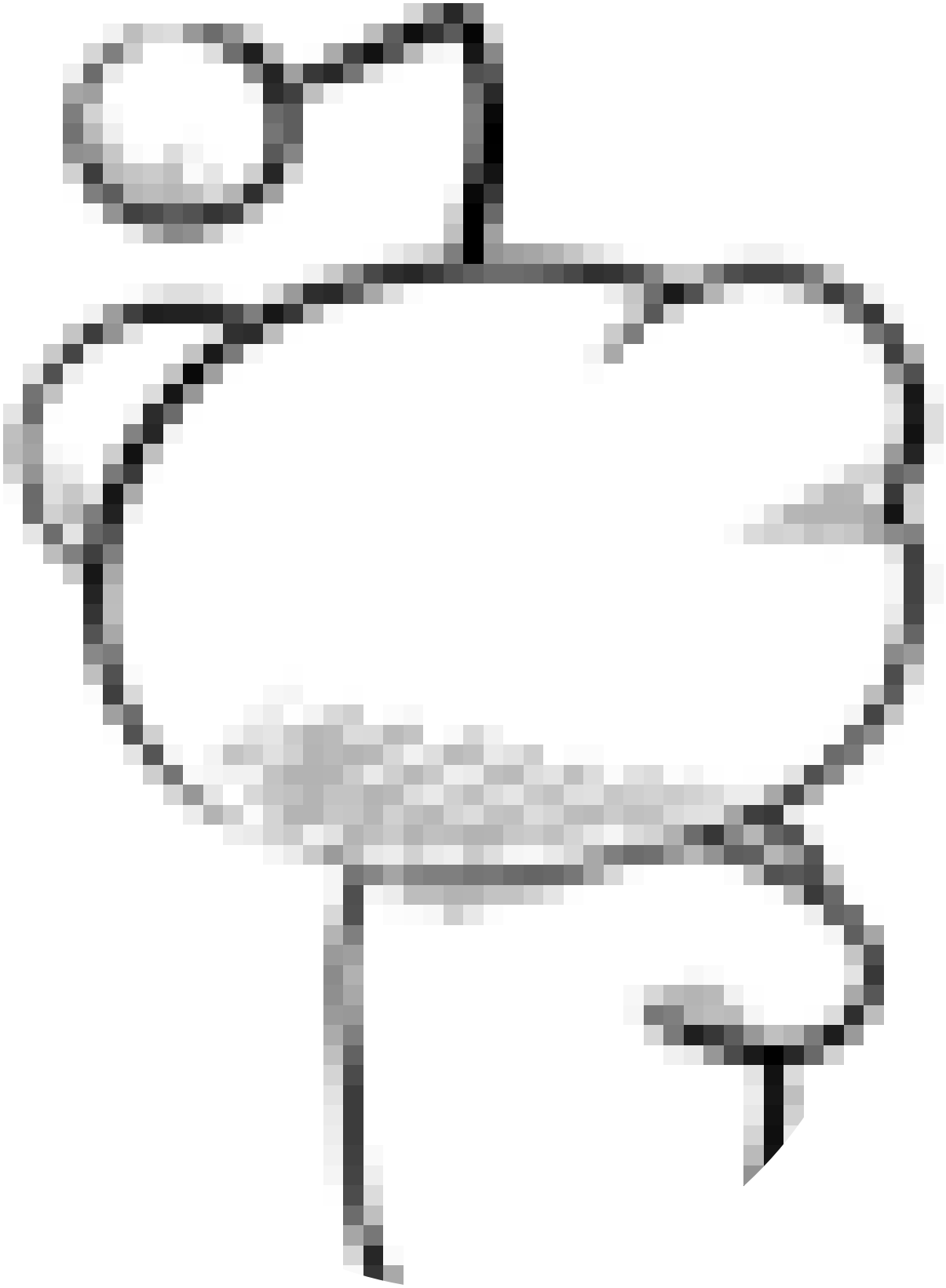

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• 13y ago

Do you suppose it may have been sleep paralysis?

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Ferdinavn
• 13y ago

It's cool y'all, I didnt want to sleep anyways ;_;

Reply Share

LocoCoopermar
• 13y ago

Once when I was like ten my brother and I got walkie talkies that were real not the crappy toy ones. Well we were playing around and I was upstairs he was downstairs and we were talking on them about stupid stuff. Right in the middle of one of my sentences I hear an inhumanly deep voice say "Hello little boy". I dropped it and ran downstairs as fast as I could. My brother said he just heard me talking then it was cut off with a loud screech. We were both thoroughly freaked the fuck out.

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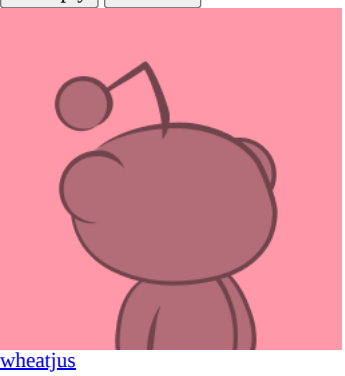

wheatjus
• 13y ago

This place scares more than the hell out of me.

Its my best friends house i could chat about this until im blue in the face. She has some scary shit. One night she was going up the stairs in her house that was built in 1903 she gets to the top and she looks in her room to find it is filled with people with clothing from the early 1900's with skeletal faces they are speaking in tounges that were unfamiliar with her all of a sudden they threw a knife at her and it just flew to her hand they then started laughing and before she could stop herself she plunged the knife into her stomach and repeated to stab herself against her will. She did that for a solid hour until she fell to the floor and cried for hours. She still cries thinking about it. Another instance i was over also we were walking around in the ancient barn that is also on her property the most haunted place in wisconsin at least in my opinion. All of a sudden all the doors in the barn slam shut and 3 pigeons fall out of the air, dead. We found it hard to breath as we stumbled to the door. We got out and i swear I thought that would be my dying day. Last story, her sister just got home and she was alone she was going to go up the creaky stairs and she called the 2 dogs and 2 cats to go with they all refused the would whine and let out moans that she didnt think animals could make but despite these signs she still went up the stairs. At the stop she turned the corner and say a huge cloud of black smoke it screamed and served into the floor and she heard it hit the concrete floor in the basement and as it hit the floor the entire house shook. This house is fucking disturbing. The faces and people we see there will stay with me my entire life.

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1 more reply

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obliviousmousepad
• 13y ago

Replying way too late so this will get buried, but this is for you people who sort by new. I went to a friend's small get together last summer, roughly ten people or so there. I wasn't drinking, had to drive home, but most people were. At one point during the evening we decided to go down through the woods in his backyard (takes about 10 minutes) to a small piece of waterfront he had on his property. Some people went swimming in the river, and others (myself included) stayed on shore (it was about 5 degrees Celsius out so really cold). I checked the time on my cell phone (it was dark and I needed the backlight since I couldn't read my watch) and it was exactly 1:00 AM (is relevant after).

Anyways our friends finish swimming, they are freezing, and we head back up to the house. On the walk back up my one friend and I heard a loud jingling sound (sounded like a dog tag or similar on a large animal running right at us). My buddy and I asked if anybody else heard that, and everyone just looked at us mystified and asked what the hell we were talking about. Anyways we get back to the house uneventfully and things seem OK. I check the time on my watch and I see 1:00AM. I think huh that makes no sense it was 1 when we were at the water. I check the time on my cell phone and it was 1:15 AM. I thought even though my watch was brand new maybe the battery was dying, not that weird. I mentioned this to my friend who I had heard the jingling noise with. He checked his watch (analog just like mine was) and it was the exact same time, 15 minutes behind the current time. I can't think of any way to explain this other than battery problems, but a year later I'm still using the same battery without ever having to set the time again after that. (I set it back to the proper time the next day). All I can think of is a strong magnetic field caused the watches to screw up. That or Aliens.

TL;DR: Friend and I heard a mysterious jingling noise in the middle of the night, both our watches are exactly 15 minutes behind.

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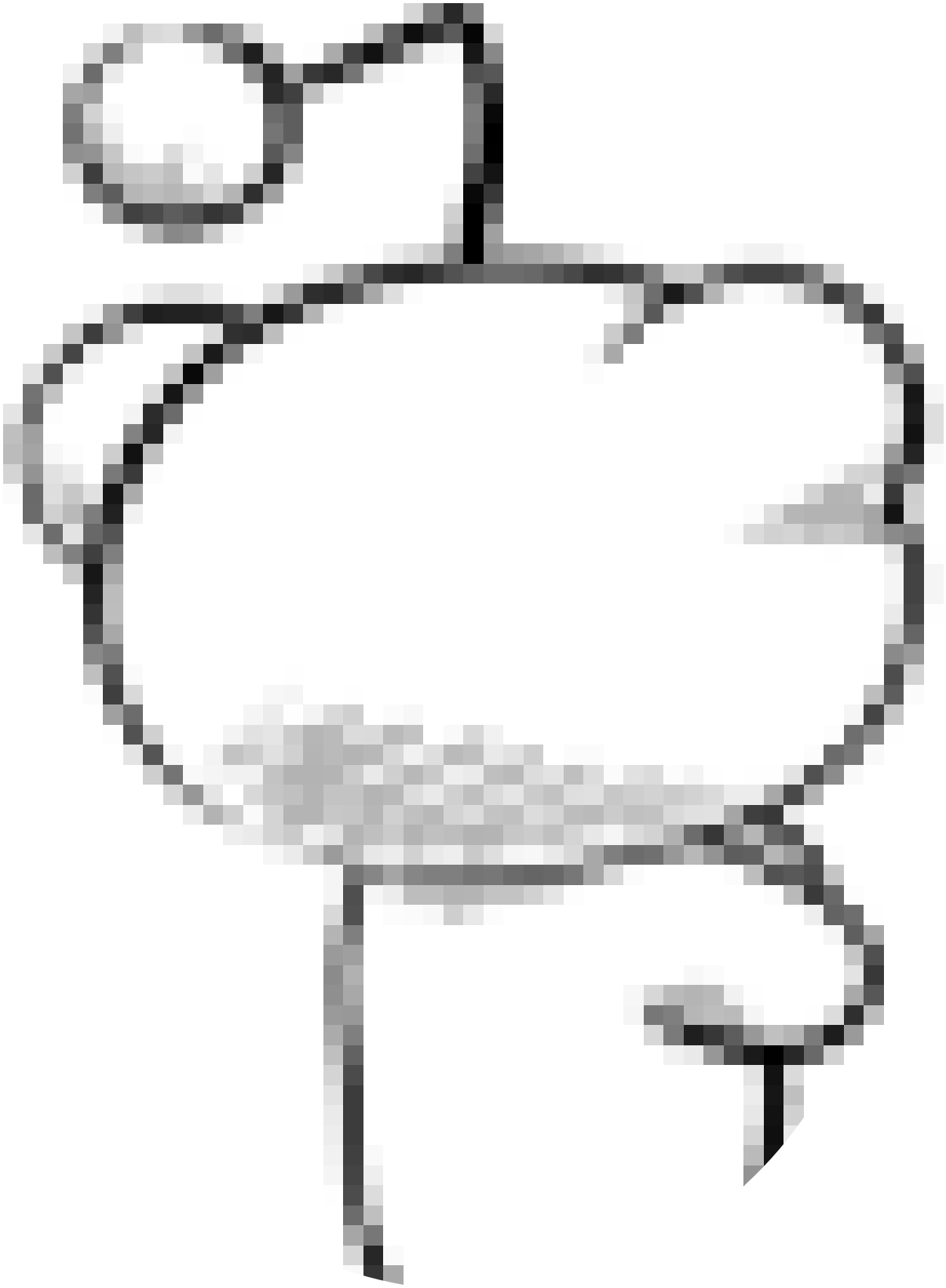

Afterburned
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This is probably going to get buried at this point, but I had the second most terrifying experience of my life last night. It's a bit fuzzy but I'll try to fill in the details as best I can.

It was about 2am and I was having trouble getting to sleep. I don't know why, it was just one of those nights, you know? Anyways, eventually I crawled into bed and buried myself in the blankets to try to block everything else out and get to sleep. I finally succeed.

However, I then decided to dream. Now, I almost never remember my dreams, so the simple fact I can even recount this to you is rather surprising to me right now. Usually sleep is like blinking for me.

Not last night though. My dream is still a bit fuzzy to me but a few points were as vivid as the day is bright, and the night is dark. I was driving in a vehicle of some sort, a car or a bus or something. And sitting alongside me was a beautiful girl. I was in love with her, that much I knew, but I didn't recognize her at all. There was a strange sense of familiarity with her, as though I had known her my whole life, even though her face was completely foreign to me.

I was happy, because here I was with this person I loved, and we were going on a nice pleasant drive.Suddenly the vehicle went completely out of control. It was all sort of in slow motion for me, and as the thing went flipping out of control, I tried to somehow maintain control. Nothing I did worked, and eventually we came crashing to a halt.

I looked over to find where my love had gone, only to find her body lying twisted in a heap next to me. I began to openly weep for this person I had never actually known as I was forced to lay there and watch them die.

Eventually I woke up, but the terror didn't end there. I woke up into a bout of sleep paralysis. It felt like there was some sort of shadow hanging over me, staring into my eyes. I couldn't open them, I couldn't move my arms, I couldn't do anything, but I knew all the same that I was awake. So after being paralyzed with fear and pain in my dream, I woke up into actual paralysis.

Eventually it ended and I could open my eyes again. I quickly grabbed my phone to check the time and see, somewhat irrationally, if there were any important messages. No messages were received, and it was only 3:30 am. I laid back down and tried to get to sleep. Luckily at this point I remembered a previous bout of sleep paralysis I had when I was younger, so I was able to sort that part of the experience out in my head, but the dream still haunted me. Eventually I blinked and woke up this morning not remembering a thing about last night.

Finally, just an hour or so ago I told my friend a story about dreams of some sort, and it was like a key had been turned and that nightmare jumped back into the front of my mind, bringing me here to tell it to you.

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2 more replies

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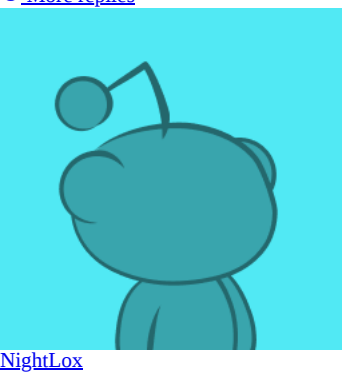

NightLox
• 13y ago

Not my experience, but my girlfriend has always had nightmares of a child. Pale white with black vains all over his body, The child is in most of her dreams, Everything from killing her bullys in school, to sitting in the room watching us as we have sex. I've always spoke to her about it all being in her head, and that its from stress and whatnot, never really believed she was haunted or anything. Anyways, she lives in a house with her sister who has a 4 year old child, my girlfriend's niece. one night me, Her, and her niece were messing around playing. When her niece opens the door to the bedroom and goes "Oh no there's a ghost out there!" and closes the door again, Me and my girlfriend laugh and pretend like its nothing. Again she opens the door, closes it and turns to us and says "shhh! the ghost is out there!" At This point me and my Girlfriend get a little nervous, and after a bit of silence my Girlfriend asks "What does the ghost look like?" and her niece says "A little boy with black marks", Also when my girlfriend stays in my house, or her friends house she never has the nightmares. Only in her own house. Scariest thing so far anyways :)

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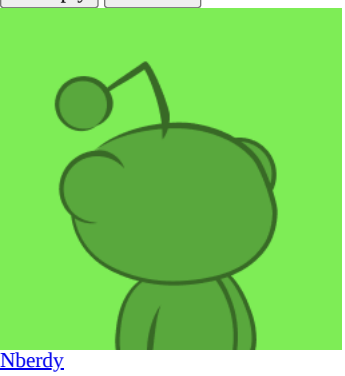
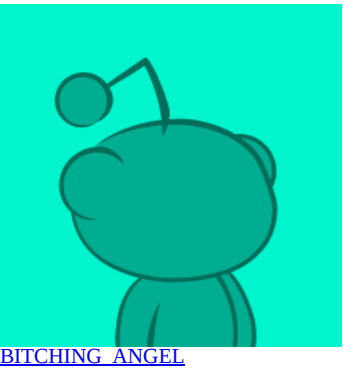


Nberdy
• 13y ago

One of the scariest things that happened to me was when I went hunting in the mountains with my friend to shoot birds with bb guns and slingshots. We were kids maybe 12 or 13, but his great Danes came along. So while we were skulking through some bushes to get some birds; within about 200 yards (this a guess from memory) we spotted a mountain lion. Mountain lions were hardly ever seen here. We both paused, and figured we need to get the fuck out of here. (Luckily his dogs didn't see or sense it, and decide to attack it.) We ended up gaining some distance from it, because we were afraid it would hear us when we tried to call up my friends dad whom brought his truck extracted us, and the dogs from the area.

Maybe not that scary for some people, but for us as kids we prepared for the worst, and thought it would stalk us till it killed us. And maybe we were decently safe, but we did not take any chances. We were obviously out gunned us being small, and having shitty weapons. Our only hope if we were spotted were the dogs whom were very loyal.



BITCHING_ANGEL
• 13y ago

Not the creepiest, but this reminded me of something that happened to me recently.

A couple months ago I got a phone call.

I didn't recognize the number but I picked it up anyway. I heard the voice of an old woman say, "Is this number from Snack Factory?" I said no, the woman apologized, hung up and I forgot about it. But five minutes later I get another call from the same number. I pick it up and the same old woman asks, "Are you SURE that this isn't the Snack Factory?"

A little bit pissed off, I say, on a slightly angrier tone, "No, this is NOT the Snack Factory. Please stop calling." Before the woman hung up, I hear her scream "I TOLD YOU THIS WASN'T THE SNACK FACTORY" then some weird male grumbling that I couldn't understand. Then, five minutes later, I get ANOTHER call from the exact same number. I picked it up, now very pissed off, but before I could say anything, I heard screaming coming from the other side of the line. Just hysterical, female-sounding screaming for a good ten seconds, with more male grumbling on the background. I was scared shitless so I hung up before I heard anything else.

To this day I have no idea of what happened and I never got another call from this number again. I still get chills from thinking about it.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies

Metroplexico

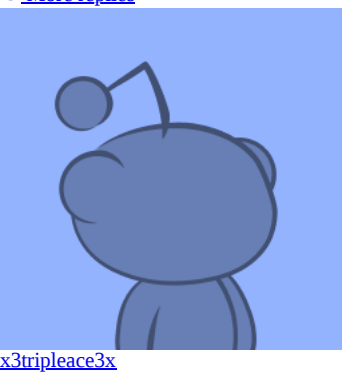
• 13y ago

One time I was taking out the garbage to my garbage can in my garage. Then I heard the giggle from one of my sisters old dolls, and I'm talking at least ten years old, and this doll always creeped me, my sister, and my parents, the hell out. It giggled when nobody touched it or was even near it, just as I was when I was taking out the garbage. I finally threw the doll out after that.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



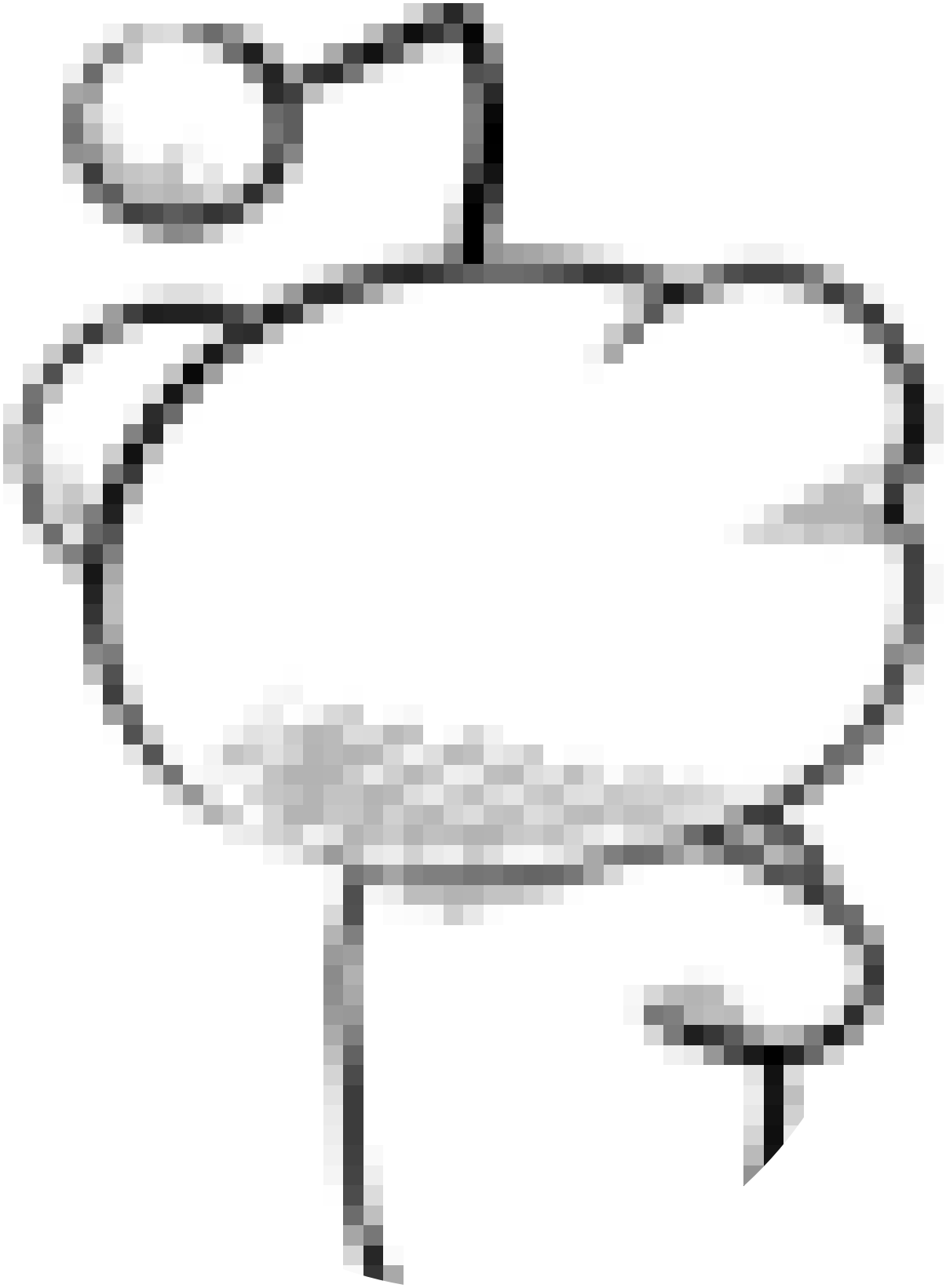
x3tripleace3x

• 13y ago

Nothing special, really. I just took my dog outside to let him go to the bathroom and while I'm out there I hear the loudest, most methodical soft-banging I've ever heard coming from the woods. It sounded exactly like the background music from any Slender man game. I listened to it in shock for about five seconds before making the connection, and then I grabbed my dog and ran inside. Couldn't sleep the entire night.

DonZulo
• 13y ago

When I was younger, a figure would always stand next to my bed. I couldn't touch it, couldn't focus on it and it scared the shit out of me. Don't know if it caused my paranoia or if the figure was caused by my paranoia.



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• 13y ago

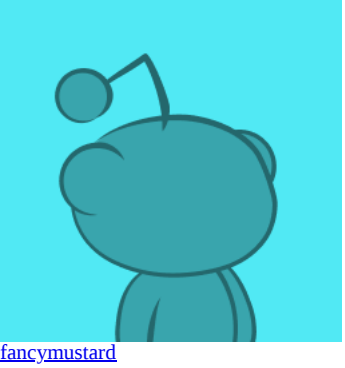
One night after seeing a movie with my girlfriend I decided to go get some coffee and drive up to a great scenic overview of a big city. The weather got really bad on the drive up the mountain but that didn't stop us. We finally got to to top and there was only one other truck, nothing out of the ordinary, it was Friday night. We couldn't see anything because of the storm but figured we'd just cuddle up and drink our coffee and have a nice long talk. As I turned my truck off the other truck cranked up. We were about 20 parking spaces apart and he pulls up RIGHT next to us. Doesn't get out. I handed my girlfriend my coffee and said "Hold this". She freaked out assuming I was about to go confront him when I said "LEAVING." Still raining, I tore out of the parking lot down the mountain when I see that he's following us. I was not ok. We lost him, but I still wonder to this day what the heck was going on.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies

falconfarter
• 13y ago

Thisll probably get buried but hey what the hell. A couple weeks ago I was walking at 11ish with some friends. We noticed a car pulled out and had started going noticeably slow by us. So I realized he started driving faster... And he popped a uey, so I realized "this is how it ends?". So me and my buddies took off running, hiding then ran home. A little while later we saw him searching up and down all the streets, (which we later found out some kids had broken into his car so he decided to play mr. Officer)



fancymustard
• 13y ago

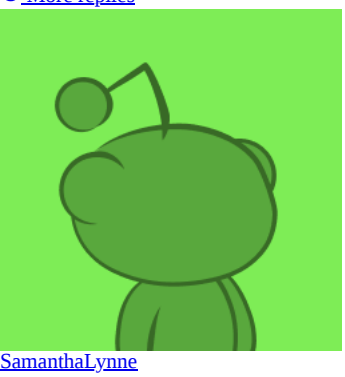
Browsing on phone. When I read the story about 'Grandma Shaver' the music to thenicestplaceonthrinter.net started playing on its own. Page wasnt up and I had force closed dolphin

letmegetinmyzone
• 13y ago

There's a train station across from where I go to school, and at night the trains move at night to their respective destinations, but slowly. And the wheels grind on the rails and everything. My dorm being across the street from the station, the distance makes the grinding squeaks really revert and echoey. Definitely makes my hair stand up at night when I'm out for a walk.

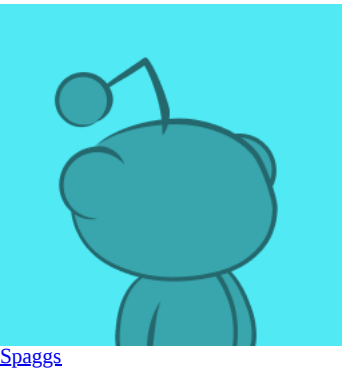
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



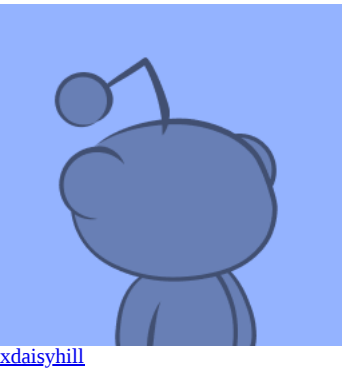
SamanthaLynne
• 13y ago

My sister lives in a rooming house, so basically everyone has their own rooms but all share a bathroom. Well at 2 am i went downstairs to use the bathroom, as i walked towards the stairs something caught my eye so i turned. To the left of the stair case my sisters schizophrenic, mentally unstable, neighbor was standing on one foot, with his arms out and his eyes rolled back. he looked like he was being possessed. I ran like hell back to my sisers room and couldnt sleep that night



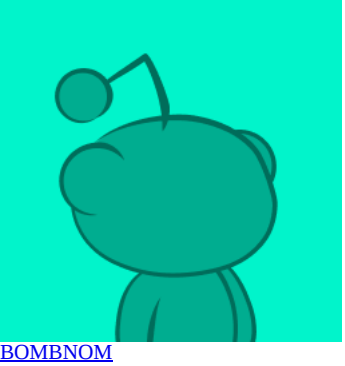
Spaggs
• 13y ago

Last year in October, my cats were acting crazy. They were indoor cats their whole life. I wasn't sure why they were running to all the doors of the house that led outside. they done this for about 30 minutes then an earthquake happened. I was already terrified of earthquakes since the one that happened in Japan a few years ago, adrenaline was pumping through my veins and i almost started crying. My cats stopped dead in their tracks when the earthquake happened, they were nice enough to come come comfort me afterwards. Now I freak out when my cats hangout near the door. If anyone was wondering what earthquake I'm talking about, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2012_Haida_Gwaii_earthquake



xdaisyhill
• 13y ago

A few years ago me and 3 friends went to a relatively small abandoned hospital. It wasn't long abandoned, around 2004 I believe. One of the wards, the furthest from the entrance, was for psychiatric male patients and the rest of the buildings housed regular patients. Upon being abandoned, there was a whole lot of stuff left there, wheelchairs etc, all of which can be seen whilst peering through the windows. Anyway, naturally we went up at night, about midnight or so, with just a few torches. Even wandering around is a little eerie, the grass is out of control long, weeds growing over the roads with their withered markings just barely visible. We went with no purpose really, just curious. Making our way around the place, we snoop around the building prior to the psych ward. Whilst you can't actually get into the buildings (the entrances have all been boarded up) you can easily look in through the windows. Me and friend 1 are looking inside while our other 2 friends are further along from us, near the corner of the building. We'd been here for about half an hour by this point, hadn't seen a single other person. Standing in complete darkness, our friends near the corner shout along to us "did you hear that?"... blowing it off as some sort of stupid shit he would do, we thought not much of it, although he did look slightly alarmed. We neared closer to them, in absolute silence, all 4 of us now at the corner of the building. I pulled down my hood, slightly nervous in the uneasy atmosphere. Nobody said a word. Within a few seconds, a very distinct and loud inhale/exhale was heard from what sounded like a few steps around the corner. This was some deep, angry devilish shit. Panicked, we split, no-one said a thing. We all heard it and our first reaction was all to run like little fucking girls. Scattering, we all ran separate ways. I swear, I heard that shit, something was there. A few footsteps away. Since that night, we have been back to the same spot, approaching it from the opposite way and going back to where we heard the noise. We've never heard it again. There is literally nothing there that makes any similar noise. There's no electricity, no fans. The whole place is completely silent. It was one of those moments, an absolute feeling of sheer terror. Fuck that shit. BONUS FACT: Told my mum about this, her explanation was that it was a hedgehog. A fucking cute as fuck hedgehog. It wasn't a hedgehog. It's never the hedgehogs. BONUS FACT 2: The film "the Jacket" was filmed at this location!

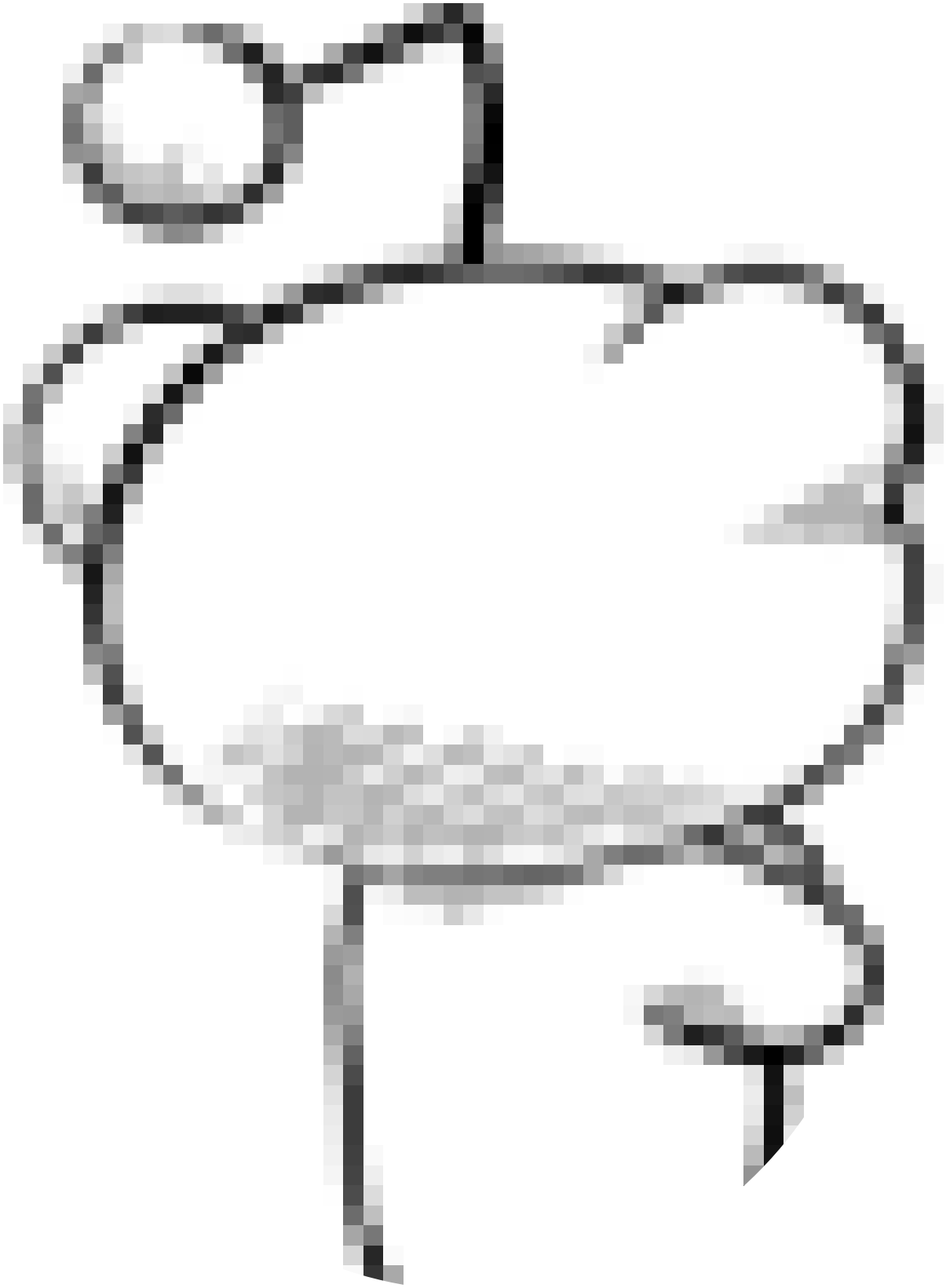


BOMBNOM
• 13y ago

Mine was a dream, more depressing from your POV but scary in mine. Well, you see, I have cancer, so my dream consisted of a few things.

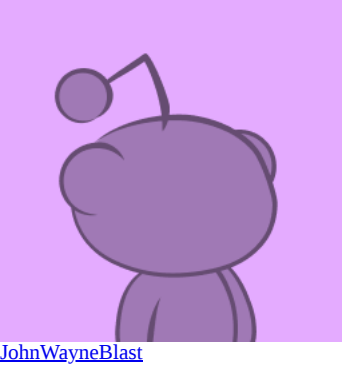
1. Being at the doctor's office.
2. Having a test done.
3. Being told I have nine months to live.

It was the worst dream ever.



7777773
• 13y ago

When I was little, I remember staying at my grandma's house one time and not being able to sleep during a big thunderstorm in the middle of the night because the lightning was so bright. It was summer, so I had the window open and the wind was blowing the curtains, so I'd see them move around like a strobe as the lightning flashed. One flash, there was a face looking inside the room - but not a person; it was like a hairy face like maybe a goat mixed with a dog with big teeth but the mouth was mostly closed. It was gone in the next flash but I never got up to look out the window, I just kept staring at that window and I don't think I blinked after that. Needless to say, I didn't sleep the rest of the night. I convinced myself that was a dream or my imagination, but I can still remember that moment with absolute clarity, every detail. Those eyes...



JohnWayneBlast
• 13y ago

This has happened to me twice. Both times late at night when all is quite. I'm lying in bed sleeping when I'm awakened by what sounds like two jumbo jets colliding above my house. I run out of the house in a panic expecting to find a flaming plane wreck or a mushroom cloud. …Only to find silence. …..What is even stranger is that no one else seems to hear the explosions except me. No one else wakes up much less runs into the street in their underwear

2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies

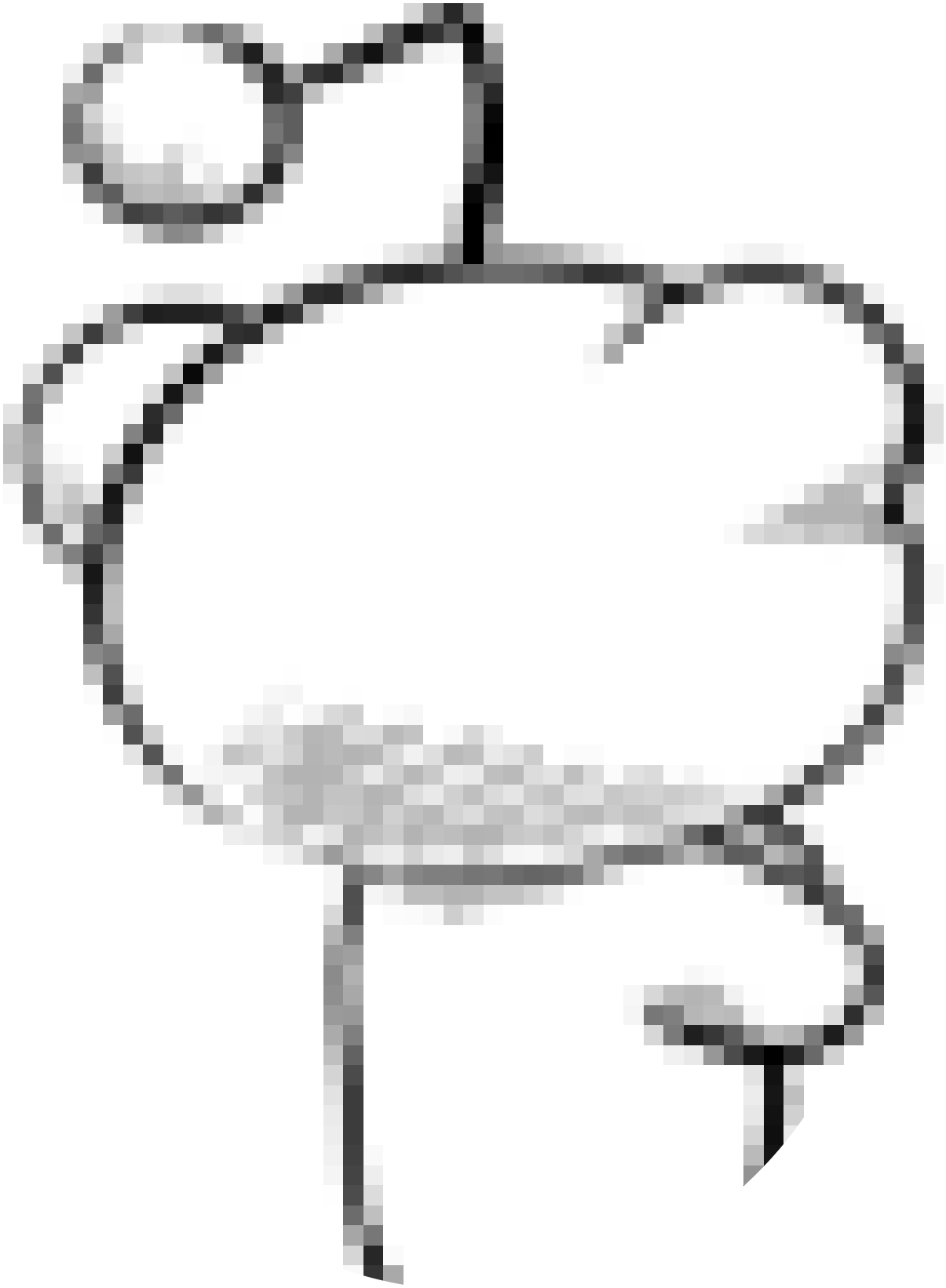
Relic510
• 13y ago

About 6-7 years ago, I was in Jr. high school. I live in a pretty ghetto neighborhood, (Oakland, CA). It was Halloween and we were going to walk around town. I was with a few of my friends and we were trying to get candy. (Candy is necessary for all ages!)

Suddenly, there was a man dressed up as a gorilla riding a bike with no hands. He bikes past us and points a bat at us. He then bikes around us and points a machete at us and laughs. Then he bikes away.

adgal617
• 13y ago

No shit, my house just lost power. It's going to be a long night!!



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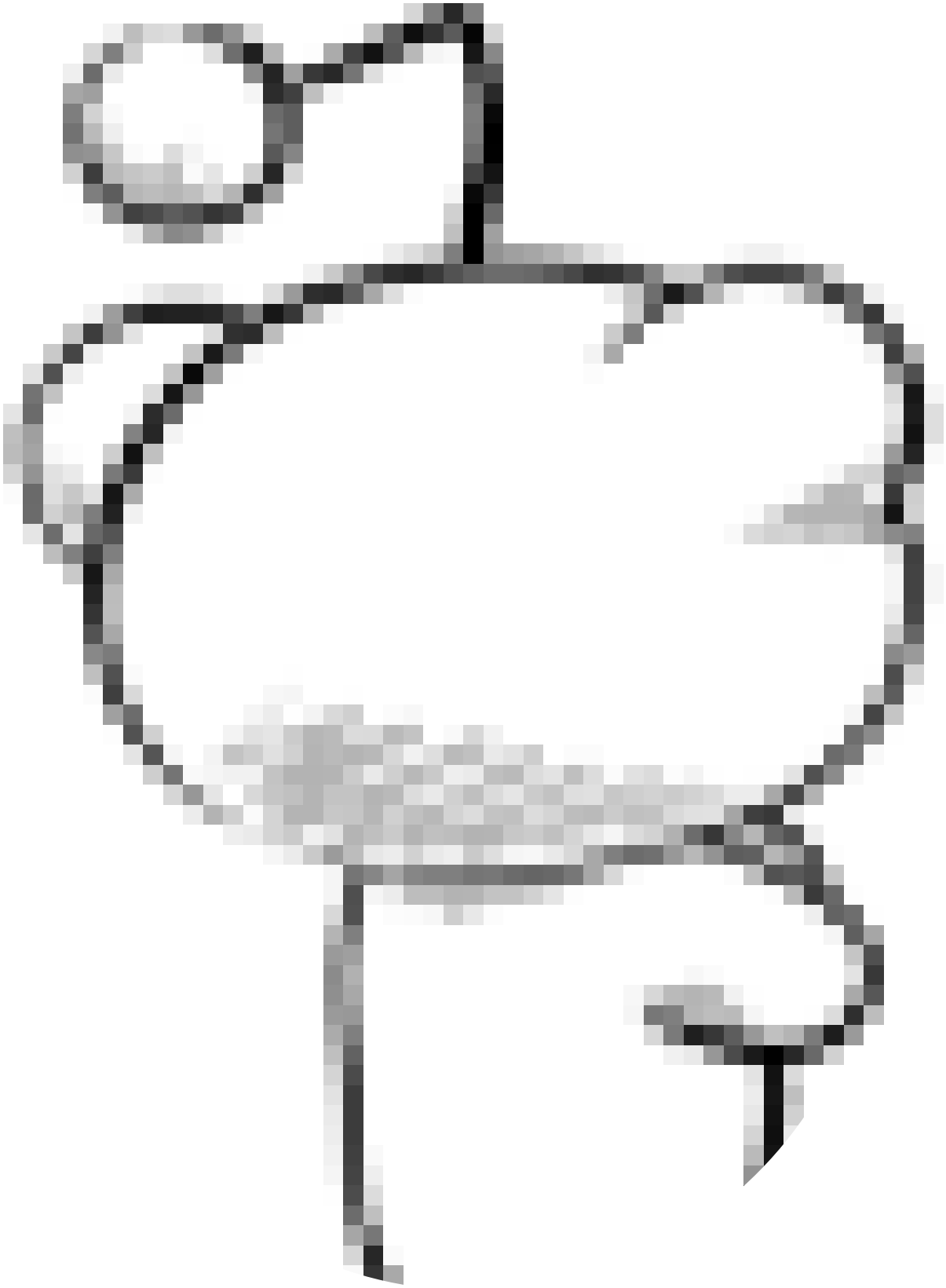
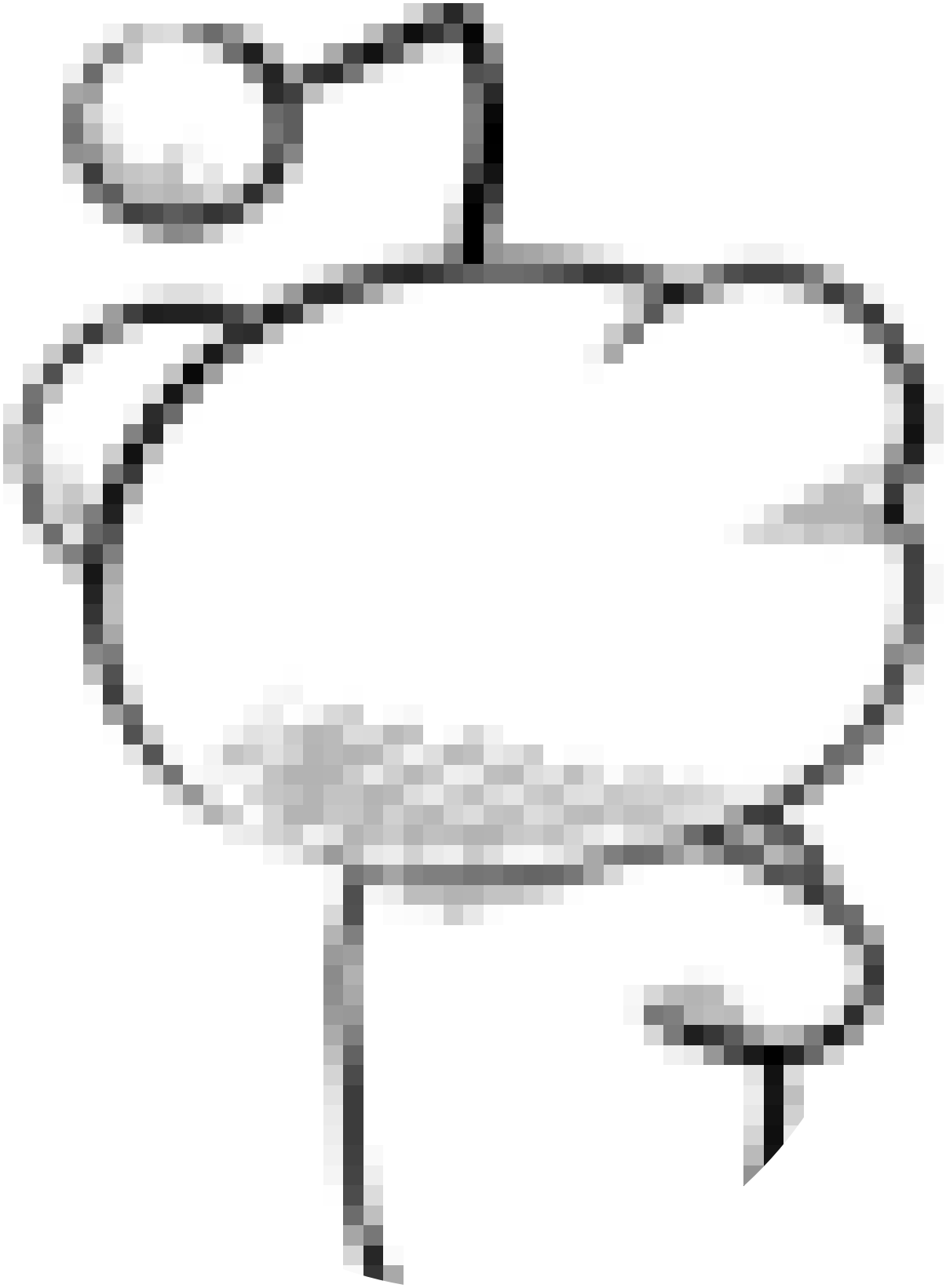
• 13y ago

Yeahhhh, after reading a few posts, it seems like a better idea to just go to bed.



jorellh
• 13y ago

http://russiansleepexperiment.com/



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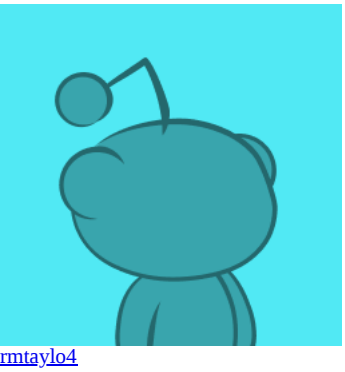
• 13y ago

Was walking around some deserted streets in NYC circa 1995 on Halloween around 2am and a block a way we see this guy dressed up like Jason from Friday the 13th with a hockey mask and he's standing by himself and it's a little foggy and about every ten seconds he hits the lightpole he's standing by with a wrench.

I was with a group of eight people and we were all like....dude...let's get the fuck outta here.

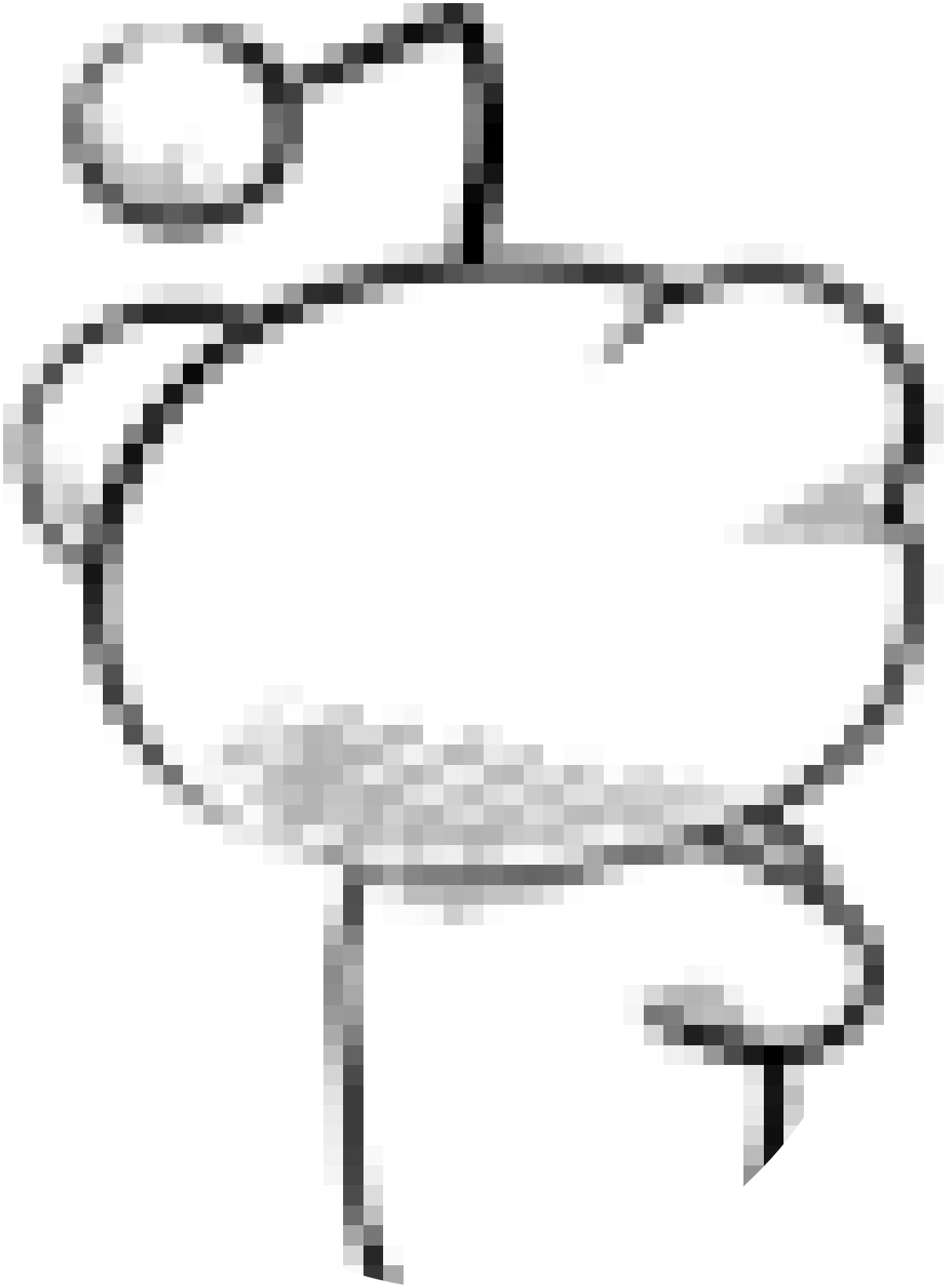
zpearett
• 13y ago

When I was younger i used to get night terrors, horrible dreams, and could never really remember them when I woke up except for a couple that occurred often; one of them is complete nonsense, the other, still weirds me out. Set the scene, my family(sister, mother, father) and I are walking across a large road, about the size of a freeway. About halfway across, my father gets his leg stuck in a bear trap that appears out of nowhere. we all start panicking, trying to get it unstuck, nothing works. all of a sudden a huge fucking mack truck starts barreling at us from a distance, and we still can't get my father's leg out of the trap, the truck is getting closer and closer, picking up speed with nothing in-between us and it. As it nears with speed, i tel my mother and sister to run off, and i use the chainsaw that appears to start cutting. i start cutting my father's leg thats stuck in the trap, not the trap itself, and the 18 wheeler is still coming closer. i keep cutting, it looks like hamburg with blood everywhere, i get about 2/3 of the way through and look up at the truck, it's close, 100 feet. i drop the saw, leave my father, and start running and catch up with my mother and sister, then wake up. its screwed up, illogical, but its one of the scariest things that ever happened to me that i can remember, i love my father, and it still fucks with me that my mind can come up with shit like this.



rmtaylo4
• 13y ago

I know I'm a little late to this thread and I apologize, but back in 1999 I was living in North Carolina and there was this wooded area down the street from where we lived. It was a neighborhood hangout spot and all of my friends would go there to hang out. Well one afternoon I was walking around the woods with my friends and we came upon a sneaker. It threw us for a loop because we were there the day before so we knew it had to have been from the previous night. About 10 feet further down the path we found a torn up shirt covered in blood. I was 8 at the time and I later found out that two teenage boys had gotten into a heated argument and one had gotten stabbed repeatedly and nearly died. I won't ever forget seeing it.



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• 13y ago

The creepiest thing I saw was when I was driving home at about 2am and I was about 5 miles away from home on a 5 lane freeway. It was cold out and there was some patches of dense fog here and there, and as I was driving home from a night of fun with friends, I see something..well, I should clarify..someone standing with their back to the traffic in the middle of the freeway. I was luckily in the farthest right lane, but it is just terrifying that someone just wandered out into a freeway, most likely either tweaked out of their minds or to kill themselves.

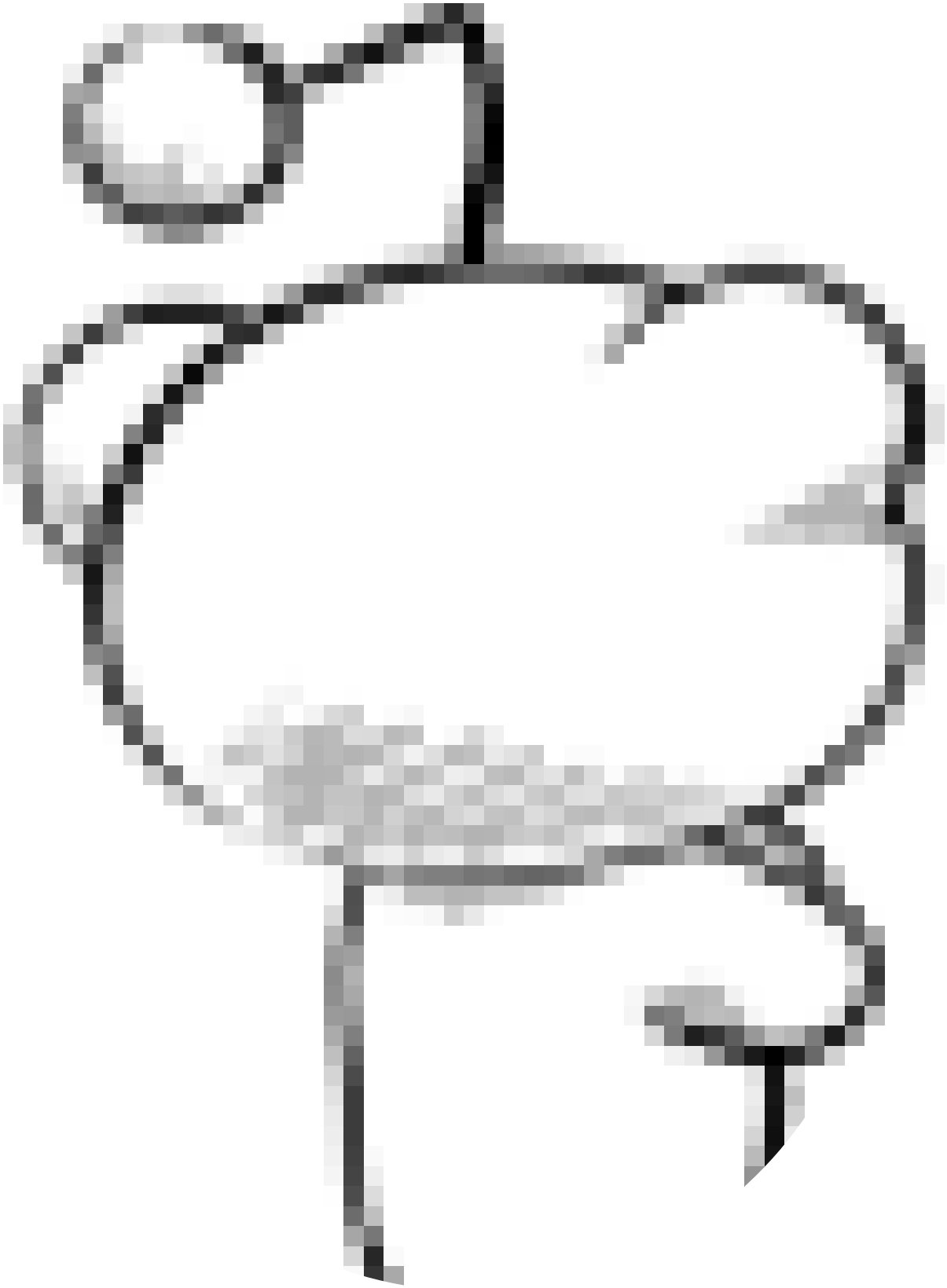
As far as creepiest thing I've heard, I came home one night to the sound of my grandma in the middle of a psychotic break (she was bipolar and had anxiety issues) caused by her refusing to take her medication for over a week. She was crying, screaming, laughing, praying and going from Spanish to English at the drop of a hat. She said a lot of fucked up shit but the only thing I can remember is her miserably mumbling "Nobody cares about the old bitch, not a single person cared..ever". Creeped me the fuck out.

Nighthorder
• 13y ago

Well this one is a tad paranormal (at least that's my only explanation). It really stuck with me.

When I was a kid (about 6/7) I shared a bunk bed with my little brother. We were playing and jumping on the bed and stuff and the top bunk just collapsed. We were terrified. Of course, being the big brother and not wanting to face my dad and tell him that we broke the bed, I demanded that my little bro tell him. He ran off to tell him and I heard this horrible yell, like someone was seriously PISSED THE FUCK OFF. It sounded so close that I could've sworn they were behind me. Being a kid, though, I didn't think that and just thought dad was really mad. My brother came back and I kinda laughed hysterically saying something along the lines of "Wow. We really made him mad, didn't we? We aren't grounded, are we?"

Here's what got me. My little bro said he was fine. He was actually just glad we were okay. Apparently he was really calm about the whole thing. The next day I started seeing weird shit happening all the time around that house. Thankfully we moved a year or two later. Haven't experienced anything along the lines of what I did in that house since. I still don't know where the yell came from, I just know that I never want to go back there.



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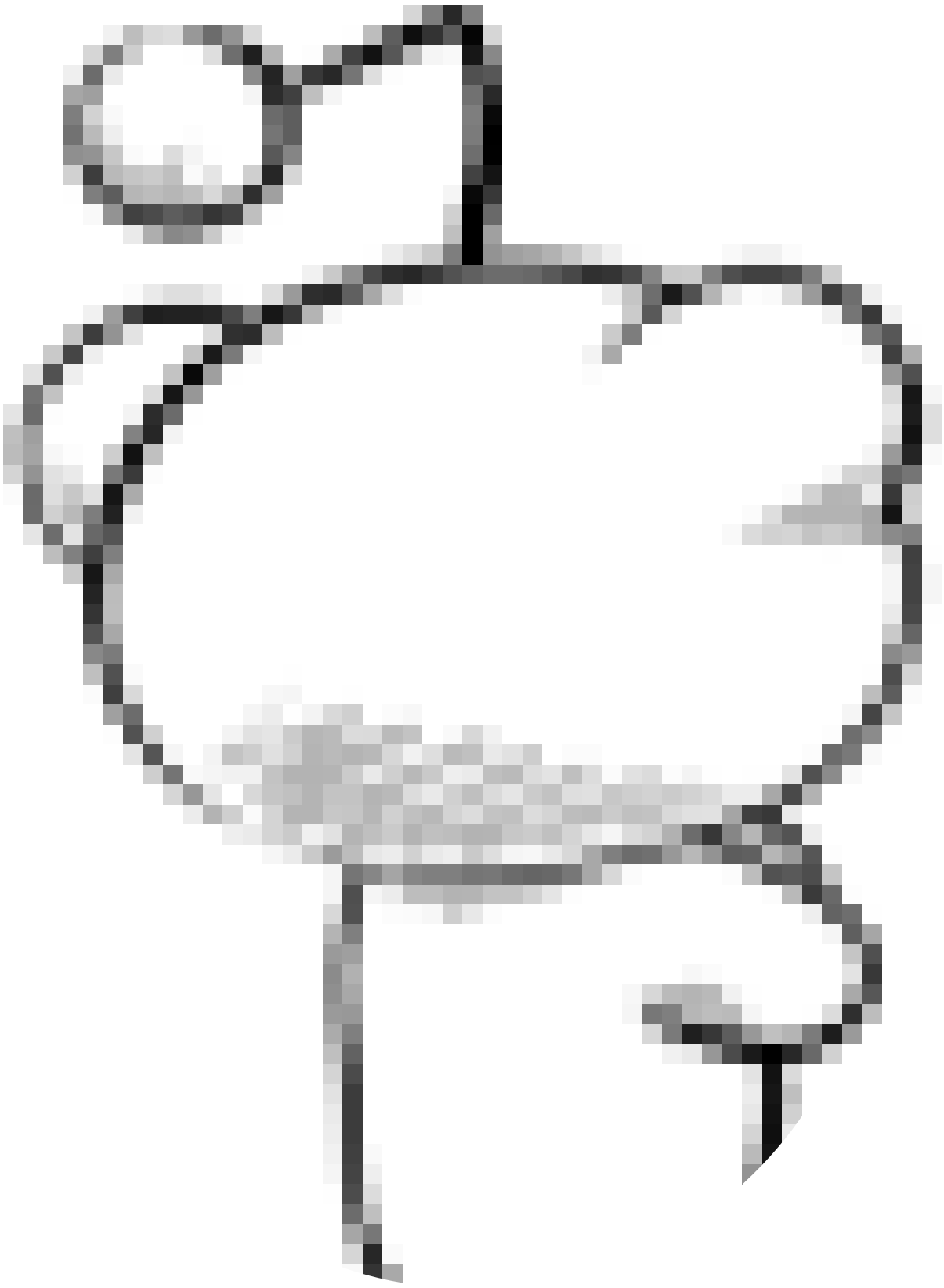
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

OK so we're about two thousand in, but I have to tell you about my childhood house in Houston. It was old and large and I have never stopped dreaming about that feeling I had when I was there. It was comforting actually, I think because I was raised there, to feel so surrounded by things that were just beyond corporeal description . Anyway, the first incident happened when my parents went out and left my aunt to baby sit me andy baby sister. She had her back to the large marble entryway playing with us when she heard what sounded like squeaky wet boots walking. She turned around and saw nothing. We went through the whole house opening doors and looking around to see if anyone was there(obviously a bad idea now that I think about it) nut found no one and went about our business. She was weirded out and told my parents who endlesslu teased her about it until the second incident. My mom had just put us to bed and was on the phone with a friend when she heard the sound of what she described as wet sneakers walking across the entryway floor and they stopped when they got to the stairs(carpeted). She freaked out thinking that someone was on their way up to the children and called 911. A swat team came and searched the house. Nothing. I'm not sure how that one was played off as she kept it a secret from us till we moved, but the third incident happened when one of us had left our toy keyboard face down at the bottom of the stairs. It was in the middle of the night and it started

playing one key over and over. She came out thinking one of us was messing around and seeing no one, froze, and backed slowly into her room. So my parents are hard core atheists and could not accept the prospect of ghosts so very casually my motherade plans yo get rid of the very old chandelier that had come with the entryway. They took it down, sold it in a garage sale, and replaced it with a large glass one that day. That night the entryway was quiet. The following morning my mom got us up for preschool and had just finished carrying the last kid(me) down the stairs and through the entry way when we heard a huge roar behind us. We turned around to see the entire chandelier had simply dropped out of the ceiling, scattered glass everywhere and the dented marble where it had crashed not 5 feet from us. The stories go on, but this one was the most explainable...

Tldr: ghost of haunted chandelier not happy to be ignored.



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• 13y ago

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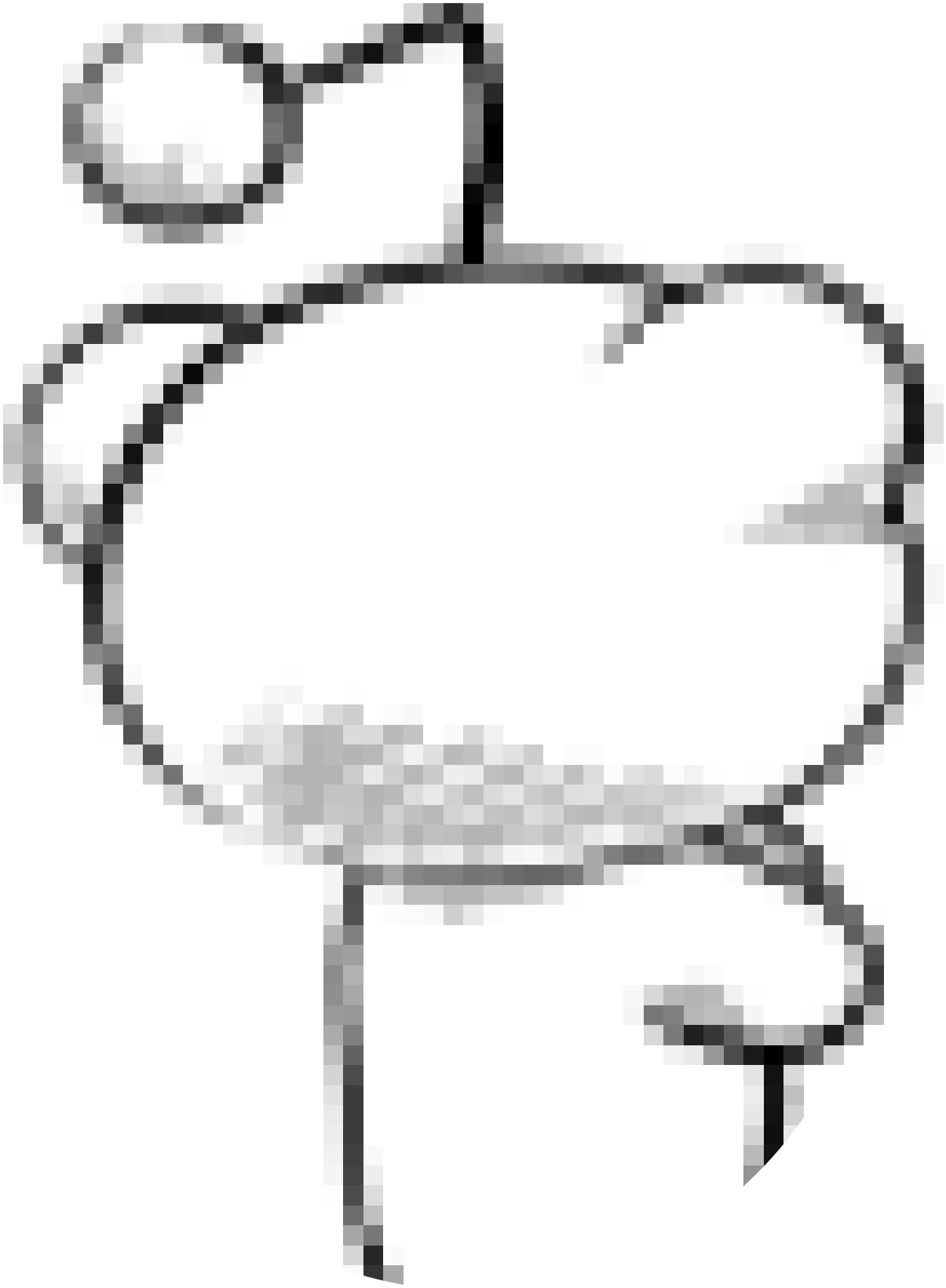

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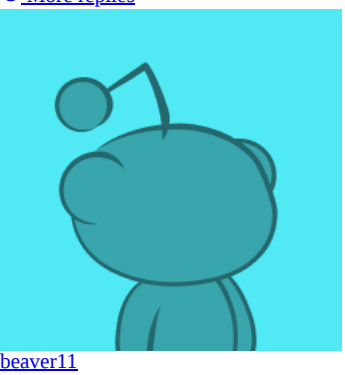
• 13y ago

Where was this? Are there ravens in your area? Ravens can sound *a lot* like an eerie screaming woman or child sometimes, so much so that I have also been running through the woods yelling "are you alright? where are you??" only to realize there was no one but a couple big beautiful black passerines probably having a good laugh at my expense.

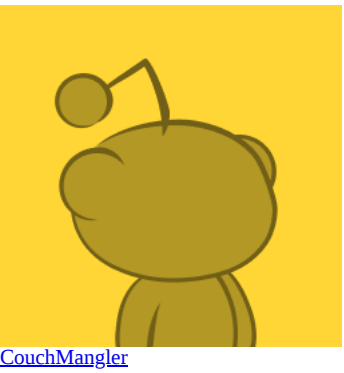
2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies



beaver11
• 13y ago

my grades. har har har



CouchMangler
• 13y ago

Me in this thread:
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jokersblow
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was staying in a small country town Robe with mt then boyfriend, celebrating an anniversary. We were staying in a cottage which was actually pretty big especially for just the two of us. It was a fairly new cottage and not creepy at all, the first 3 nights were quiet and rather uneventful.

The day before we had to leave, I wanted to go to the historical cemetery there, I like reading headstones. To get to the older part you walked through the new part, with all the shiny coloured marble stones with gold or silver trimmings. The older part was what interested me, there were graves as old as 1850 IIRC, there were 'gun accidents' and whatnot, but the most interesting part was the tiny headstones that were really only the size of a single brick. A family of at least 7 or so all died within a few days of eachother, many of them young children, and no cause was listed.

Later on that night, my boyfriend and I were trying to get a good sleep as we had to make the long drive home in the morning. We had the bedroom door shut as usual, and I kept hearing noises just outside in the living room. It sounded like the cds we had laid on the table had fallen off onto the tiles, and there were some other bumps too. I kept trying to ignore it, thinking that noise would be the last one and I can sleep now... Nope. Eventually it occurs to me that there might be someone in the cottage. I wake my boyfriend and ask him to go check. He leaves the lights off but goes out into the living room, and checks all the rooms and doors. Nothing was out of place, the cds weren't on the floor, the doors were locked, no explanation for the noises.

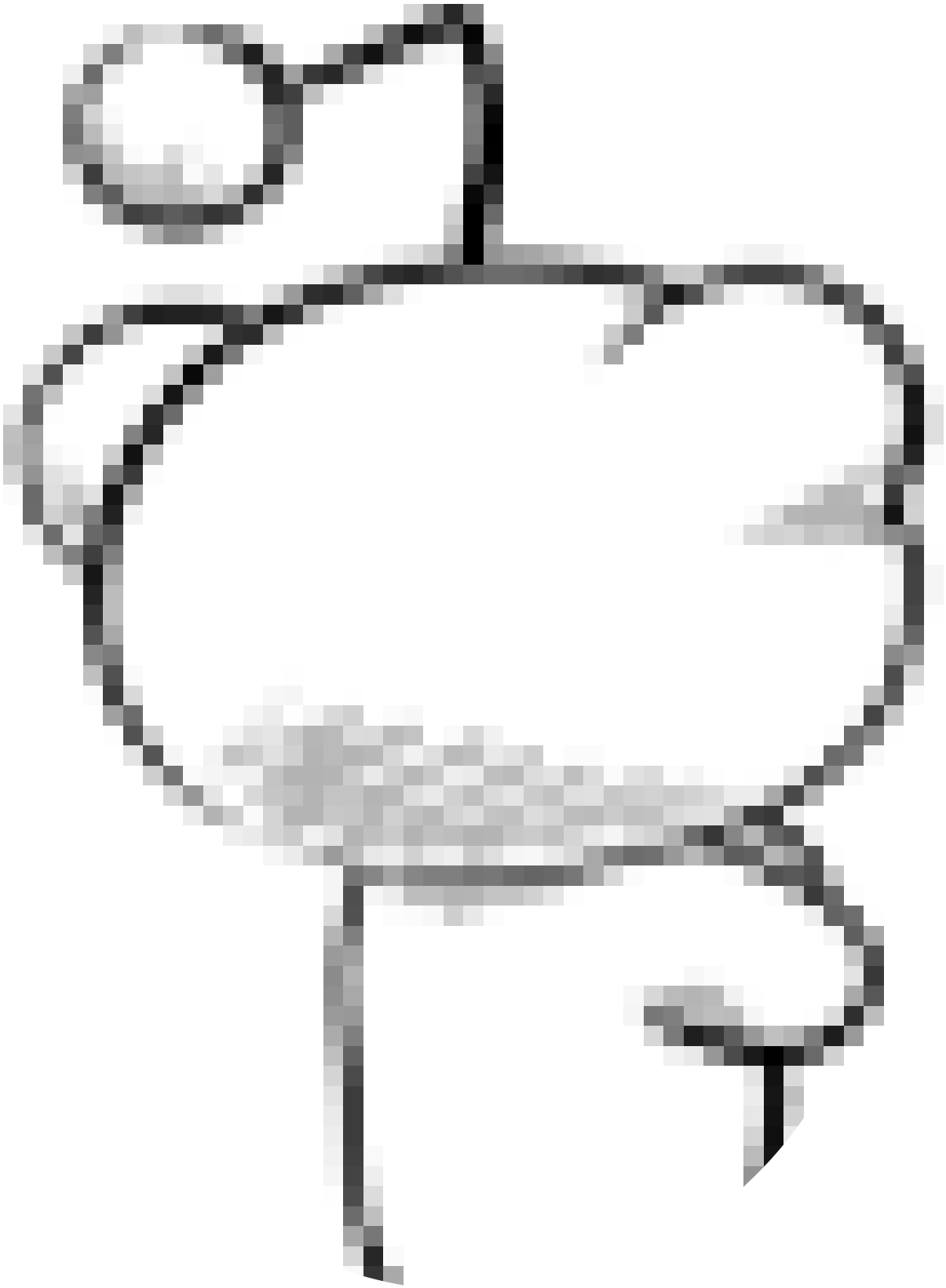
Tl;Dr cemeteries make me go something something

EDIT: Typed on my phone. Lots of issues there

1 more reply

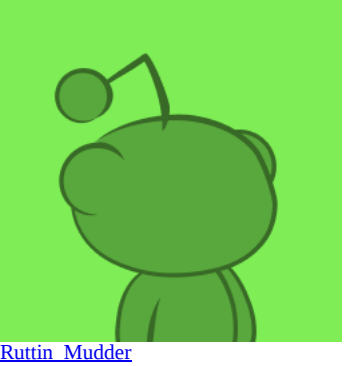
1 more reply

More replies



xxdiabolikalxx
• 13y ago

Went camping one year with my dad and a big group of people at a camp ground that also had a lake for jet skis and what not. I was probably around 12 years old at the time. I was never a fan of camping so naturally I had a hard time going to sleep. It was probably around two in the morning everything was dead quiet and out of no where I hear a blood curdling scream...sounded like a girl was being murdered. I was frozen with fear. I asked the next morning if anyone else had heard it and no one else had heard a thing. Sound still scares me to this day.



Ruttin_Mudder
• 13y ago

It was a fox.

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

xXXTGPxXX
• 13y ago

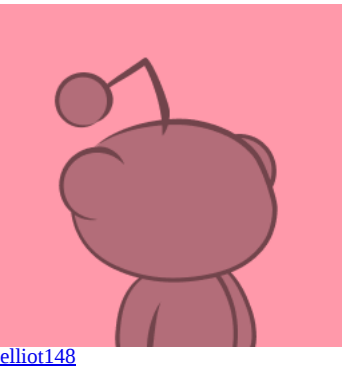
If you were in the southern US, it could have been a big cat. Jaguars and cougars, and to a smaller degree bobcats and lynxes, sound exactly like a screaming woman who is being viciously attacked/murdered. Nothing prepares you for that kind of sound in the night.

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies More replies

Cr1m
• 13y ago

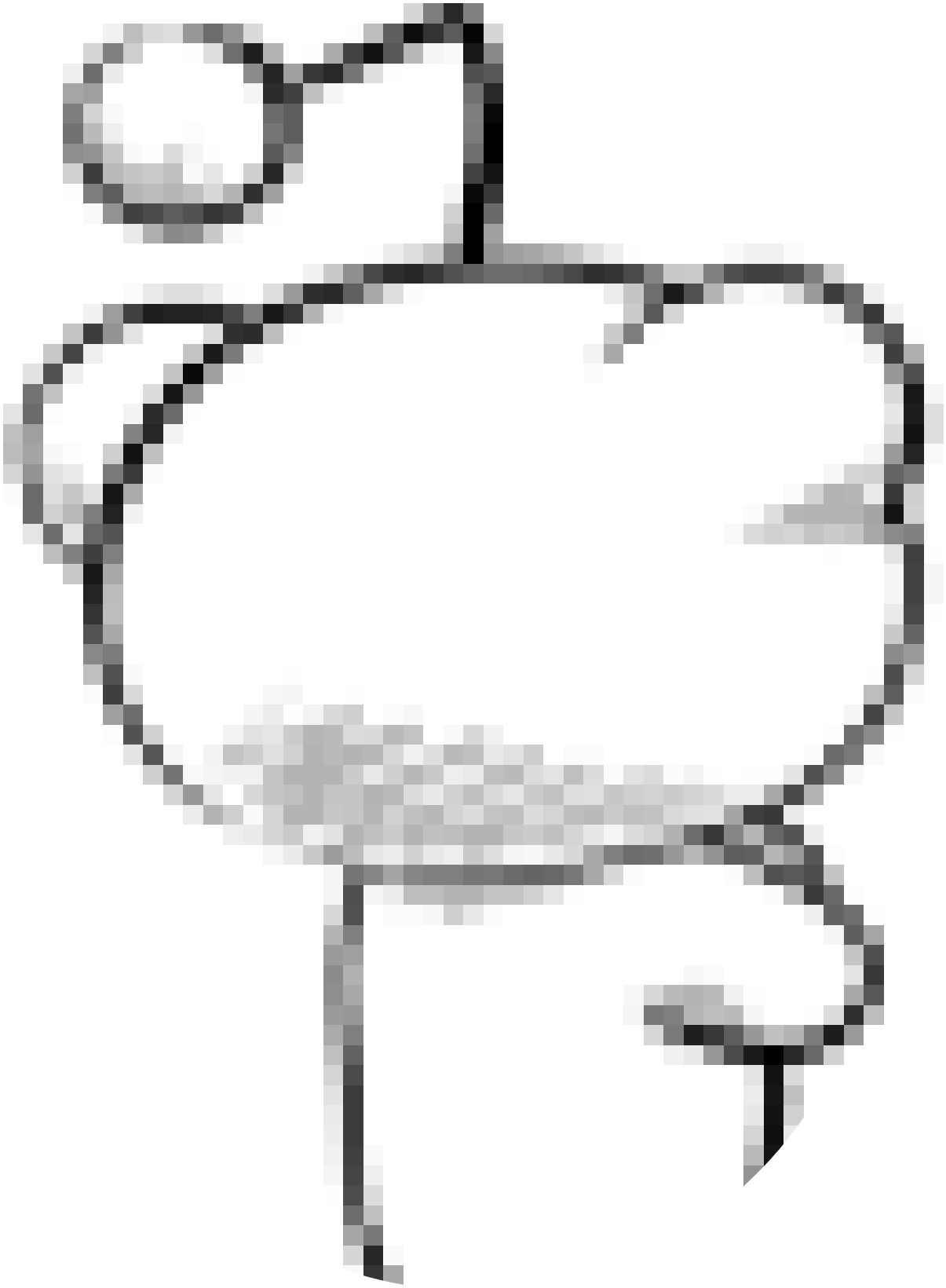
For me, it's always the things I don't see or hear. When I try to sleep, I always roll around checking the corners of the room; whenever I take a shower, I imagine that someone already broke into my house and I couldn't hear him.

Last August though, I moved into a Japanese apartment, complete with sliding doors and tatami mats. I had the most difficult time falling asleep after having flashbacks of The Grudge.



elliot148
• 13y ago

This picture on rotten.com I saw when I was 11. It was called "Patho38" and it was of a murdered child. I don't know why it bothered me so me so much but I couldn't sleep for three days after seeing it. You can google it and find it at your own risk, my friends have said they didn't think it was that bad, but it freaked me the fuck out.



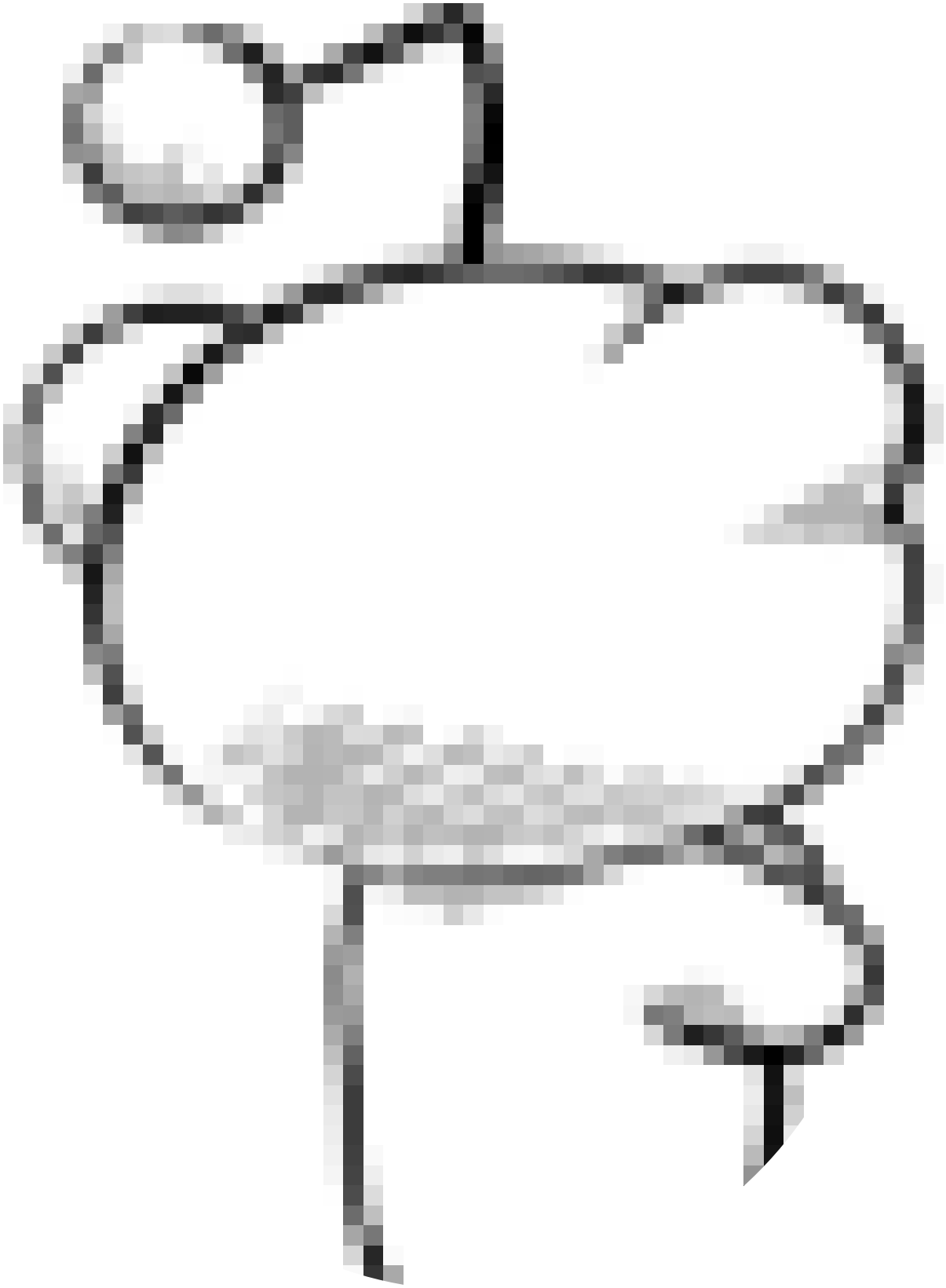
Forestalfawn
• 13y ago

We had swimming class in 8th grade and we shared the same shower room as the guys working out. I was the last one left in the showers and this 40 something guy shows up. I had just put shampoo in my hair and I saw the bloke staring into my eyes, out of fucking nowhere he starts screaming and shaking, he then fell and slammed his head in the shower floor which was a pretty hard fall and blood was everywhere. I stood there for 5 seconds wondering what just happened, then I panicked and yelled for help, my classmates were pretty shocked as well. What had happened was that he had a seizure, the bloke turned out to be fine. I did not get my towel back though.

FasteningKhan
• 13y ago

When I was very little my family moved into a house that had two fireplaces in it; one in the basement and one one the main floor. To keep the kids out of the one in the basement my dad put up two sheets of drywall to close it off. As we grew older the basement quickly became the kids area to play and do whatever. When I was about 7-8 I started to hear these noises in the basement coming from behind the pieces of drywall. Being that young there was only one explanation GHOSTS. I can't remember how long the noises were going on for, it was either a couple of days or a few weeks. Sometimes the sounds were so soft you couldn't be sure if you hear them or not but you always heard something when you turned off the lights at night. Of course we had told our parents about the noises but they didn't believe any of it, saying it's the house settling or something else One night I was trying to watch something on TV and the noises were getting louder and louder. There was no question that something was moving in the old fireplace. Scared as hell I tell my parents about it again, and finally convince them to come downstairs to check it out. We get down there and it's just quiet. My dad tells me it was just the TV, and as soon as he stops talking everyone hears something moving from behind the drywall. My mom and dad quickly go from 'it's nothing' to 'what the hell was that?!'. About five minutes later my dad is taking down one of the sheets of drywall to find out what's causing the noise. Turns out that a pair of pidgeons had somehow fallen down the chimney and were trying to get out. What we'd been hearing was them trying to fly out. It was a relief to find out what was causing the noise and the birds were let go no worse for wear.

TL:DR: heard noises from behind a boarded up fireplace as a kid and thought it was ghosts, turned out to be some trapped pidgeons.



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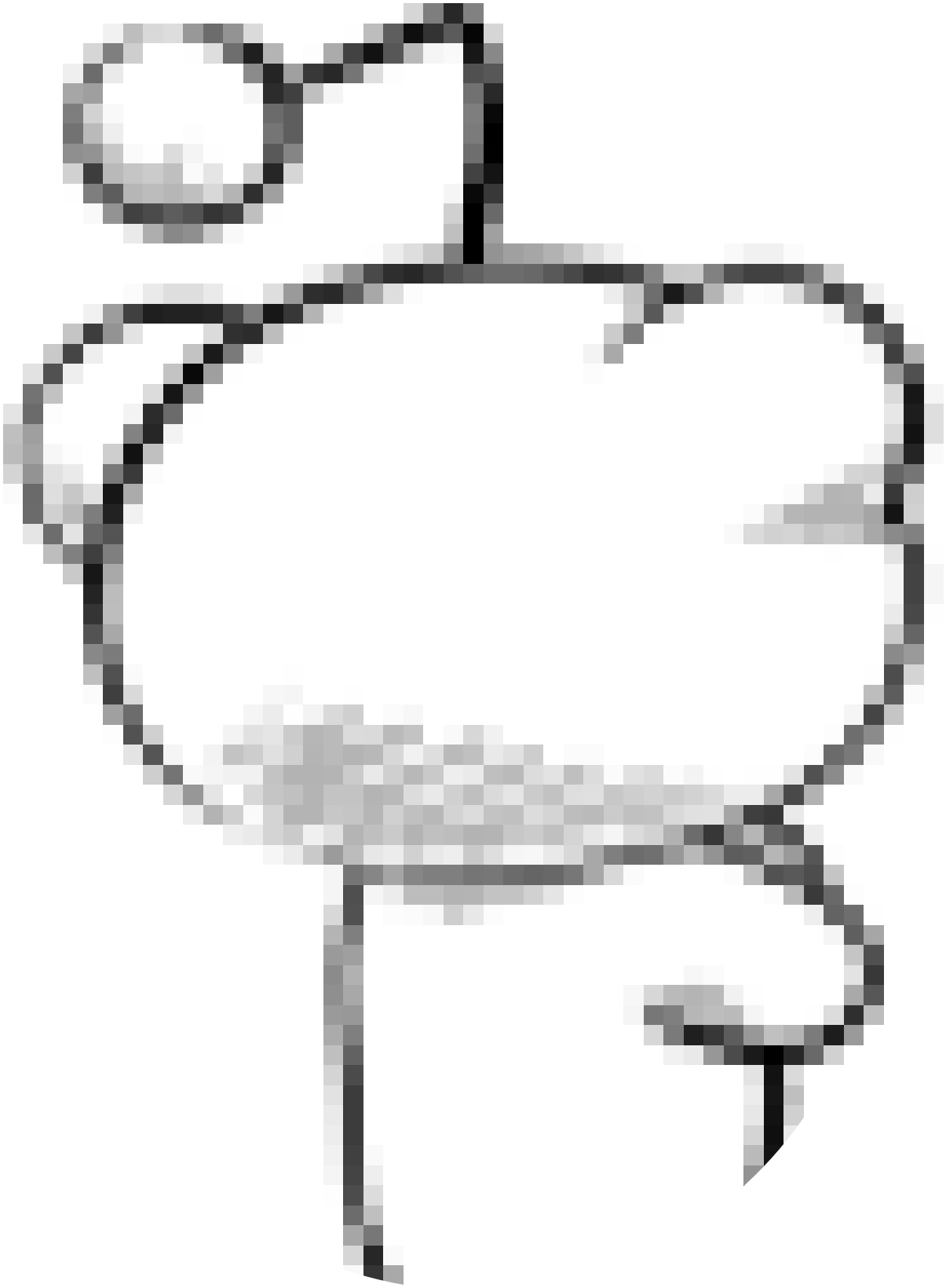
• 13y ago

If anywhere, I guess this would be the place to post it, long story short I'm an ex addict who went to a treatment center in Claresholm, Alberta, Canada and while I was there, when we were allowed to go out of the center for an hour or two we would always walk by this building on the mental health grounds, right by the entrance. On our way back this one time, a few of us decided to see what the hell it actually was. When we get to the door, there are chains around the handles and I don't remember exactly what the sign said, but it was something to the effect of do not enter, but for some reason I think it was phrased differently. Either way, we thought it was kind of odd, so being the adventurous addicts we were, we decided to check the place out a bit more. We walked up to the windows of one of the rooms, and everything in the room was still there, much like the rooms in the building we were staying in, all seeming to be in livable conditions. The next room was the same thing, except I believe there was white sheets draped over all the furnishings. One of the other guys we were with was ahead of us looking in the other Window and he said someone was in there, and they were walking down the hall towards the room we were at. He figured it was a cleaner or something, but we didn't see anyone walk by the room we were at. I know there isn't much climax to the story I have here, but I'm wondering if there's anyone on reddit reading this that might know the story behind this building, why it got shut down and locked up?

Lasercat77
• 13y ago

I was staring at my self in the mirror for no particular reason, and my face started to distort. My chin and nose because narrower and sharper, and my eyes just looked wrong in some way. I didn't stick around to see what else changed.



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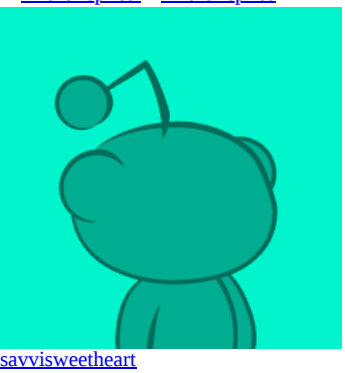
• 13y ago

That is an illusion, very common, that happens when you stare at yourself in the mirror for too long. Trust me, it can get so much worse.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies More replies



savvisweetheart
• 13y ago

Last summer, I frequently spent the night at my boyfriends house. At one point in the summer he was complaining about a reoccuring dream of a black reaper like figure haunting him. Not thinking too much of it, we just assumed it was nightmares. One night we were both sleeping, when I suddenly abruptly woke up terrified, but unsure why. I shook my boyfriend awake asking if he was having the nightmares, and he said the reaper just entered his dream. A little scared, I just tried to brush it off and we both fell back asleep. An hour or so later, after falling back into a deep sleep, I awake suddenly and even more terrified again. I go to shake my boyfriend awake but he just sits up and grabs my neck and starts choking me, holding me down on to the bed, speaking fast and fluently in a language I have never heard before. Crying and screaming for him to stop, he shows no emotions but continues to choke me and hold me down while speaking in the creepiest tone of voice and language I have ever heard. I was able to push myself off the side of the bed and release myself. He immediately collapses and falls back to what appeared to be a deep sleep. Still crying and completely shaken, I grab every blanket and hide myself under them at the end of the bed unable to sleep and too scared to move. The next morning he woke up and asked why i was sleeping at the end of the bed. When I explained what happened, a look of horror crossed his face. He had no recollection of waking up the second time and choking me or speaking in a language he doesn't know, but he did know the reaper was haunting his dreams. He later looked up what the figure in his dream meant, and it stood for "the angel of death". It took me a few weeks to comfortably sleep next to him again, and fortunately there weren't any more incidences of this occurring, but its safe to say I still get frightened when I think back on that night.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

CyborgWalrus
• 13y ago

My bed is close to the door that leads to our balcony. When I was little I was afraid that aliens or the boogeyman from moomin riding a flaming charriot came trough the door to abduct me so I always made sure it was locked. One evening I had my back towards the door and didn't hear my father coming to my room. He went to check if the door was locked by trying to turn the handle...

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

Gengar0
• 13y ago

When I was 8, I was visiting my Mum's family in England with my family (We're from Australia). We went to her Aunty's place, who was in her late 80s. She lived in what I presume is a typically small elderly lady house. Small driveway, no garage, front door opens to kitchen then to dining room, living room, staircase, few smallish bedrooms upstairs and bathroom. I shared a room with my brother, who was a year older than me.

He's the usual older brother, always fucking with me - all fairness I was insanely naive and gullible, even for an 8 year old. He's always had problems breathing while asleep, it sounds like he has a semi blocked nose.

So anyway, one night everyone's asleep. It must have been around midnight I woke up. I could hear what sounded like someone down on hands and knees crawling below the foot of my bed. Freaks me the shit out. I can remember hearing carpet and everything. I decide it's just my brother screwing with me, so I say something like "Stop it, I want to sleep!", then I realise I can hear my brother breathing away in the bed across from me. Then, the crawling noise comes up next to my bed. Freak the shit out, wake up my brother and we turn on the light, nothing there. I run to where Mum and Dad are sleeping. They say it's just the hot water system, or the heating or something, I can't remember. But damnit, the carpet noise..... I don't believe in paranormal stuff today, having never SEEN anything convincing, but that was enough for 8 year old me.

A week later, we leave my Aunt's place and stay over at another Uncle and Aunty's place. Once again my brother and I are sharing a room. First night we're falling asleep, 8 year old me doesn't like having moved around so much and can't fall asleep. Brother's breathing loudly, there's some loud ass clock, so I go down to where Mum and Dad are having a drink with my Aunt and Uncle. I tell them I can't sleep, my brother's snoring pretty much and there's this damn clock. Uncle tells me there is a clock in there but it hasn't worked for years. Eventually I go back to bed, clock isn't ticking anymore. Fucking what.. Fall asleep eventually and we go to some cousin's place a couple of days later. Visit tower of london, london dungeon, some other castles (still love medieval stuff) meet some cool cousins, have a fairly good time, good memories.

DashingForth
• 13y ago

Literally just happened over the weekend.

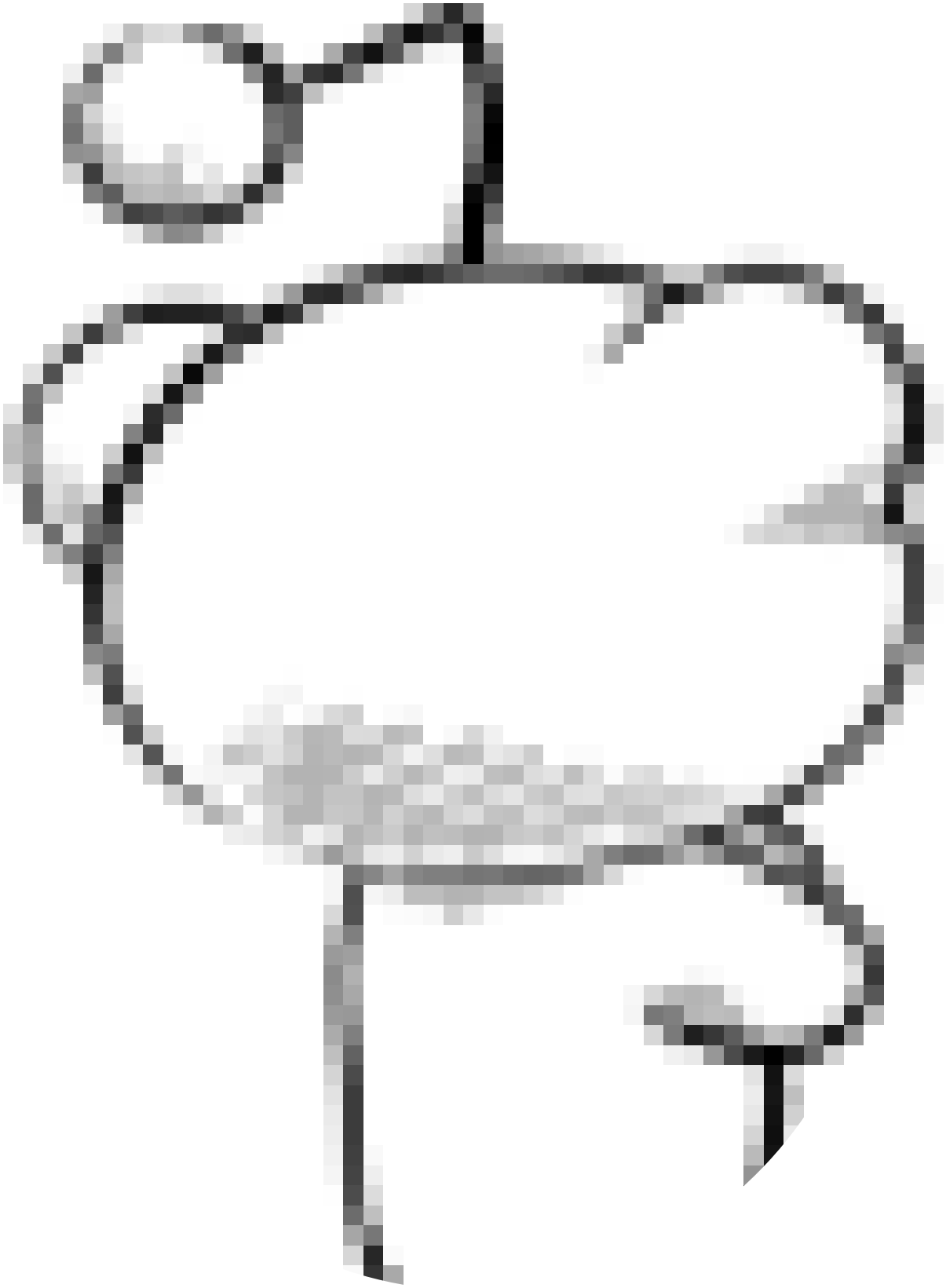
Was at a music festival in Ireland and we had just taken some acid. The venue was a castle grounds with a lake and a forest, so just as we were coming up we decided to go on an adventure. Walking through the forest we were giggling and tripping balls, so we decided to climb trees and flake.

A friend of mine decided to keep going higher and higher, ignoring the cracks of the dead branches and our increasingly frantic calls to stop him. At about 30 feet up the branch under his feet gave way and he fell, managing to grab hold of a branch directly above him. This held for all of 2 seconds and the branch took it upon itself to also snap. He plummeted 30 feet onto the ground, landing on his back.

Very nearly died, but got off lightly with his wrist severely broken in two places, fore-arm snapped, elbow dislocated and fractured a bone in his back. Not to mention he had to spend the rest of his acid trip in the horrible, sterile environment of the hospital being poked at with sticks.

Still get flashes of that branch breaking and him just dropping.

Scary as hell.



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• 13y ago

Stayed in a Cabin for 2 days while travelling. I stayed in the room with only a single bed, I was travelling with friends who brought their partners so it was the natural thing to do.

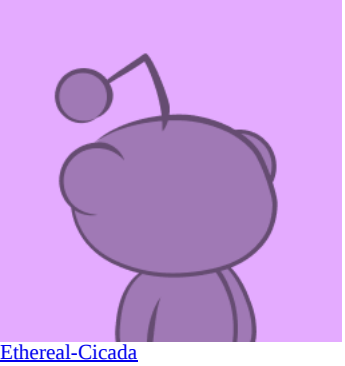
The room used to be a childs room, still had lots of kid things in it. I was bored one night and couldn't sleep so I went through all the cupboards and found a huge stack of books. One was a diary, standard diary nothing really exciting. Flipping through the pages when suddenly fear grips me.

The word "H E L P" written so it was covering the entire page with an aura of blackness surrounding the red writing.

Every single page for 50 or so pages had the exact same thing until the last one had a drawing of a little girl curled up in a ball facing away from the reader.

Scared the fuck out of me and to this day I almost cry thinking about it for some reason. Really creeps me out.

Edit: . . On that note.. going to try get some sleep. If there's any questions i'll reply when I wake up, Australian here so the timezones are a bit out.



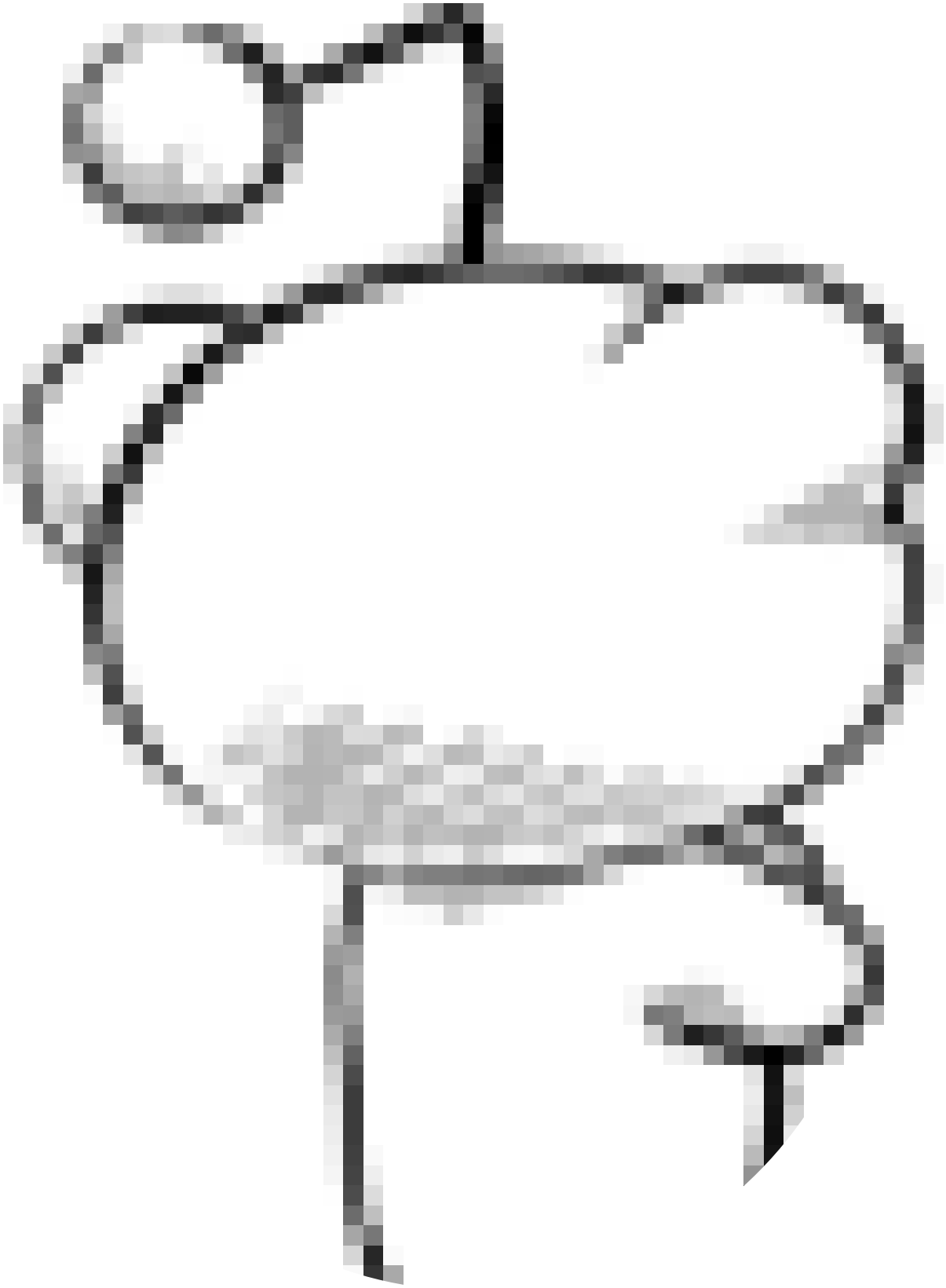
Ethereal-Cicada

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I once had a Vivid dream which left me in shock for days. It was at a point in my life where I was really fascinated with Lucid Dreaming (I was never very good at it, but I was eager to practice). I had had a few successes followed by weeks of failures when I stopped trying one night. The details of that night were hazy but the experience is still very much engrained into my memory.

At 2:30 A.M I awoke to a man sitting by my bedside stroking my hair and smiling at me. The man was a fat dirty looking clown resembling something of Ringmaster at a Carnival. He wore the traditional Ringmaster Red robes but struck me as a clown who was out of work and was not wearing his face-paint.

I was paralyzed in fear at the sight of him and could only shiver as he asked me how I slept. He spoke in a playful tone which carried an eerie undertone. I couldn't muster a response in my fear, acknowledging this he instead took out a small red box, upon his opening of the box I saw two rows of pills neatly lined up, two red, two orange. "These are Minhs and Muhns and its your lucky night to take them!, I'm a very busy man and have lots of children to see, so please take them in a hurry." I felt blood starting to rush to my head and closed my hoping to wake up when he grabbed my shoulder and said in a dry and sinister voice "You're not asleep you know...at least not yet." I spat out my breath in a feverish manner hoping this things wasn't right but was unable to wake up. He stared at me with an intense look in his eyes for a minute before suddenly snapping back into his playful self. "If you take the Red Minhs you'll have a wonderful dream full of your carnal sexual desires in the Orange Muhns you'll find yourself helpless in Nightmares which you will frighten you in ways you wont understand, although I have to admit I always get the two mixed up." He laughed a terrible laugh and proceeded to forcibly stuff handfuls of pills down my throat. what followed was precisely what he described.



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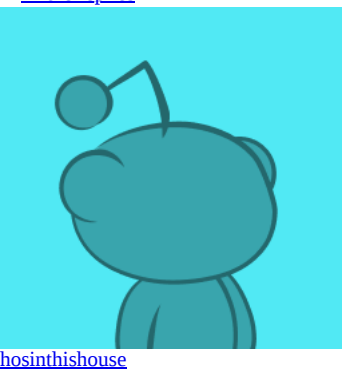
• 13y ago

I have fucked up dreams sometimes. That's a good one, as far as fucked-upness.

More replies



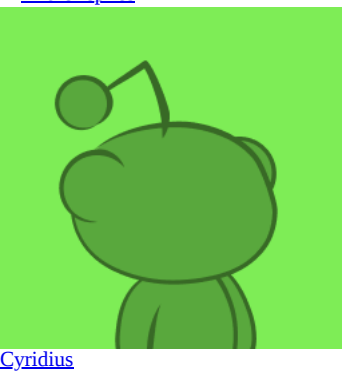
hosinthishouse
• 13y ago

Went out to the desert one weekend with my friends for a camping trip. I had just gotten a new camcorder and brought it along because; hey, a bunch of drunk kids in the desert seemed like something I should probably film. So were dancing around, getting drunk and being silly and just generally having a good time; and i'm filming all of it. The night is winding down and everyone is going off to sleep and i'm just reviewing the footage of everything I filmed that day. I started noticing these orbs in the video bur I just brushed it off as reflection from the various lights and fires that were going on at the time until one point in the video when my friend was filming me dance and suddenly, all these orbs just popped up outta no where and it looked like literally I was walking through a snow storm there were so many orbs surrounding me. So I think....that's strange and continue watching the playback. A couple minutes later in the video, I take the camera from my friend and continue filming. At this point, I notice all these blue streaks begin to appear in the video. I slow it down to get a better look and that's when I notice the blue streaks are in the shape of claws that are reaching for the camera and one was the shape of this demonic face twisted in an horribly exgaggerated expression of joy. When the realization hit me that what I was looking at was some sort of paranormal shit, my cell phone abruptly rings like, really loud with an unknown number. So I answer say hello and this impossibly deep voice says 'hello' back but in a way that it sounded as if someone had pressed fast forward on a VCR. I say 'who is this' again, a deep voice repeats in an exaggerated sped up deep voice. I hang up, turn off the camera and try to sleep. At this point, I notice a low buzzing noise on the ground, but brush it off and drift into sleep. Hours later, im awoken and it sounds like theres a 747 underneath the ground me and my friends were sleeping on, but oddly, all of my friends are still asleep as if they don't notice it. I remember going to try to wake someone up and ask wtf is going on but I was suddenly paralyzed with this overwhelming fear and exhaustion and within a minute I had gone back to sleep. Woke up the next day, asked if anyone had heard the jet underground, no one had...showed them the creepy video and we were all throughly freaked the fuck out!

currently-online
• 13y ago

You should post a link to the video

More replies



Cyridius
• 13y ago

This was a year ago.

I was studying for my final exams, sitting up in my room as you do, going through the usual procrastination routine. I closed my eyes, did a stretch, and decided to get to work. I see this wee spider crawling across my books. Usually, I'm *terrified* of spider, but this one was tiny, really harmless. I was like "Awwww, that's kind of sort of cute". I got it onto my finger and played with it, then put down further away.

I open my book. Another spider crawls over it. Rince and repeat. Thought nothing of it. But now I was distracted again. I did a nice stretch...

The ceiling. Spiders. Everywhere. Hundreds of them. And I'm scared of spiders. I let out the most *blood curdling* scream ever. My entire room was crawling with spiders. On my ceiling, on my bed, on my desk, there was even a few in my hair that had fallen from the ceiling.

Turns out, few spider eggs hatched at the same time. There were a few bigger spiders amongst the babies, though, dunno what they were doing there.

While they were babies, but it felt like this.

I ended up fleeing my room, getting in the shower *with clothes on*, then proceeded to turn my room into a gas chamber for a few hours.

6 more replies
6 more replies
More replies

effthatNonsense
• 13y ago

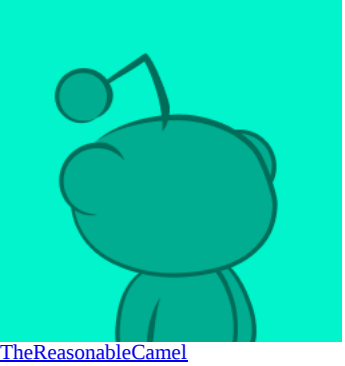
Little brainwashed kids acting like they were filled with Jesus and rolling their eyes and trembling. I blame the parents.

thewhaler
• 13y ago

I used to fly a lot for work and now that I am in a long distance relationship I tend to fly every two months. I always fly alone too. I used to really like the window seat. I'd watch the ground from above, sometimes taking aerial photos. Suburban settlements and huge farms can actually look really cool from above, making all sorts of neat geometric patterns. Got a cool pic of the pentagon from above too. You just get a scale for how big the country is too on a cross country flight. You can go for minutes without seeing evidence of a human over some states.

I liked watching the descent home the best, I got good at figuring out what towns we were above and then seeing things like the citgo sign (go sox!). However one time on the way home as we were descending and I saw different cranberry bogs and fields and different places, it just all felt deeply unsettling it just didn't look familiar. I had this horrifying feeling that I was landing in the wrong Boston. I got more and more uncomfortable until the plane landed and I got off and everything was normal but it was such a disturbing feeling.

Anyway I always sit in the Aisle now.



TheReasonableCamel
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I realize this is very long but it's worth the read, I promise

Psychosis

Sunday I'm not sure why I'm writing this down on paper and not on my computer. I guess I've just noticed some odd things. It's not that I don't trust the computer… I just… need to organize my thoughts. I need to get down all the details somewhere objective, somewhere I know that what I write can't be deleted or… changed… not that that's happened. It's just… everything blurs together here, and the fog of memory lends a strange cast to things…

I'm starting to feel cramped in this small apartment. Maybe that's the problem. I just had to go and choose the cheapest apartment, the only one in the basement. The lack of windows down here makes day and night seem to slip by seamlessly. I haven't been out in a few days because I've been working on this programming project so intensively. I suppose I just wanted to get it done. Hours of sitting and staring at a monitor can make anyone feel strange, I know, but I don't think that's it.

I'm not sure when I first started to feel like something was odd. I can't even define what it is. Maybe I just haven't talked to anyone in awhile. That's the first thing that crept up on me. Everyone I normally talk to online while I program has been idle, or they've simply not logged on at all. My instant messages go unanswered. The last e-mail I got from anybody was a friend saying he'd talk to me when he got back from the store, and that was yesterday. I'd call with my cell phone, but reception's terrible down here. Yeah, that's it. I just need to call someone. I'm going to go outside.

—

Well, that didn't work so well. As the tingle of fear fades, I'm feeling a little ridiculous for being scared at all. I looked in the mirror before I went out, but I didn't shave the two-day stubble I've grown. I figured I was just going out for a quick cell phone call. I did change my shirt, though, because it was lunchtime, and I guessed that I'd run into at least one person I knew. That didn't end up happening. I wish it did.

When I went out, I opened the door to my small apartment slowly. A small feeling of apprehension had somehow already lodged itself in me, for some indefinable reason. I chalked it up to having not spoken to anyone but myself for a day or two. I peered down the dingy grey hallway, made dingier by the fact that it was a basement hallway. On one end, a large metal door led to the building's furnace room. It was locked, of course. Two dreary soda machines stood by it; I bought a soda from one the first day I moved in, but it had a two year old expiration date. I'm fairly sure nobody knows those machines are even down here, or my cheap landlady just doesn't care to get them restocked.

I closed my door softly, and walked the other direction, taking care not to make a sound. I have no idea why I chose to do that, but it was fun giving in to the strange impulse not to break the droning hum of the soda machines, at least for the moment. I got to the stairwell, and took the stairs up to the building's front door. I looked through the heavy door's small square window, and received quite the shock: it was definitely not lunchtime. City-gloom hung over the dark street outside, and the traffic lights at the intersection in the distance blinked yellow. Dim clouds, purple and black from the glow of the city, hung overhead. Nothing moved, save the few sidewalk trees that shifted in the wind. I remember shivering, though I wasn't cold. Maybe it was the wind outside. I could vaguely hear it through the heavy metal door, and I knew it was that unique kind of late-night wind, the kind that was constant, cold, and quiet, save for the rhythmic music it made as it passed through countless unseen tree leaves.

I decided not to go outside.

Instead, I lifted my cell phone to the door's little window, and checked the signal meter. The bars filled up the meter, and I smiled. Time to hear someone else's voice, I remember thinking, relieved. It was such a strange thing, to be afraid of nothing. I shook my head, laughing at myself silently. I hit speed-dial for my best friend Amy's number, and held the phone up to my ear. It rang once… but then it stopped. Nothing happened. I listened to silence for a good twenty seconds, then hung up. I frowned, and looked at the signal meter again – still full. I went to dial her number again, but then my phone rang in my hand, startling me. I put it up to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked, immediately fighting down a small shock at hearing the first spoken voice in days, even if it was my own. I had gotten used to the droning hum of the building's inner workings, my computer, and the soda machines in the hallway. There was no response to my greeting at first, but then, finally, a voice came.

"Hey," said a clear male voice, obviously of college age, like me. "Who's this?"

"John," I replied, confused.

"Oh, sorry, wrong number," he replied, then hung up.

I lowered the phone slowly and leaned against the thick brick wall of the stairwell. That was strange. I looked at my received calls list, but the number was unfamiliar. Before I could think on it further, the phone rang loudly, shocking me yet again. This time, I looked at the caller before I answered. It was another unfamiliar number. This time, I held the phone up to my ear, but said nothing. I heard nothing but the general background noise of a phone. Then, a familiar voice broke my tension.

"John?" was the single word, in Amy's voice.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hey, it's you," I replied.

"Who else would it be?" she responded. "Oh, the number. I'm at a party on Seventh Street, and my phone died just as you called me. This is someone else's phone, obviously."

"Oh, ok," I said.

"Where are you?" she asked.

My eyes glanced over the drab white-washed cylinder block walls and the heavy metal door with its small window.

"At my building," I sighed. "Just feeling cooped up. I didn't realize it was so late."

"You should come here," she said, laughing.

“Nah, I don’t feel like looking for some strange place by myself in the middle of the night,” I said, looking out the window at the silent windy street that secretly scared me just a tiny bit. “I think I’m just going to keep working or go to bed.”

“Nonsense!” she replied. “I can come get you! Your building is close to Seventh Street, right?”

“How drunk are you?” I asked lightheartedly. “You know where I live.”

“Oh, of course,” she said abruptly. “I guess I can’t get there by walking, huh?”

“You could if you wanted to waste half an hour,” I told her.

“Right,” she said. “Ok, have to go, good luck with your work!”

I lowered the phone once more, looking at the numbers flash as the call ended. Then, the droning silence suddenly reasserted itself in my ears. The two strange calls and the eerie street outside just drove home my aloneness in this empty stairwell. Perhaps from having seen too many scary movies, I had the sudden inexplicable idea that something could look in the door’s window and see me, some sort of horrible entity that hovered at the edge of aloneness, just waiting to creep up on unsuspecting people that strayed too far from other human beings. I knew the fear was irrational, but nobody else was around, so… I jumped down the stairs, ran down the hallway into my room, and closed the door as swiftly as I could while still staying silent. Like I said, I feel a little ridiculous for being scared of nothing, and the fear has already faded. Writing this down helps a lot – it makes me realize that nothing is wrong. It filters out half-formed thoughts and fears and leaves only cold, hard facts. It’s late, I got a call from a wrong number, and Amy’s phone died, so she called me back from another number. Nothing strange is happening.

Still, there was something a little off about that conversation. I know it could have just been the alcohol she’d had… or was it even her that seemed off to me? Or was it… yes, that was it! I didn’t realize it until this moment, writing these things down. I knew writing things down would help. She said she was at a party, but I only heard silence in the background! Of course, that doesn’t mean anything in particular, as she could have just gone outside to make the call. No… that couldn’t be it either. I didn’t hear the wind! I need to see if the wind is still blowing!

7 more replies
7 more replies
More replies

i_am_sad
• 13y ago

Scariest thing: I was up late in the living room, sitting at the computer talking on AIM and playing runescape or n+ or whatever godawful game I was addicted to at the time. I was thirsty as all hell so I got up to get a drink. I was in the very corner of the house, and the kitchen was all the way across the house, through this room, then the dining room and then finally the kitchen. The house is built into a hill, it's called a bi-level house, where the back room (where I was) was ground floor, and has a door to walk out into the back yard, but the kitchen which is on the same level as the room I was in, is on the second story, because of the hill. This is important to know.

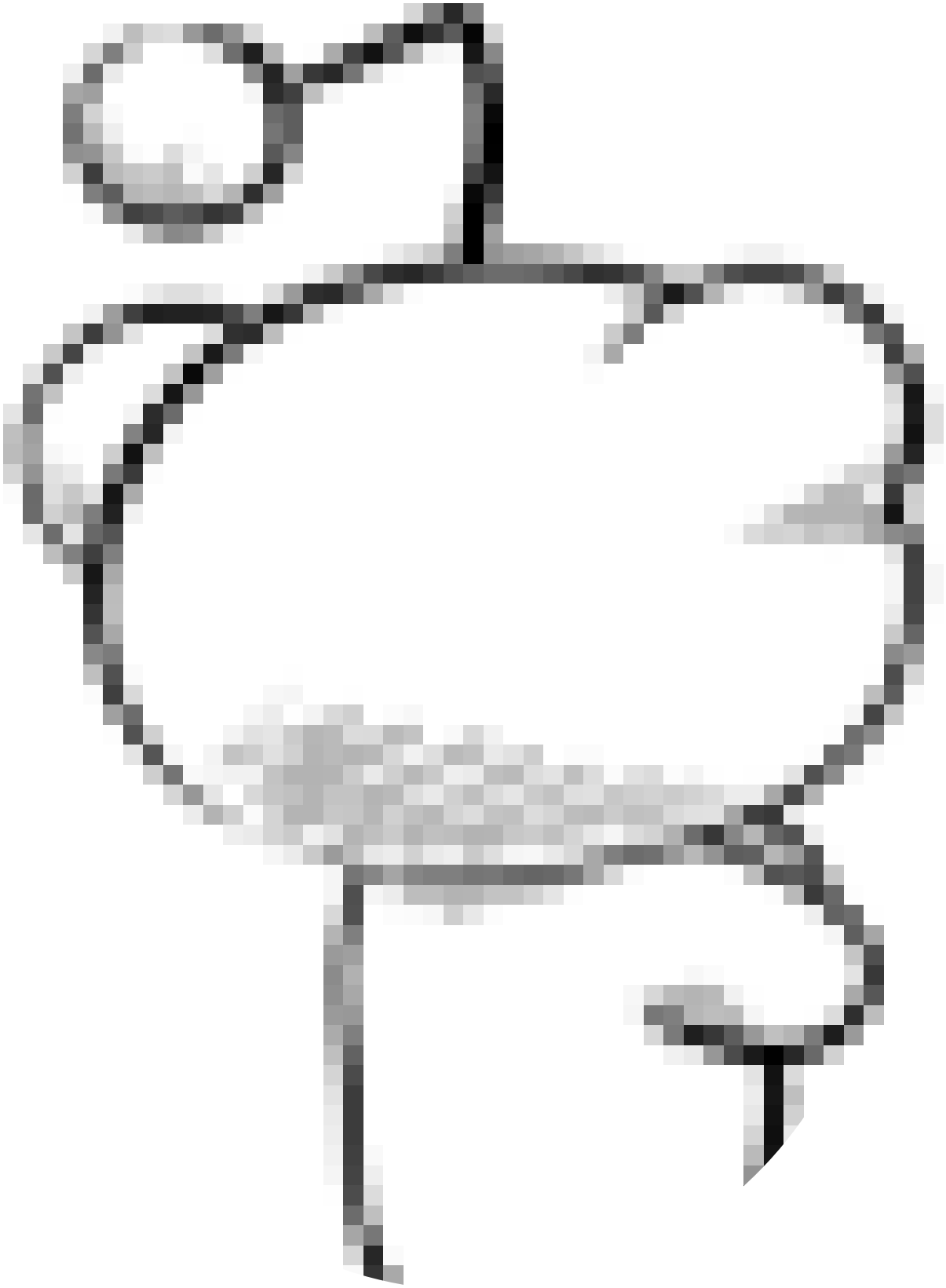
So, I'm walking towards the dining room, and when I round the corner to almost be in the open doorway, I see the dining room window, and there is the brightest light I've ever seen in my life. It was almost blinding, and it was red, but it *did not light up the house, or the yard, or anything*. It was blindingly bright, looking at it, but it did not give off light. That still to this day confuses me. It was round, most probably a sphere roughly the size of a softball, maybe a little bigger, and it appeared solid, but the closer to the center it got, the brighter it got to the point that the middle was nearly white. It shimmered, and glowed, kind of like a street light does through a wet window. It looked wet, if that makes any sense. It doesn't, but I'm almost certain it was wet, because it just looked that way, however that works. So this wet, softball sized light that doesn't produce light is in the window. It's floating by, towards the kitchen, and is going in a slightly upwards motion as well, and is kind of listing around lazily, hovery/floaty like. I see it, and I stop. I just dead fucking stop, and I don't even breathe. I'm too scared to breathe, to move, to blink. I just stare at it, and listen to my heart racing as if it were war drums singing the song of my death. I know that seems theatrical, but it was theatrical. The main character turns around to be nose to nose with the main villain for the first time. The alien from signs walks out from behind that wall during the birthday party. Bruce Willis is a ghost. She doesn't really love you, and you have an inoperable tumor. It was dramatic, it was theatrical, it put every single horror movie combined to shame. Time stands still, and life itself ceases to exist while this thing passes out of my view. It's been like 7 years and still to this day I am starting to shake thinking about it. -10 san is how I can explain it, for those familiar with the call of cthulhu. I lost sleep over this thing, I lost sanity over it. I cannot fathom what it was. I tried to play it off as a taillight in the neighbors driveway or anything at all, but I just can't. I stood there frozen in fear for what seemed like eternity, and then it was gone and I turned right the fuck around and got back in my chair and begged my friend on AIM to not go to sleep until the sun came up, because I was too afraid to go past that window again to wake up my parents and tell them that I severely needed to be held and comforted.

A few hours later, when the sun was good and up, and people were awake, and I wasn't alone and it wasn't dark but I was still afraid, I mustered up enough courage to go look out that window again, already hating myself for not going outside to see what it was, I look and I see, from where I was standing, it was either literally outside the window, or it was 30 feet in the air in the neighbors yard. I've stood there again, over the years, watching the neighbors leave for work. I cannot see their car, or the taillights or anything from where I was standing. Whatever it was, it was not ordinary and I've got chills just thinking about it.

That was the scary.

Now for the creepy: Same house, different year. Sit out with my brother and a friend of ours who is very religious. We watch the stars, see shooting stars and satellites moving across the sky, and occasionally other things that I also cannot explain, and also have no idea what are, but that's for another time. We're talking, and Mr. Religious brings up religion. He talks about his god, and all of his glory, and how, if you really just sit and listen, and watch, you can see god and feel his presence and hear him, which is nice and all but he also prayed for the clouds to leave and begged god to show us his power by making the stars more visible when it was foggy, and other silly things that aren't very christian. Anyways, he says this to us right as he leaves, and he stayed outside the whole time so I know he didn't have anything to do with it, but after he leaves we go in and my brother and I are just sitting in the kitchen working on some model kits to pass the time. It's probably 2 am, and I hear something. I ask him if he does, and we listen, and we both hear it. It's faint, but not so quiet that we cannot understand it. It's a harp, almost as loud as elevator music, playing in our kitchen from seemingly nowhere and everywhere. We go outside, and cannot hear the music outside, so we come back in and still we hear it. Go down in the basement, go in our bedrooms, go in the living room. Everywhere we go in the house, we hear the most beautiful harp music being played. It never gets louder, and it never gets quieter, no matter where in the house we go... it's just there, and it's very soothing and melodic. It's beautiful. I can't explain it, I have no idea what it was or how it happened, but for hours we sat there listening to the soft sounds of a beautiful harp being played as we worked on our model kits, until suddenly it fades away. "I can't hear it anymore, can you?" kind of fades away. My life will never be as pleasant as it was in those few hours as I sat in silence listening to that harp, but damn if it wasn't creepy.

I might have one more (as if anyone will even see this) if I can find it in an old post of mine. A couple maybe, from all the nights I sat watching the stars.



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• 13y ago

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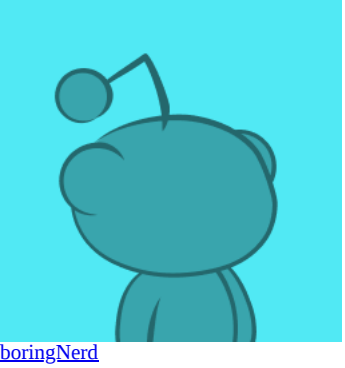


boringNerd
• 13y ago

I was conscripted into the army a few years back. I didn't encounter anything creepy personally but there were enough stories floating around back then that freak me out.

1. Someone from the room next door saw some white figure near the window of my room. The thing is, every single person in the entire company was to fall in to the parade ground for some briefing before lights out. That dude went pale immediately and he only spoke after we nearly slapped him out of his trance. No one in my room slept well that night. One of my section mate who happened to sleep near that window didn't even dare to go to the toilet in the middle of the night. He pee-ed right beside his bed. All of us screwed him up the next morning because we had room inspections every morning.

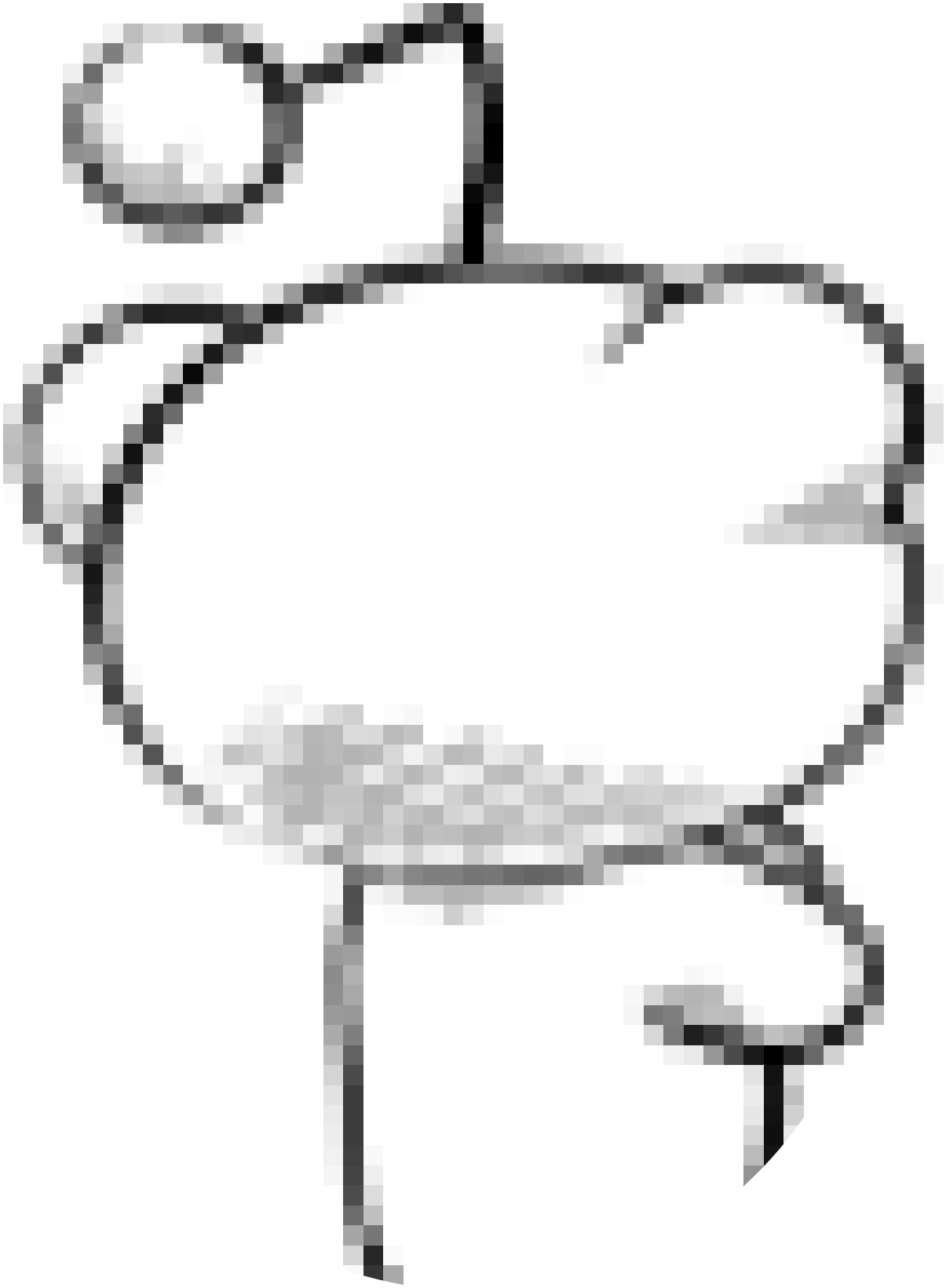
2. I was on duty a couple of times in a pretty deserted guard post. There is a toilet there with no mirrors. Apparently whenever they installed a mirror, folks started seeing something in the mirror. One officer decided to just remove the mirror from there permanently. Thank god I was only there in the day.

3. One time while I was on a vehicle travelling towards some checkpoint, a fellow soldier was telling me just a day ago, another dude was in the vehicle smoking and chatting with his friends when all of a sudden he fell silent. His sergeant noticed it and asked him what's wrong. He said he saw a white figure "chasing" after the vehicle. No one else saw it, but then they did notice a stench filling up the entire vehicle when they passed by the area when the guy saw something. It was 5.30am when I heard that story. And I was passing by that exact same area where everyone's excited about.

4. One of my friend told me he saw a "head" hovering around a security camera he was monitoring. The room he was in at that time was only a few steps away from that camera. Once again, I was at the exact same room when he told me that story.

5. I was participating in a military exercise once, patrolling the perimeters with a dog handler. These dudes does patrol in the middle of the night when most of us are asleep. Any way, he told me there has been many situations when their portable radio will automatically switched channel when they patrol past certain area. No one is able to switch it back. Then the dogs will start going crazy, barking towards the same direction. Every thing went back to normal after they continued pass that area.

TL;DR I heard many creepy stories in my military days that still bring up my goosebumps whenever I think about it.



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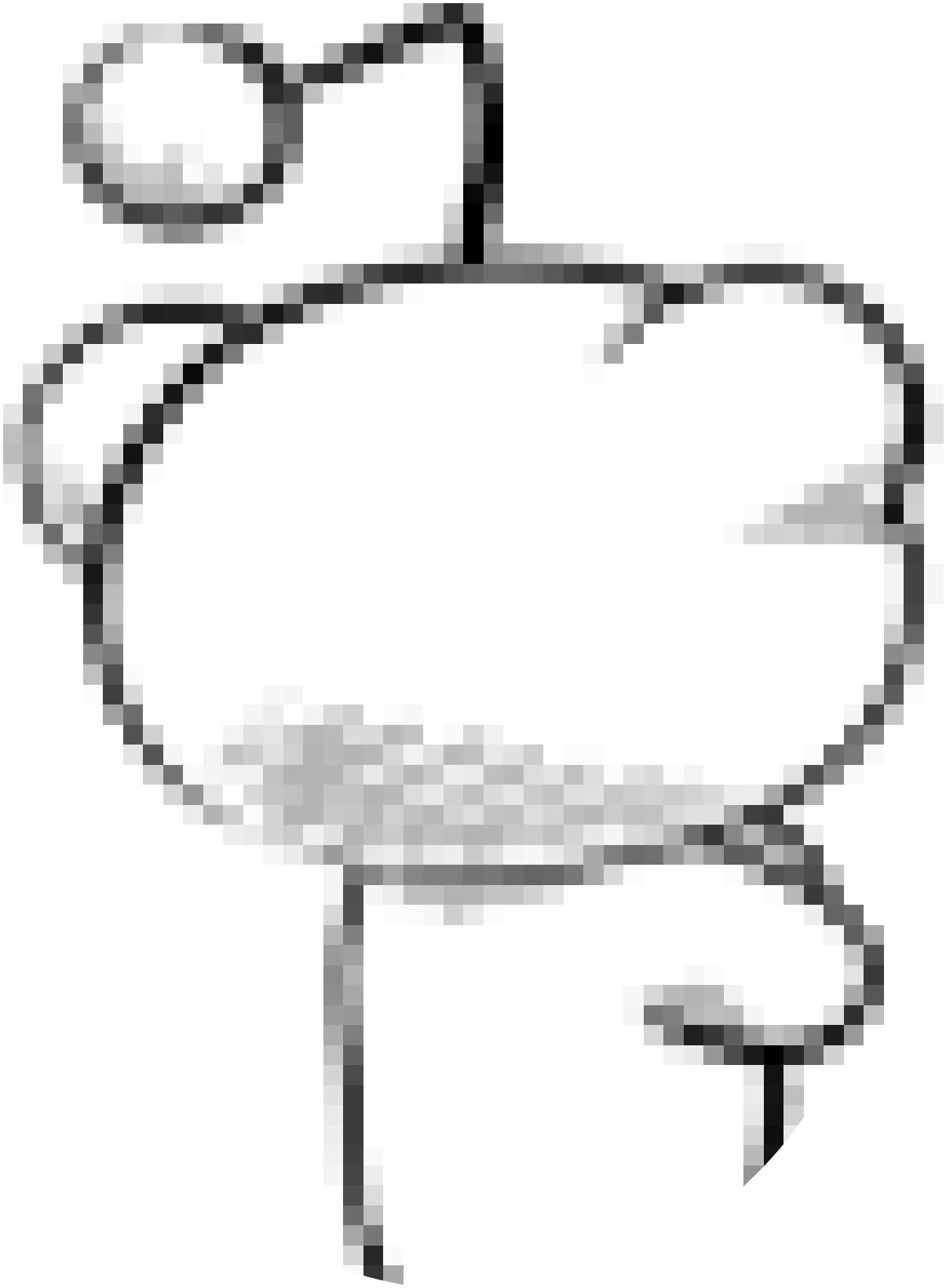

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• 13y ago

A few weeks ago I stayed at my parents after a long family trip. I slept in the room which had been the same room I grew up in. It was 4am and I wasn't able to fall asleep. Then I head a knocking on the door so I got up to open it. There wasn't anyone there so I payed back down leaving the door cracked. After I had gotten back in bed I heard the knocking again. When I looked at the crack in the door I saw a black figure staring at me. I just payed there paralyzed and then a demonic voice say something and then the door opened all the way and I layed there staring at this figure until the sun came up and it faded into nothing. I can honestly say I have never so scared in my life. I belive in spirits and demons and that's what I assume I saw. After asking my parents the next day none of them were up that night.

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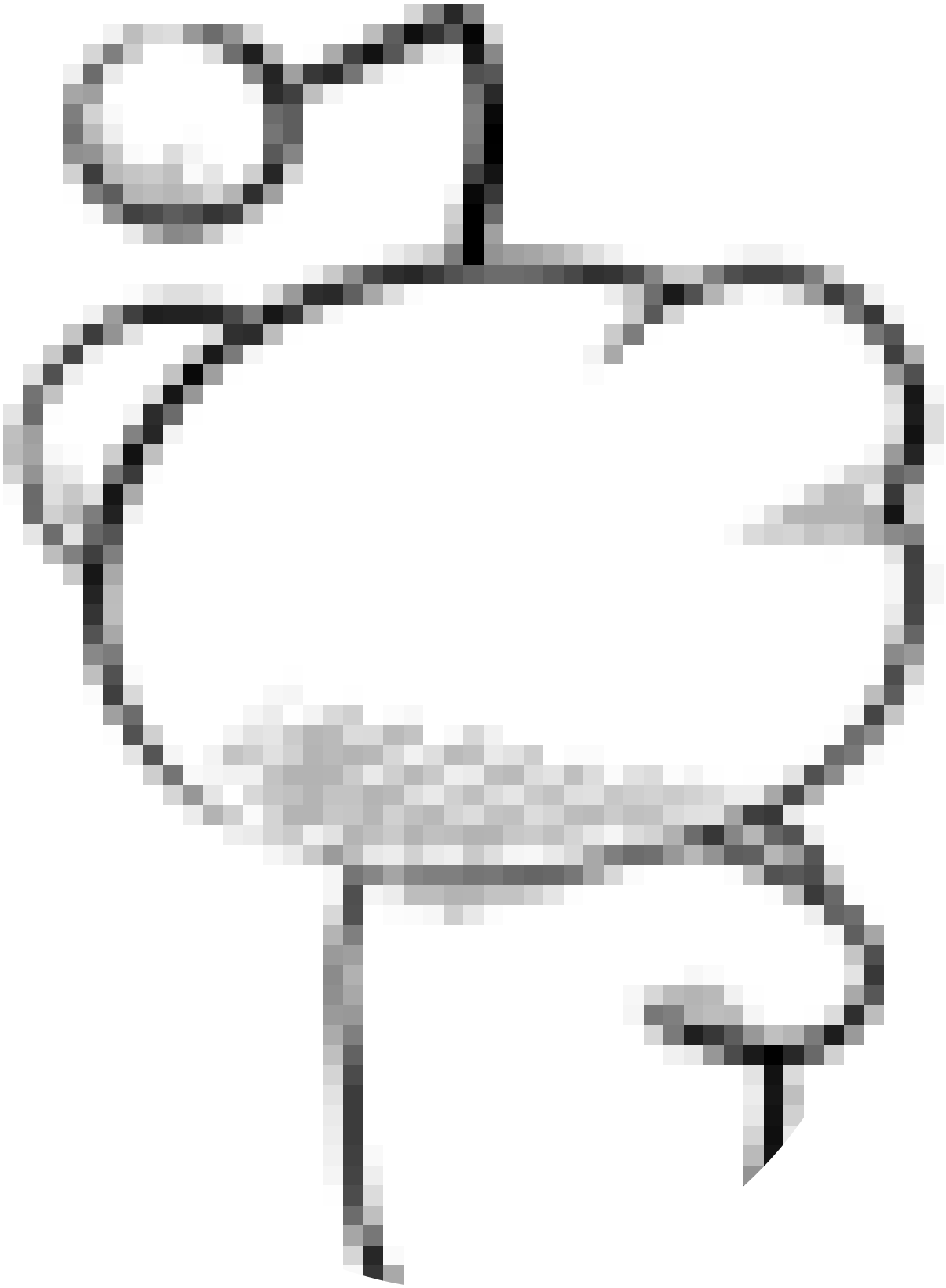

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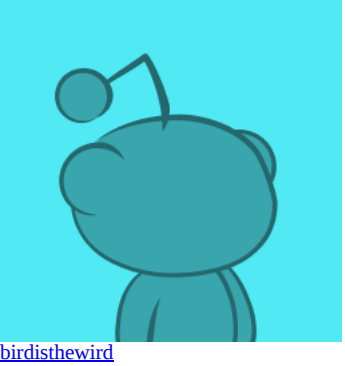
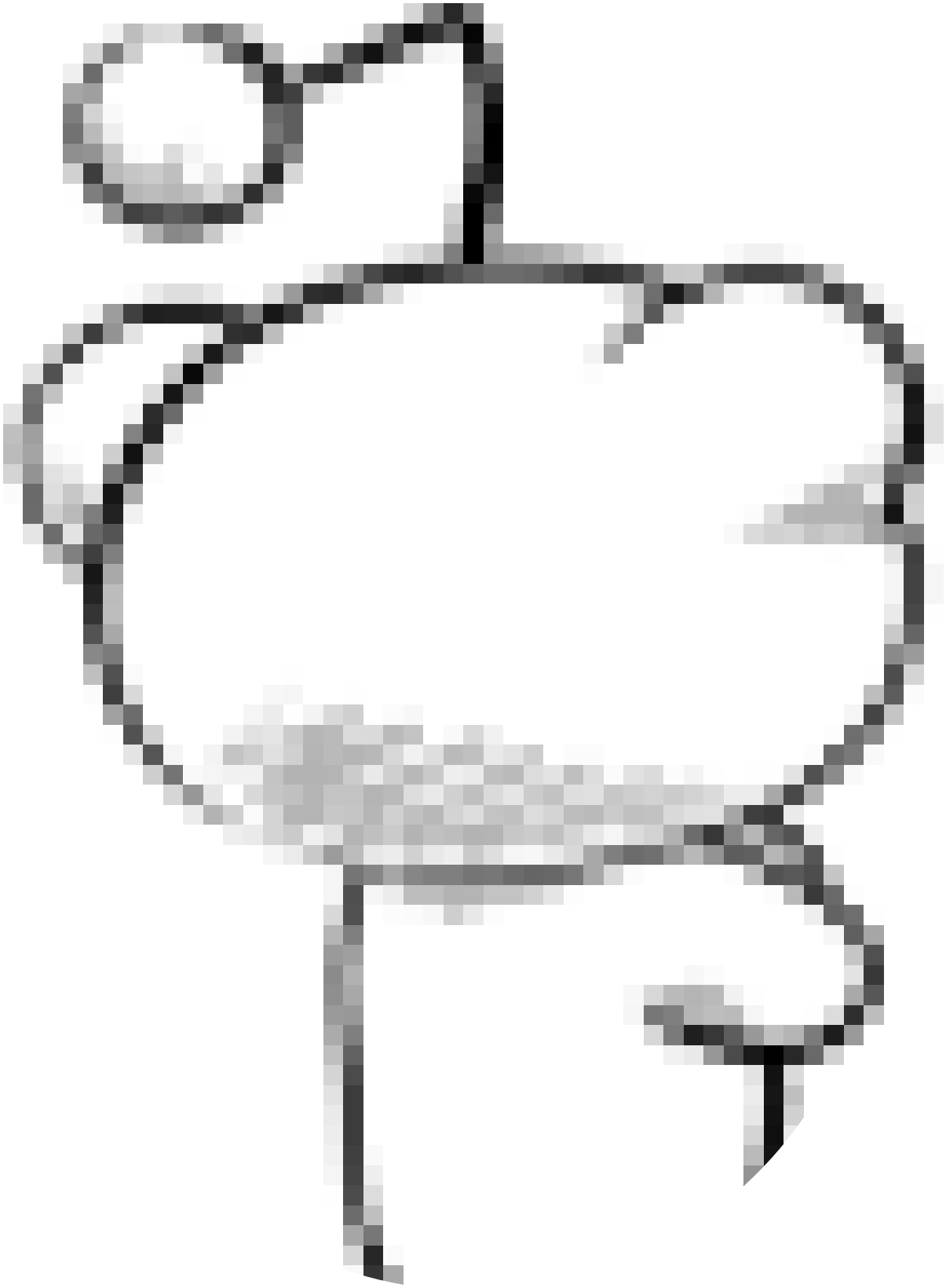


birdisthewird
• 13y ago

Does anybody remember the response to a similar ask Reddit post about a year ago about the guy who was hiking alone for a week in Canada? It was in the nineties so he brought several disposal cameras with him. Anyhow apparently the place he was hiking was super remote and he didn't see anybody the entire time he was hiking. when he gets home, he gets his film developed and is looking through his pictures. In the pictures there are two that are taken at night, of him sleeping pin his tent.

Man, if live to have the link to that story. It scared the shit out of me when I read it...it may be the only time I've ever physically reacted to something when I read it by pushing my computer away. Creepiest thing ever, and there's no way I can do justice to it with my summary.



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• 13y ago

"After college, I went backpacking in the Canadian wilderness for a few weeks, by myself. To put this in perspective, I was in the middle of fucking nowhere (North of Atikokan, Ontario). The nearest "town" was a 3 hour bus ride away, and I only saw one other person (from a distance; he was in a canoe) during the entire 17 days. I brought a a few disposable cameras with me, as this was before digital cameras were too widespread, and took a lot of pictures. When I got home, I had them developed and took a look at them. The pictures were standard nature shots until I got about halfway through my first camera. There were 2 pictures of me, asleep in my tent, in my sleeping bag. I literally freaked out when I saw it, and had a complete breakdown. To this day, I have no idea how those pictures got taken. I haven't been camping since, and I sleep with my door locked and my curtains shut. TL;DR: Went camping by myself in the middle of nowhere. Pictures of me in my sleeping bag were found on my disposable camera. It really messed me up."

As quoted from: http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/uluh1/what_is_the_creepiest_most_inexplicable_thing/

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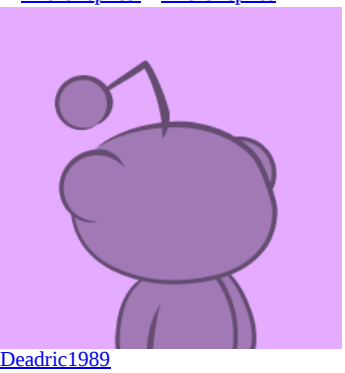
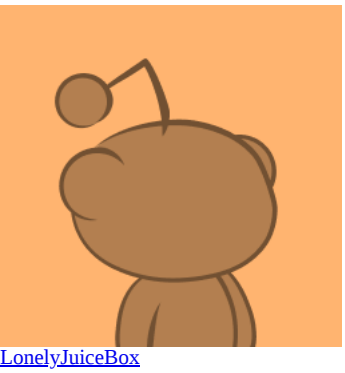


Deadric1989
• 13y ago

At a ordinary thursday we (4 friends) decided to take some hasj cookies. What we didnt know was that there was an electricity outfall coming. When it happend we convinced a friend there was a tsunami on the way and that the covernment denied usnacces to the television so we could die in peace(hasjcookies make you paranoid as shit) while the three of us were saying stuff like better wake your brother to say your last goodbye. But after time went by we started to believe it aswell, I have never seen 4 paranoid parrots as parranoid as that. Phones were down we had no internet. We almost called our closest friends to say goodbye, but we didnt cause we wanted them to die in peace instead of in feat and paranoia. We started to eat all the food we could get just to have the feeling of being alive. After 4 ours the lights turned on and the shortage was over. We were still stunned for like 1 hour. After that we laughed for many many hours.

Hasjcookies are fucking awsome.

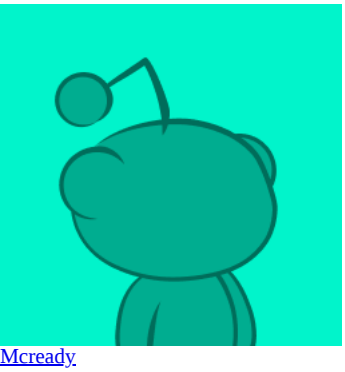


LonelyJuiceBox
• 13y ago

My brother in law told me a story about his mother. One time she was preparing a BBQ out in her backyard before a family party. She poured charcoal onto the grill and a 3 inch man wearing a white suite rolled out of the bag, got up while still on the grill and dusted himself off. She immediately fainted and fell to the ground, she woke up a couple of minutes later not knowing how to explain what just happened.

TLDR; a 3 inch man fell out of a bag of charcoal, dusted himself off and the woman fainted

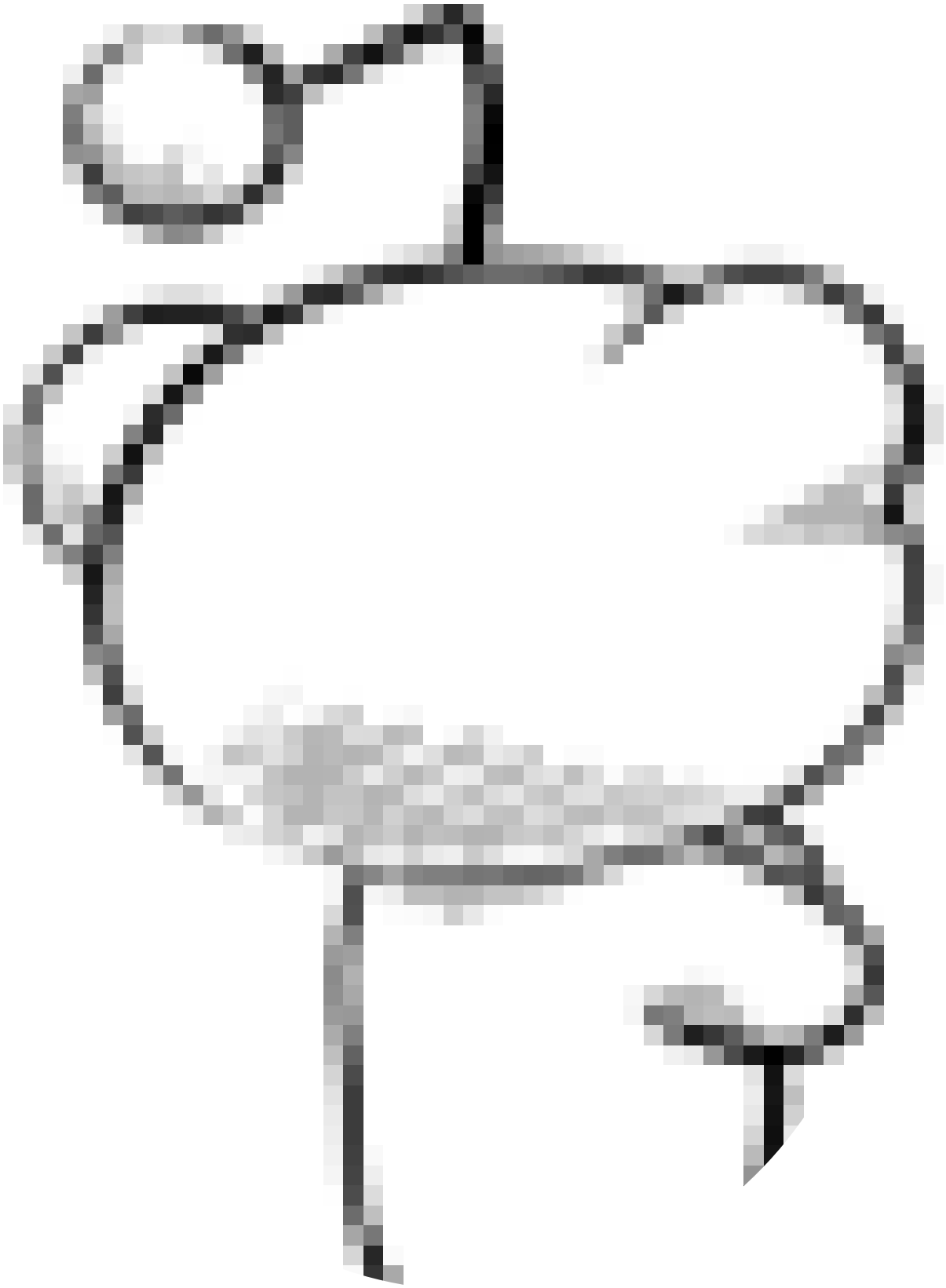
Edit: spelling mistakes



Mcready
• 13y ago

Whaaaat?!?! A man...an actual little man...?!

More replies



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• 13y ago

Walking in NYC late night, saw a mouse walking down the street. About 1/4 of his fur peeled off but was still attached to his body, probably due to escaping out of a mouse trap. Underneath this fur flap you could see the bright red skin exposed.

Hello, rat race!

1 more reply
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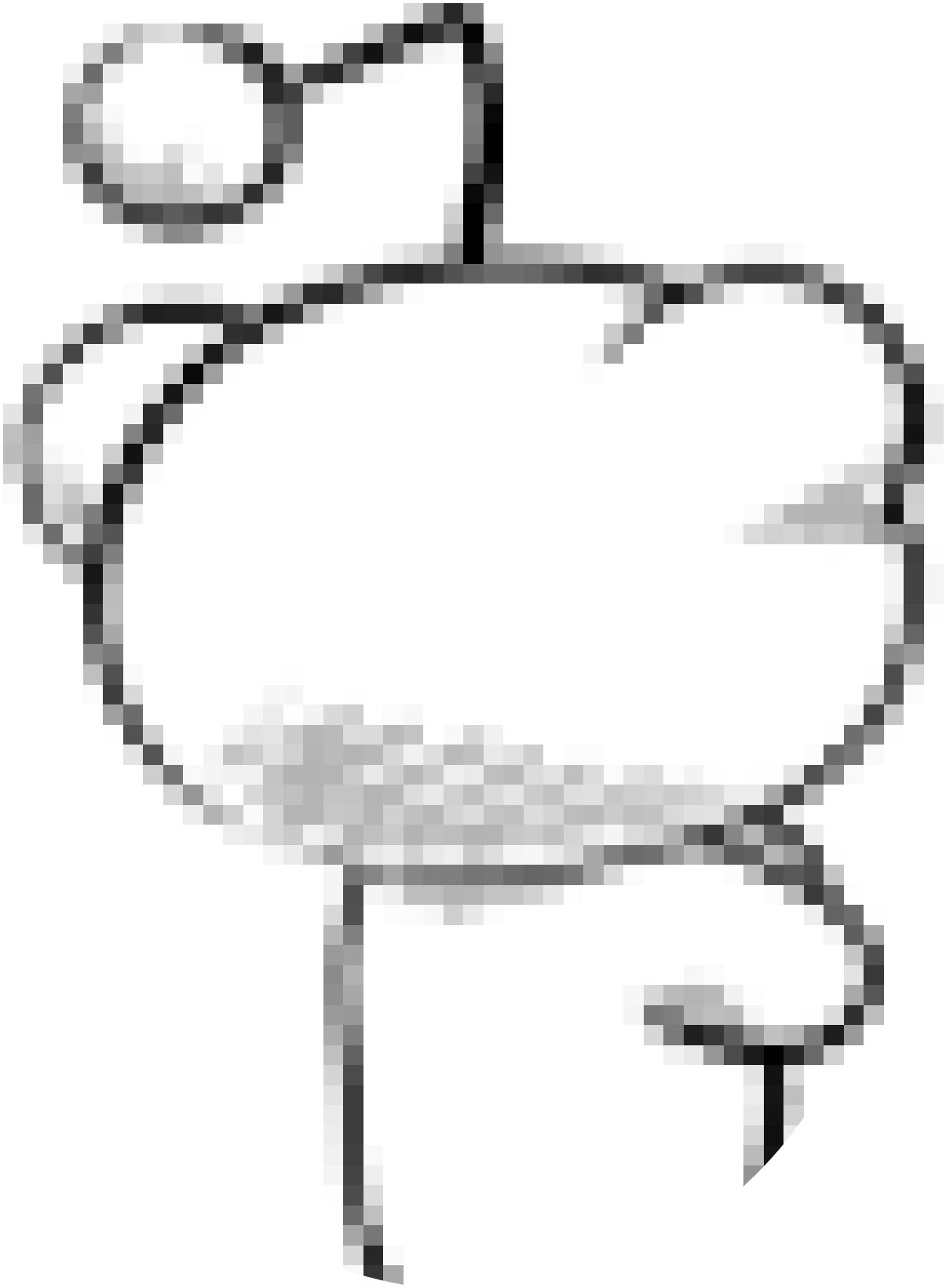
IhateDonkeys
• 13y ago

I'm kinda late to the thread, but hey, why not:

So last summer, my ex and I wanted to find a place where we could smoke, have sex, etc. Our mutual friend lived in a neighborhood with a lot of woods, so we decided to give it a shot, and it was very secluded, and a nice place to go. So after using it a couple of times, we decided it was an awesome place to go. Then it all happened. We went back there at dusk one day, and we started doing our normal routine in there, no problems. The whole time during foreplay, we could hear rustling in the more wooded areas behind us. It was distant, so we didn't think anything of it. At this point, it's almost completely dark out, and it's hard to see a lot around us. I stand up to put on a condom, and I look out to where I'm hearing the noise, and it's getting louder. I start telling my girlfriend to be quiet, and she is getting scared too. That's when I look out, and see what seemed to be an albino Kangaroo hopping towards us through the forest in the middle of Pennsylvania. As soon as I look at it in the black of night, the thing turns away (about 10 feet from us) and hops away. I seriously thought I was about to be killed by some alien albino kangaroo while putting on a condom. I noped the fuck out of there, and I didn't go back until recently. I didn't notice anything weird when I went back, but our friend, the only person we told, went into the same spot one day, and he said a white dog like thing got up on all 4, and started growling at him. I have no idea if this was the same thing, but all I know is that that was the scariest moment of my life.

TL;DR: I almost got abducted by an albino Kangaroo.



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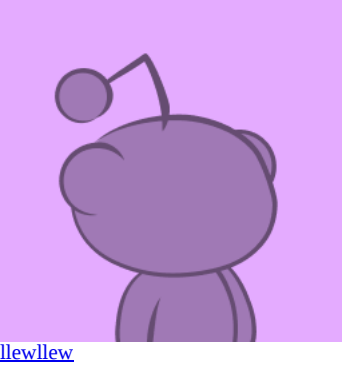
• 13y ago

I'm not sure if this is true or not but my friend told me something that freaked me the hell out. Somewhere out there in the world, there are two people participating in consensual sex in the missionary position for the sole purpose of procreation.



llewllew
• 13y ago

"I missed my period again"

iIStheKirk
• 13y ago

I've been told that whenever your sleep is interupted(meaning you suddenly wake up) in the middle of the night without any disturbance, that 90% of the time is because someone/something is watching you sleep.

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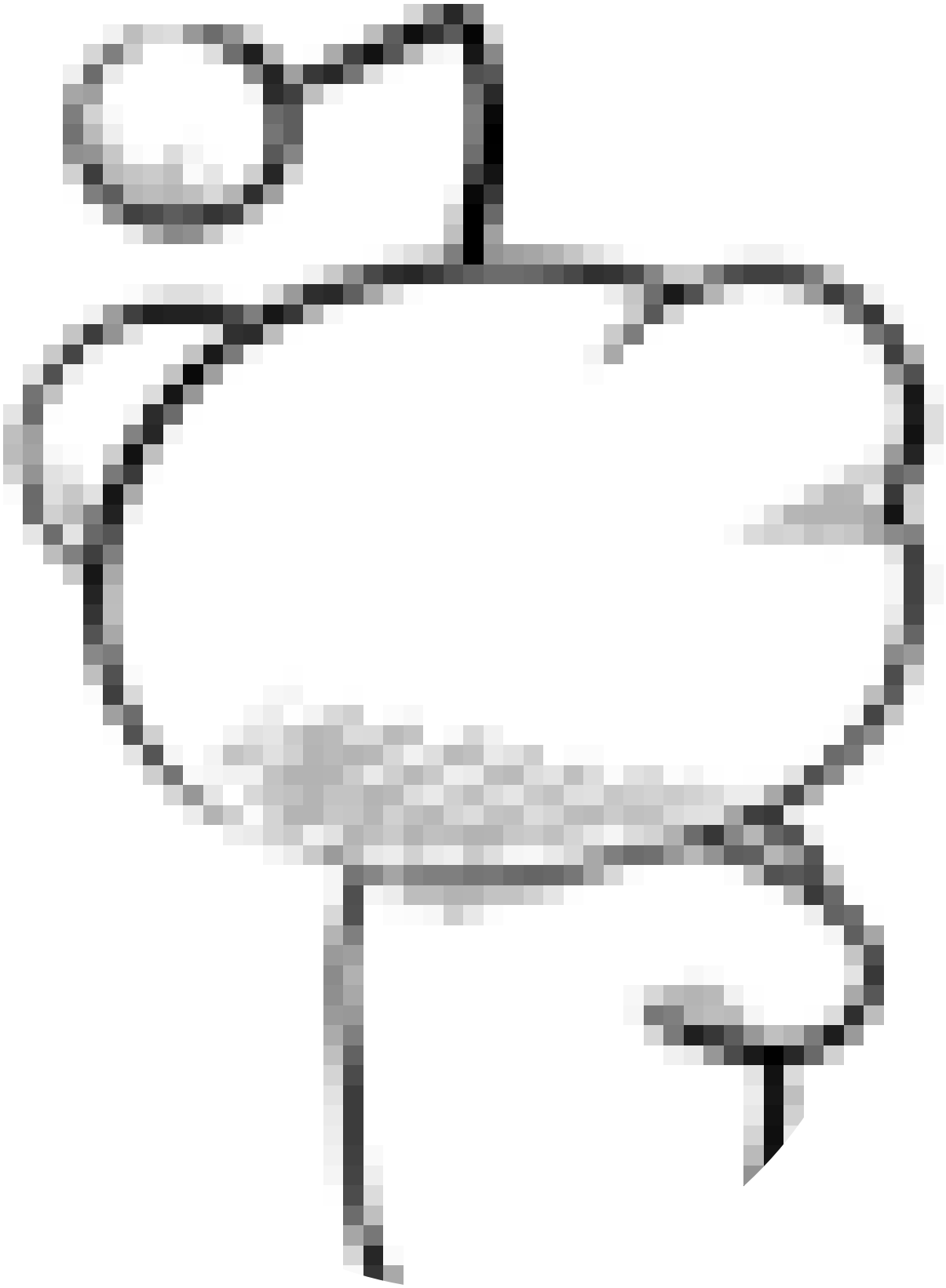

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• 13y ago

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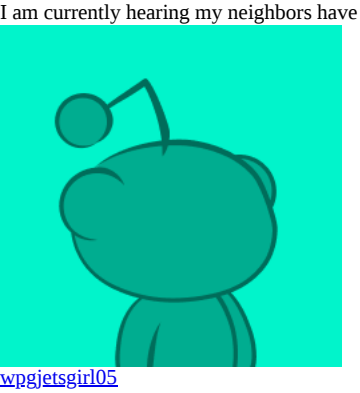
Trcymcgrdy1
• 13y ago

now thats some crazy shit. Right around a murderrrrrr.

FindingFire

• 13y ago

I am currently hearing my neighbors have sex. If you could see them, you'd understand why I'm scared.



wpgjetsgirl05
• 13y ago

The paranormal ones do not scare me as much as a real life creeper, especially the "man in the window" It is a huge fear of mine. When I was 14, I was laying on the couch in the basement of my grandma's house when the curtain fell off the window on the door for no reason. Never mind anything paranormal, I was paralyzed by worry that a figure would appear. I was stuck on that spot on the couch all night, trying to avoid looking in that general direction. Finally at 4am, I got the courage to run upstairs where my family was sleeping and every window I passed, my heart stopped. I couldn't sleep till there was light outside. After reading about actual experiences and also discovering the Slender Man, it feels like sleep is out of the question for tonight. Why do I do this to myself?

Reply Share

rageface56
• 13y ago

One time when I was watching The Soup, I sneezed and Joel McHale blessed me 0_0 I turned off my TV and ran .. Scariest thing I've ever experienced on while watching television.

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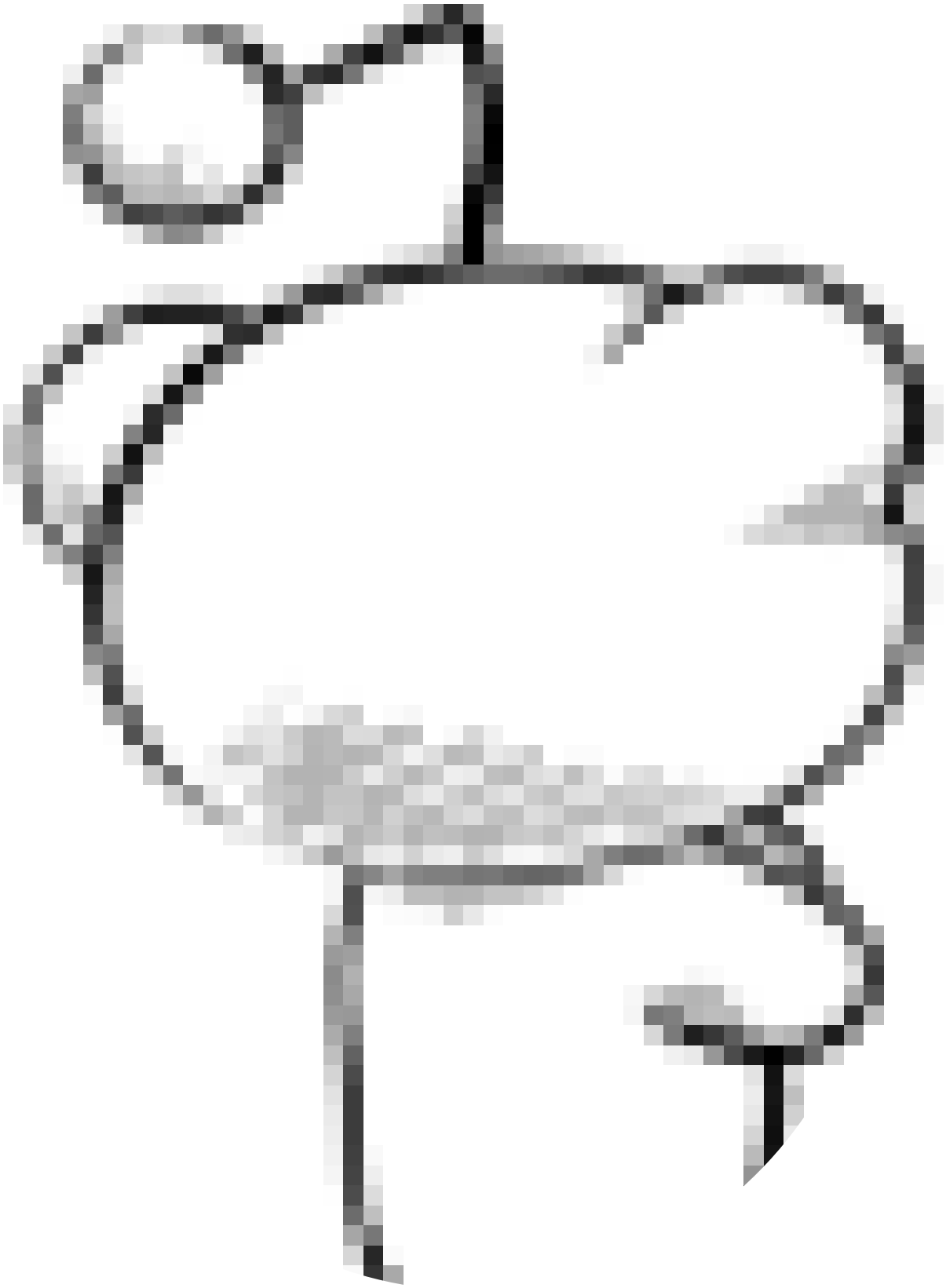

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• 13y ago

WHY THE FUCK DO I ALWAYS CLICK THESE FUCKING STORIES AT NIGHT. GOD DAMNIT ME.

Reply Share

ILL_GRL
• 13y ago

Ok...we'll go with creepy.

I had been hanging out at my friend's place, I bike so when I was leaving I walked around to the back of her building were the bike rack was outside. As I unlock my bike and start to leave I notice from the window of the building directly infront of me (we're talking eight feet away tops) A man is staring at me through his frosted glass window.

Dead. At me. I stop in my tracks and stare right back at him. His blinds are as such that I can only see from his forehead down to just below his nose. He doesn't move, has probably *been* watching me, and now that I've made eye contact, he doesn't blink, he doesn't look away.

I'm freaked but I make a "What are you looking at?" face. He doesn't flinch, he's just looking at me with a stare that makes me feel like the boogie man was deciding how I'd taste.

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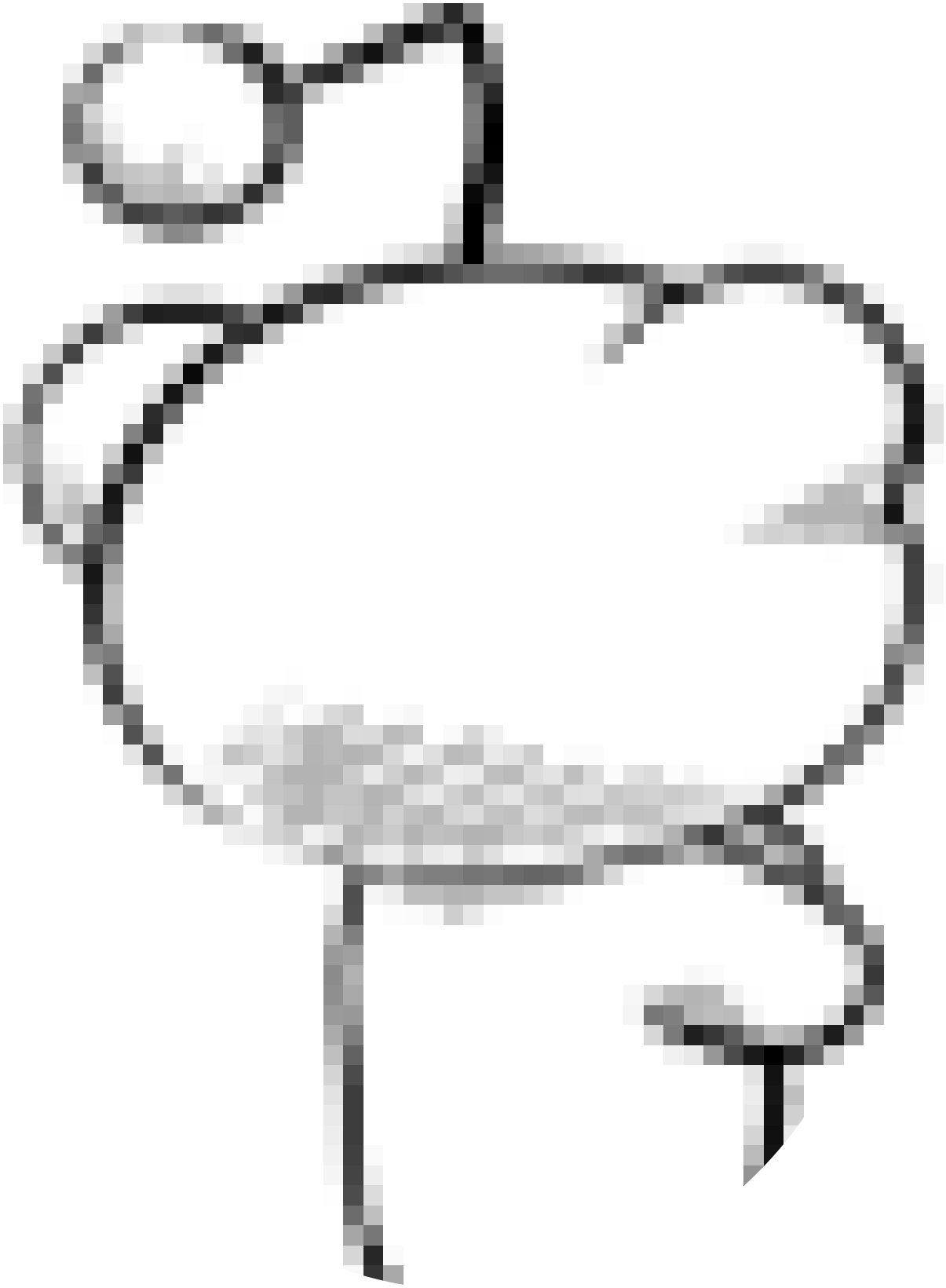

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• 13y ago

I was crawling into be one night and my bed felt like there was something in it but obviously there wasn't because I couldn't see anything so I just ignored it and fell asleep. Then at 1:30 in the morning I woke up freezing with no blankets on. I looked every where in my room but my blanket wast there so I went upstairs to get another and I swear my bedroom door shut when I was upstairs. It didn't latch shut but it defanitly wasn't in the same position as when I left. When I got back down in my room I noticed that the door wasn't open and I asked my brother about it (We share a room) was all confused cause he didn't understand why I had just woke him up. So obviously he didn't do it. The next night at 1:30 in the morning the same thing happened except my blanket was hanging on my dresser. Now I'm starting to get a weird feeling but ignore it and go to sleep anyway. The next night I thought I'd be smart and stay up till 2 and maybe catch my brother in the act or something and pretend to be sleeping. But nothing happened until about a month later when again at 1:30 I was woken up. But it wasn't from no blanket thief. This time my bed was violently shaking and I couldn't move. I tried running but I was so scared my legs felt like jello. No body believes me but I also suffer from really bad dreams or night terrors, so I could just be remembering a really really vivid dream

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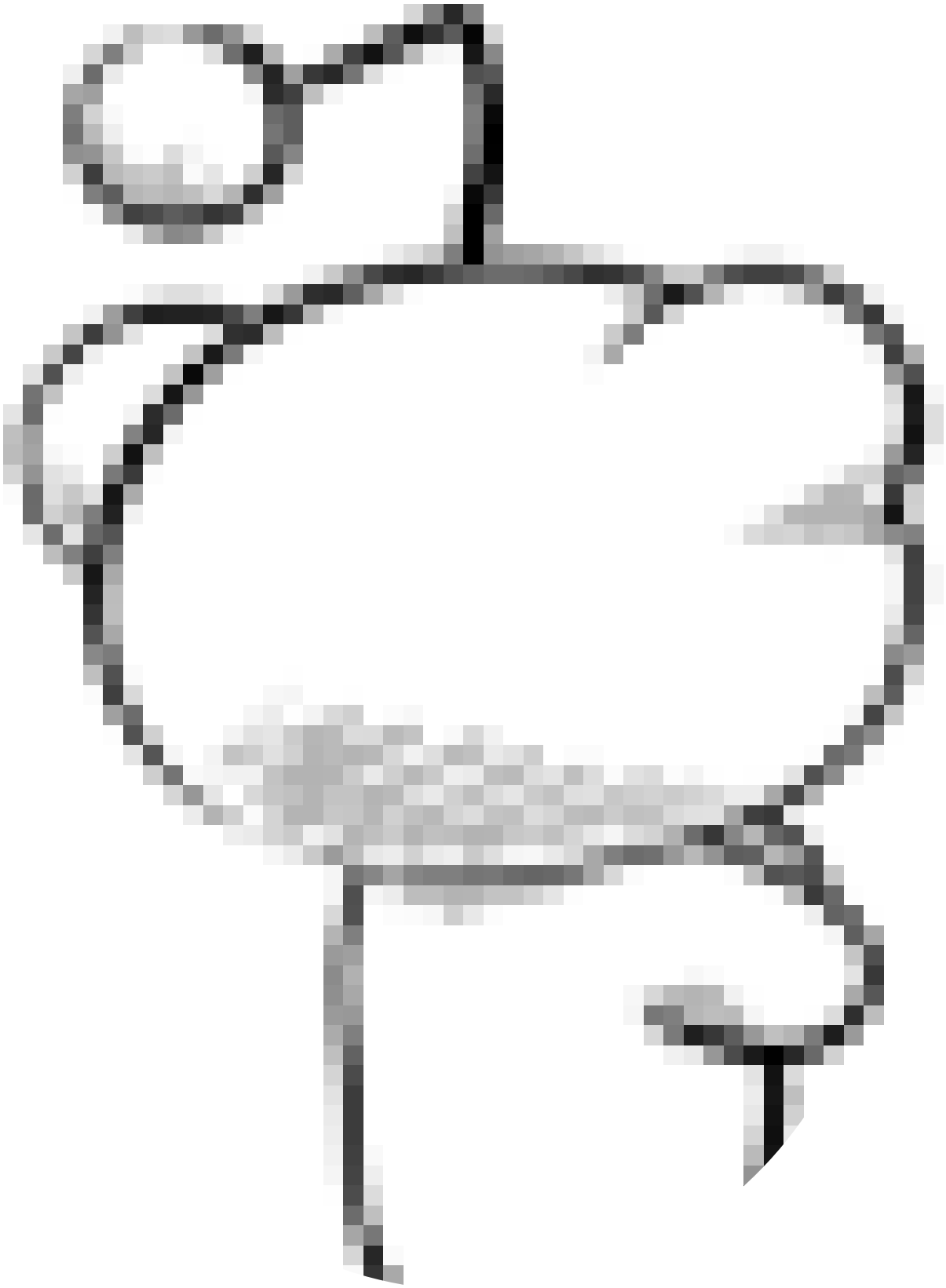

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• 13y ago

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BushmanVonAztec
• 13y ago

Buried as hell at this point, but why not. Me and my two friends were in my backyard pool some evening last year, just floating around talking. I was looking up into the sky and noticed a light traveling through the sky, but we live somewhat close to an Air Force base so those kinds of things were a common sight. While I was watching it, sort of zoned out and listening to my friends, it suddenly reversed direction. Knowing that planes can't change course that quick and wanting to make sure I wasn't seeing things, I pointed it out to my friends. We watched it make a sharp turn right, then kind of a curve, then it just blinked out. Needless to say, we jumped the hell out of the pool and ran inside. To this day none of us have ever seen anything in the sky do that, and we still joke around about "the time we saw the aliens".

TL;DR: Me and my friends saw a weird light in the sky that moved erratically and blinked out.

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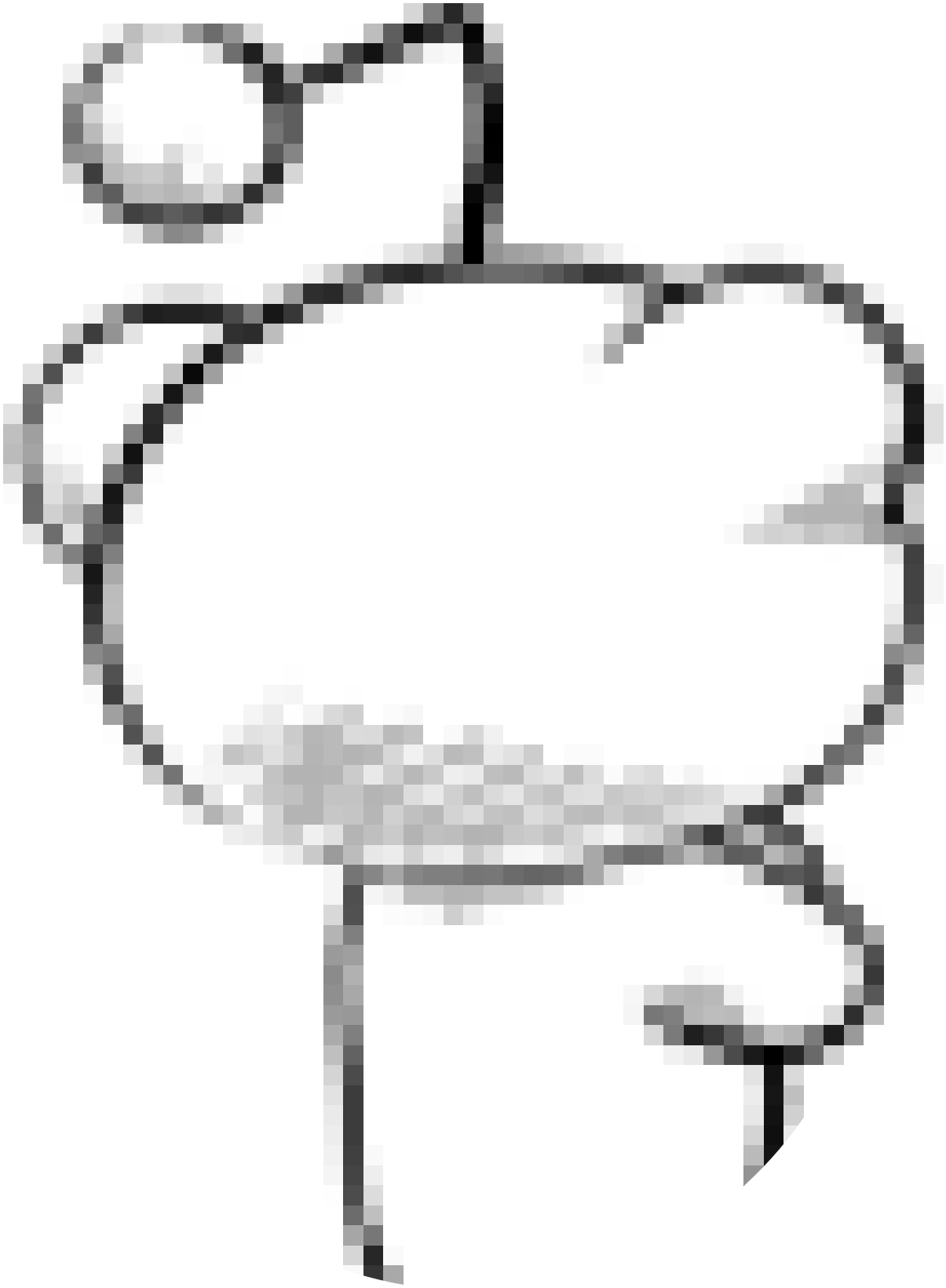

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• 13y ago

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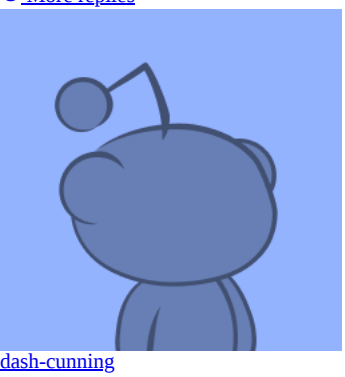


dash-cunning
• 13y ago

Take this with a grain of salt, I was just a kid (around 7-8 years old when it happened) to this day I can't explain it...

I was sleeping in the top bunk of my brother and my bunk-beds. The side of the bed was against the wall with the "head" resting right next to the door. Because I had fallen asleep in the living-room earlier that night my dad had dutifully carried me to my bed and left the door open after he'd gone.

So, there I am blissfully asleep when I'm woken by the sound of what I can best describe as a small (read: short) person's footsteps running up and down the hall. Better yet, it would be the sound a toddler makes when they're trying their best to run... except 1. it was the middle of the night and 2. my little brother (youngest in the house), who was around 5 at the time was sleeping peacefully below. I was terrified, especially because the "Child's Play" movies had traumatized me, but I managed to venture a glance. Nothing. I could still hear the steps moving away, but there was nothing to be seen. When I heard them moving back towards my room, I slammed the door shut, locked it (cheap button locks a toothpick could open), and pulled the covers tightly over my head.

Oddly enough, that's not the last strange thing that happened to me in that house...

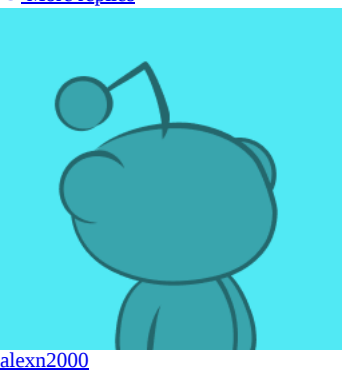
Reply Share

SquirrelLock
• 13y ago

And then..

Reply Share

More replies



alexn2000
• 13y ago

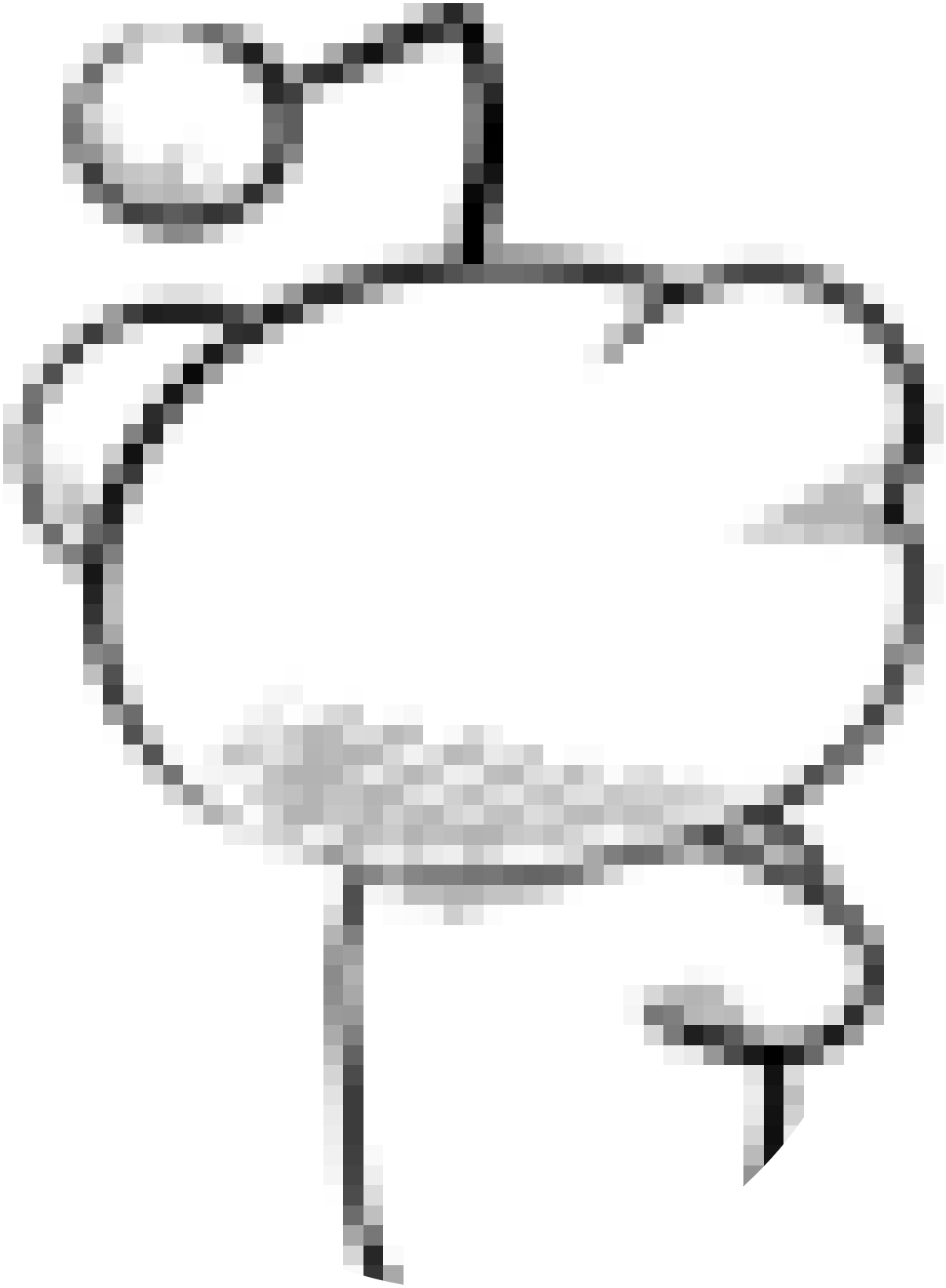
I was watching tv and the connection usally geos out and when it froze i saw a face that didnt belong to anyone.

Reply Share

MyFakePlastic
• 13y ago

Mitt Romney get 47% of the popular vote.

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

So I posted this many times before, but nobody ever seems to believe me, it was a strange experience to say the least.

Alright so this happened to me when I was younger in my teens, I lived in this really old house that my dad made additions to. I remember for years I would hear sounds at night, things like footsteps, creaks, and moaning, but I always assumed it was people in my family in the night. Sometimes I would see a shadowy figure around, but once again I assumed it was just something else, like my sleep deprived mind playing tricks on me. (I routinely stayed up until 2 or 3 a.m. playing video games). Anyways one night its like around 5 a.m. and im just about to get a glass of water before I go to bed, then I see this pale girl in a dress. At first I think its one of my sisters trying to scare me, so I try to call her out on it, but I got no response the woman just stared at me, then I reasoned that I just had to go to bed, because im seeing things. Then she opened her mouth and let out a blood curdling scream, I was completely paralyzed with fear, then she approached me slowly, then she grabbed my arm and started pulling at me. At this point I dont even know what happened, whether it was pure animal instinct, or I was just a sexually deprived teenage boy. But I grabbed her and tore off her long dress and inserted myself in her. I dont even know how I maintained an erection, she felt as cold as ice but I kept going. She let me I dont think the spirit or whatever she was expected this. When I was done she looked at me with the saddest and most broken face ive ever seen in my life, then she vanished. To this day whenever I visit my home I think he still hear her, but instead the sound of footsteps, and the creaking of wood, I hear a soft crying, but the strangest thing is whenever I hear that tortured cry, my penis tingles in excitement.

TL;DR: I raped a ghost.

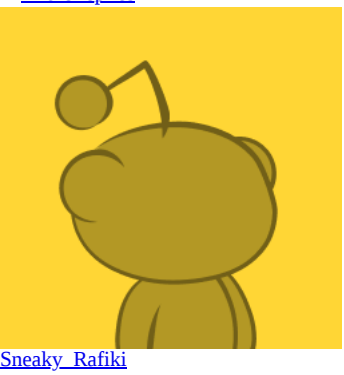
Reply Share

SchindlersFist712
• 13y ago

This is one of the most fucked up things I've ever heard. Upvote.

Reply Share
3 more replies
3 more replies

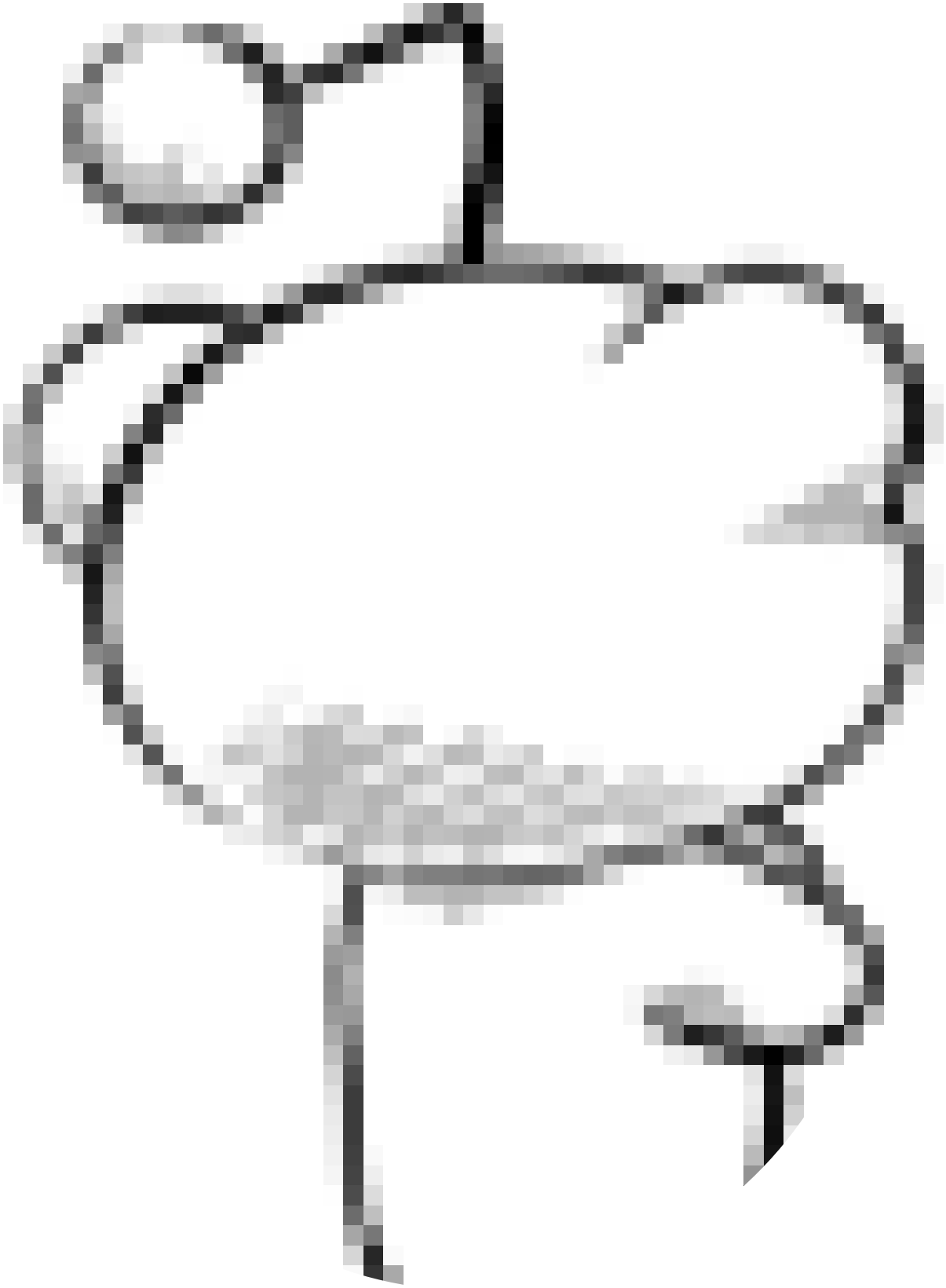
More replies



Sneaky_Rafiki
• 13y ago

"I found your throwaway account."

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Now I'm not one for telling this story very often as it still bothers me, everyone should know that before I start. It was about midnight and very cold outside. I was watching my sisters that night because everyone in my extended family was working that night. I grew up really poor, since we were Polish immigrants, so we lived in a bad town. Going on with this story it's important for me to mention that crime over where I live is pretty common so hearing gunshots in the distance now and then is a usual occurance. Tonight though it was really silent, never before had I had such an eerie calm where I was. I was watching

a television show when suddenly I heard a loud THUMP in the basement. God nor anyone could have prepared me for this moment. I checked in on my siblings who were asleep. I heard another loud thump in the very dark confines of the cellar. We didn't have phone service since every now and then my parents couldn't pay the bill.So I had no choice. You never really know what the hell to do in a situation like this. Who other than robber or burglar would be downstairs. Nothing could help me unsee what I was about to that night. I open the door and peek down, unparalleled fear entered me as I saw a man's figure moving around. He pronounced after a few drumbeats to read the first letter of every line.

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2 more replies

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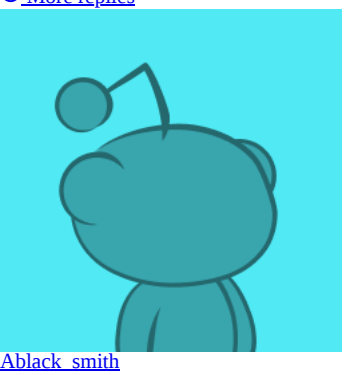


Ablack_smith

• 13y ago

420yolo.com It's pretty scary what this generation has become.

Reply Share

X_Cody

• 13y ago

I hope you die a slow painful death you fucking bastard

Reply Share

1 more reply

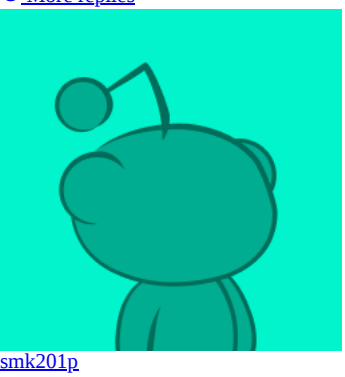
1 more reply

More replies

5 more replies

5 more replies

More replies

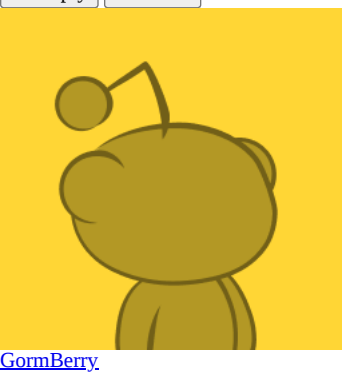


smk201p

• 13y ago

My brother was dating this chick.. They went out one night and got shit faced. She woke up naked to go to the bathroom(it was in the basement so no one saw anything). When she left the bathroom she went the wrong direction and walked into my grandfathers room and got into bed with him. She realized it was the wrong room apologized and ran out. The next morning when my brother left for work, the girl was still at the house and my grandfather knocked on the door to show her his junk and shake it at her. She doesn't come over anymore. I think she got mad at me cause every time she walked in I grabbed a banana and shook it around.

Reply Share



GormBerry
• 13y ago

Once read a story on creepypasta about a kid who, when he is in bed, gets sort of attacked by some creature in the wall every night until his parents switch bedrooms with him, prompting them to move a few days later. Cannot remember the name of it though

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3 more replies

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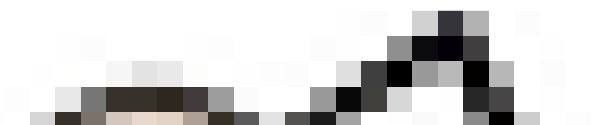
More replies



MarkWalburg
• 13y ago

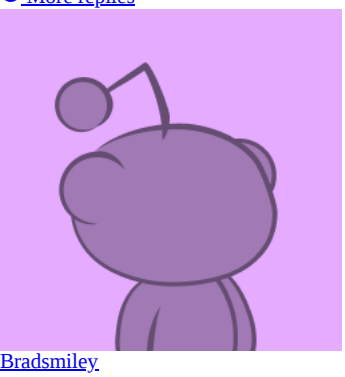
Is it too late to mention Amy from Amy's baking co, or are we over that?

Mouseicle

• 13y ago

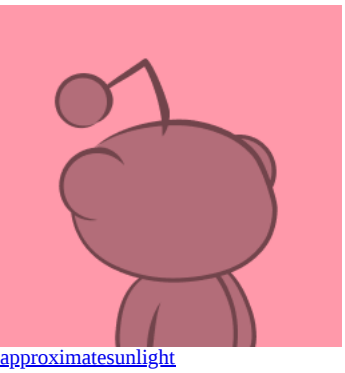
I WILL NEVER BE OVER THAT.

More replies



Bradsmiley
• 13y ago

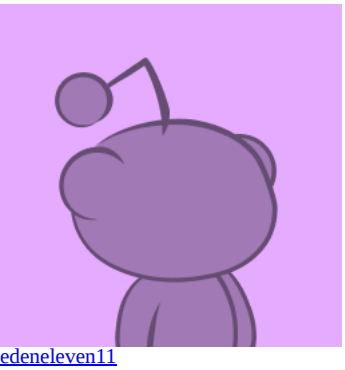
I woke up one night a few years ago when I thought my dog was in my room. I have hard wood floors and can usually hear her moving around when he nails drag, so I was going to open the door so she could leave. When I opened my eyes I saw a black mass on my ground that I thought was Cujo, my dog, but then it suddenly stood up. All I could see was a silhouette of it but it was about the height and shape of a normal man and I didn't know what to think. I just laid there frozen in fear and it suddenly raised its hand and pointed at me. I freaked the hell out and covered my head up with my blanket and just laid there wide awake until morning, when I finally felt safe to go back to sleep.



approximatesunlight
• 13y ago

A few years ago we were visiting my step dad's best friends house for Boxing Day. Their house is 1930's detached, and the Living Room is an L-Shape. I was sat on the sofa at the end of the L, and for some reason it was really cold, despite the rest of the house being warm. As I was sat on the sofa, I saw a branch move on the Christmas tree out of the corner of my eye, a bit like when you walk past a branch and then it pings back, but I didn't think much of it at the time. When it came to dinner time I was sat opposite the door to the living room at the other end of the L, which was a door with glass panes looking out onto the stairs. It was quite dark at this point, but we had low lighting and candles, and all of a sudden I saw something move around the corner and up the stairs- not a figure as such, but almost like a grey/white cloud, which is the best way I could describe it. As soon as I saw this it felt like someone had poured ice down my back, and I felt like I was about to burst into tears, it was one of the most awful feelings ever.

Soon after that I found out that their house is supposedly haunted. The kitchen used to be at the lower point of the L shape, which is now the living room, and the cold corner is where the oven used to be that the old lady who lived there previously had gassed herself with. Apparently they see her walking around a lot and she is harmless.



edeneleven11
• 13y ago

So my wife and I used to live on the bottom floor of an old house-turned-apartment complex. The owner had told us stories of how an old woman had died there some years before but I don't believe in ghosts so we moved in. A few creepy things happened there, and most of them I chalked up to natural occurrences: the knocking on the windows at night, the doorknobs suddenly opening by themselves, things that sounded like footsteps... But one night my wife wakes me up sounding really upset and when I came to I was standing in the middle of the bed just swaying there. We go back to sleep but as the week goes on we begin to notice weird things on the wall. It was like the wall was being covered in white powder. Finally we decide to clean the whole mess up only to discover that the wall was covered with hand prints. We tried washing them off and were able to remove the powder but the handprints didn't disappear. Needless to say after that we moved out after that.

TLDR: Creepy ghost hands... Everywhere!

Anonymous206
• 13y ago

A few nights ago I was awakened by a dream I had of someone watching me while I was sleeping. The next morning while I was getting ready to leave for work, I noticed my front door was unlocked....

GaryGibbon
• 13y ago

Well, when I first moved to my new house at the age of 8, my family decided to meet the neighbours. The house on our right contained a sweet elderly couple who were innocent and so nice they couldn't melt butter in their mouths, and their house was as ordinary as you would imagine. The house on our left (it was semi-detached to ours) contained an deathly white woman and her two middle-aged sons, who looked so dishevelled and dirty that I thought they were tramps at first, and their house's front garden was so overrun with weeds, bushes, flowers that it looked like the forest the city was built over had never left it. The house itself was filthy, with mildewed curtains, off-white walls and a dilapidated fence that had been broken.

The deathly white woman was gentle and sweet, but the sons...They never spoke. They only looked at each other, sharing glances as if they knew something we didn't. When they left, I went up to the balcony, and I remembered seeing that nature had taken over their back garden as well, and it made the front garden look like a cricket pitch. A month later, the mother of the men died, suddenly and quickly. When we asked the sons about it, they said it was a heart attack brought about by her age (she was pretty old). But one day, soon after her death, I heard rustling and the slam of a door outside, and opened the living room curtains to have a look. What I saw shared the shit out of me.

I saw the men taking rubbish outside. Hear me out.

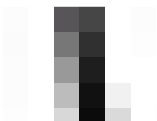
They each carried a small shopping bag full of rubbish, and they walked over to the nearby park, depositing their rubbish in that bin. While they were doing this, they were constantly looking over their shoulder and they had the guiltiest expression you ever saw on a man. They had the expression you only see on repenting murderers.

When they went inside, I closed the curtains and ran up to my room, which overlooked their garden. I began to write notes down about their behaviour, so that I could remember what had happened, when I saw the two men again in their back garden. They were carrying ornate black bowls filled with water and were wearing clothes that were a brilliant green, and they were throwing this water on the mass of plants and mushrooms in wide circles. I could make out them muttering something, although to this day I do not know what they said. They continued this behaviour for three weeks, and every day, at 4 o'clock, they would take a filled carrier bag to the park bin looking as if they had committed some awful crime, then they would go out back and ritually throw the bowls of water over the mass of plants. When they stopped, I noticed this, before thinking nothing of it. I thought nothing of this until now. Recently, on the 9th, the 15th, and on the 21st of every month, I hear howling that slowly increases in volume and pitch until it is cut off in a crescendo of shrieking noises. I always assumed it was the foxes that had taken up residence in next door's garden (which has now become impossible to even approach, such is the mass of plants and thorns that have taken root inside it) hunting and mating, but a couple of months ago it was a hot night, and I decided to open my window.

I had the worst nightmare in all my life that night.

I was in a forest of some sorts, and it was night. It was almost impossible to see where I was, and the forest was filled with the calls of wild animals and birds. I began to hear a deep man's voice whisper in Latin, and I felt eyes watching me. I turned around, and almost screamed. I saw a mossy eroded statue of a man with a sort of wooden mask on him shaped in a smile, like a theatre comedy mask. The whispering grew in volume, and the statue vanished. For some reason I followed it. It would keep appearing, and every time it did so the volume increased. Eventually, I found myself in a clearing filled with stone ruins. The Latin muttering was very loud now, as if it were in my ear, and it had begun to shift to some old undecipherable language, it might have been Celtic for all I know. Once again, the statue appeared right in front of me, and it looked upset. Very upset. Suddenly there was a burst of noise, and the statue said something, before I woke up. All I remember was that the statue said something that scared me to my basest levels.

But this is only the most recent of creepy goings on in my house. Throughout the time I've lived here I have always seen faces in the walls, always heard people say my name when no one does so, always seen shadows and reflections move out of the corner of my eye. As I type this, I feel that something's watching me. This is not an uncommon occurrence, and thanks to last night's incident, I think I know what it is. All these things that I see in the house are unique to me, though what my elder relatives on my mother's side say does little to help me with the things I see. An overactive imagination, just like mine, says my mother. A sixth sense, just like mine, says my uncle.



PuppetOfFate
• 13y ago

Paradoxes creep me the fuck out. Example:

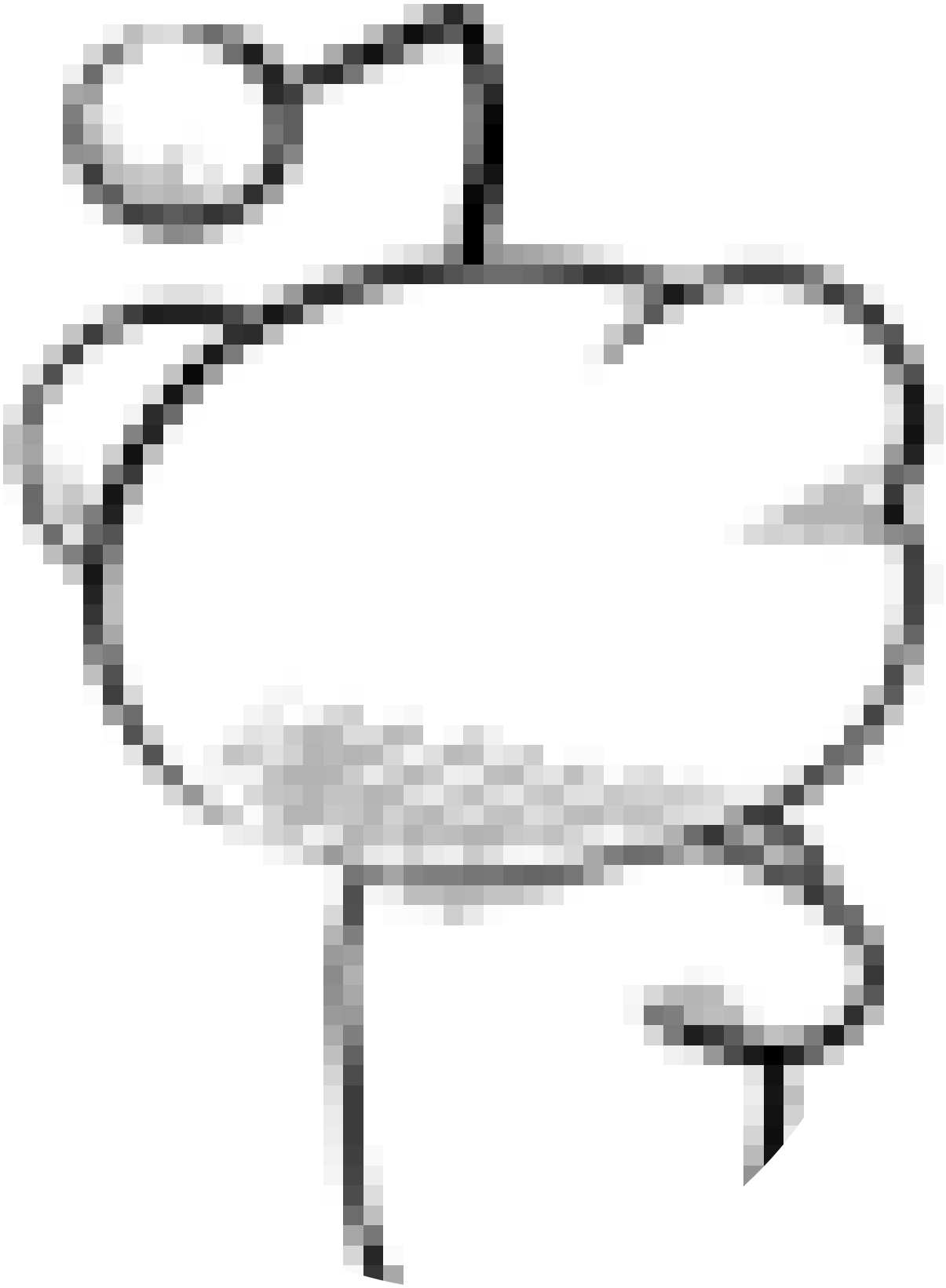
If Pinocchio says "This is a lie", what would happen.

If you went back in time and killed yourself what would happen?

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

A creepypasta called FunnyMouth. Shit...

1 more reply
1 more reply

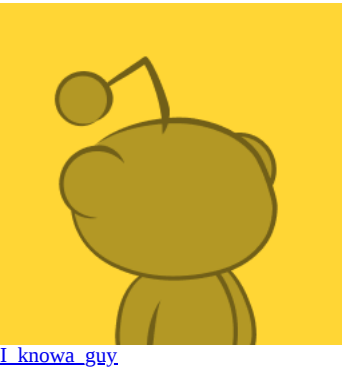
More replies

tonenine
• 13y ago

I had to x-ray almost all the premies that didn't make it moments after death, the women in the department concluded as a man it would not bother me. Our anatomy lab had many "that's so memorable it belongs in a jar" deceased babies. The adjacent room contained around forty cadavers.

Xombie95
• 13y ago

This post.



I_knowa_guy
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

So I went to school at Ohio University which is ranked as one of the most haunted places on earth (no idea who makes these lists or how they are based, but whatever). I was never a believer in ghosts, demons, spirits, etc. but it seemed like everyone had a story of someone they knew having something creepy happen. Some older stories are more well known and were featured on Scariest Places on Earth which can be found here if anyone wants to take a look (part two)

Anyways by the time I got there the insane asylum was locked up and only open on Halloween for tours. When I first got there as a freshman, some friends and I decided to go check out this haunted place we had heard about. There was a creepy, abandoned tuberculosis hospital which was about the only place you could break into.

When we got inside we realized no one had a flashlight and it was pitch black so we had to settle for phones as light (this was before smart phone flashlight apps). So we are walking around and this place is just plain eerie. There are empty beds in rooms, what looks like blood on walls, creepy graffiti and a creepy basement with tiny doors and tunnels.

While I am walking around I start to hear a sound come from upstairs that sounds like a single note of a piano play. I dismiss it and keep walking until I hear it again, this time it goes *ding ding ding*. We all stop as we heard it that time. We walk up the stairs and hear it again, the same note, much louder but just once **ding**. We turn the corner and are in a children's play room with a shuffle board on the floor, a rusted tricycle missing a wheel and in the corner, a piano facing us. We walk up to the piano to check it out and this thing has no keys; not a single one left nor a piano string with enough tension to play that high pitched of a note.

We were confused and talking and didn't know what to think. One of the guys noticed a long hallway with a locked door but the top window was busted out. We decided to check it out and see what was down that way so we pulled a little wood toy box in there over to the door to help climb through the broken window. I decided to go first and was peeking my head through the window to see what was on the other side. Right as my head went through the window, at the end of the hallway was a very distinct, "Leave!" I quickly pulled my head out and turned around and looked at my friends who had shocked looks on their faces. I asked, "Did you guys hear that?" To which they replied yes. I asked them what they thought it sounded like and they said someone telling us to leave. We turned around and noped the hell right out of there.

In hindsight it very could have easily been a bum squatting in there or someone playing a prank as lots of people go there. But the feeling was unlike any other.

Album with some pics

TL;DR went to haunted school. Broke into TB ward. Heard piano with no keys play and a creepy voice yell, "Leave!"

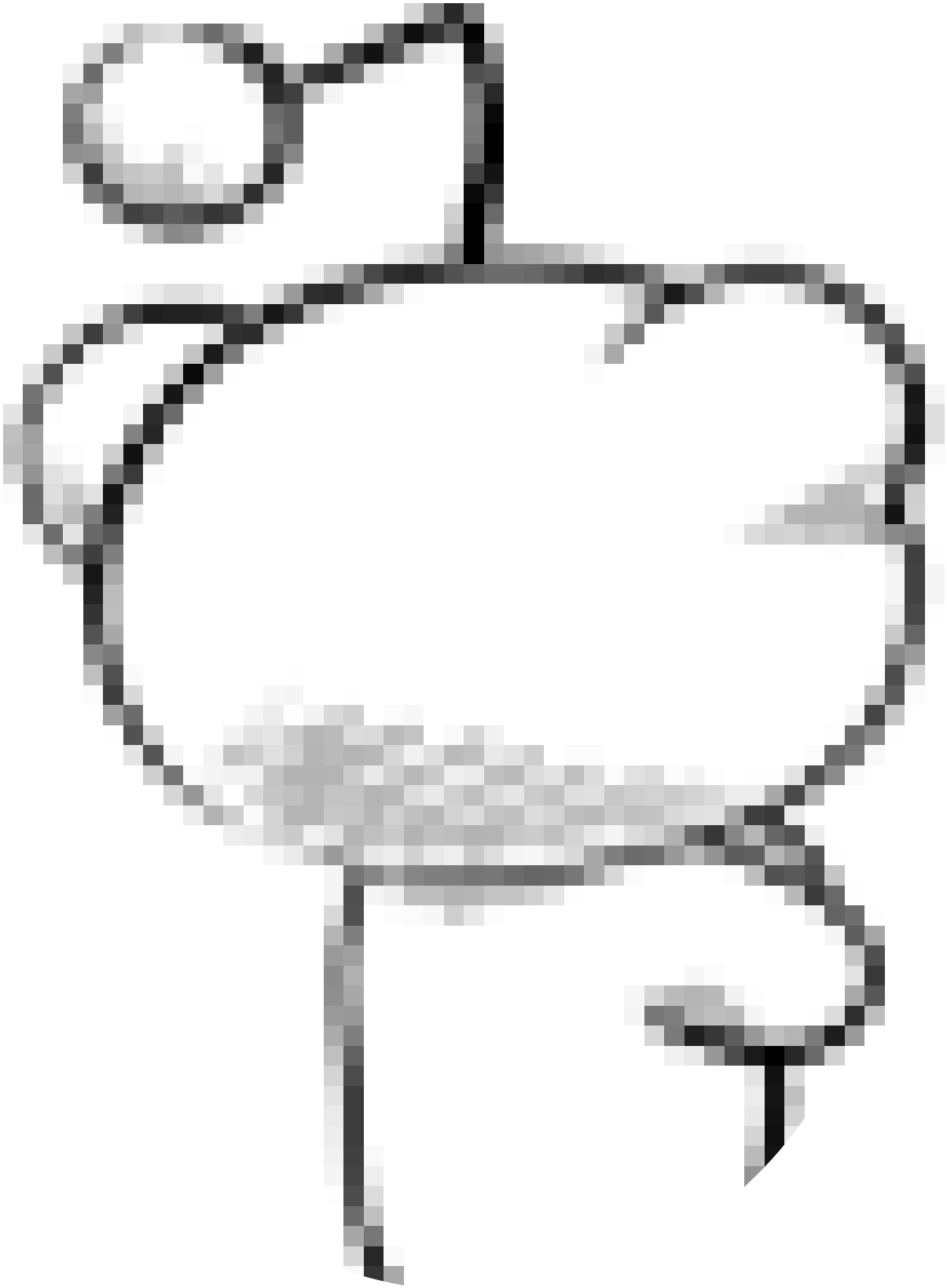
Hootinger

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The Ridges!!!

We used to go up there and, well, relax in stereotypical Athens fashion.

More replies



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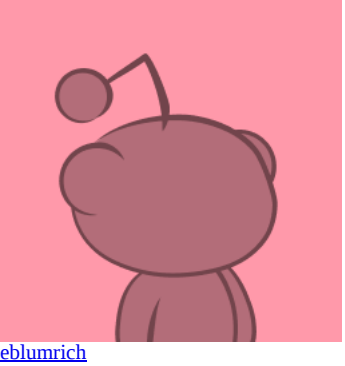
• 13y ago

Pretty much anything on r/nosleep



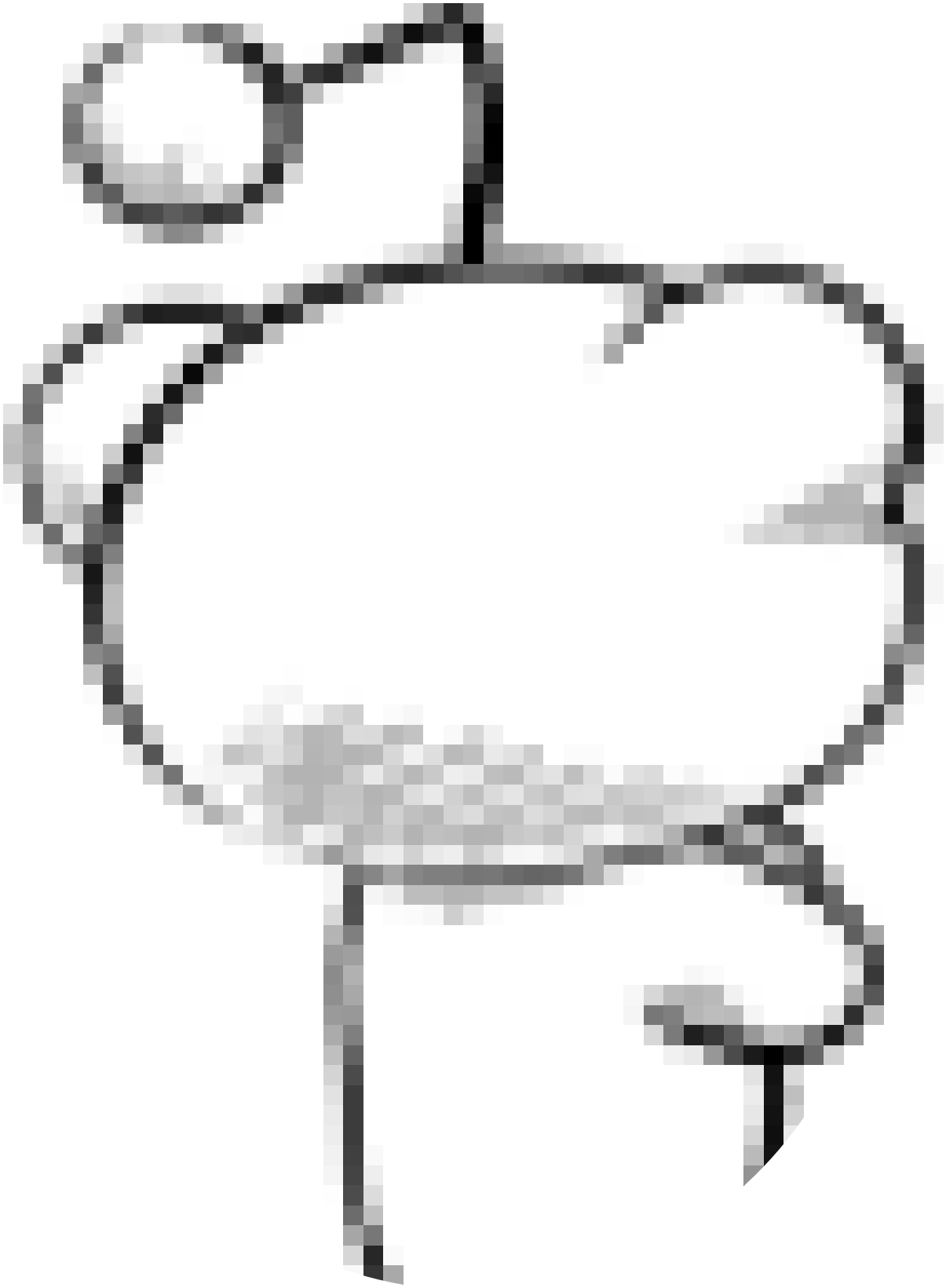
eblumrich
• 13y ago

That the oceans are dying.

And it's unfortunately true.

MesMeMe
• 13y ago

Some people wipe standing up



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

1 more reply
1 more reply

invalidusername
• 13y ago

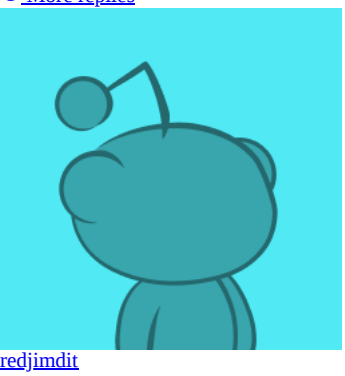
--WARNING, CREEPY--

This GIF freaks the shit out of me. You are warned

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



redjimdit
• 13y ago

My wife and I recently attended a guest-list sex party. Checking in IDs, we saw a guy carrying a suitcase with two black eyes.

Later as we were leaving, we saw him strung up with two girls beating the everloving fuck out of him. Not being gentle, actually kicking him in the kidneys, punching him in the face, really wailing on him.

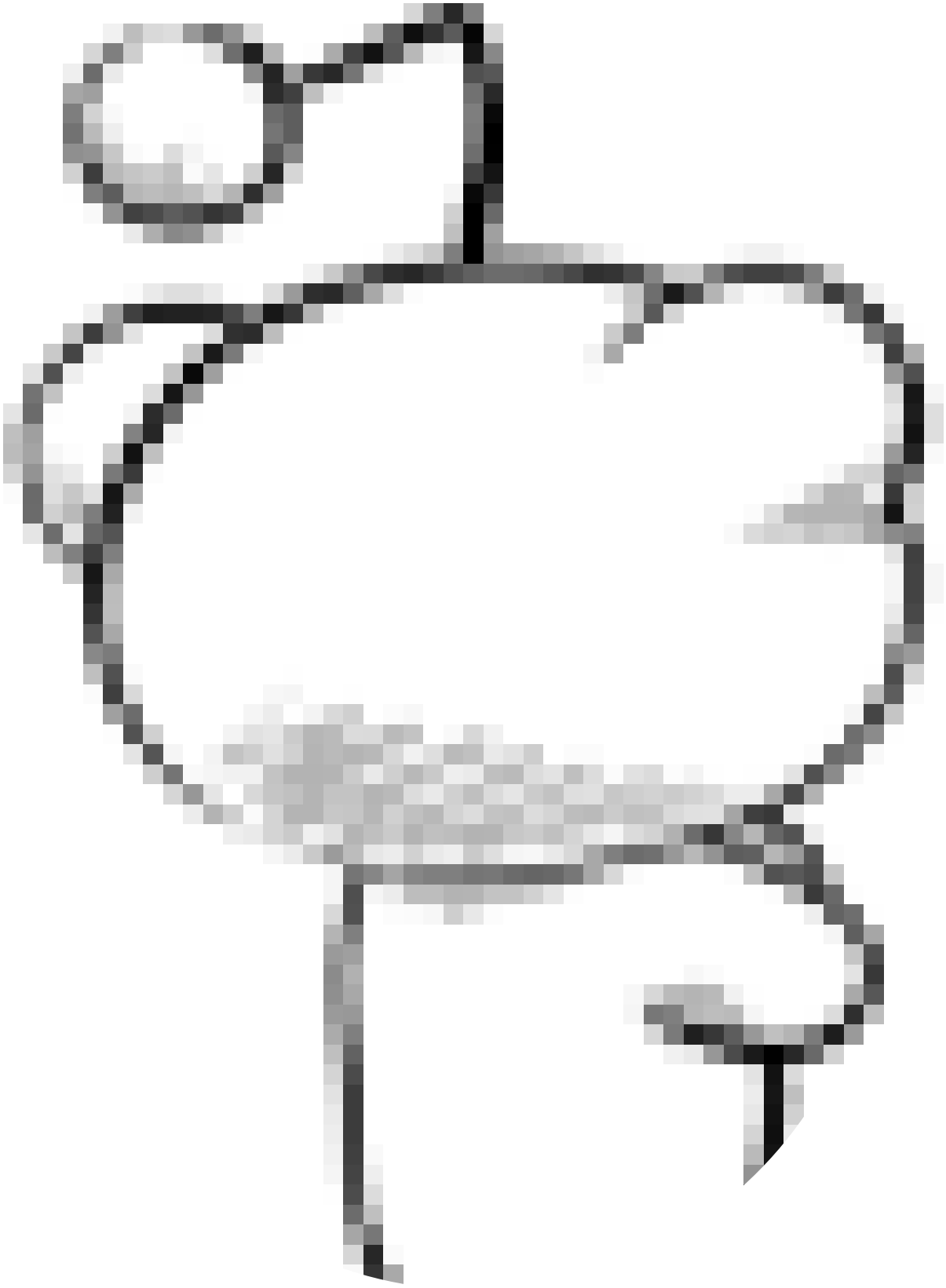
That's when I knew we wanted to go back.

LessLikeYou
• 13y ago

I am late.

From a woman

Luckily Aunt Flow was just stuck in traffic and everything worked out.



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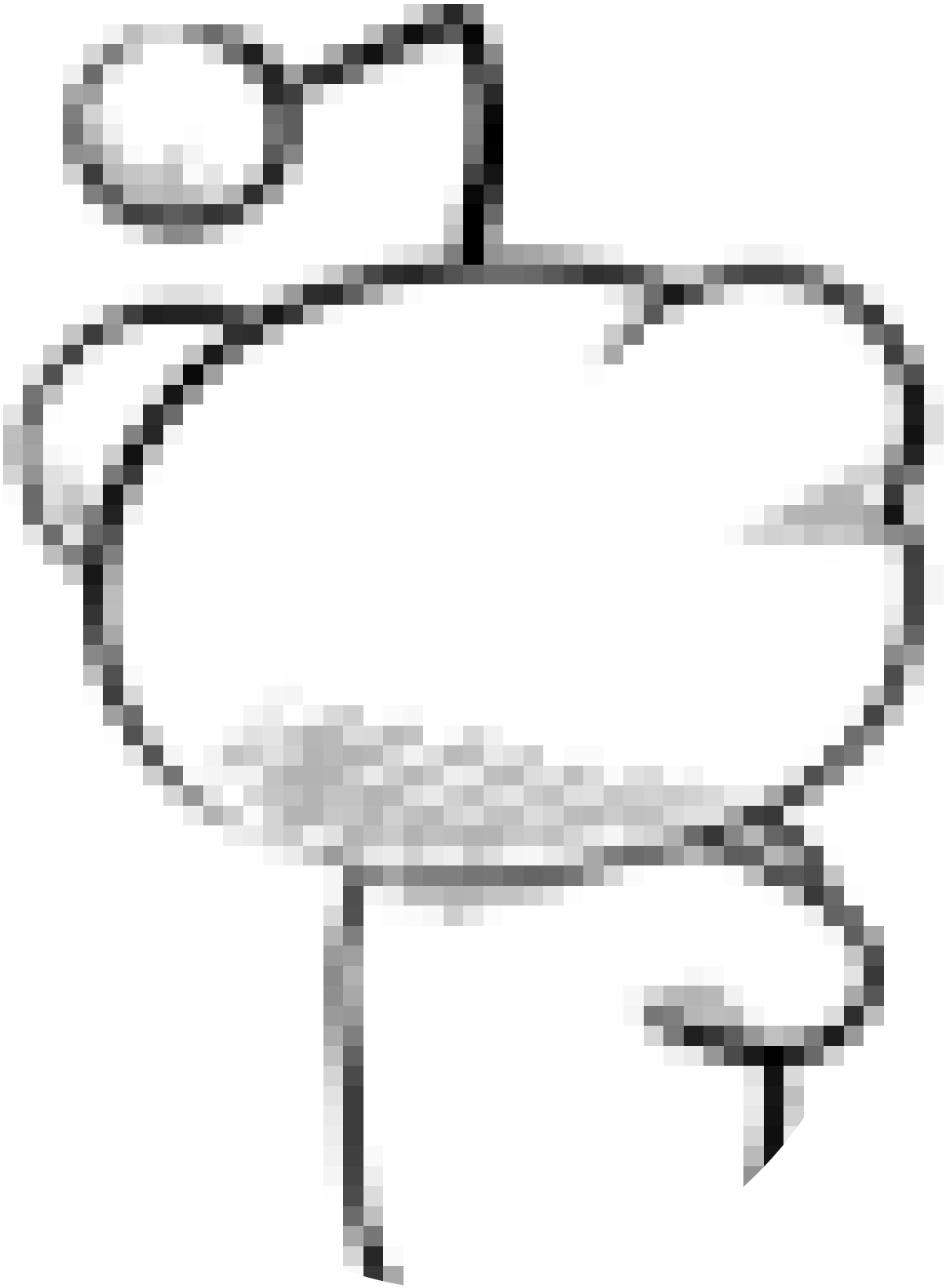
• 13y ago

I read One Second After.

justmeinSF
• 13y ago

Bush got re-elected



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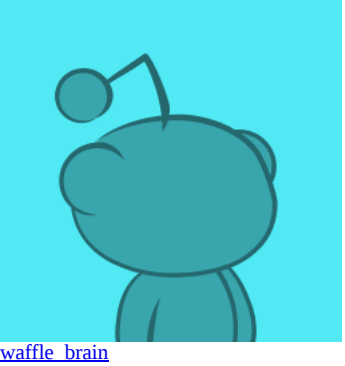
• 13y ago

ITT: people make outrageous claims with no proof.



waffle_brain
• 13y ago

I used to be good friends with a girl whose family was a bit unusual. Being young I thought nothing of the little things but now it all seems weird. They had satanic bibles on their family book shelves and her dad had satanic tattoos all over, things like that. Her mom is mentally insane and addicted to pain killers and shes the type of lady to you could picture laughing as someones dying. Lemme paint you a picture; she had skin issues so her face was always looking like she was burnt except for white circles around her eyes which were set deep into her head and were bright white and blue. She had an upturned nose and brownish green reeceding gums. And she was just saggy. She was just scary looking. She had a white rocking chair on her porch she would sit and rock on for hours. Her satanic dad was bald and short with small black beety eyes and had a creepy nasaly laugh. Together they were a scary looking couple. I was extrememly close with their family so it wasnt uncommon if I was at their house when no one was home. After a blow up between mom and daughter that landed daughter in the mental hospital that night, I was left at home alone. (Her dad worked the night shift). I felt like something was watching me all night and just felt weird vibes. Little things freaked me out, the dog was barking at the basement door and I kept hearing slamming from down there etc. Figured I was just paranoid. I had fallen asleep watching tv but woke up to dog scratching wildly at the basement door. I mean he was butting his face against it because his paws were too bloody and torn up to use. This scared me to death already and being a 13 year old I grabbed something along the lines of a weapon or shank and started down the stairs. it took me a few tries to get down there because the slamming doors scared me and such. When I made it far enough down I saw every satanic bible in the house in a line leading up to something. On my final try I made it to the bottom of the stairs and the carpet was soaking wet. I heard what sounded like hysterical crying that kept turning into evil laughing. I fucking lost my breath when I saw the line of bibles leading up to Insane Mother herself rocking in her white rocking chair. I was in shock and God knows why I didnt just turn right back around and run. She stopped mid laugh and looked me dead in the eye and said my name in a low monotone voice that sounded of one in a demonic movie. I noticed the blue in her eyes was gone and she only had pupils. The lights were burnt out but the moon was full enough and came through the window so I could see her details like that. She laughed that god dammed creepy laugh again and kept motioning for me to come to her. Being in shock and not wanting to admit what was going on was really happening, considering she was gone and at the hospital, I must have been dreaming, I moved toward her. I kind of nervously laugh and I noticed she was extremely sweaty. When I got close enough to her, she grabbed my wrist and stood up extremely fast. She looked down on me and that same demonic voice started laughing loudly and I was scared shitless. She got litterally nose to nose with me and through her gritted teeth said 'I need tree fiddy.'

1 more reply
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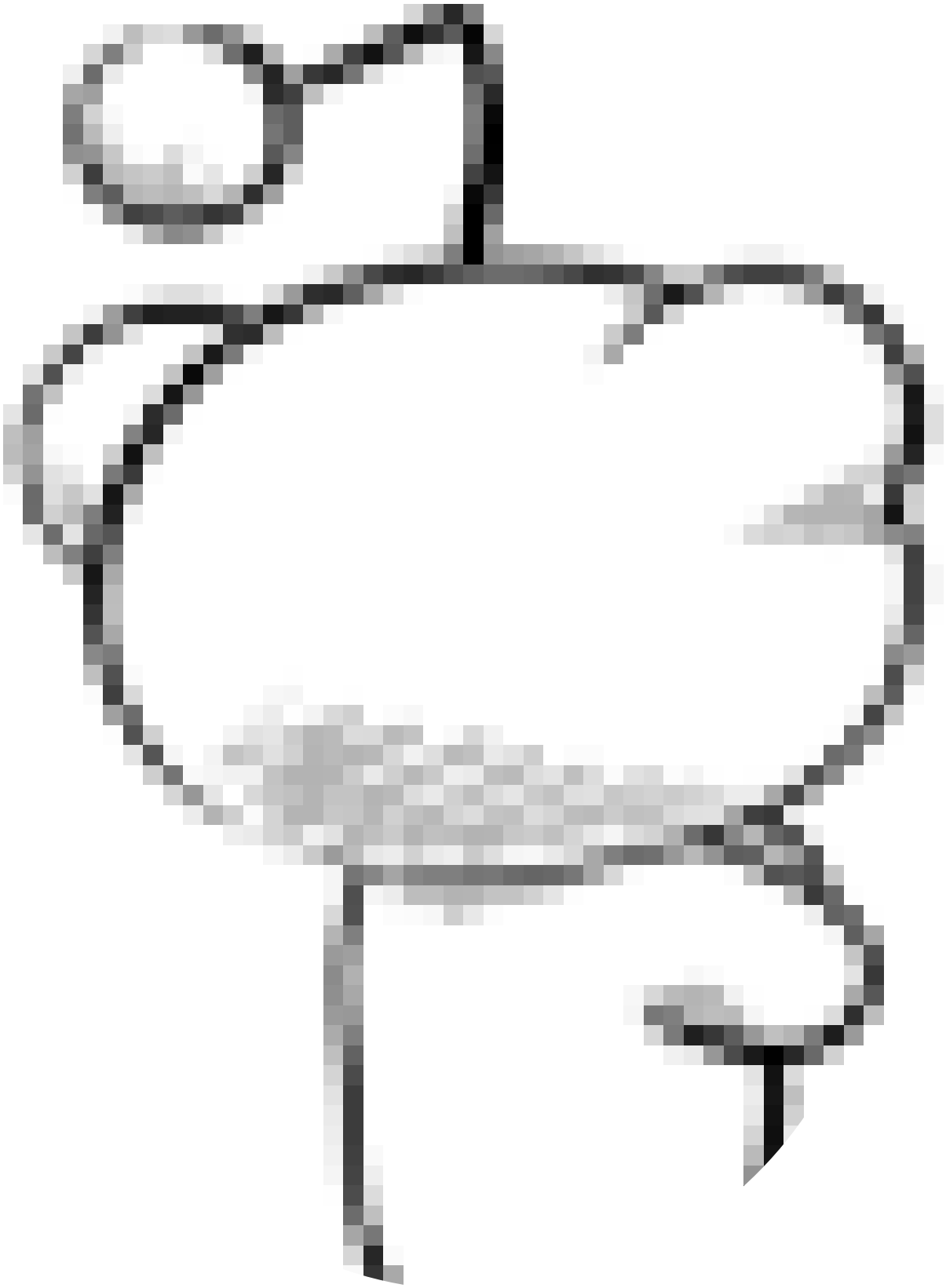
More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

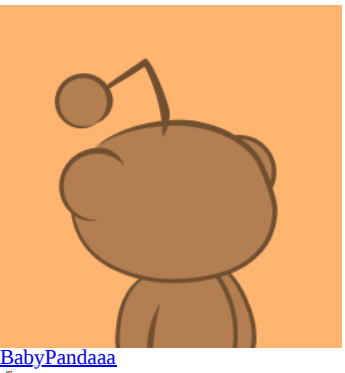
Comment deleted by user

ThrowawayYeah10
• 13y ago

Twist: Your dad was trolling you lolol. Just kidding.

But yeah, I hate going back to my house during break (I'm at uni.) We live in the middle of the country and creepy shit happens all the time that makes me want to run to my parents, and I'm 22 lmao. One time, my cat was next to me, and I was about to fall asleep, and she suddenly stood straight up, waiting a second, then *dashed* out of the room. At the *exact* same time, my dog, who lives on the back porch started barking like... with INTENT. Not just a little half-asleep noise or something. We're talking the barks where you can hear a little bit of growl in it. The weird thing is, that couldn't have just been a reaction to my cat, because there was no way they each animal could have seen each other from where they were. Again, 22 years old here, but I started lightly knocking on my parent's door like a little bitch and my dad got up to patrol outside for a few minutes. :(

Sorry, that was supposed to be shorter. Haha. Was just trying to say that I still do that shit if its bad enough, and I'm 22.



BabyPandaaa
• 13y ago

Watched Paranormal Activity 1-4 at my ex's house. Said goodbye and then left, and got back to my crib at about 2am.

As soon as I walk in, (all lights are off), I look left and see something darting towards me down the corridor, with these green eyes. I SHIT my pants, and leg it to my room, closing the door behind me. I then realise that it was my dog, (great dane), wanting to say hello.

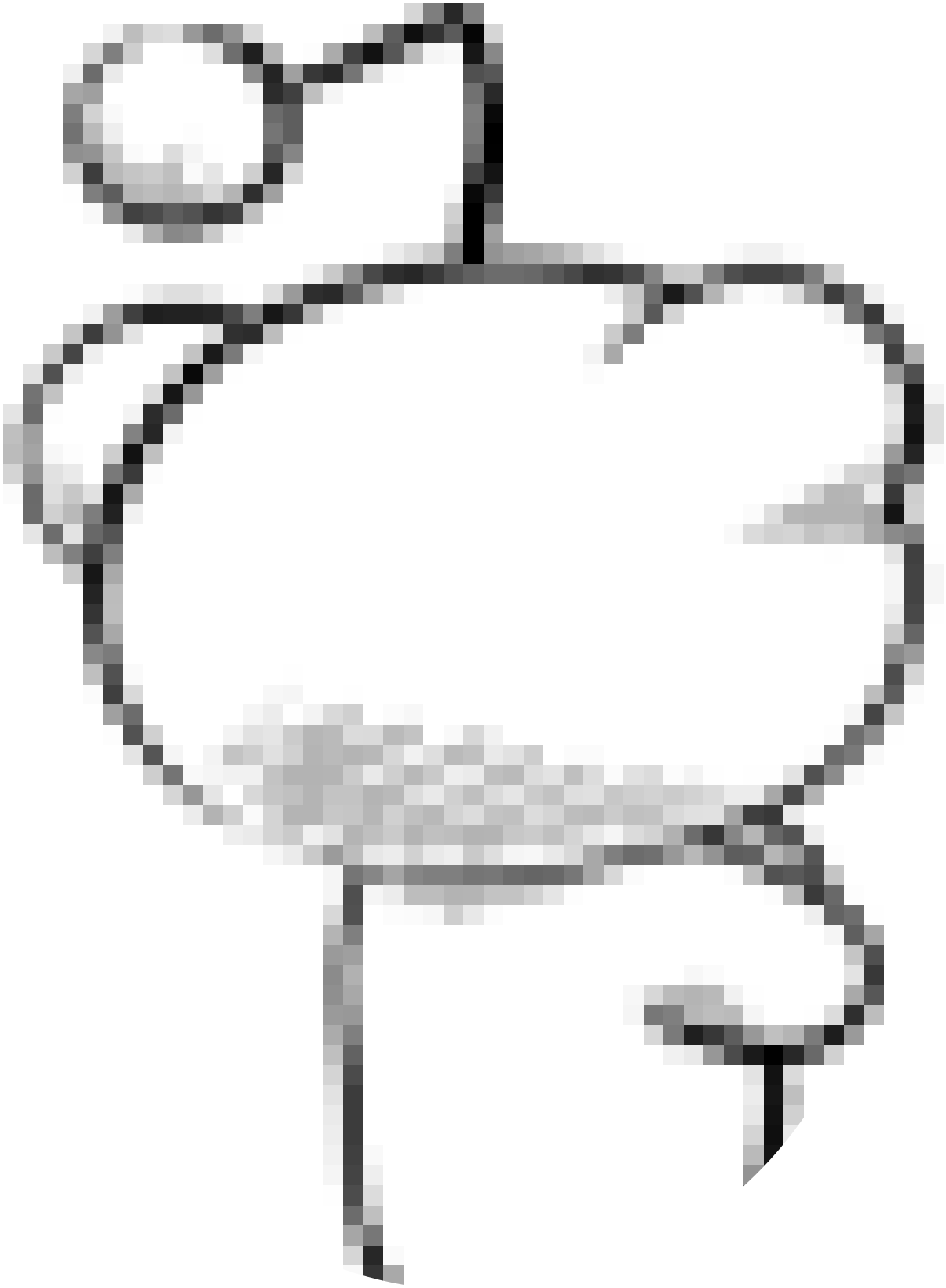
Anyways, I get into bed, and am about to go to sleep, when I hear this really low-pitched, bassy sound. At this point, I'm saying to myself 'fuck fuck fuck nope nope nope I'm gon' die'. I put my head under the covers, and block the sound out so that I can't hear it. After about 10 minutes or so, I remove my hands and the noise has stopped.

Fast forward 5 minutes, I realise that I left my blind open. I get up, and as I get to the window, sheet lightning comes out of nowhere, and lights up my whole garden, and I swear that I saw the shadow of a figure on the patio. Then there's an almighty clap of thunder that lasts like 30 seconds, and then silence again.

At this point, I'm actually very fucking scared. It all becomes peaceful again, so I try to get to sleep, and then boom. At 3:00AM on the dot, my computer roars into life, and sets my adrenaline off faster than a fat man running to an ice-cream truck. My room lights up red, (Red LED Fans in the computer), and I feel like I'm about to be exorcised.

I jump out of bed, pull the plug out of the wall, jump back into bed, bury myself under the covers and get about one hour of sleep.

TL;DR; Watched Paranormal Activity 1-4, went to bed, heard the noise, shat myself, shat myself more, went to bed



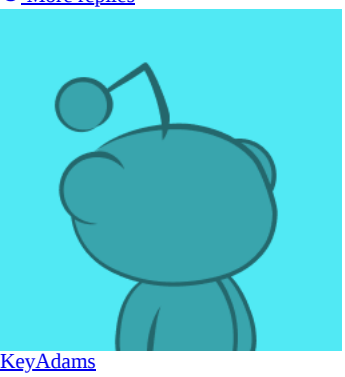
sakurashinken
• 13y ago

how many of you pulled this stuff right out your butts?

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



KeyAdams
• 13y ago

A spider

1 more reply
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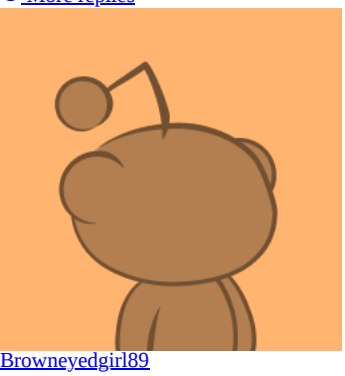


Browneyedgirl89
• 13y ago

This might just get buried (kinda funny) but I'm gonna comment anyway.

When I was in college I worked for a pathologist. He was older and did autopsies on the side for extra (about 3500 each) money. One day a lady called and said she wanted us to perform an autopsy on her son. Her son had passed away almost two years before. Just to save the privacy of the family ill just say it was pretty creepy to perform an autopsy on a body that died two years ago.

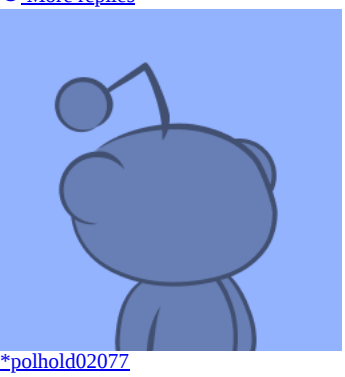
2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies

DrTrollface
• 13y ago

Coming home to a broken in home. I was in 8th grade. It's fucking creepy looking at your overturned room knowing some stranger has been in here.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies



*polhold02077
• 13y ago

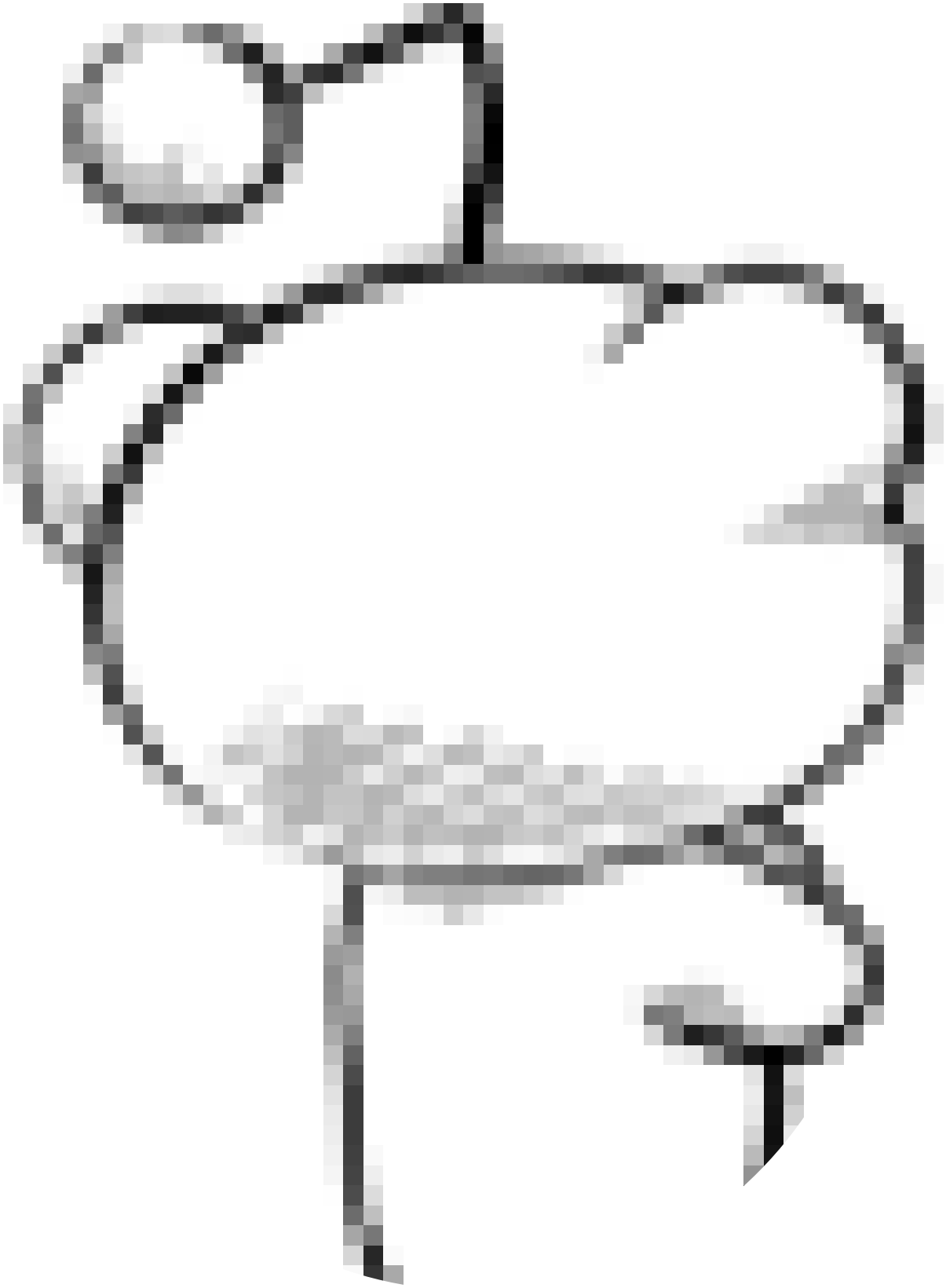
I used to work at movie theater in the town where I grew up. The building was...not old, it was built in the late 70's/early 80's but it seemed a lot older inside. After working there for several years I had come to realize that the building was haunted. This was a tough realization for me because I consider myself rational and generally don't believe in supernatural shit. It seems to me there is always an explanation for weird stories. I started to realize it after having quite a few events that I couldn't explain. Well it was to the point where I just didn't care anymore. She had been fucking with me for several years and I was over it. For the most part nothing weird had happened for a couple months.
Well one night I was walking out to my car close to midnight after closing. Fuck, I said. I had left my deposits in office upstairs. So I go back in and using my phone as a flashlight, I head upstairs. As I'm unlocking the office door I get the feeling that someone is behind me. At this point I figure she is around cause that's what she did. So I go in get my deposits and flip the lights off before heading downstairs. I realize here that my nametag is gone, but the backing (it was magnetic) is in the bottom of my shirt. So I stop and stoop to look for it on the stairs. Suddenly I got super uneasy and decided to nope the fuck out and look for it the next day; this is unusual for me because I spent so much time alone in the projection booth. As I'm closing the door to the stairs I someone or something puts a hand on my shoulder and whispers in my ear. I straight up ran out that bitch. Had to go to work there the next day.

2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies

UnchbackOfNotreDoom
• 13y ago

Well I planned on watching a horror film tonight but, after reading this thread for 3+hours my horror lust may be satiated... Nawp!

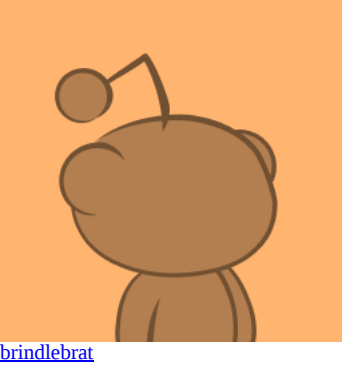
P.s. This has been one great thread. <3



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I've told this before, and I'm late to the party, but here we go.

It started with my family and a family of our friends on vacation to a beach. We were renting a house right next door to our friend's house. All of us kids (we were 8-9 at this point) were told to go watch a movie at the rental house. We only had a portable DVD player, so we hooked it up to the TV in the main room, and fired up The Ring. It was fine. I wasn't scared, or so I thought. There was an option on the DVD that said 'Don't Watch This', so naturally, we did. From what I think it was, I believe it was the scenes shown on the videotape from the movie. We only got to the part where the Ring slide came up, we said it was stupid, and turned it off. One of the friends went up to the player, accidentally moved it around so the cord came unplugged, and fell out. The screen went black, yet still on. The phone in the rental house rings. I panic. I know we're going to die. Needless to say, it was simply one of the adults from next door calling to see if the movie was over. I still hate that movie to this day.

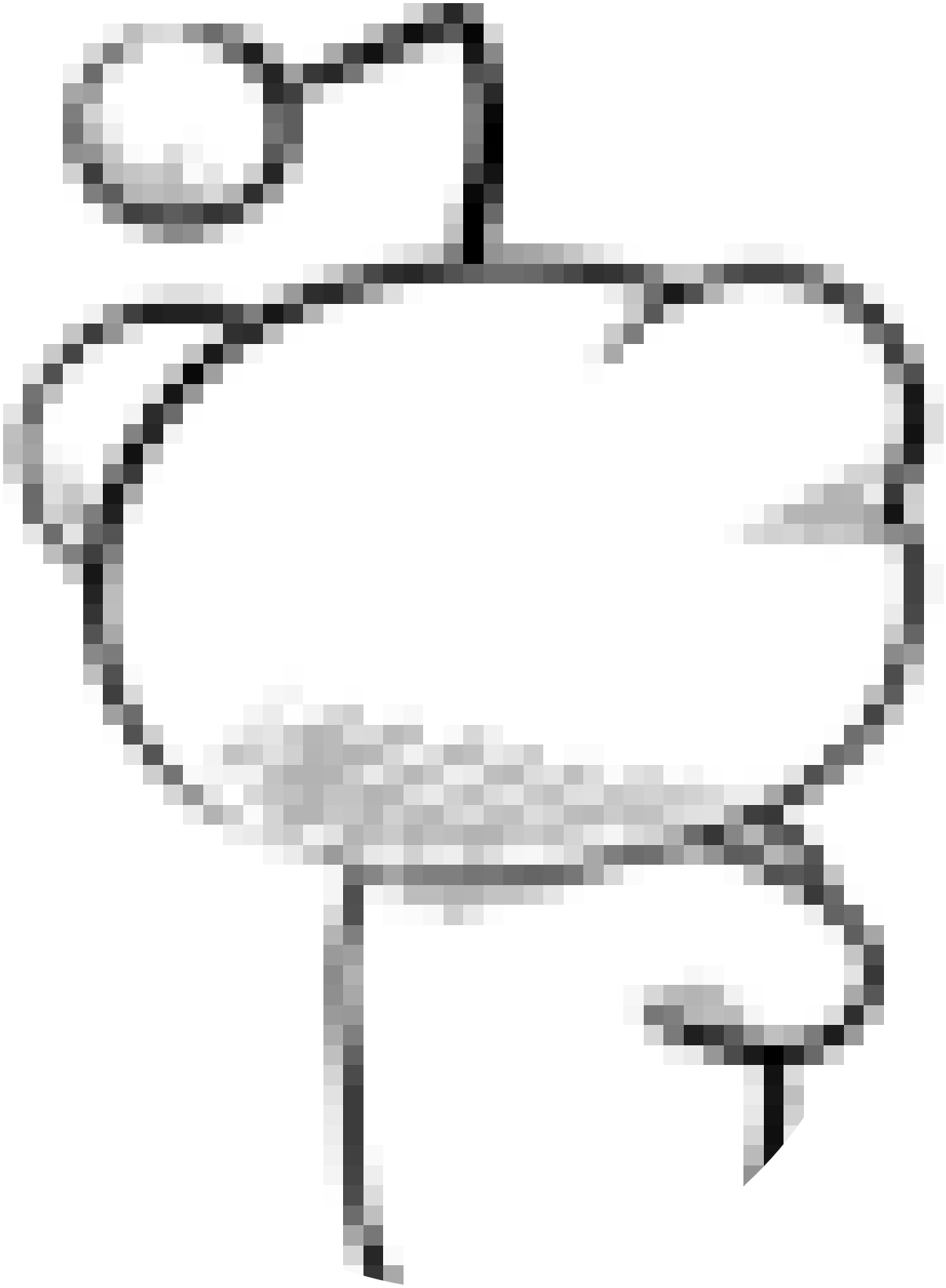


brindlebrat
• 13y ago

I must have been eleven or twelve at the time, I can't remember exactly. My bedroom was in the basement of an older house, 1930s I think. Our family only lived there for a few years but the whole time I lived there I was absolutely petrified. I couldn't really understand at the time what scared me so much but all I know is I could not stand to be in that house alone.

I had a few very strange experiences there but after years I can sort of write them off as having an overactive imagination, or I was dreaming...whatever. Except for one incident which was experienced with a friend of mine. It was the middle of the afternoon, bright summer day and my friend and I were in my basement bedroom trading baseball cards. We were the only ones in the house at the time. I had expected my mom and little brother to be home at any minute, so when my friend and I heard a door open upstairs and footsteps walking across the hallway into the master bedroom, which was directly above my bedroom, we didn't really think twice. The floors on the upper level of the house were old, creaky hardwood and I had heard my family members walk across it many times. I called up to my mom saying something to the effect "Hi Mom, we are downstairs!" But when I didn't get an answer my friend and I looked at each other confused and I called out again, "Hello? Mom?" and nothing. After this we both freaked out. Obviously someone had just entered the house upstairs. We had both heard loud footsteps from one end of the house to the other. No question. Halfway up the flight of stairs to the main floor of the house was the entrance to the garage, so instead of investigating who may be walking around the top level, we ran into the garage and found weapons. I have no clue why we thought this was the best idea at that time instead of just escaping through the garage, but I guess in our TV saturated adolescent minds this was what we were supposed to do. So I grabbed a hammer and I honestly do not remember what my friend grabbed but I want to say it was a hacksaw or something ridiculous like that. We were pretty terrified and not thinking clearly. We slowly walked up to the main level and looked around. No sounds, nothing out of the ordinary. I called out to whoever must be inside to come out, we are calling the police (my friend was near the phone at this point), and I began to check all the rooms and closets, hammer poised to attack. Of course no one was there.

This was not the only time something like this happened in that house except the other times I was alone so nobody else could vouch for what happened. So creepy, I was very happy when we moved!



A_Cave_Man
• 13y ago

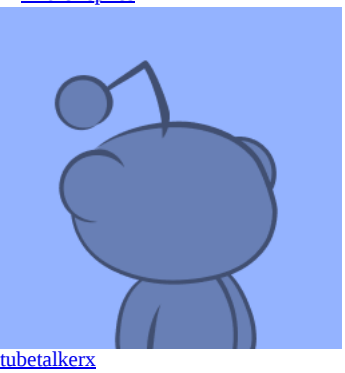
My aunt was at home with her son one day, the rest of the family was at work/school. That is when she hears him talking to someone, so of course, she goes to investigate. She rounds the corner to see him looking up, talking and nodding in understanding.

"Who are you talking to?" she asks. The boy gives her a puzzled look, looks back towards the direction he was just looking and replies "He says he's Jesus"

A year or two goes by since this incident, when all of a sudden she hears a tremendous crash and shattering of glass. She finds her son in the same room holding a frying pan. "What on earth is going on in here?!" she demands.

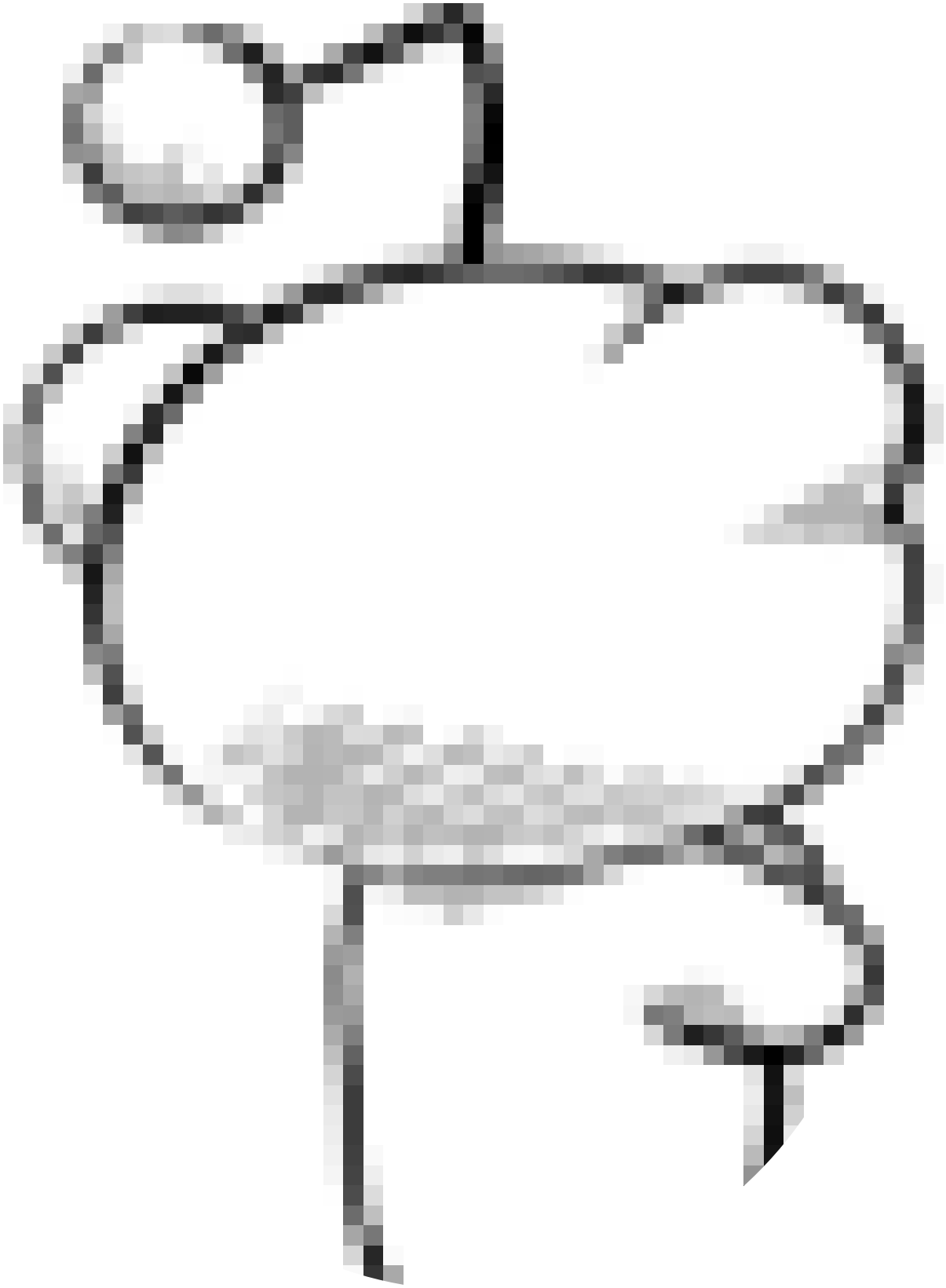
"There was a fly on the window, but I got him!" he enthusiastically replies

More replies



tubetalkerx
• 13y ago

DAMN! I'm reading this page at 3am and suddenly I hear a loud moaning sound coming from upstairs. My 20-month old wants milk.



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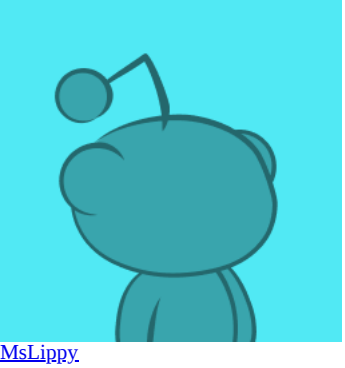
• 13y ago

Two things. One was when I was young and lived in Michigan. It was a perfectly spherical black "ball" that was floating through the air, never changing altitude or speed. Everyone in the neighborhood saw it. It terrified me in some way I can't explain.

Second time I was in the football field at the high school, hanging with some friends. They were a couple of hundred feet away on the concrete, practicing their skateboard tricks and stuff. So I'm laying there, looking at the stars since it's a particularly clear night, and this... white and purple star shaped thing, zooms by about half a mile up. It was huge, it wasn't even a shooting star, it definitely looked man (?) made.

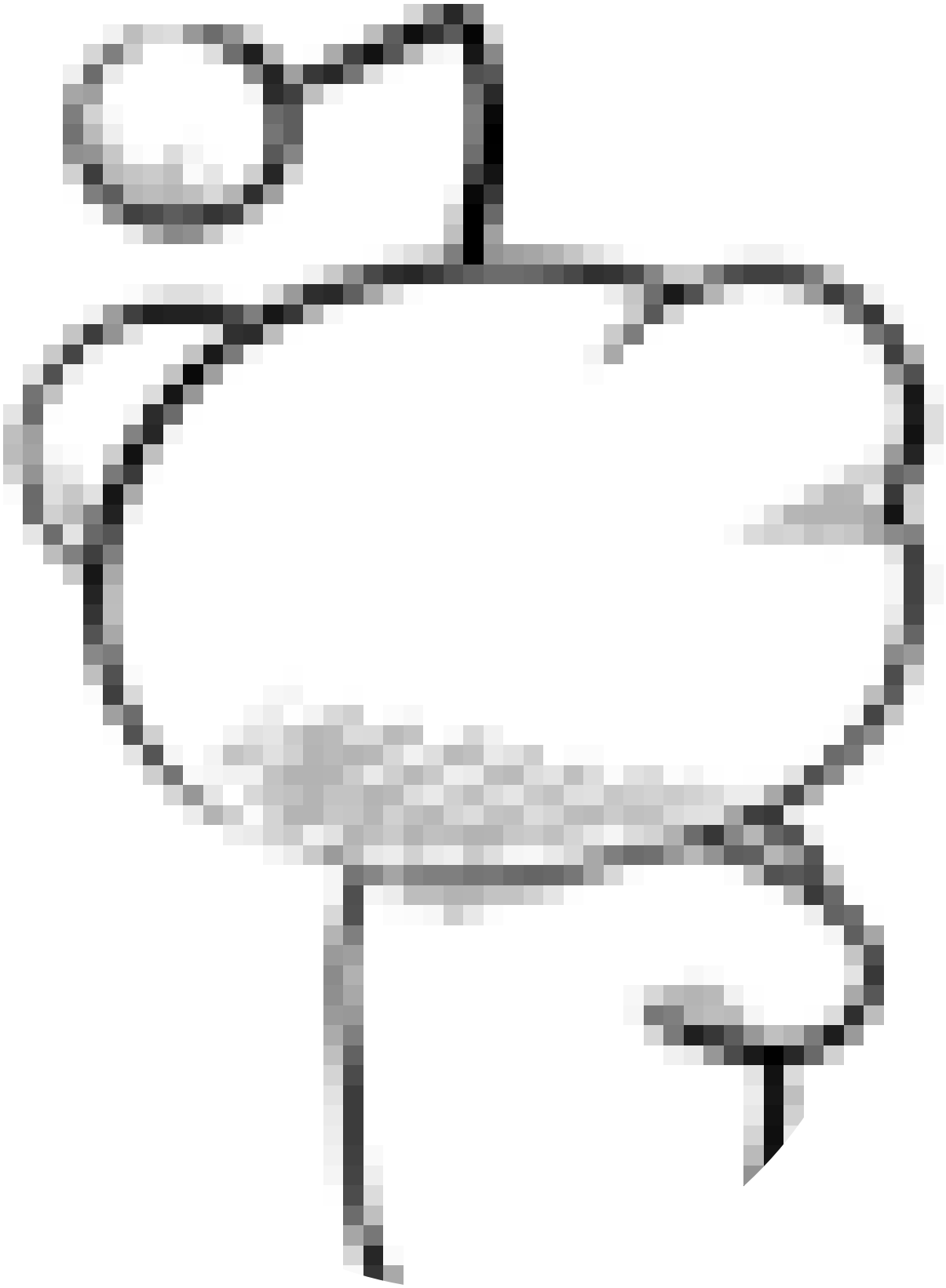


MsLippy
• 13y ago

Do you know there are at least two other hovering-globe-floaty-thing stories on this thread? Somewhere...deep in the middle. I've been here too long.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies More replies



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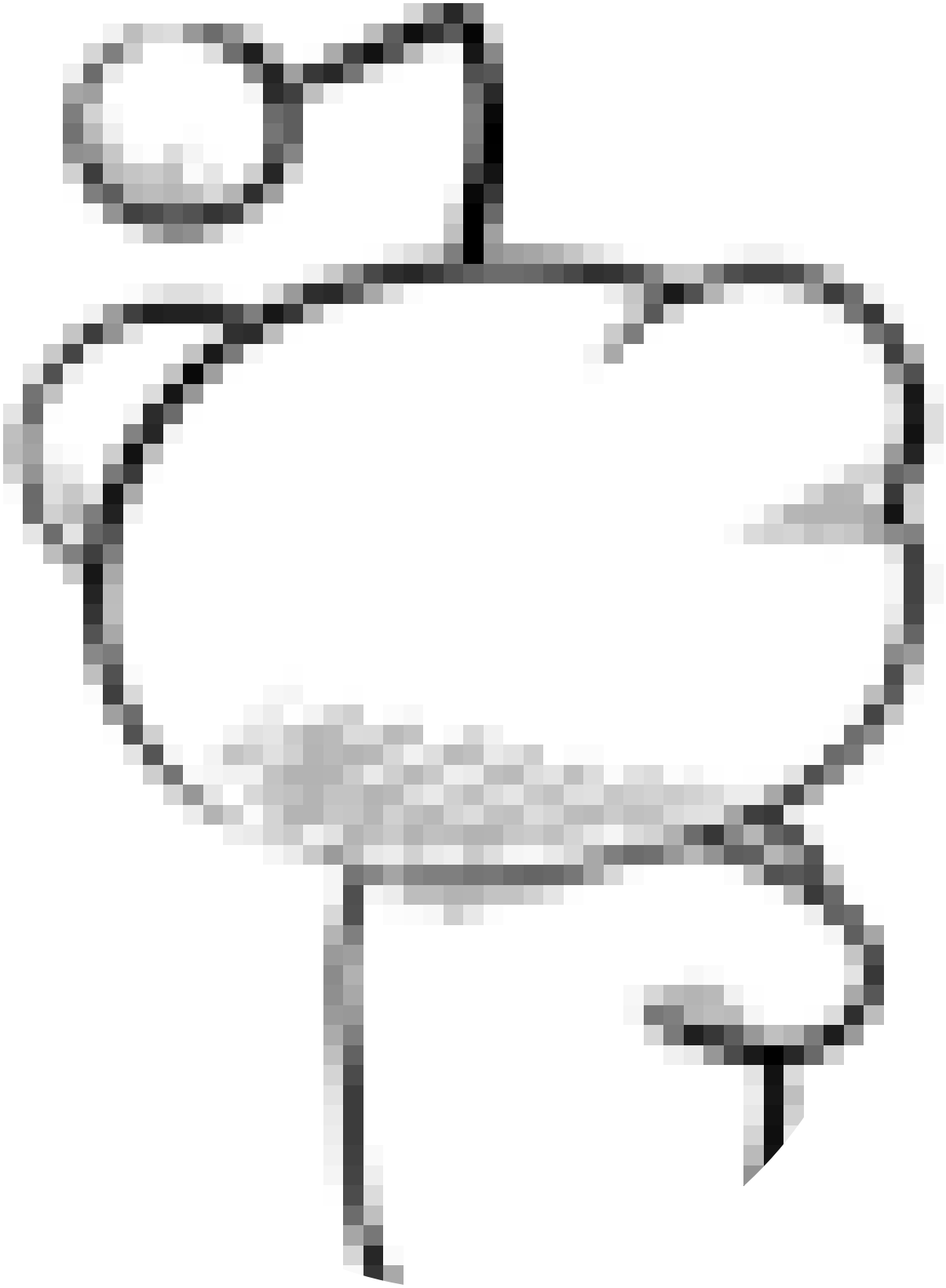
• 13y ago

I was driving my car through the middle of a small town in Kentucky with 3 other people. We were chatting and joking around when suddenly some sort of music (think it was some sort of hip-hop) started to fade into the speakers then faded back out in about a 3 or 4 second period. It got loud enough that we all stopped talking until it faded out, where I then blurted out 'what the fuck was that, tell me you guys heard that?'

We argued about it being the radio for a bit, but it was clearly off. We were by an abandoned gas station and a tractor supply building, nothing else in sight, and its probably about 1 or 2am. It came from the car speakers as the windows were up, anything loud enough to do that could have been heard for longer since I was only doing about 25mph.

Had us freaked out for a good while.



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• 13y ago

A true story about a female babysitter in my hometown. She was caring about the baby for several times, but at that specific evening he was crying everytime she left him alone for sleeping. After being upstairs several times, holding him in her arms to get sleepy she called the parents and asked for some tricks. By some kind of randomness she said to the father, that she couldn't sleep too with a huge scary clown doll like the one she recognized in the baby's room. It was a hard hit when he said they never bought a clown doll for his baby, neither his wife did. In fact it was a guy with a mental disease, who climbed into the room by an open window. He wokes the baby up everytime when the babysitter left the room. When she came back he just sat there pretending to be a huge doll. No one was hurt, but I think this is a pretty scary evening.

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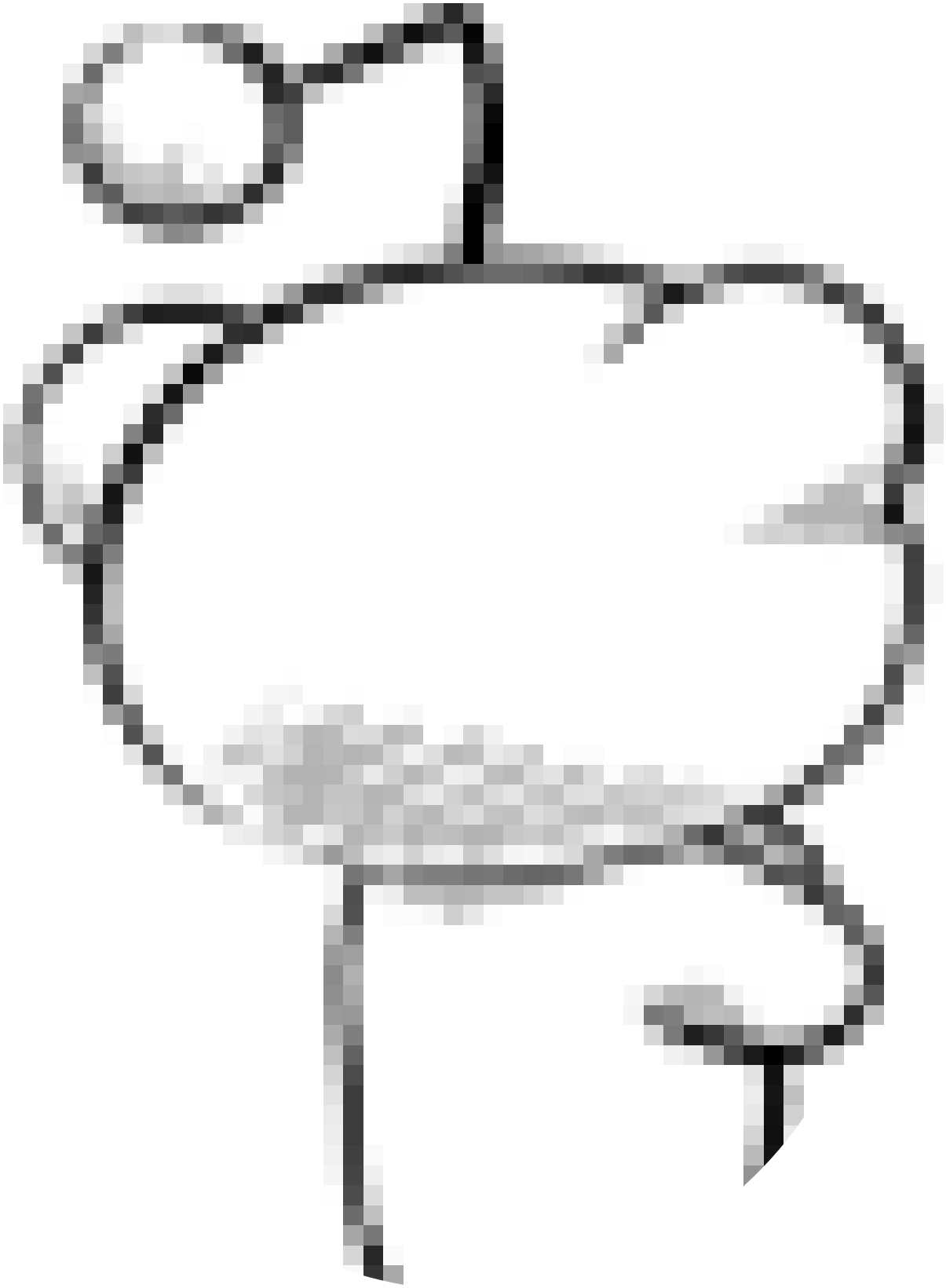

[deleted]
• 13y ago

This is bullshit. You edited a common Copy-pasta.

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MsAnnThrope
• 13y ago

I'm pretty sure this is an urban legend...

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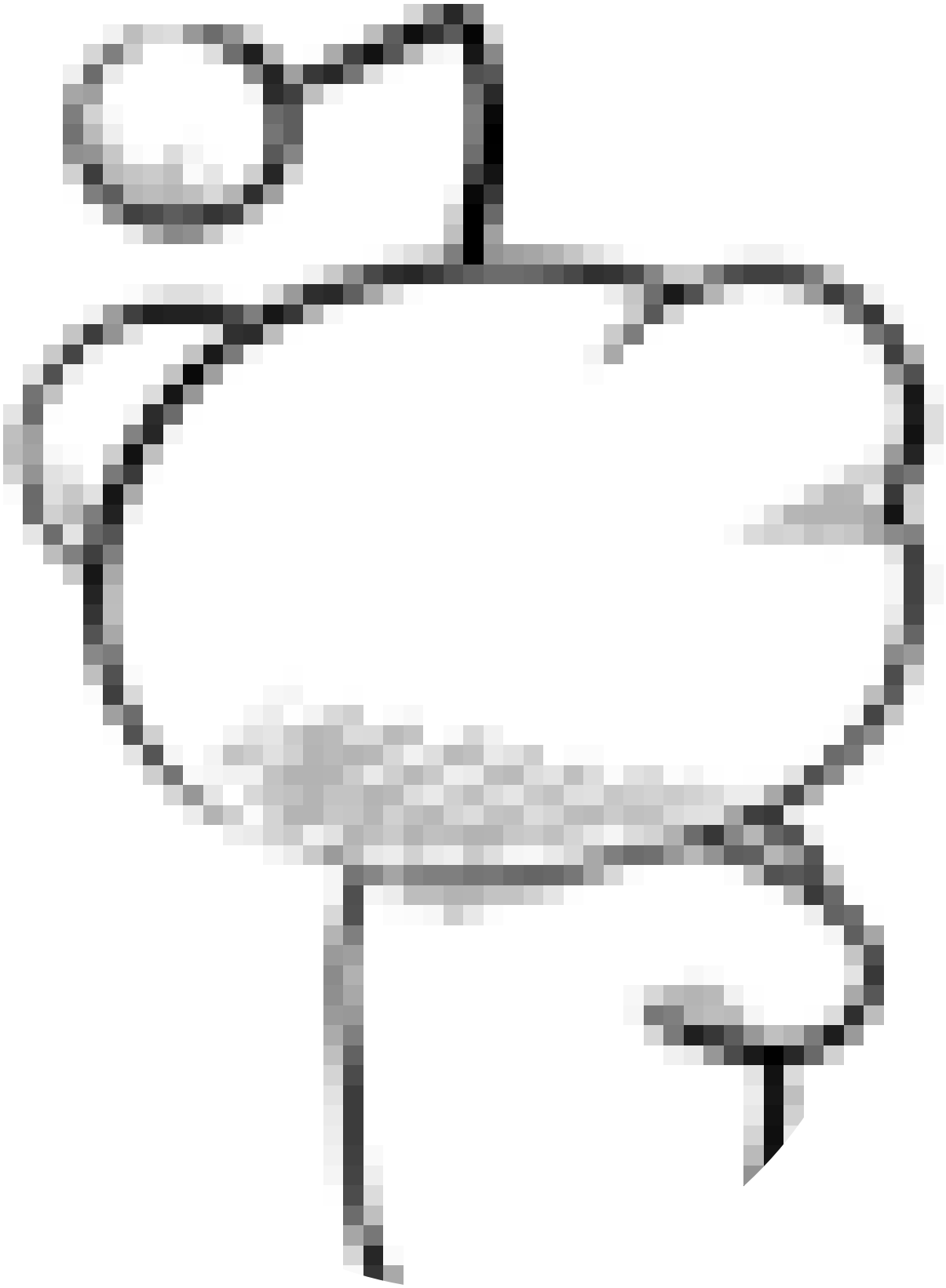

Hard_at_it
• 13y ago

6 inches of my tibia protruding from my leg, what remains of the scar: http://i.imgur.com/24pTeXL.jpg

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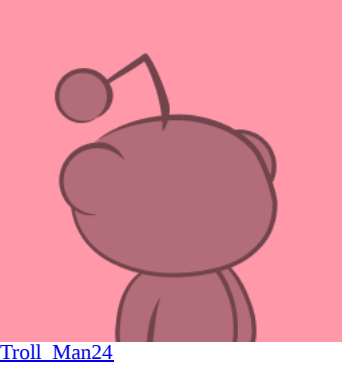

Troll_Man24
• 13y ago

that there were 666 comments on here

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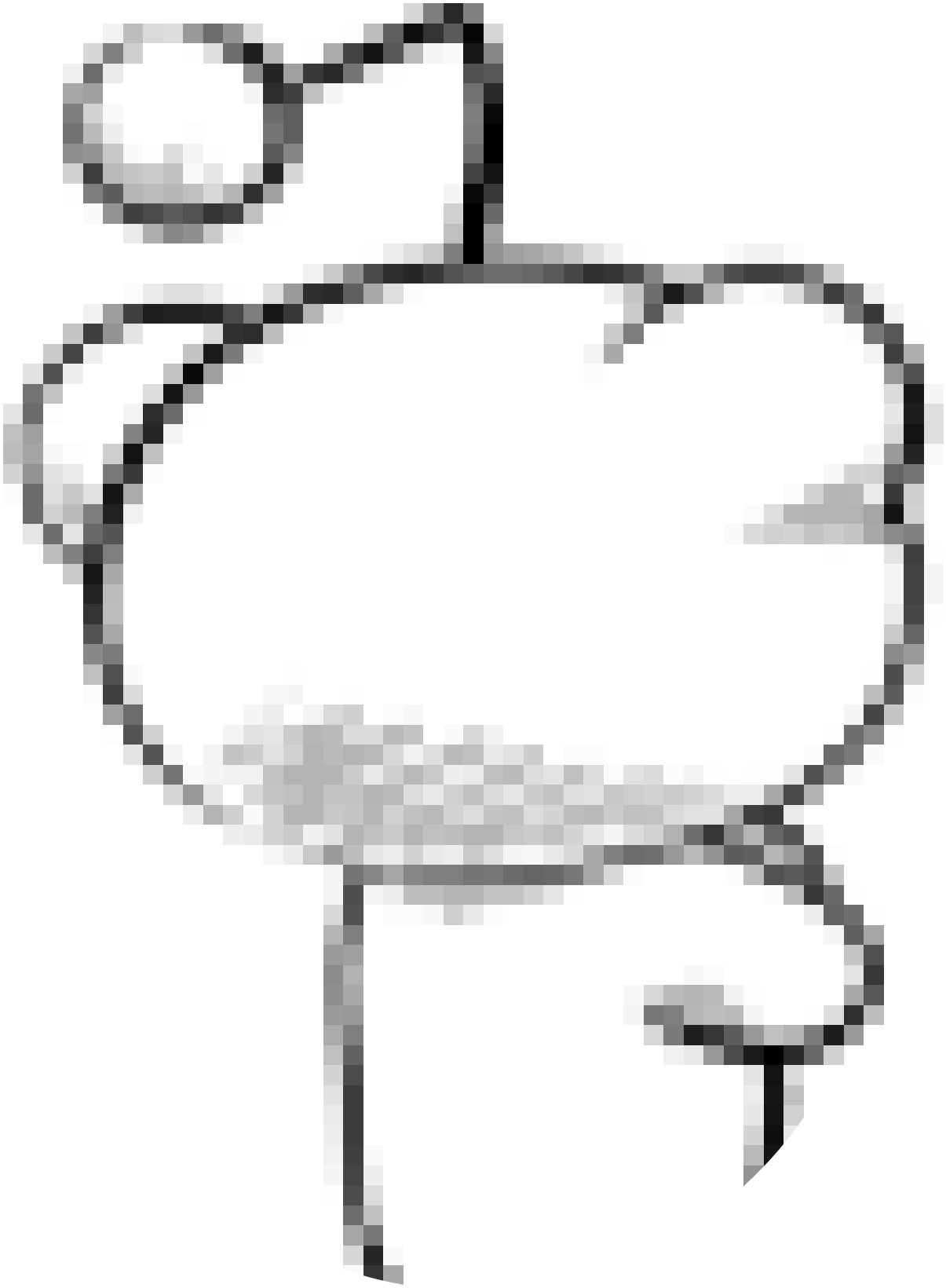

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• 13y ago

I've posted this story before.

I came home around 3 in the morning after playing Texas Hold 'Em with some friends. My mom was in the shower after a late night cleaning session, and I remember just being relieved that she was okay. This cold dread filled me the whole walk home, and though everything looked normal, I still felt like some unseen ghoul was watching me from the shadows. I shrugged it off to a late cold night and went to hang up my coat by the window.

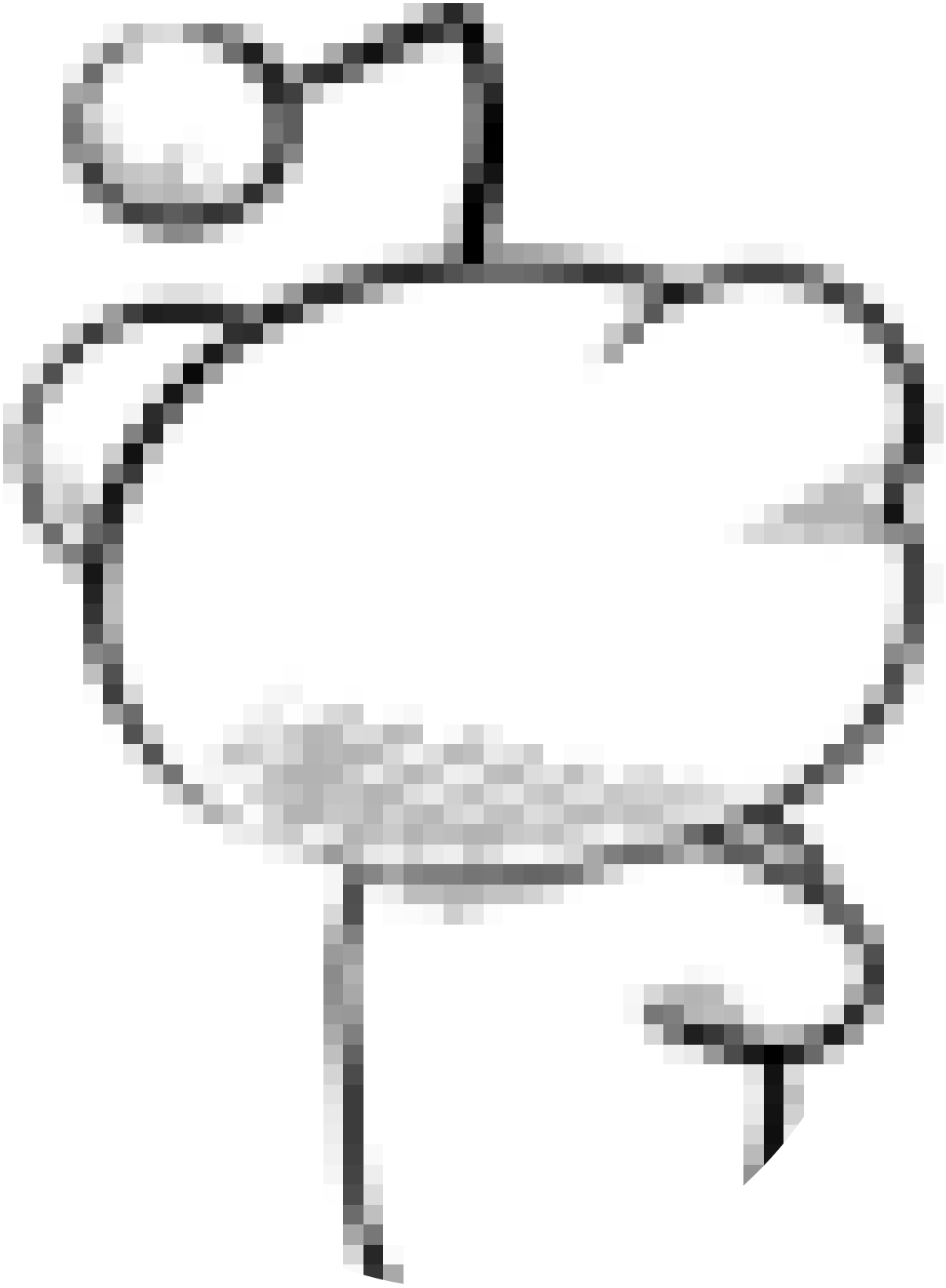
And that's when I saw it.

A park lay bathed in streetlight, across from my apartment building. Flowing over the down sloping hill of the park was a hooded figure blacker than the surrounding shadows. It was a wraith of tattered night, hovering closer to the building, moving through - not around - a tree and onward.

I froze. My voice caught. All things that were terrible and wrong were manifest in this coming emissary of darkness. I snapped back into myself and shut the blind and curled under the covers until sleep came.

The next afternoon, a friend stopped by. He told me there were cops downstairs. We went to see what was going on. They wouldn't say. I told my friend about the night before. He laughed it off. We went to get food and ran into a reporter looking for a certain apartment. He told us a police officer killed his girlfriend and killed himself. My friend looked at me dumfounded. But I felt no vindication. Only empty.

Reply Share



Billpayment
• 13y ago

"It was a wraith of tattered night" and such doesn't make me put much faith in this story.

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biglegspluskarate
• 13y ago

I once saw a coworker leave the bathroom without washing his hands after taking a shit.

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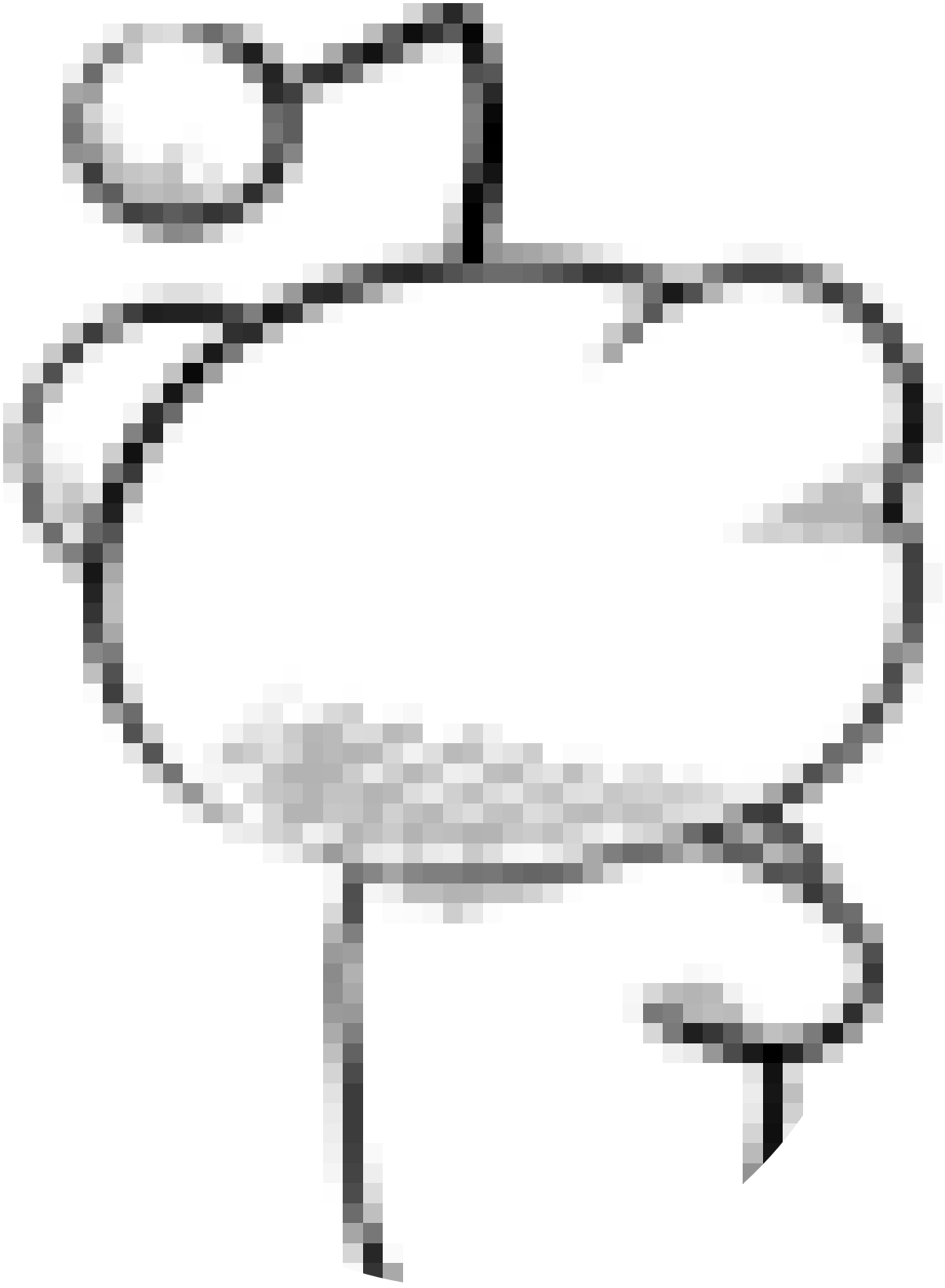

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• 13y ago

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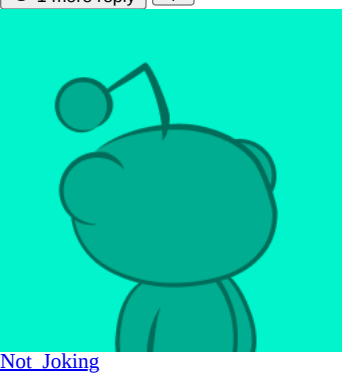
Intergalactic_ranger
• 13y ago

What am I supposed to be seeing in the picture?

2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies
1 more reply
1 more reply



Not_Joking
• 13y ago

Here's the first thing that came to mind. In 1993 I has access to Usenet through my University. For a few months I was reading first and second hand information coming from attorneys, reporters, and witnesses of the siege and extermination of all the men women and children trapped in the Branch Davidian compound in Waco Texas. This wasn't perpetrated by a drug gang or south american guerrillas (popular bad guys of the 80's and 90's), or by a Russian or Chinese communist sleeper cell for that matter. Nope. The torture and murder was the handiwork of my Uncle Sam. As it was happening, few people knew about it. They were not allowing any press. Or humanitarian aid. Once it was over, the press was awash in terrifyingly predictable, paper thin propaganda. Nobody cared. The public never got the joke, and the jokes on them. And then I knew. "They" have now seen that they can get away with seemingly unthinkably obvious atrocities, and as long as people still consume their media, they will get away with it.

That kinda creeped me out, and it was the first thing I thought of when I read the post. Come to think of it though, that was when things just started to get weird. Has it gotten weird enough for you yet?

tldr; Found out the machine works so well that "they" can torture and murder an entire village of people in the middle of the US and then spin it so that the public at large has no problem with that.

Almighty_Egg
• 13y ago

Last year I was camping in Scotland near Inverness with two friends from school. We'd had one of those really nice days where everything goes well and you just feel great about life.

After exploring the local area and pinpointing our nearest village, we decided to hide all our valuable stuff (you know what Scots are like), zip up our tents and trek to the pub.

We got a few rounds in, chatted to the landlord and a few of the locals, but all the while I couldn't help notice one chap who just didn't quite look right. I don't know what it was to this day, but something about him drew my gaze and I just couldn't help but stare at him as he sat at the bar on his own, ordering whisky after whisky.

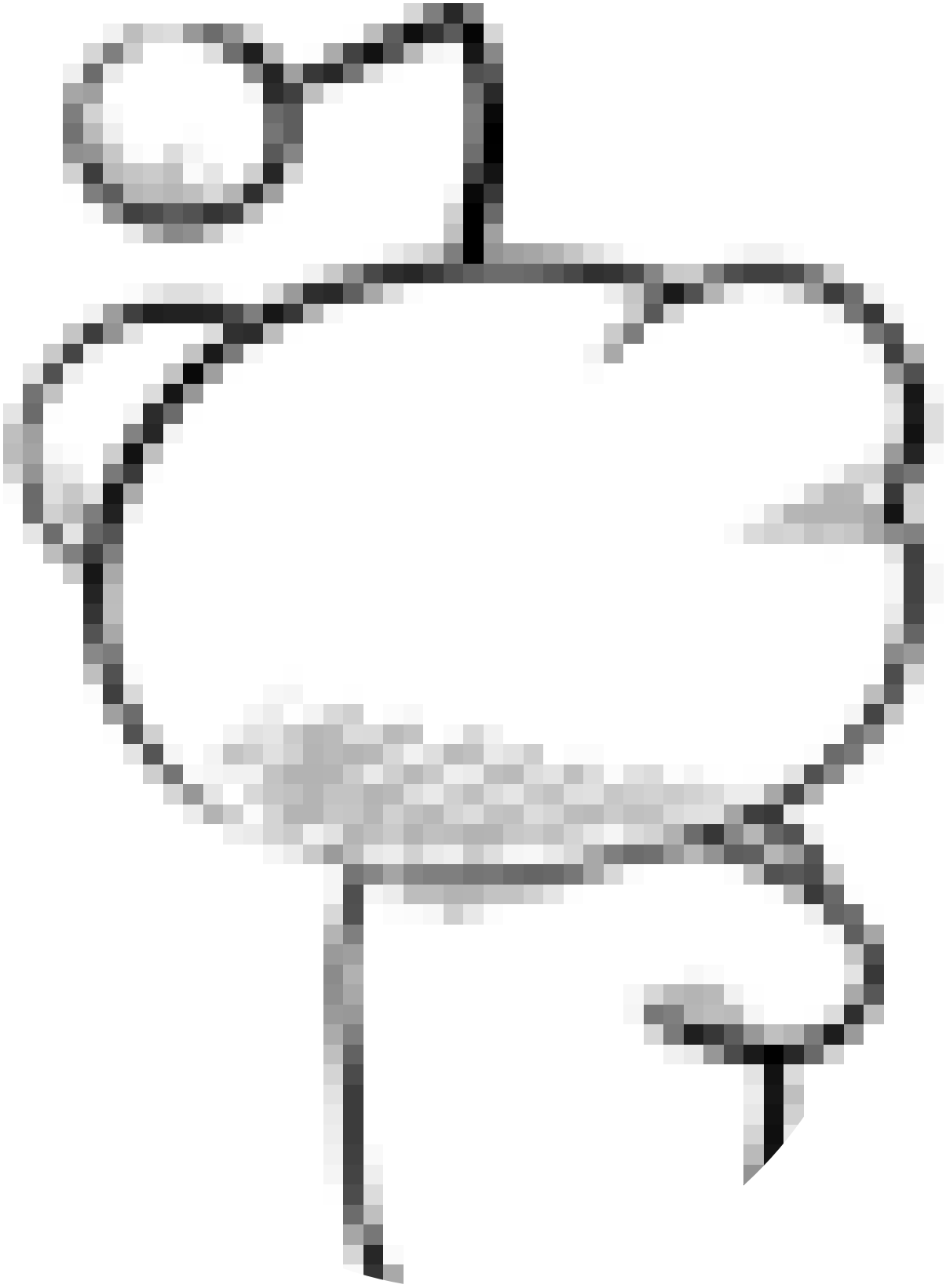
As I proceeded to get more and more boozed, I began to ignore him. Anyhoo, last orders were done and we were all kicked out the front into the car park. At this point, one of my buddies, who will remain nameless (you know who you are Will), was finding it very hard to stand and/or talk (God knows why), and so hiking back to the campsite was proving difficult.

Seeing that we were having trouble leaving the pub car park, the same lone stranger from the bar came over and offered to give us a lift in his landy. To this day, I wish I'd never gotten in that car, but I did. Not only was he drunk, but there was something very off about him. Now that he was standing, I realised just how tall he was. What's more, his skin seemed to be wet. Not his clothes, just his skin.

Anyway, we got in the car and I noticed that he was driving extremely fast. I asked him to slow down, but he didn't reply. Instead he just stared at me with hollow eyes and a vacant expression. I asked him to pull over, and he obliged. We all got out and watched him speed away. It was at this point that we realised that we were on the banks of a huge lake, and he'd purposefully plowed right in.

Panicking, I ran over to see if there was any hope in rescuing him. Just as I got to the lake, he emerged from the water, not flustered, with that same vacant expression. Shocked, I asked "do you need help?". He replied: "I need something from you first..." Confused, I replied, "What do you need?" "I need about tree fiddy." It was around this time I realized that this guy was about 8 stories tall and a crustacean from the paleozoic era. That damned Loch Ness Monster had gotten me again, "Damnit Monstah, I ain't givin' you no tree fiddy!" I yelled as he swam away into the distance.

TL;DR: creepy guy gives us a ride, and ends up trying to killing himself right in front of us.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I want to up vote this a thousand times. Well played sir

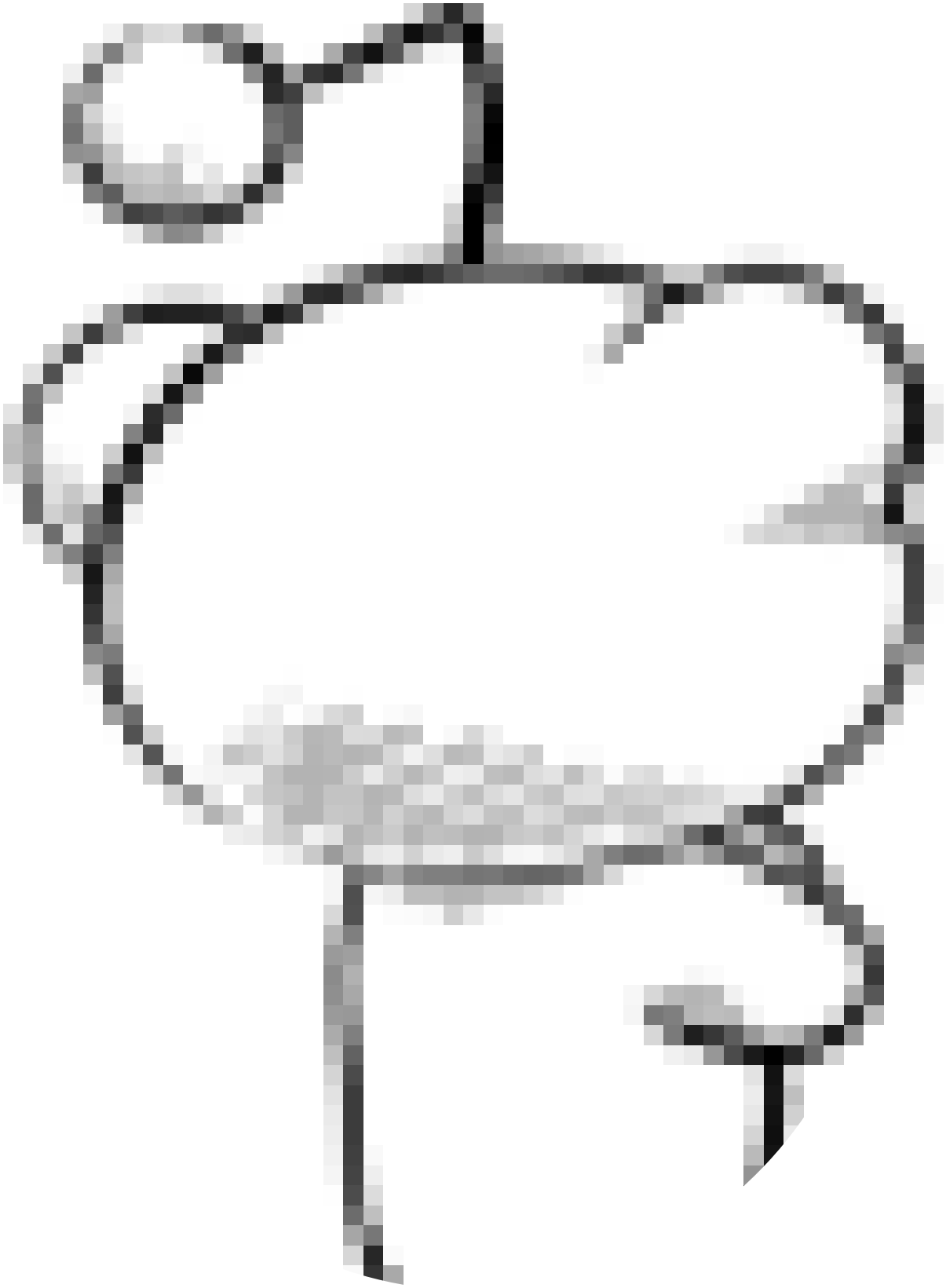
rickybobby516
• 13y ago

Classic

2 more replies

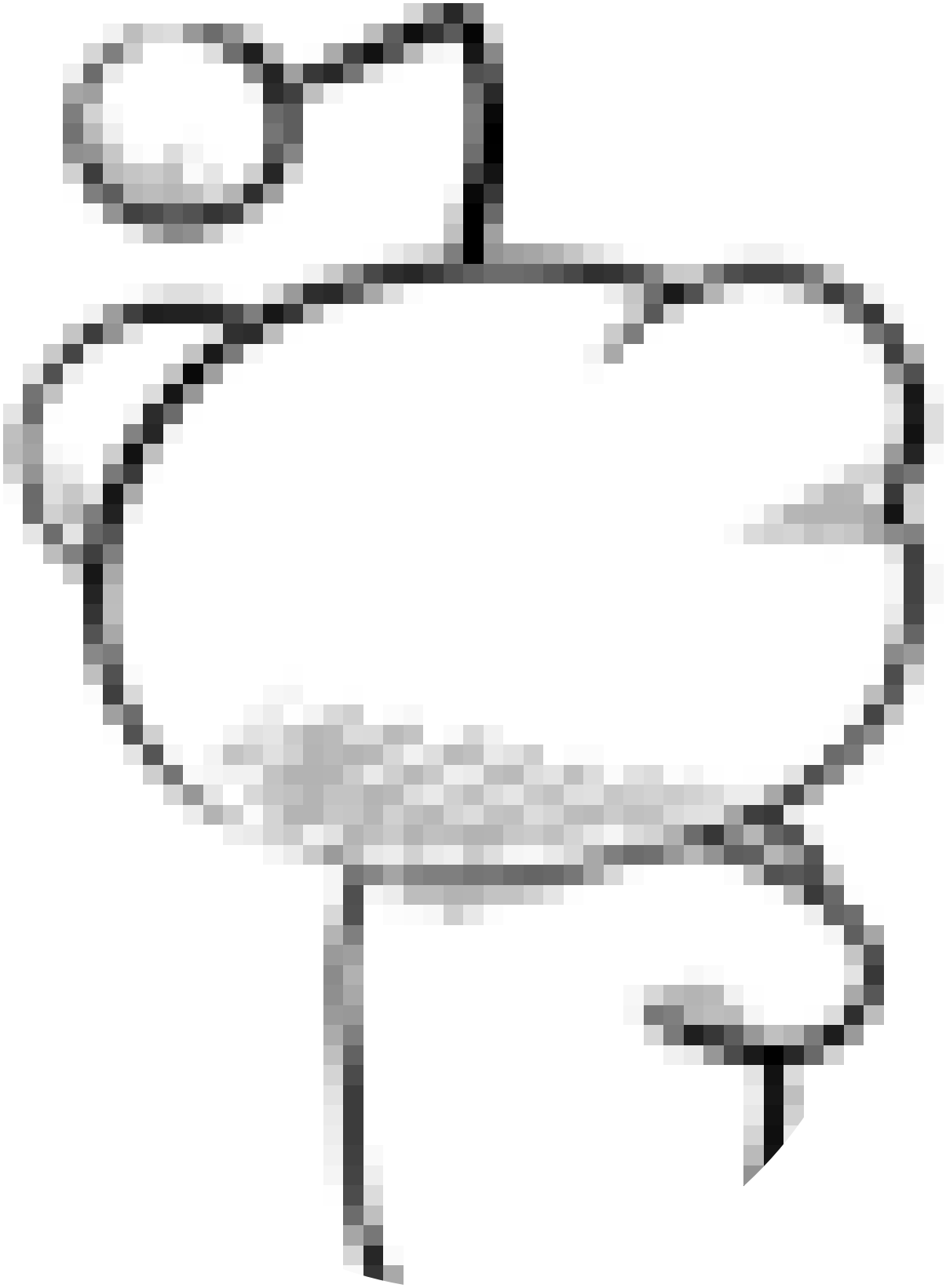
2 more replies

More replies



g000dn
• 13y ago

well i've got a really cool story to tell that has actually been reinforced after a few google searches that revealed I'm not alone in my sighting, but this thread has 3100 replies and there's no way I'm typing it all up for it to go completely unnoticed.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Type it up. I'm reading new first.

2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies

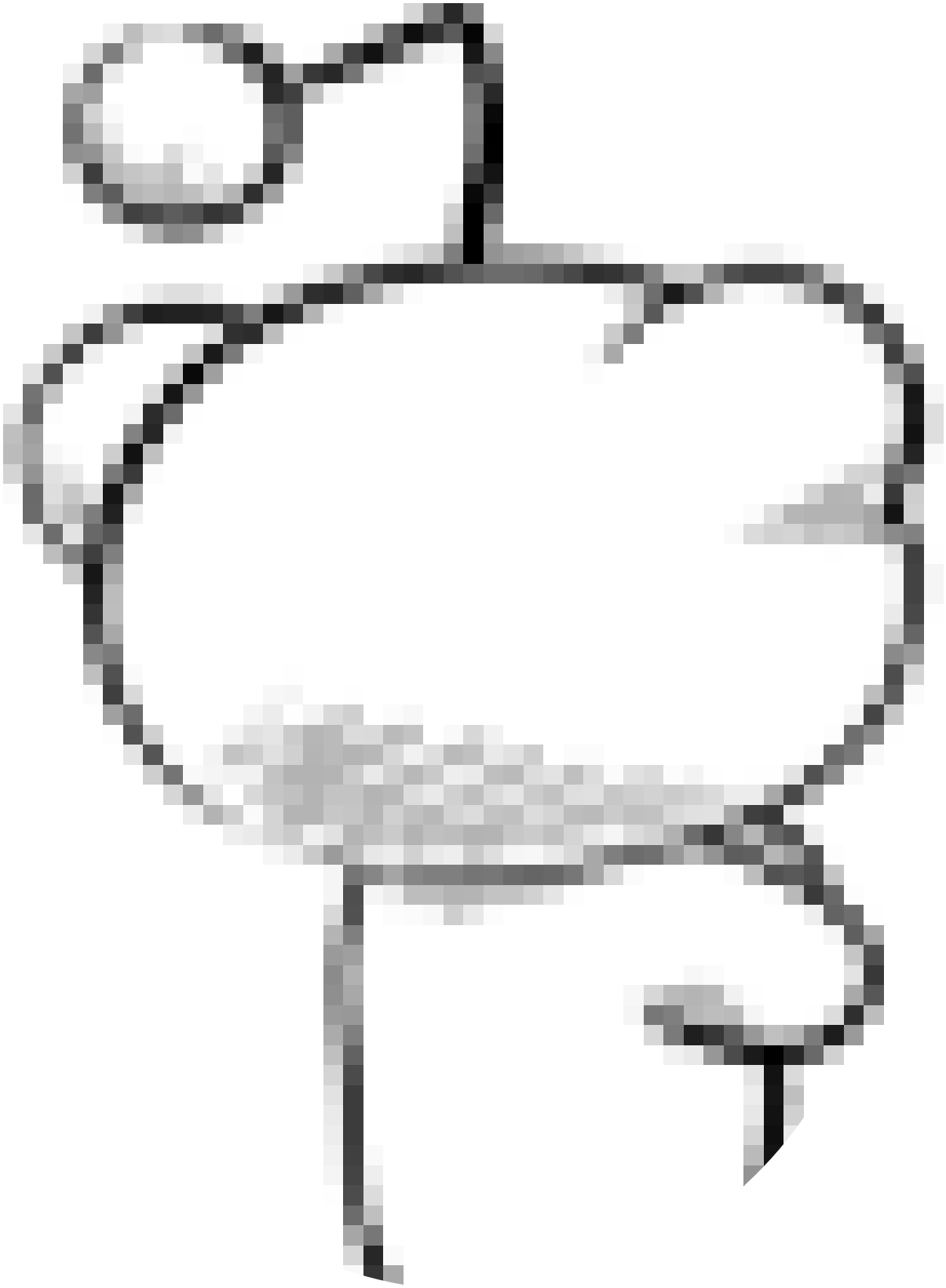
funwithgoats
• 13y ago

Well, I want to know!!!

More replies

Kronos1337
• 13y ago

In this thread I learned a site full of atheists are still afraid of ghosts.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Generalize much

More replies

JustTryingToFunction
• 13y ago

World's shortest horror story. The last human on earth sat in a room. He heard a knock at the door.

Trcymcgrdy1
• 13y ago

lawl

More replies

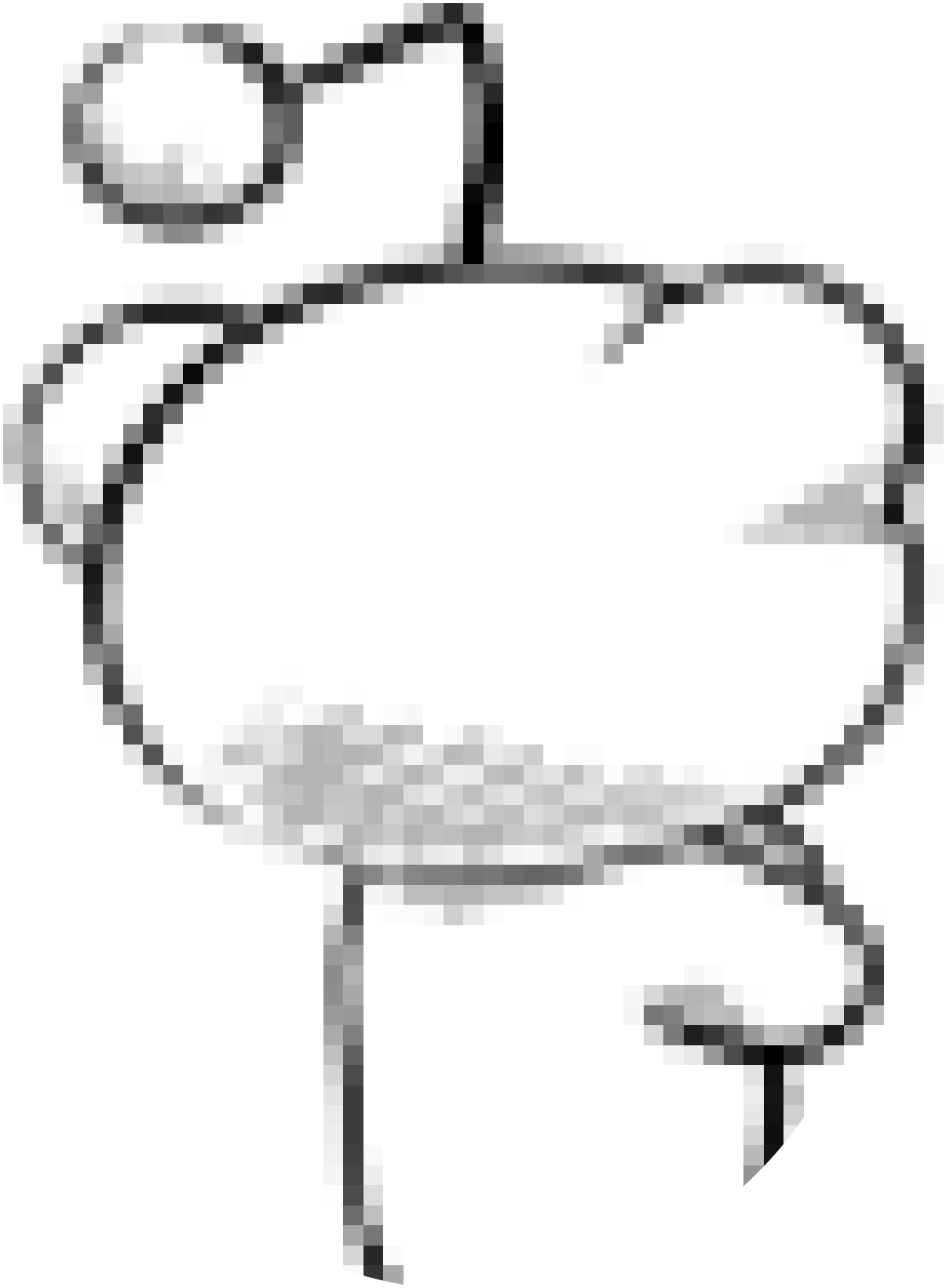
nintynineninjas
• 13y ago

Torchwood's depiction of death.

mageezbeats
• 13y ago

This past halloween i was woken up at 5:30AM to a man covered in blood playing on my piano. i had never seen this man before in my life, and it took me a second to realize that he was a drunk man who wandered into my apartment from the costume party upstairs, and he was dressed like a mad scientist. i kicked him out of my house and couldnt go back to sleep.

still gives me chills.



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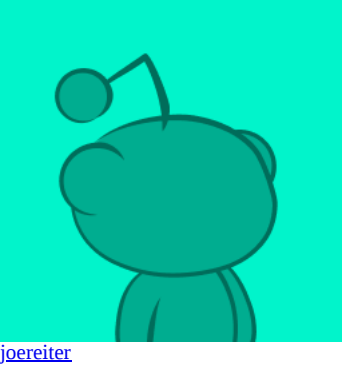
• 13y ago

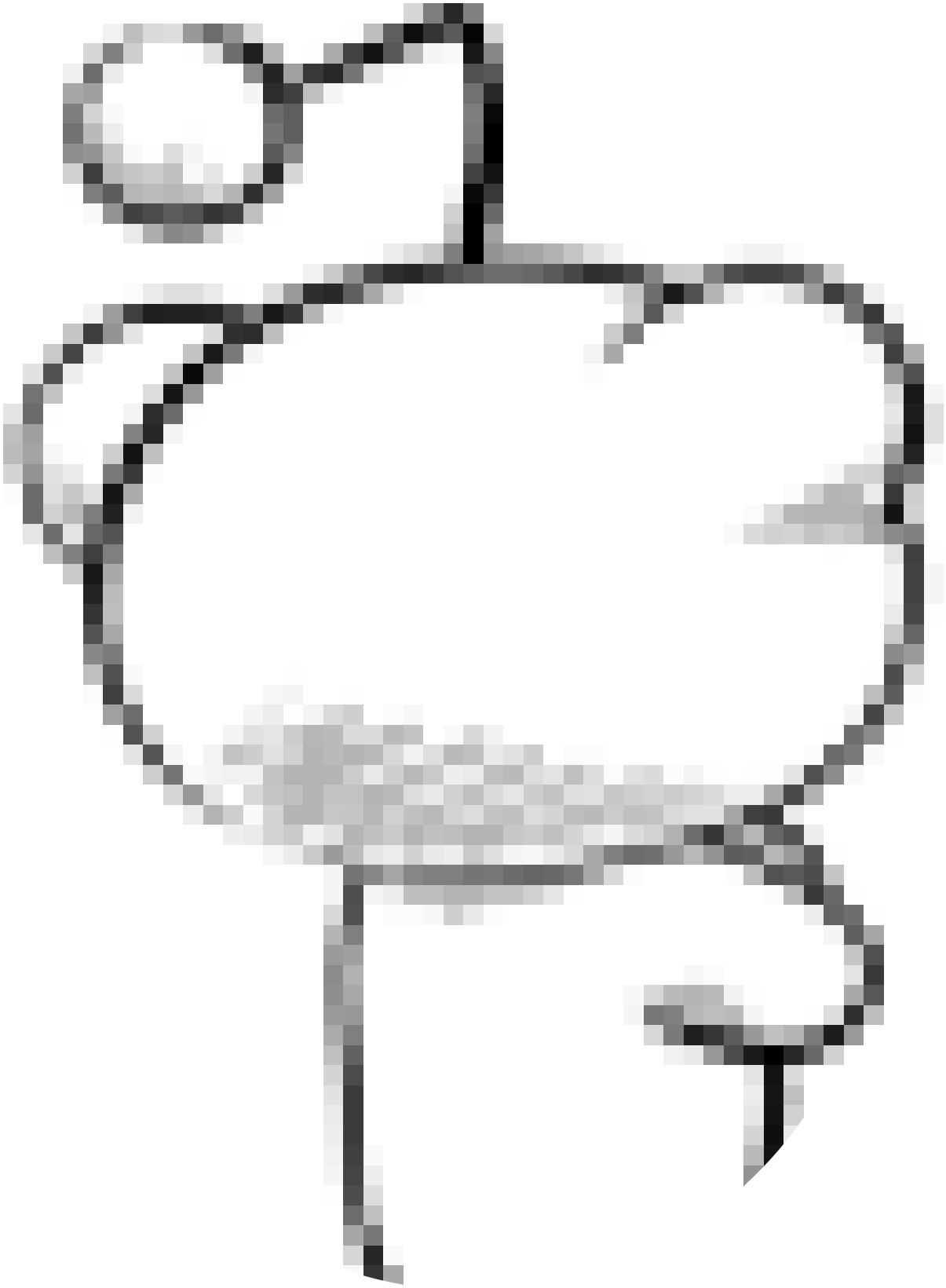
There were a noise of an animal outside of my window in the night. It sounded a bit like cough made by a dog, but different. In the first time it scared the fuck out of me. I layed in my bed frozen and with open eyes. After some time I yould sleep just because the noise didn't change. Since then I heard it some time after. I don't what kind of animal this is, I think a badger or something.

(Sorry if bad English)



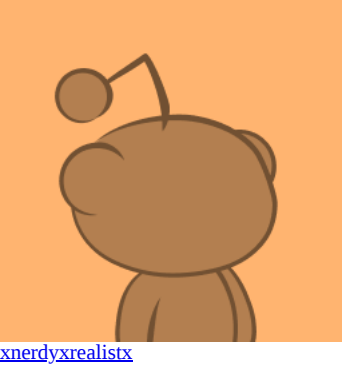
joereiter
• 13y ago

fainting goats screaming at 3AM on a farm in rural massachussetts. because they sound like babies being slaughtered and city boys like me find this to be an infinitely worse sound to be woken up to than police sirens.



Jesus_is_mah_nigga
• 13y ago

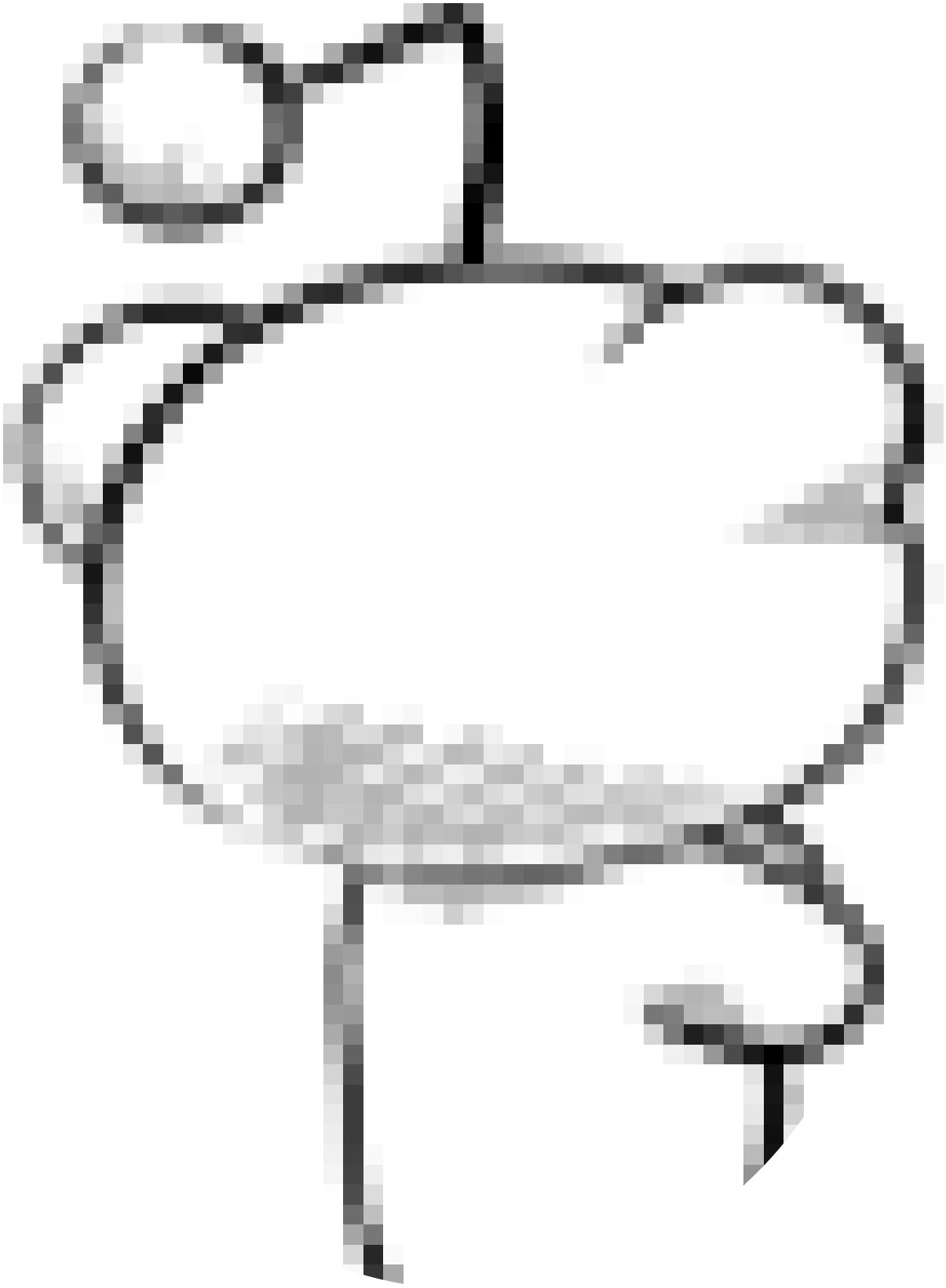
A couple years ago, I was hiking with my friend and we came up next to this waterfall. We decided to hike up the side on the really steep rock thing. So as we're climbing he says "Who's playing drums?" So we stop climbing and hear these tribal drums and a girl singing, but it sound very low-pitched. (The first thing that comes to mind is the singing sampled in the background of this song http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=3UhjblIwfFM). So the singing and drumming keeps going on, and being the pussies that we are, we run the fuck down that hill. We drive back to his apartment in dead silence. God that was scary.



xnerdyxrealistx
• 13y ago

When I was home alone in my house that we had just moved into and was still pretty empty, just some furniture down, my sister had left her New Found Glory CD on in her room on full volume before she left. At this point the CD ended, but that CD has ~10 or so minutes of silence then a bonus track which starts with a scream. It was night and my house was pitch black. It scared the shit out of me. I thought someone had been murdered. You can imagine the relief when I realized it was the CD.

Here's the bonus track I heard



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• 13y ago

Even though it's probably a hoax or a misinterpretation, the lost cosmonauts.

hoitjancker
• 13y ago

A video which cropped up on a similar Reddit thread a few months ago of the Station nightclub fire, in which 100 people were killed in 2003. The video is amateur footage, firstly of the band playing at the venue, followed by about 10 minutes of pretty disturbing footage of the fire itself. What I find most unsettling is the contrast of the casual setting of people simply enjoying a show, unaware that in minutes many of them will be dead. The video serves as stark reminder of the danger of fire, and the fatal results of not having sufficient emergency exits/procedures.

birdsmith88
• 13y ago

I think the video is a better reminder of the fact the you never know where you're going to be in twenty minutes.

More replies

Superdewper
• 13y ago

Hey OP. Aussie unite. I'm sure these stories will help you get to sleep ;)

1. Apparently some real shit happens on the interstate routes. Stretching road in front of you. Only red sand to the left and right.

I've heard of some trucker stories. On some quiet roads in the untravelled hours people try to rob you. Although how are you going to stop a semi? They'll usually lie there pretending to be knocked out or asking for help. Then when you stop. They shank ya!

I hear that instead of stopping they'll just go straight through. Either you or them...

Cant write anymore. Getting the heebie jeebies.

Thx OP

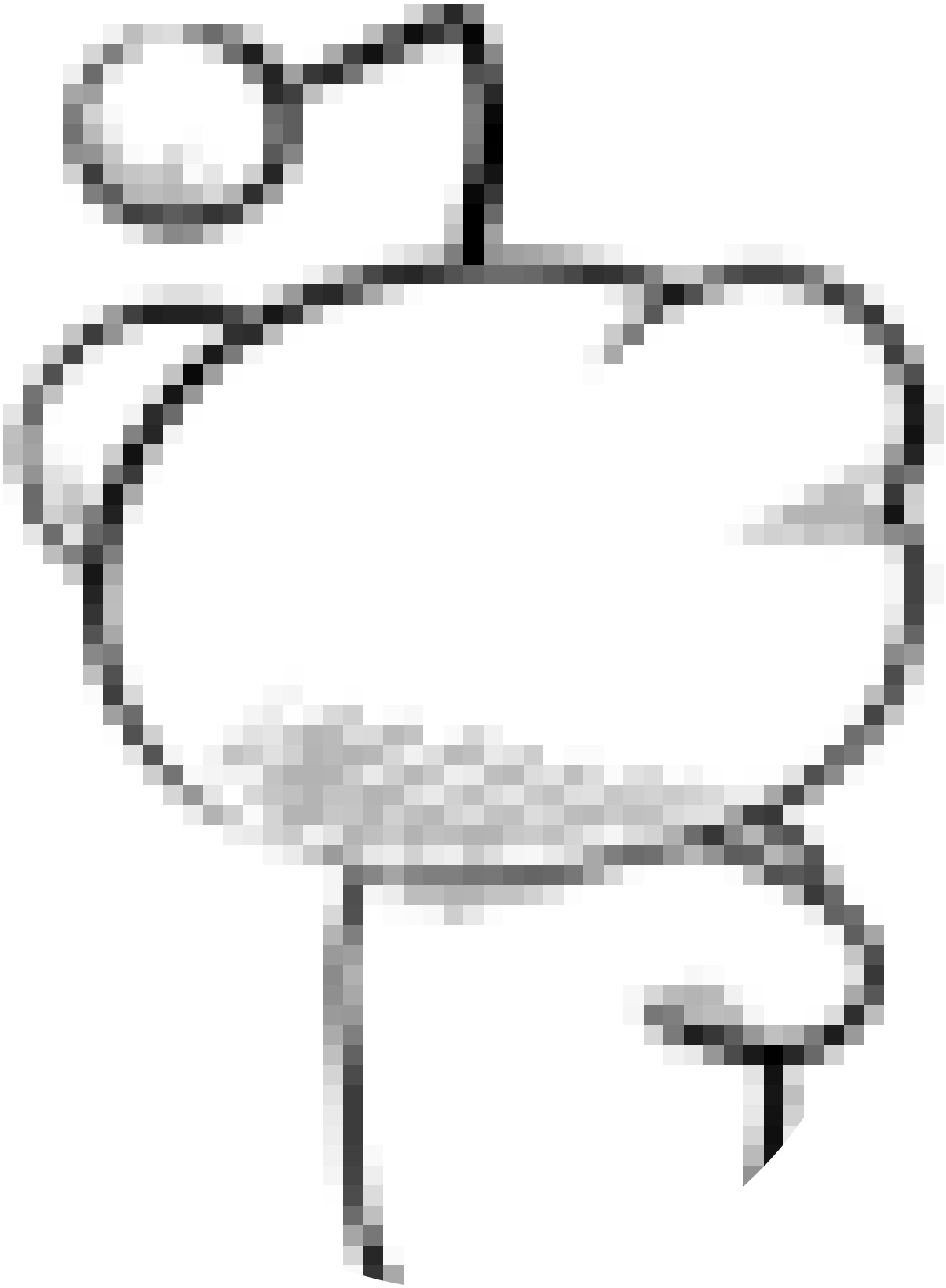
Reply Share

slipknot6477
• 13y ago

This might not sound creepy, but while I am trying to fall asleep I hear strange voices in my head. They say random things/noises, but the weird part about it is the voices are a lot louder than my thoughts are.

Reply Share
2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies



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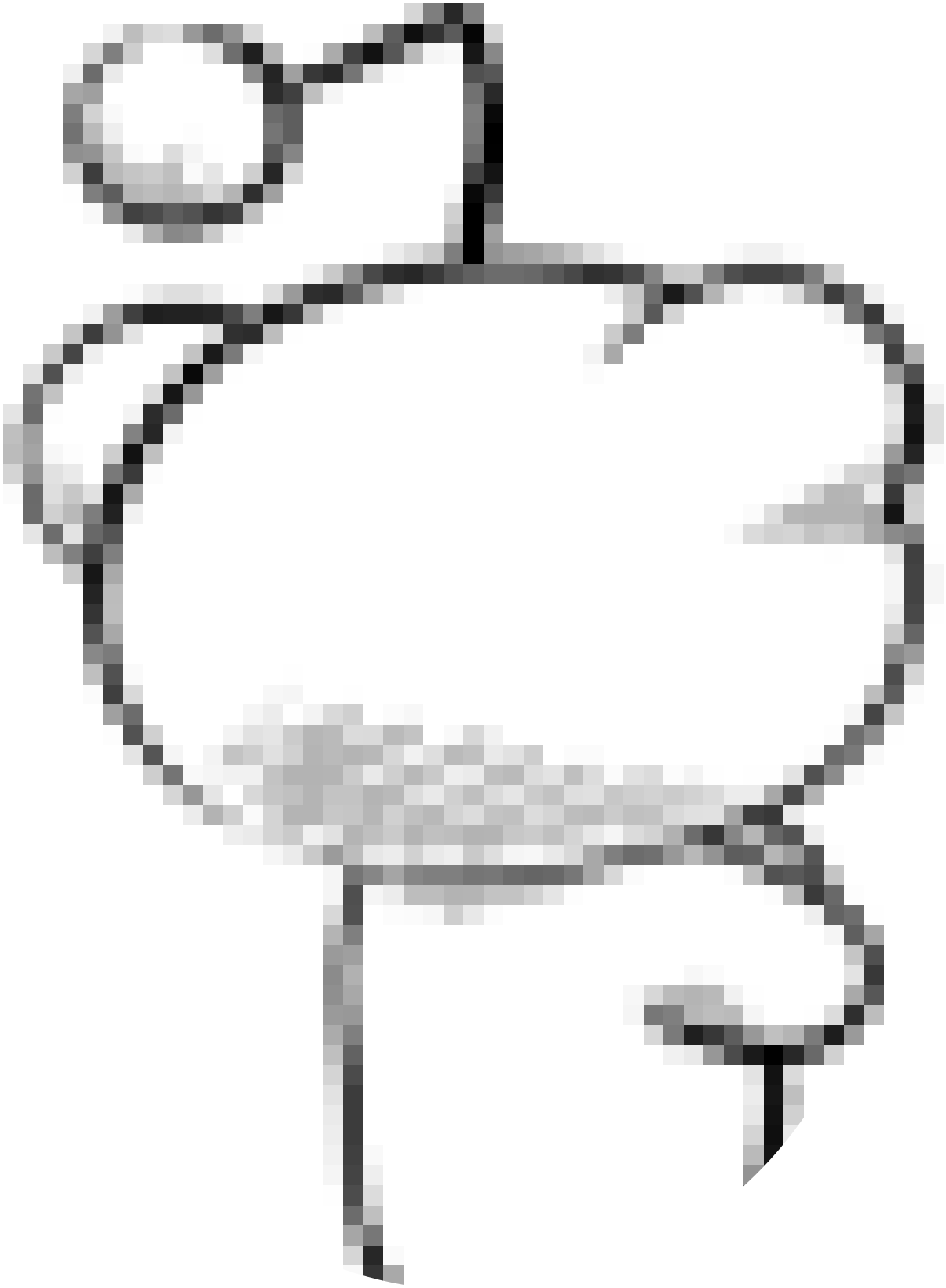
• 13y ago

My small farm was raided by 2 dogs in the night, I had to search my property, picking up the corpses of my sheep. By the end of the day I was covered in blood, and still had to grab one body out of the lake.

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I found my best friend's body in the forest less than 15 minutes after he shot himself in the head.

Reply Share

dexxin
• 13y ago

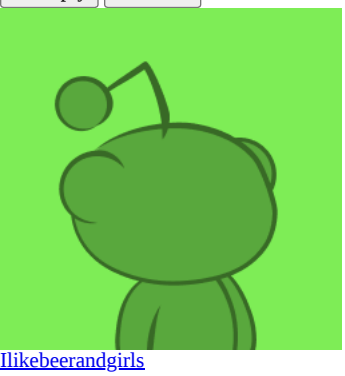
I remember I saw a subreddit a long time ago that had a lot of short, creepy stories. Anyone know what it's called?

Reply Share

princesssaoirse
• 13y ago

Last year I woke up in the middle of the night to a sharp pain on my leg. It didn't hurt that much so I just rubbed it and tried to get back to sleep, but as I did that it felt like something had pierced my hand. I threw back my covers to see between my legs five wasps crawling around. I dunno why I wasn't freaking out yet because I am girl-scared of all insects, I just got out of bed and saw that around my lamp in the corner were like a dozen wasps flying around the bulb. Before running to my dad for help I decided to shut the window because I knew he'd lecture me about not shutting the window and that's why wasps would be in, but as I opened the curtains the windows were both shut and all up the window were around twenty wasps crawling and flying around. That's when I lost it and suddenly realised how loud their disgusting buzzing was and ran downstairs screaming - had to run back up again for dad though, kinda ruined the vibe. Turns out my neighbours had a wasp nest problem, fuck wasps.

Reply Share

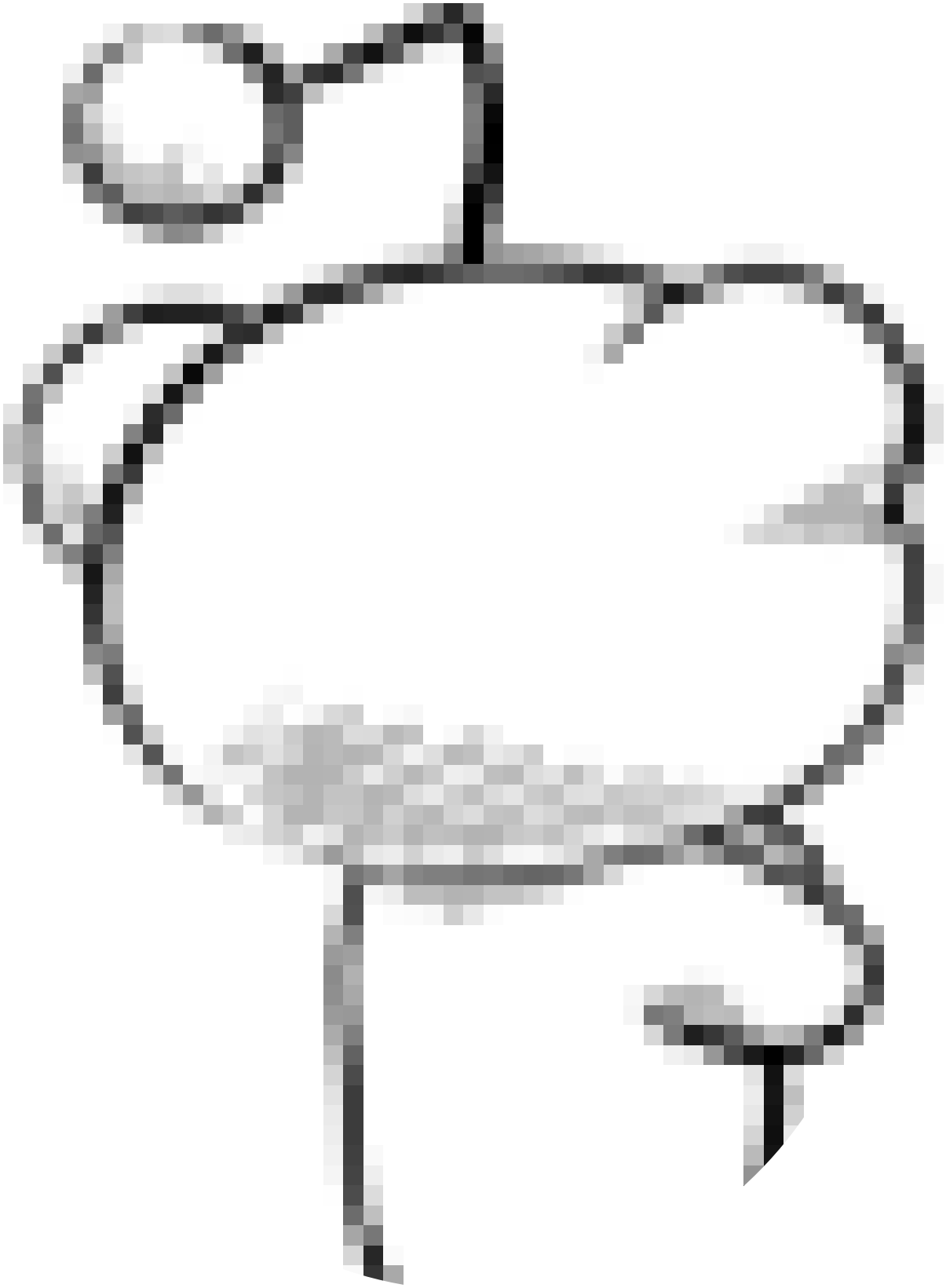


Ilikebeerandgirls
• 13y ago

One of my buddies and I walked into his house one Sunday night, it'll actually be one year this coming Monday. We were in a meeting that one of his roommates and both of our really good friend was supposed to attend but he hadn't came out of his room all day so we figured he was sick or just still hungover from the night before. At about 7pm we cracked open a beer and sat down to watch the Indians game. We decided to knock on his door and see if he wanted to come out and join. After no answer we walked into his room, and there he was hanging from his closet by a wire. You never get that picture out of your head.

TL;DR my friend and I found the body of one of our best friends who hung himself

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment removed by moderator

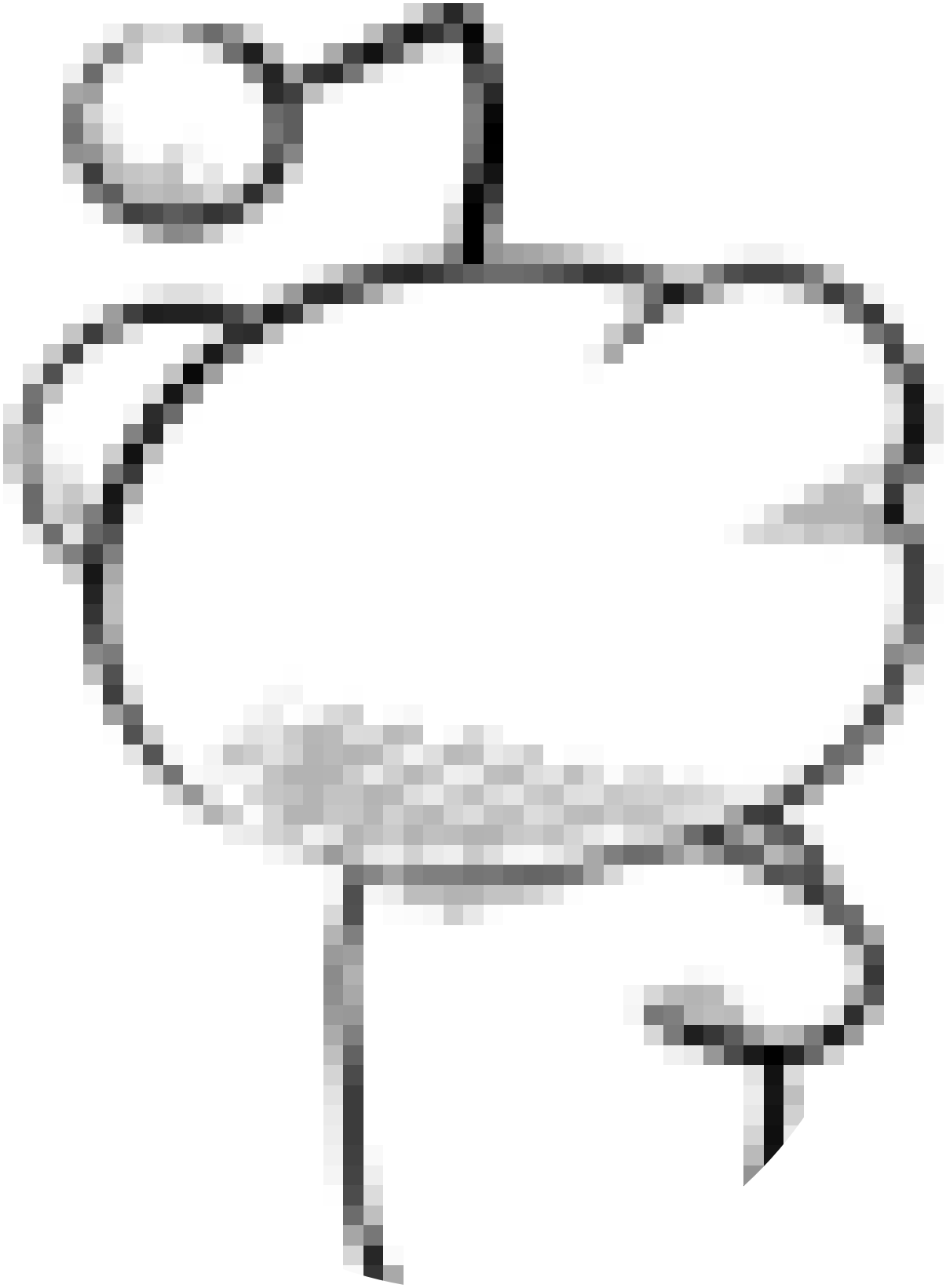
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

TillPizzaSetUsApart
• 13y ago

I remember visiting my mom's new house and as I walked through the stairs going upstairs, the family stayed at the kitchen, I could smell perfume like someone just passed through me... Might not be the creepiest thing ever but I hate to visit that house since..

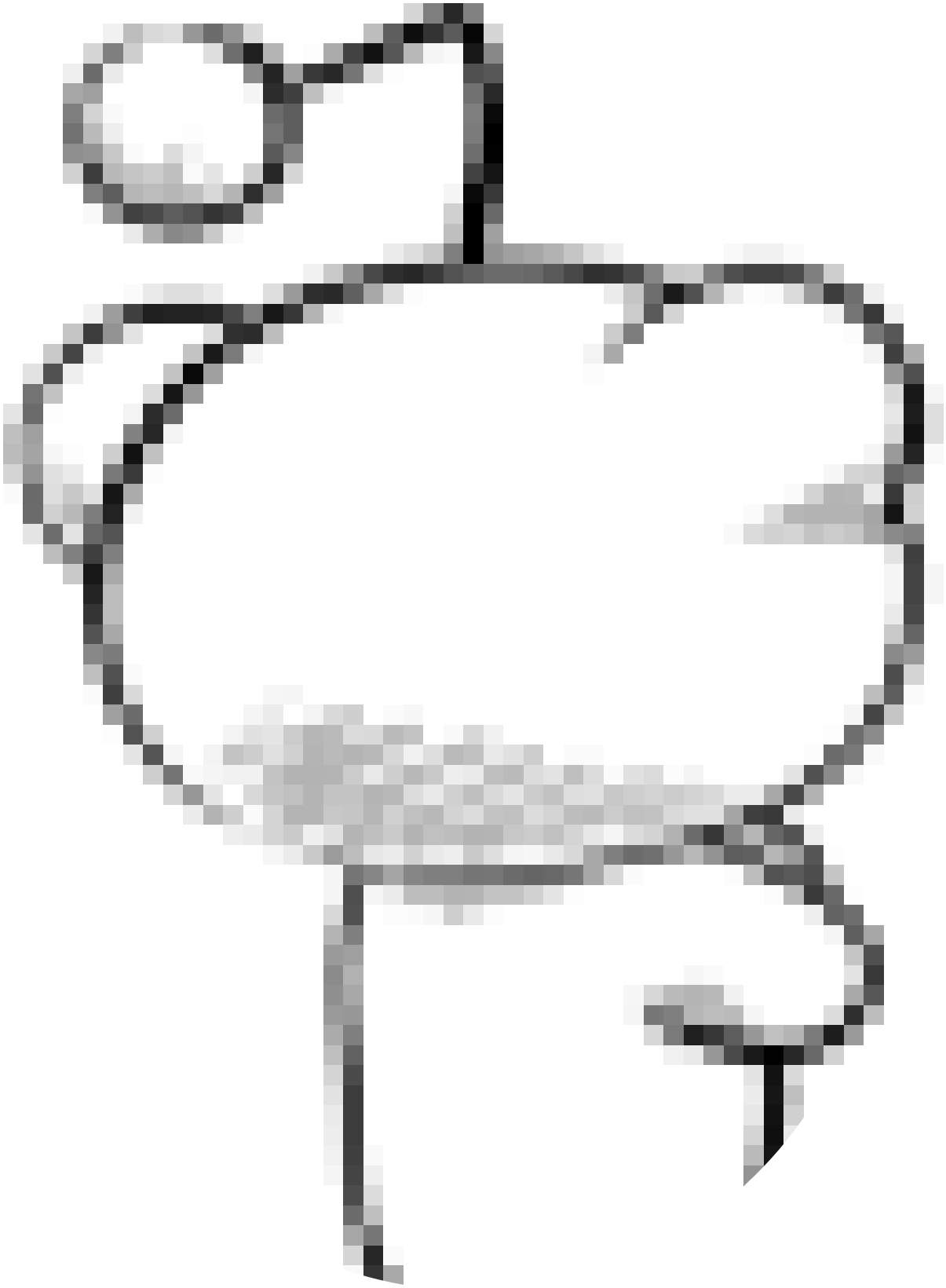
Reply Share



Foxless
• 13y ago

Driving home down a dark, winding road with no street lights, a man dressed in a black suit and a top hat, with a pale white, expressionless face was walking down the middle of the road. He didn't flinch at our car driving straight at him so we had to swerve to avoid hitting him.

Reply Share



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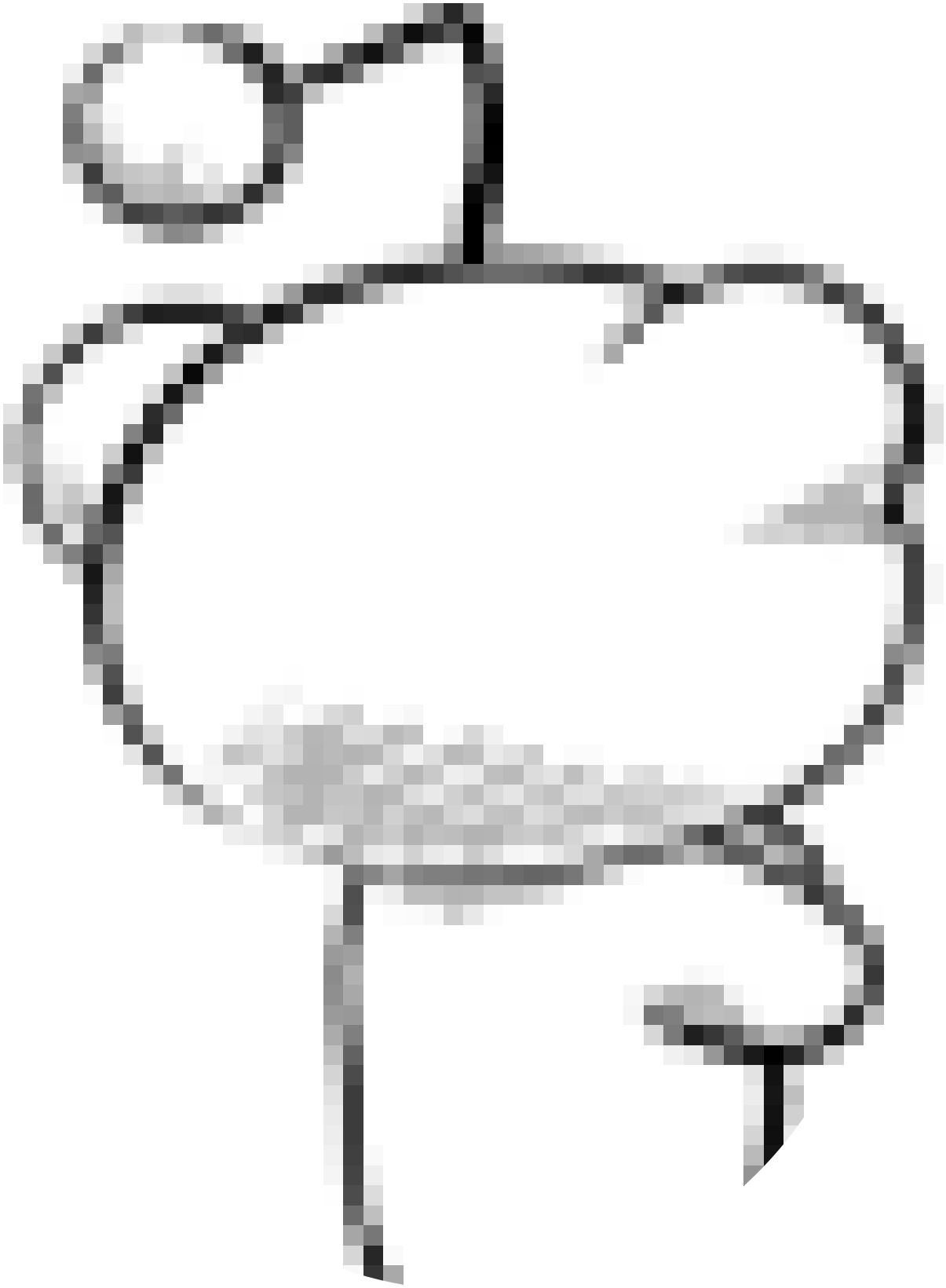
• 13y ago

Looking down at my legs after being struck by a car going 60 MPH.

Reply Share



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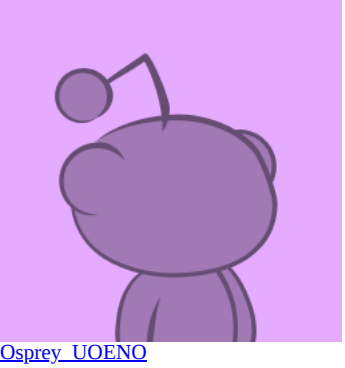
• 13y ago

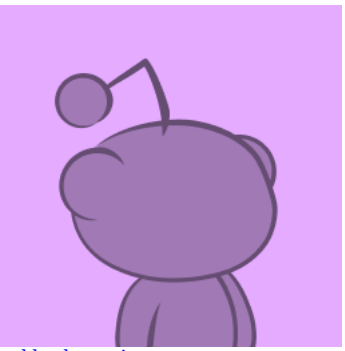
I used to live downtown in a big old house with a bunch of friends. We had a couple cats, but no other pets. One night I went into my room to go to bed. I set the alarm clock, turned off the light, and settled into my blankets. Then I got grabbed. Lightly, on my shoulder, it was definitely a grab. I leapt out of bed and flipped on the light, no one was there, no cats, no friends, no one. I searched the room and every so slowly settled back down. Weeks later, all the doors upstairs opened at once one night when no one was up there. I'm glad I don't live in that house anymore.

Reply Share



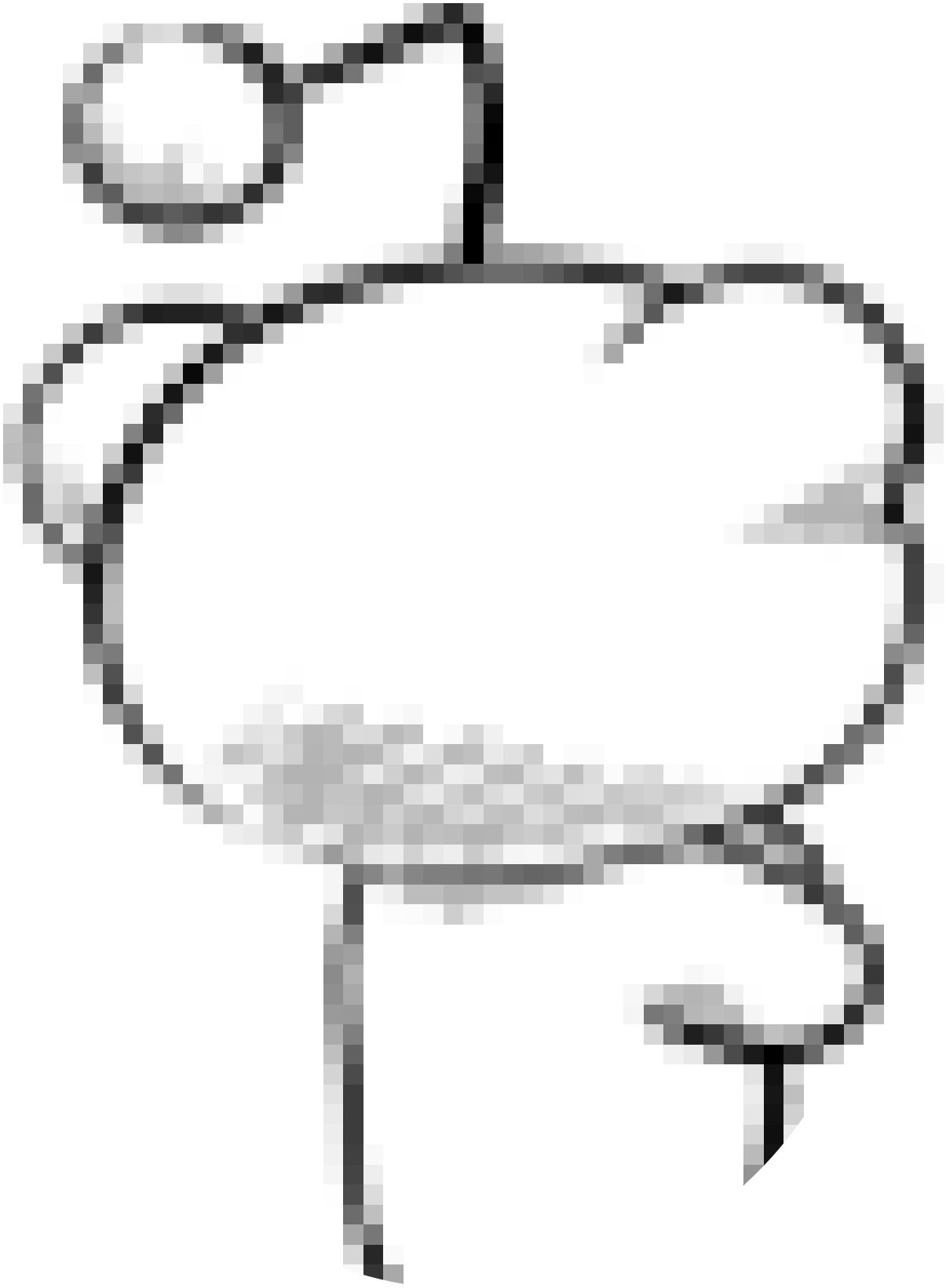
Osprey_UOENO
• 13y ago

Its gotta be the sounds recorded when they drilled into the earth and dropped a microphone into "hell"



goldendecorations
• 13y ago

Messed around with a Ouija board in my teens alone and I swear that a spirit visited me that night and spoke right into my ear. Right before it happened, a creepy cold chill passed over my body (there were no drafts or windows open). I didn't sleep that night...

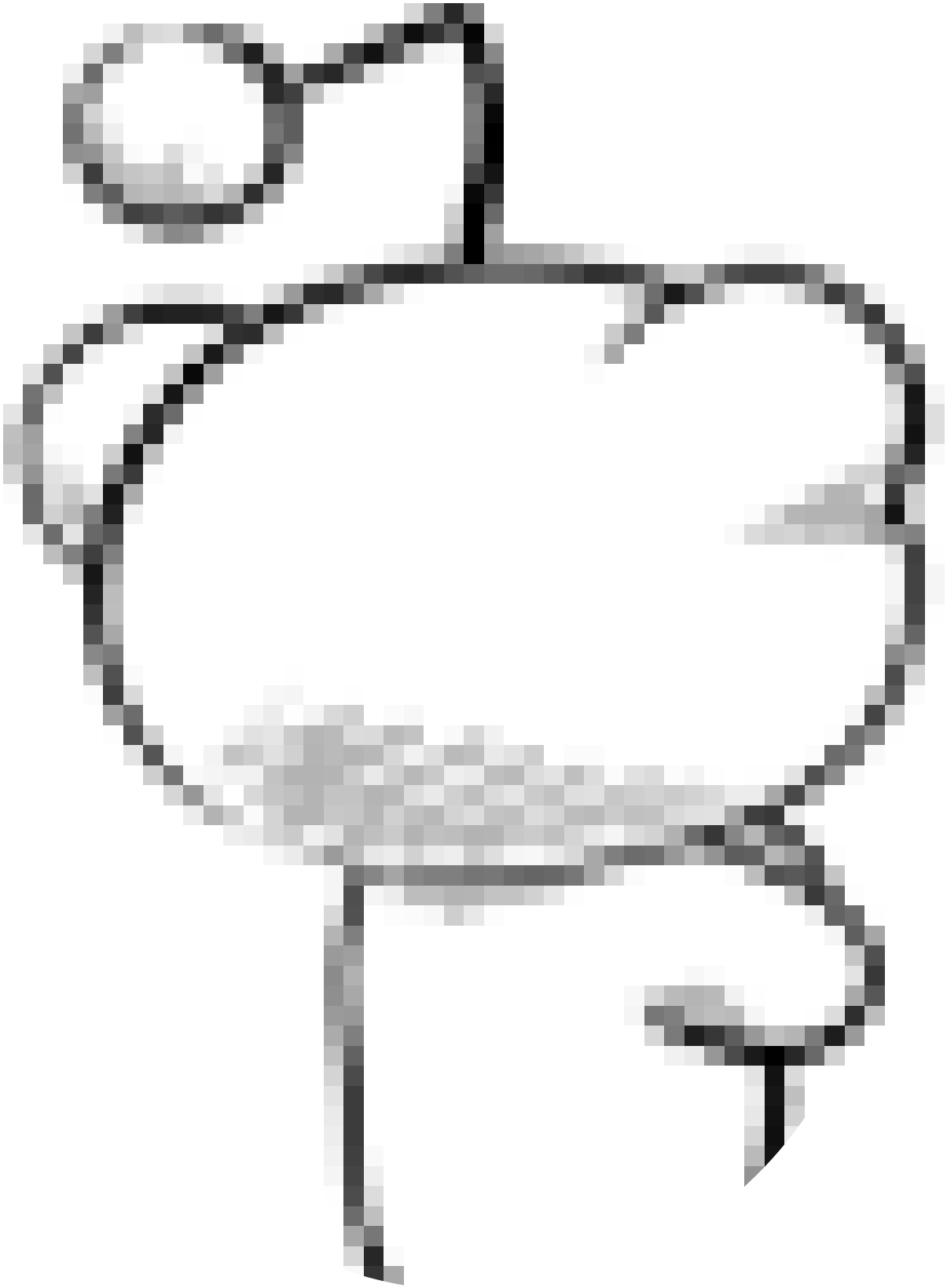


[deleted]
• 13y ago

3 men getting shot execution style.

thebigmack
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Fun ufo story! I saw this in the sky over the city. Roughly around mid April, 2011. I was out on a date with my girlfriend at a downtown pub, having dinner with her friends whom I was meeting for the first time. We left and we all parted ways. My girlfriend and I started walking north towards one of the busiest streets in the city to catch a street car, only to have something very strange catch my eye. I've seen hundreds of planes and helicopters farting about in the sky but I instantly knew this was something different. There were three stationary, horizontal ovals in the sky that glowed and undulated with a firey streetlamp orange. I immediately stopped and stared. My thoughts went to aliens first but I kept a clear mind and stared at intensely watched few 2-4 minutes while my girlfriend wanted to keep moving. Especially when the lights in the sky started to move themselves. #2 and #3 softly started gliding towards #1 in different slow speeds. #2 stopped while #3 cought up and faded away below it. Moments passed and #2 continued its way toward #1, stopping just under it and faded away. The remaining oval #1 began to move left and disappear behind the clouds. I heard no helicopters in the sky and planes don't glide and stop. I caught a picture of the 3 ovals but surprise surprise, it was taken on my shitty 2 megapixel camera phone. You can only see 1 of the ovals and its a grainy dot at best. I feel like one of those cliche people with a lame UFO story and no proof to back it up.



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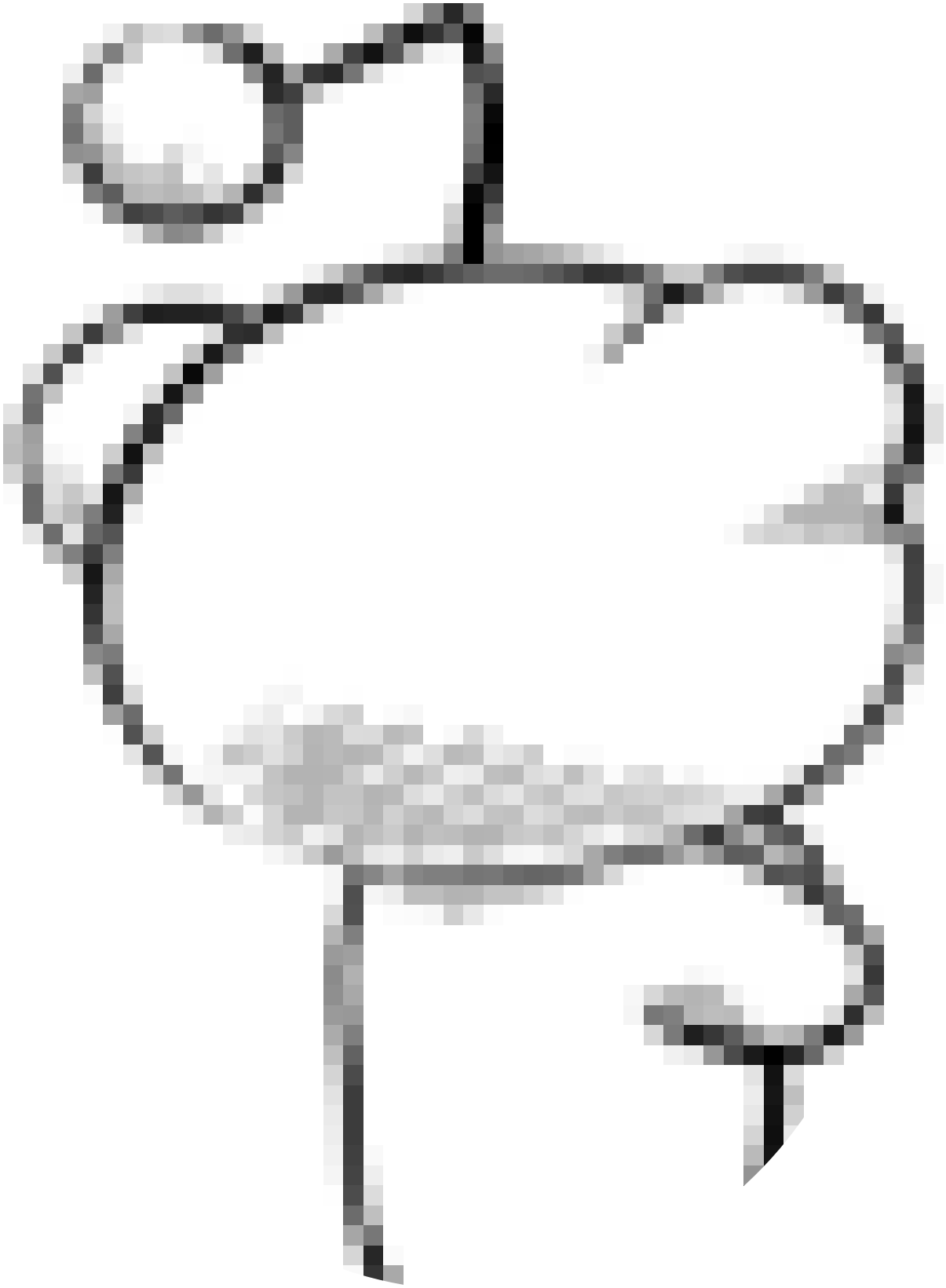
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

chronsar
• 13y ago

Sounds like Sleep Paralysis.

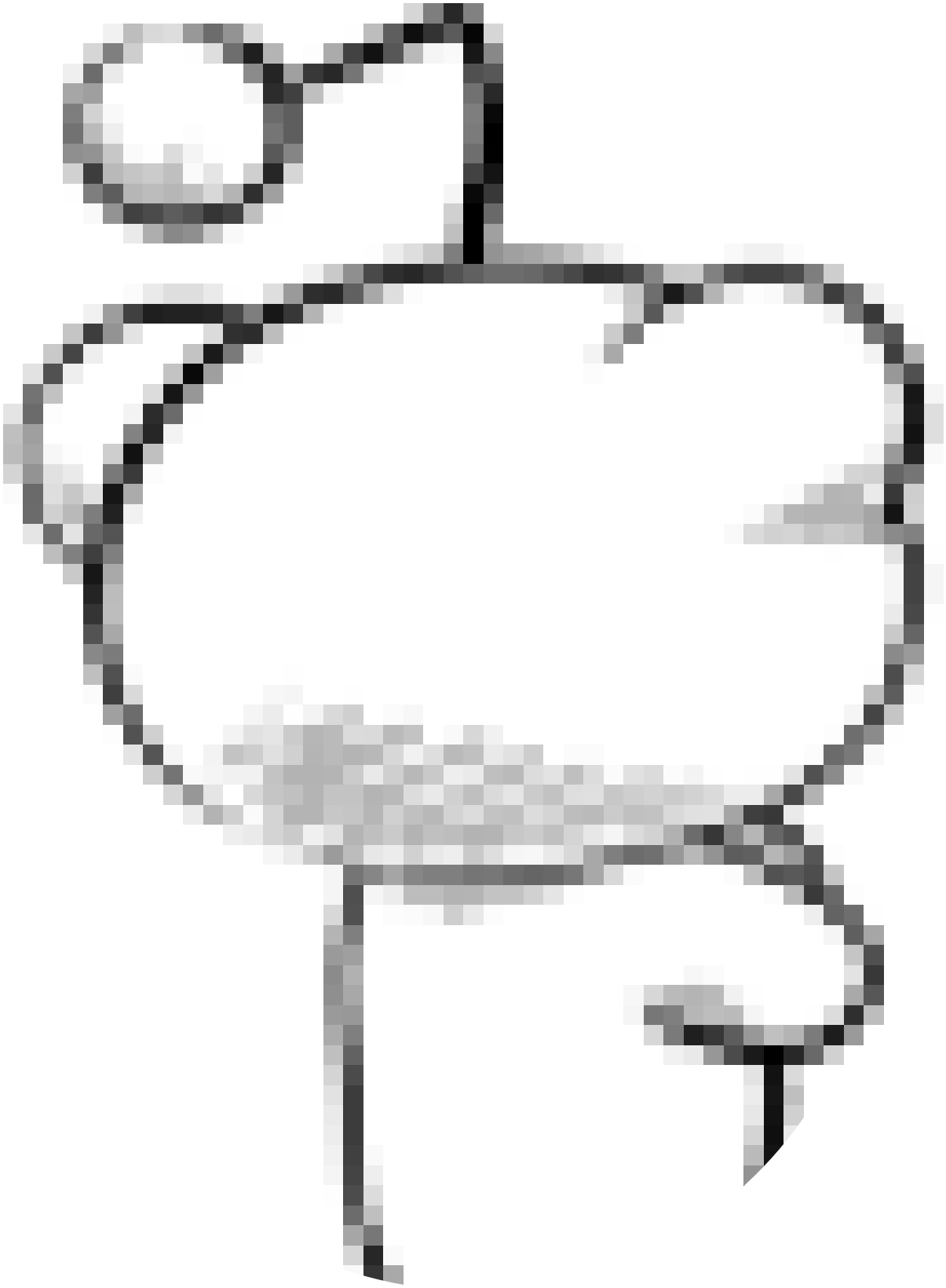
1 more reply
1 more reply



Afrikhan
• 13y ago

A friend of mine had told me about this drainpipe system underneath a nearby park, and I immediately made him take us in. It was around midnight, we had a few torches and we could make our way slowly through the pipes if we crouched and avoided all the moss. We got a few hundred meters in and reached a flooded junction, so we decided to sit down and relax for a bit before heading back. After being there for a few minutes, we heard what sounded like a far off deep growl from one tunnel, essentially a long dark abyss as far as I was concerned. I'm not a believer in the paranormal so I was still calm, but my friend was starting to get a bit jumpy. I convinced him to stay, and a few minutes later we heard another sounds, exactly the same, but louder. Closer. A primal instinct in the more ancient parts of my brain started to tell me something was wrong, but there couldn't have been anything making that noise, I still wasn't sure what it was, so I decided to make my friend stay and enjoy the pipe. A minute or two later, the growl sounded again, but MUCH louder and MUCH closer. My friend, not even waiting for me to react, got up and started to run back down the tunnel. I was already scared, and my friend running set me off. I panicked and followed him out as fast as I could, shining my light behind me into the pitch black whenever not knowing if anything was following me became too much. After a few minutes we eventually made it out of the pipes and back to civilisation. We walked back to my friends house in silence, sat down, and watched the least scary movie we could find in the house.

I'm still not sure what it was. I don't think it was a monster or anything, I still think there is a good explanation, but I have never heard anything more terrifying in my life then what sounded like a dangerous beast making its way towards me in tiny, pitch black pipes fairly far underground with absolutely no means of protection.



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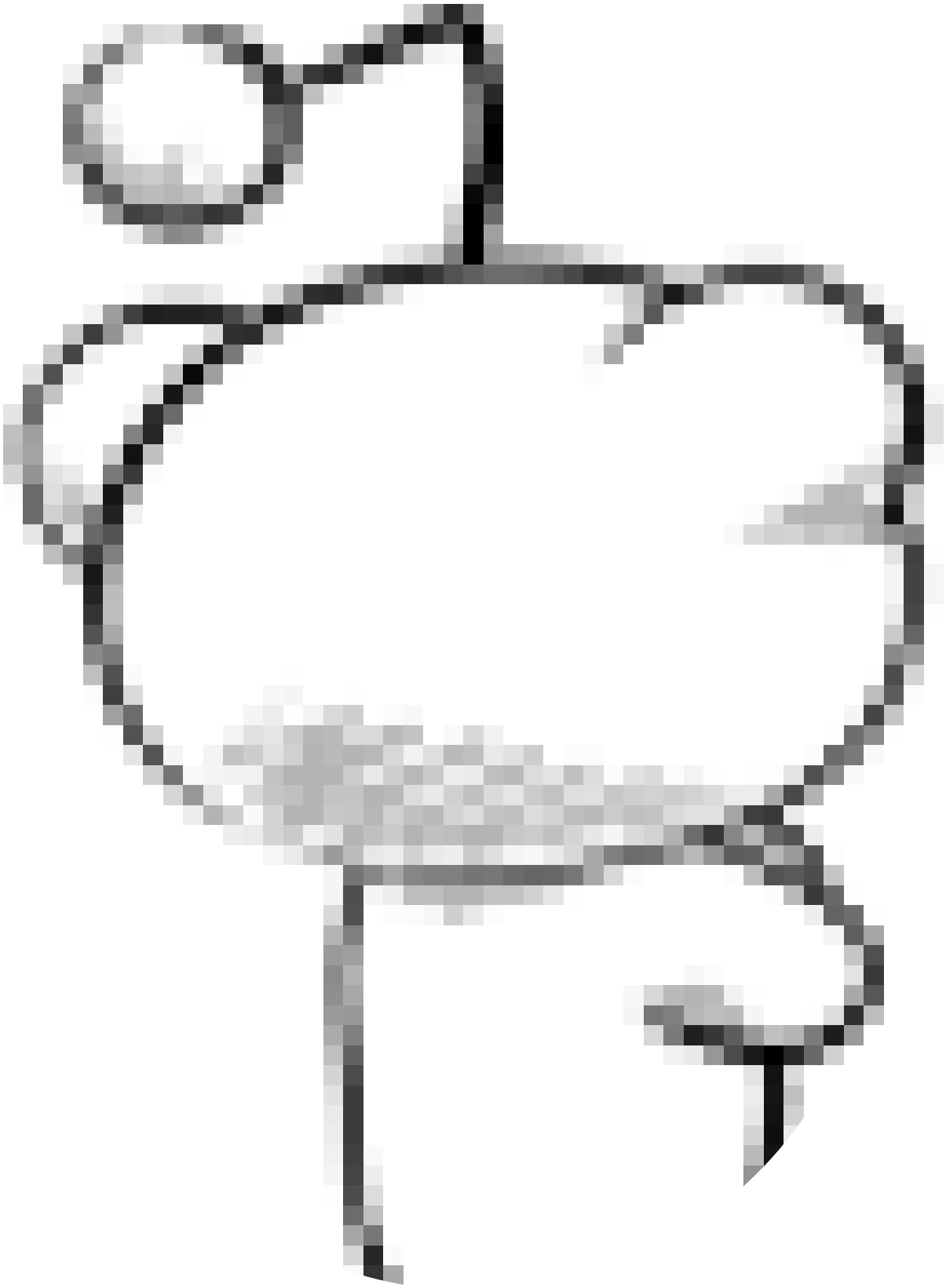
• 13y ago

Well besides being shot at, held at gun point twice, or seeing a mans head crushed by a rock. probably seeing someone being burnt by the community using tyres.

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies



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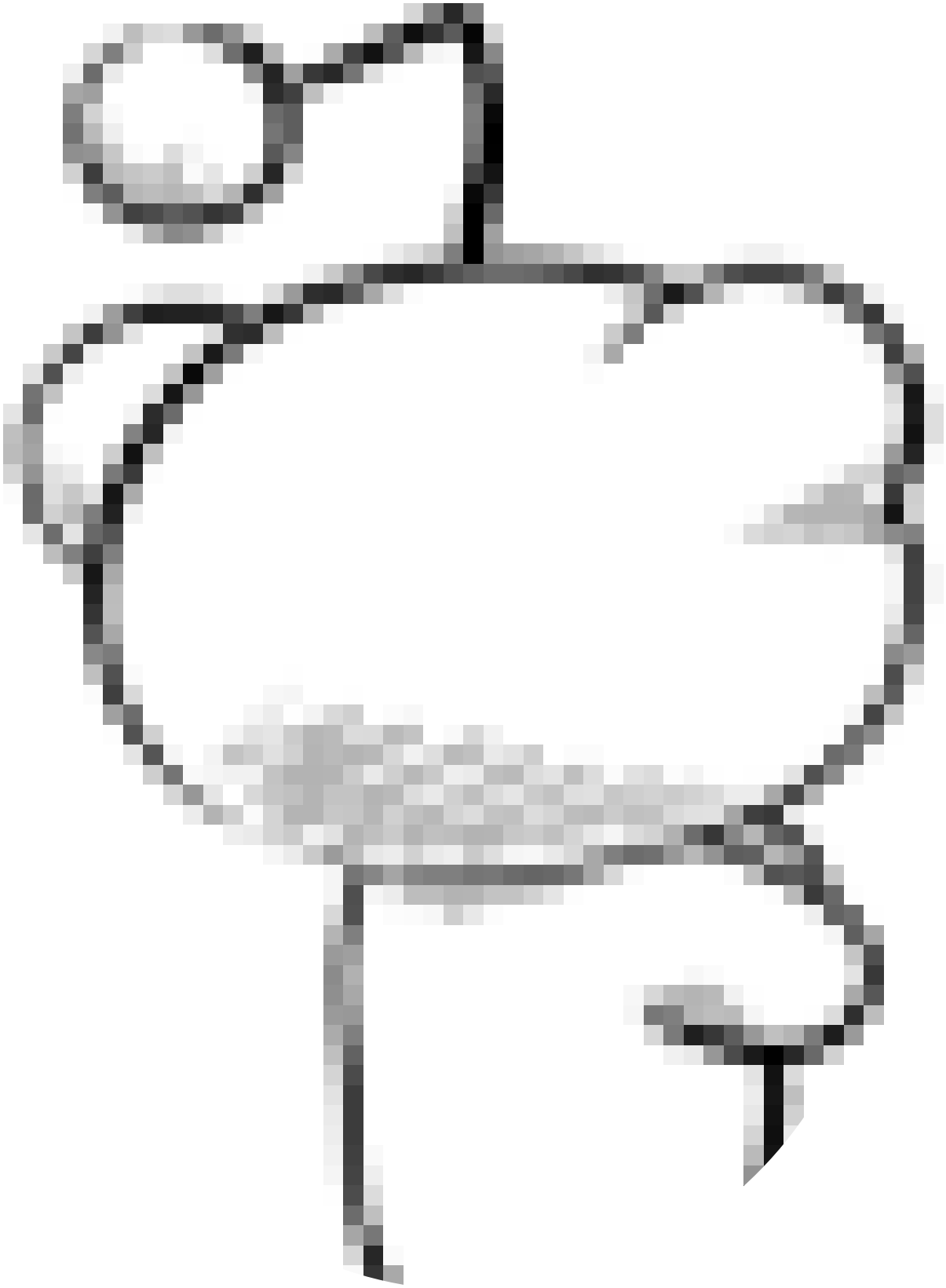
• 13y ago

this gary busey gif http://imgur.com/wu8B6Rw

sascottie11
• 13y ago

One night my friend and I were going to leave my house and go to my neighbors. We were both in the laundry room and you can see the living room from there. I was waiting for him to put on his shoes and all of a sudden the TV turned on and had an extremely high volume. I ran in there, turned it down, then bolted out of the house



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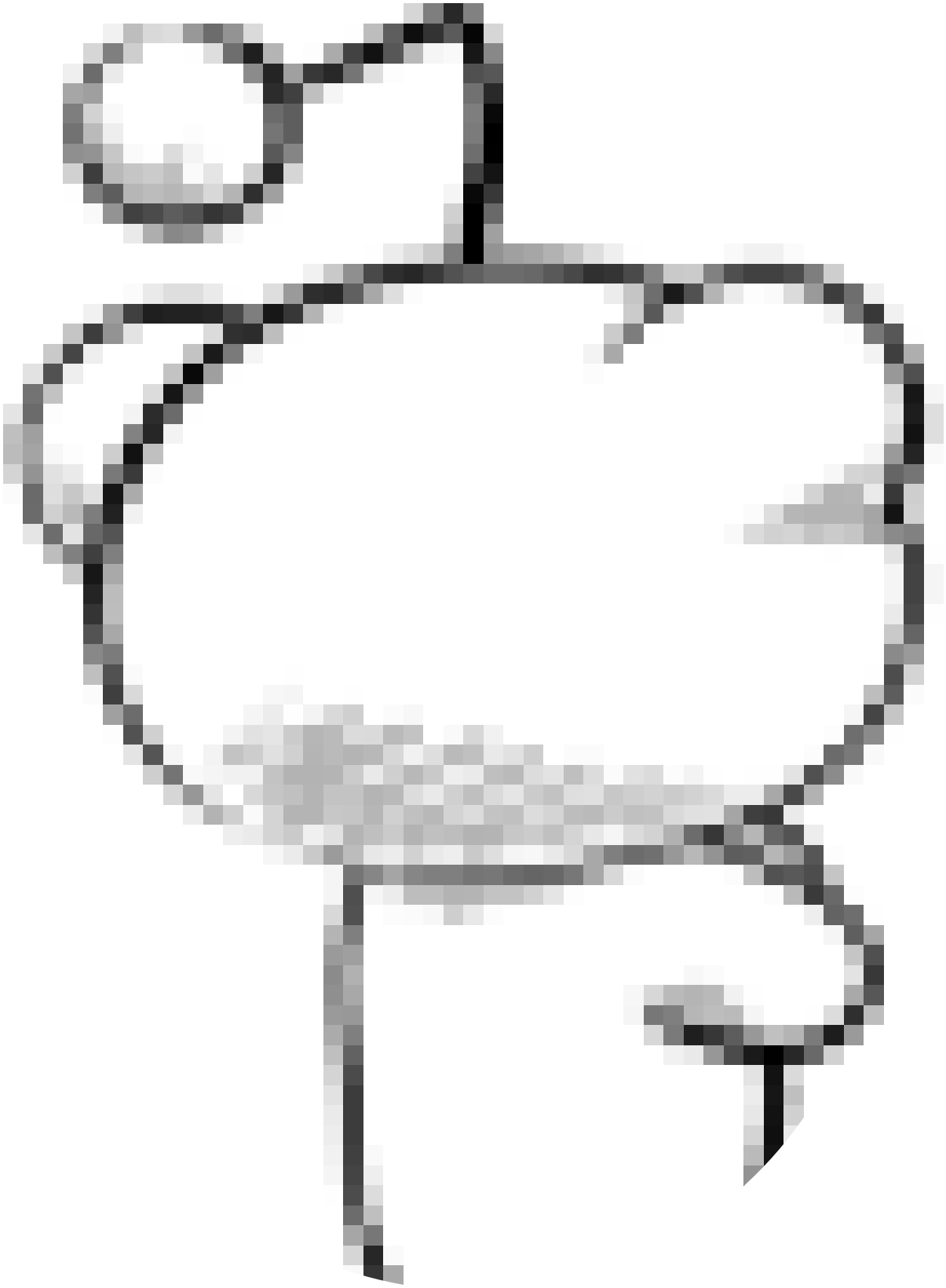
• 13y ago

I watched a man commit suicide by throwing himself in front of a speeding freight train.



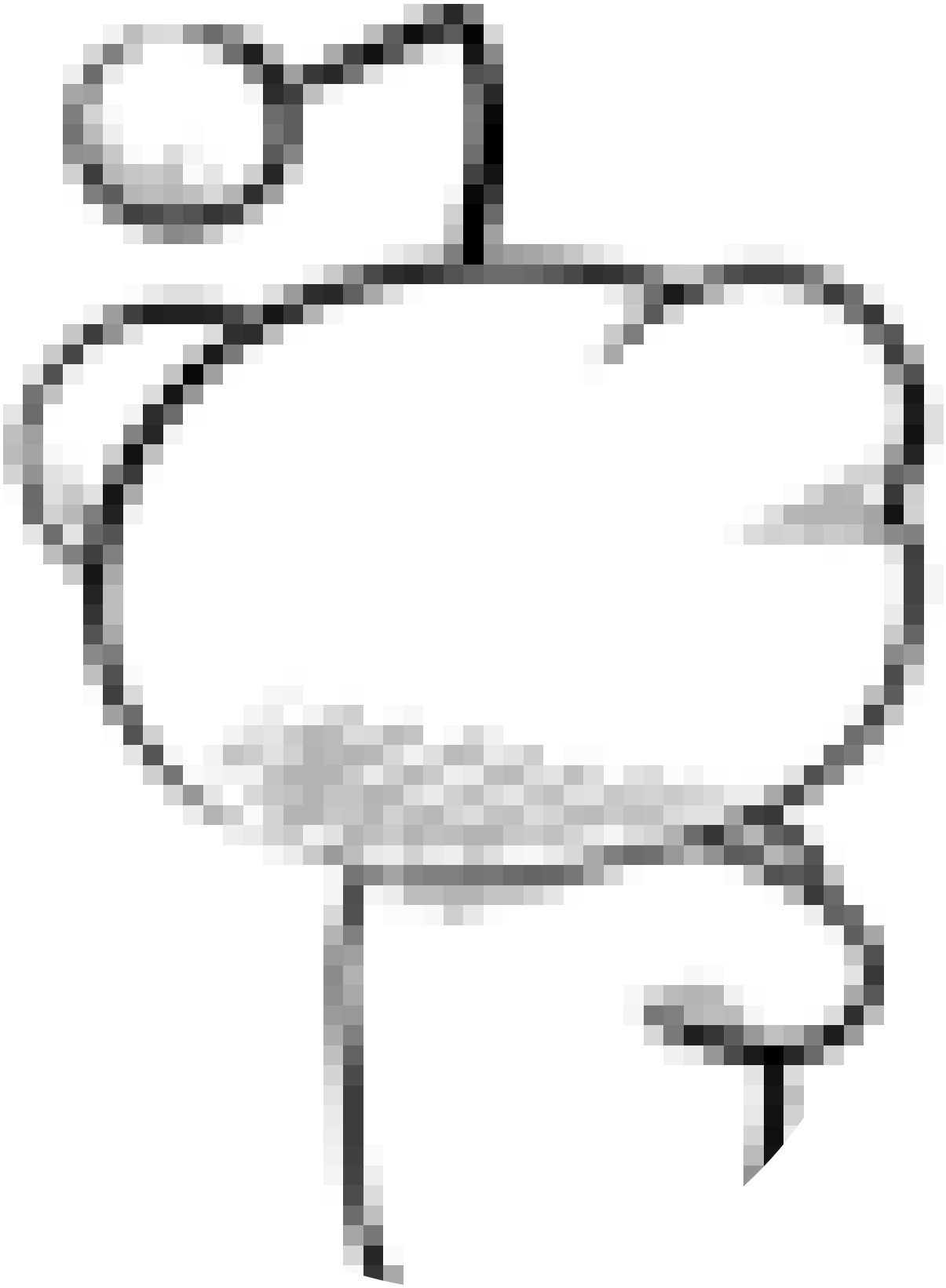
The_happy_buffalo
• 13y ago

This might be a little childish, but when I was little I had a dream about a certain mask. The only thing in the dream was this mask staring at me, I could just feel it staring into me with its eyes full of evil. I actually woke up in a cold sweat and hyperventilating, my eyes felt like they were about to pop out of my head. I actually couldn't sleep for several days after that. After I completely forgot about it, about 2 months ago I had the dream again, it was terrifying. I woke in a cold sweat and hyperventilating again but this time I was grabbing my face when I woke up, I don't know why.

http://wiki.teamfortress.com/wiki/File:RED_Noh_Mercy.png ^ picture of the mask (yes I know it's from a video game, but that's what the mask exactly looked like.)

2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies



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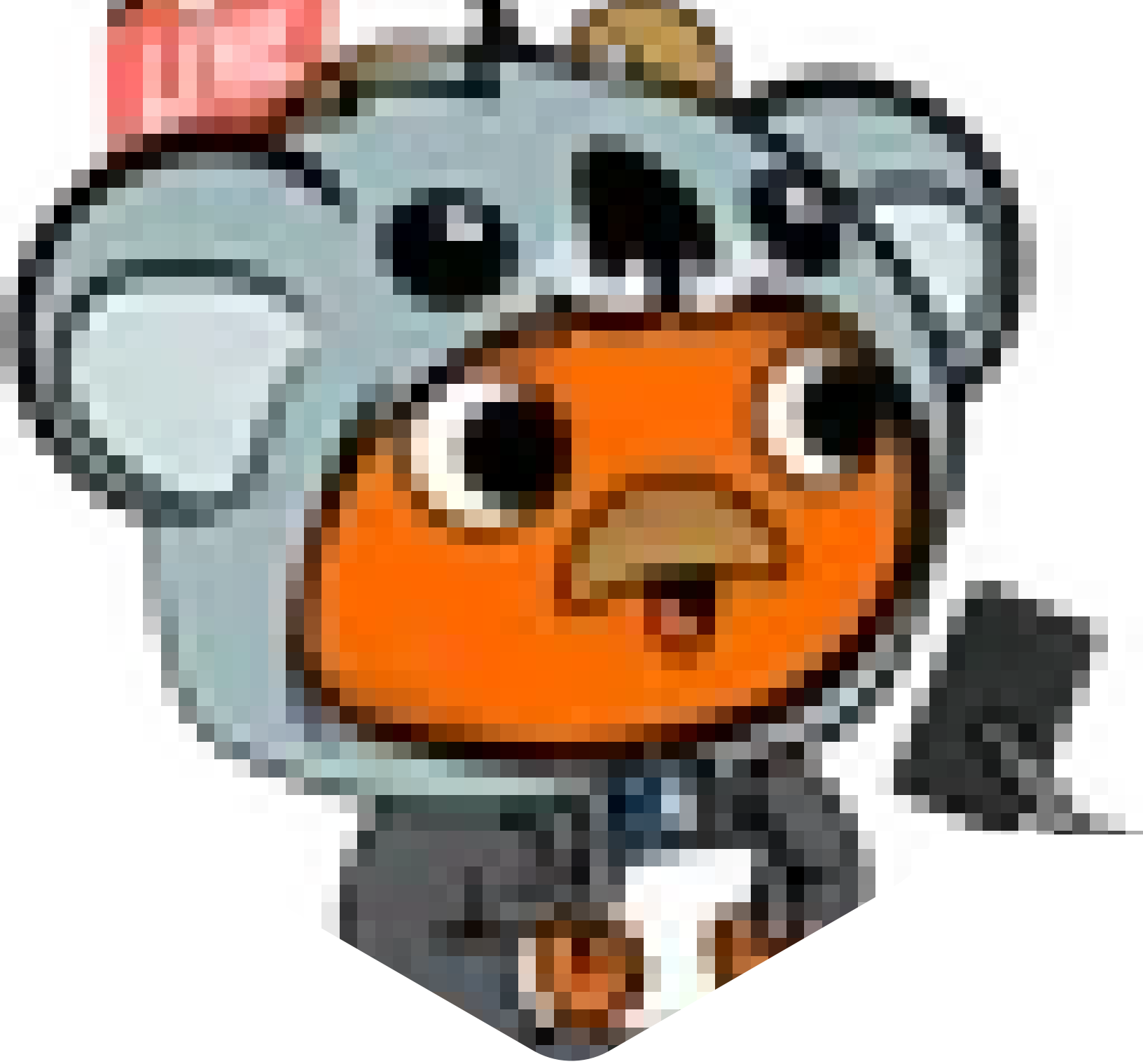
• 13y ago

I don't know if you've heard of smile.jpg, it's a creepypasta thing. Can't link it right now but it's not hard to find.



sstansfi
• 13y ago

someone did this to me
I almost shit my pants

ForeSet
• 13y ago

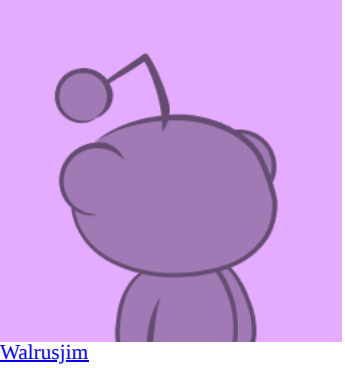
So we had just been in are new house for the past 2 months so being 8 i was still getting used to the house. Now my mother liked to scare the shit out of me to the point i would cry. So back to the story anyways one night it was storming out and so i went upstairs yo view the lightning. After enjoying the show the lights went out. Now my mother is being herself had snuck down the stairs and was waiting in the room which sits under our stairs and is also across from my room. As i procceed down the stairs to my room the storm starts to roar again as i franticly start slapping for lights to turn on i slowly give up and make my way down stairs. I go to try tbe switch at the bottom of the stairs when i hear noises coming from the room across so i go check it out as i walk in the door closes behind me and asni go to cry i cant i cant speak,scream or cry. After my mom notices she hugs me laughing and telling me its ok..

TL;DR Power goes out during a storm mother takes the chance to scare the fuck out of me.

manateeinsanity
• 13y ago

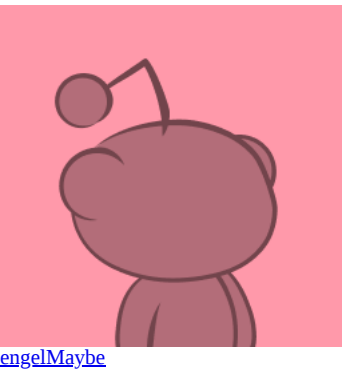
About three years ago a wasp nest had taken up residence between the walls of my parents house. My bedroom was in the basement, closest to where the wasps flew in and out through a hole in the homes siding. My dad found the hole and sealed it up with some sort of sealant, hoping that the wasps would eventually die out.

The next day I woke to hundreds of extremely angry wasps flying around my bedroom, crawling all over my face and legs. They had found a way to escape the walls by going through a vent that led directly to my room. Obviously panicked, I ran screaming from the room, all while being stung repeatedly (thankfully, I'm not allergic). I called my dad to tell him what had happened and he told me to "just raid 'em ". I kindly told him to fuck off. To this day, I still have a violent reaction if I see or hear a wasp.



Walrusjim
• 13y ago

I was riding down a trail after breaking my elbow. I had broken it about 6 miles from the trailhead. It was getting late, about 5:30, and since it was fall, the sun was going down somewhat fast. On top of it all a fog had set in pretty thick. I was riding along when i heard something that gives me shivers even to this day. A fox screaming. It sounded like a child in agony until it drifted into something inhuman. It made me pause because it sounded like someone needed help, but when it transformed into something monstrous i put all my weight into my pedals and nearly flew home.

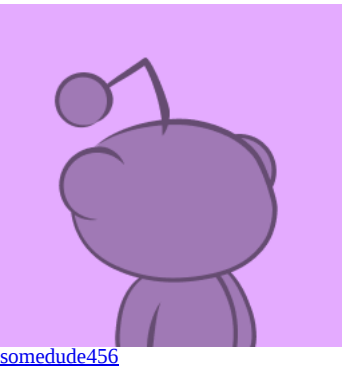


engelMaybe
• 13y ago

I read this in a thread like this a couple of months back:

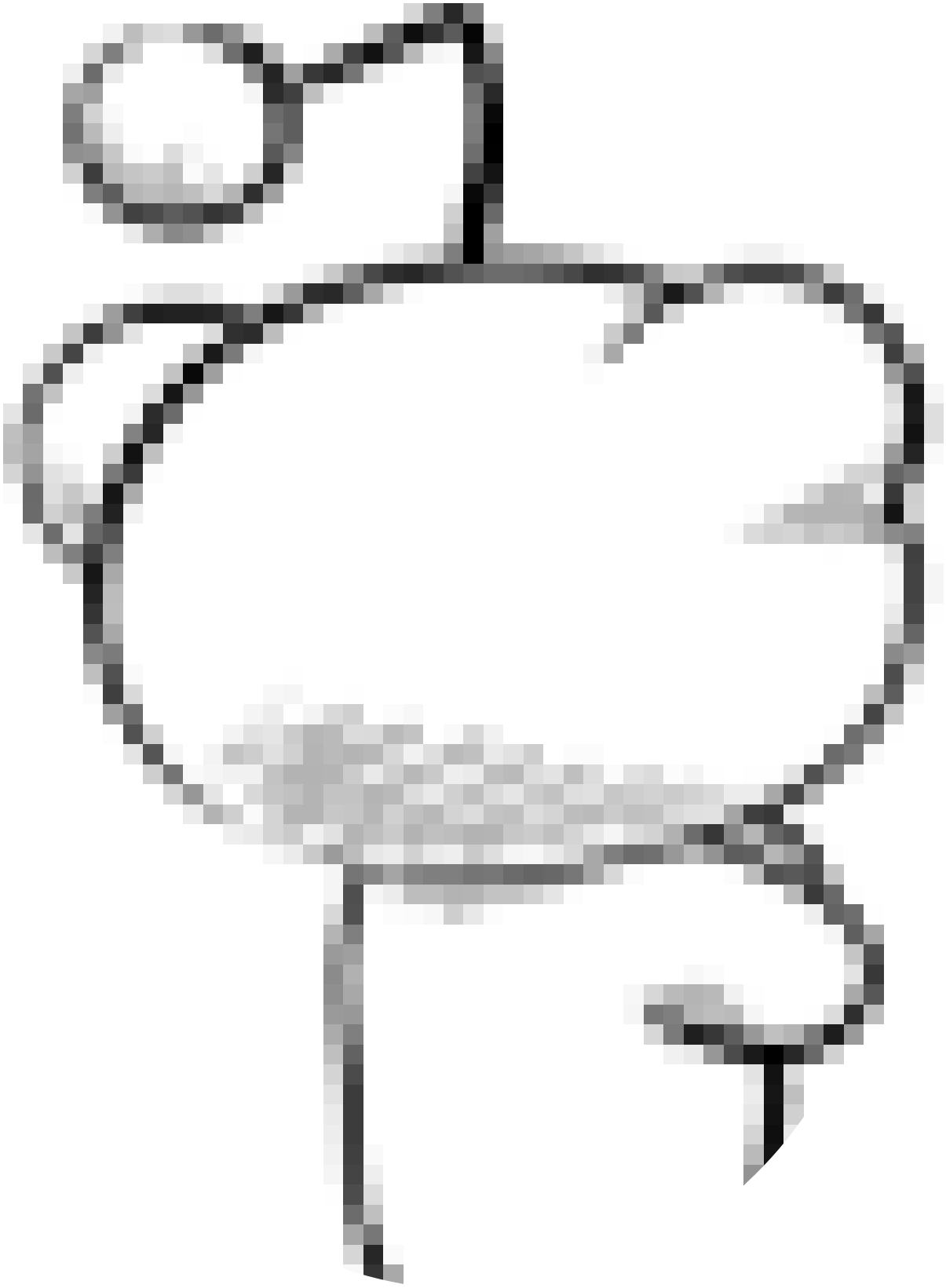
> When I had just moved in to my own plave I had a walk-in closet door that I had to close a lot more often than I opened it.

Still gives me chills just reading that sentence



somedude456
• 13y ago

My cousin's childhood house built in the late 1800s. Everything in the house from the floors to doors made all sorts of scary sounds when it's dark and you're ten years old.



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• 13y ago

http://www.sfgate.com/local/article/FBI-shared-child-porn-to-nab-pedophiles-4552044.php

silverbackjack
• 13y ago

Not entirely sure that this counts but by far the scariest thing that ever happened to me was when I suffered from a sever case of sleep paralysis.

I was lying down on my Dad's couch and slowly drifting off to sleep, suddenly the room seemed to change, it stretched out in front of me and some weird plants started growing on things. I tried to get up but I couldn't move at all, there was this awful pulling sensation that made me feel like I was being sucked into the ground and couldn't breathe. Suddenly the coffee table flew up into the air and started crushing me, I could feel it, it hurt like mad and I couldn't seem to breathe. I lay there helpless trying to move, struggling like mad against this weird force pulling me down, my mind wasn't functioning properly, it couldn't comprehend what was going on and I didn't know it was a dream, I can't really remember exactly what was running through my head only the crippling force crushing me. I started to try move different parts of my body, I noticed I could slightly wiggle my finger so I kept doing it until I could move my hand, then I could move my arm and I let it slip off the edge of the couch and suddenly everything changed back to normal but there was still this weight on me. I stood up and one of my Dads cats was sitting on my chest, It ran off across the room and made me jump a mile.

Still not sure what the hell caused it. I assume I was dreaming with my eyes still open or something because it wasn't as though everything suddenly changed, I just sort of faded out of reality and into a sort of lucid dream state in the same room I was in and then it disappeared.

TL:DR Sleep paralysis is scary as hell and extremely hard to describe

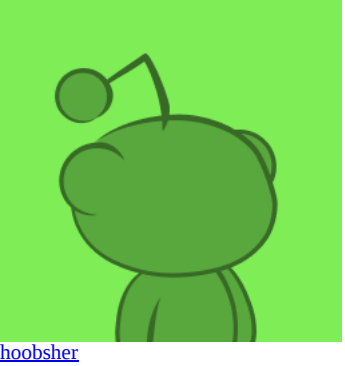
Edit: Please ignore my punctuation, I skipped a lot of school =d

TehManicMan
• 13y ago

There was this website my friends introduced me to called sfogs.com. It had a lot of scary stuff like pictures (normal ones or .gifs) and creepy stories, and as a kid I got curious about it.

My friends and I would look at the site at school whenever we were on recess and we would scream in horror and fear at anything particularly scary like a white lady suddenly appearing in a normal picture. Plus, the homepage of the site was The Grudge kid.

Though now I don't know if that's still on in the internet right now.



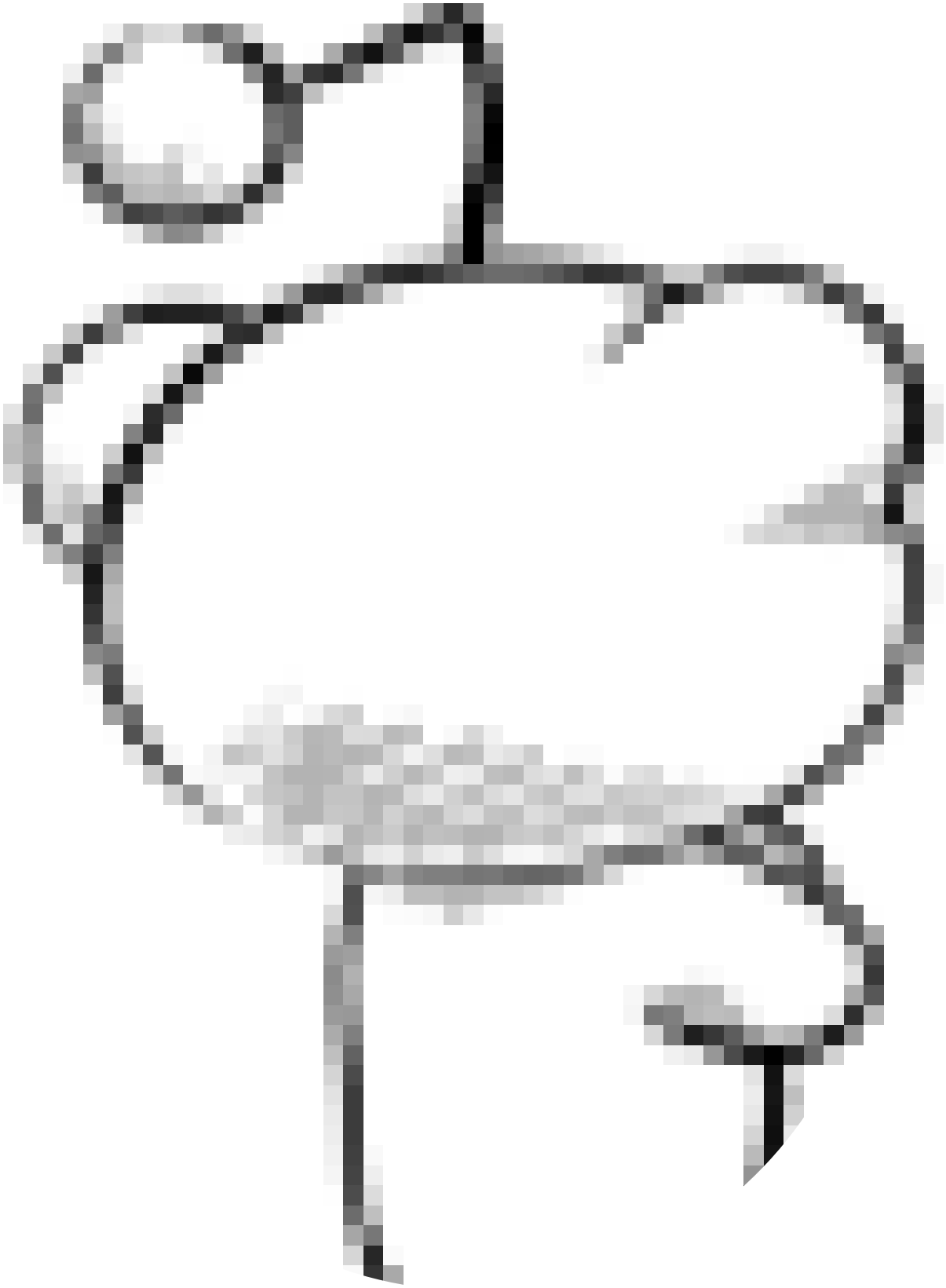
hoobsher

• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

had a dream in which a few of my friends (and my ex, for good measure) were trying to kill me in an empty and quiet shopping mall. not like chasing me; we were all hanging out and they all just slowly started to walk toward me with a look in their eyes that they wanted to do horrible things to me. with their bare hands, no less. it was terrifying. i awoke from my nap in a dark room with a computer on my torso. i was terrified from the dream, and waking up in a room with no light didn't help. i tried to turn on the computer and i could feel, in my mind, my hand running over the board toward the power button, but my hand wouldn't move. it was sleep paralysis. i've had that numb feeling before but i've never had full on paralysis.

then the hallucination started. didn't see anything, but i heard a high pitched, constant scream. it dominated my senses and i felt like something was coming to get me. i shut my eyes again and i was right back in the dream--friends and ex trying to murder me. open my eyes, the screaming comes back to the forefront of my perception.

about a minute later, the paralysis wore off as i woke up completely. that was the scariest dream i've had.



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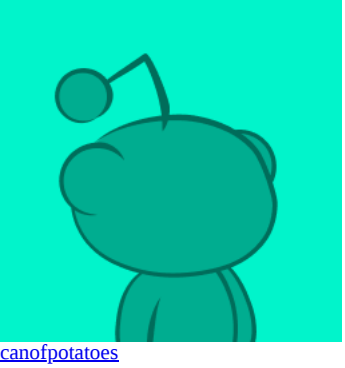
• 13y ago

Last Thursday, i was at a red light and I saw how a car impacted a pedestrian that was crossing the street. The guy that was hit literally flew like 8 feet in the air and landed with a hard thud. I knew the guy was dead the moment he got hit. I keep hearing in my head the hard thud of the car and then another when the guy landed. And I keep seeing his friend shouting in disbelief at what just happened to his friend. It was horrible.



canofpotatoes
• 13y ago

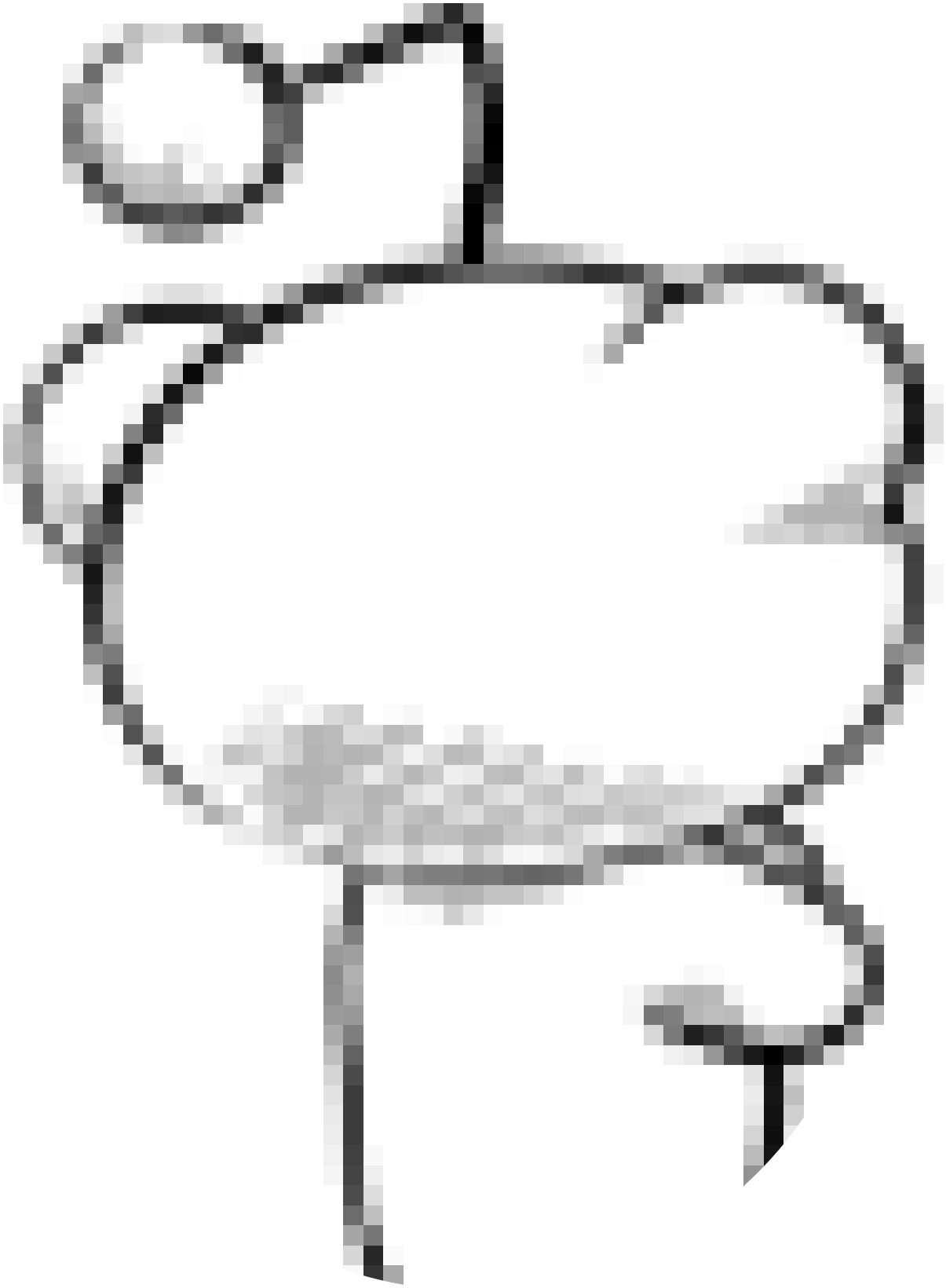
I used to be terrified of Chucky, that fucking doll that casually murders people and can't be killed, when I was at the age of 5. My mom, lovely woman, would sometimes change the channel to a Chucky movie if she knew it was on while I was watching TV becaue I probably would if I had children, too. I'm in bed after she basically committed an minor act of child torture, these scenarios start playing through my head. Chucky is probably under the bed. In my mind at the time it was very possible and you have to keep an open mind. Another scenario, he was on the top bunk and would jump down and slit my throat. Last scenario, he's at the end of my bed about to start shaking it back and forth just to fuck with me.

The bed starts shaking. I do not shit you when I say the bed started shaking. If I had not gone to the bathroom before bed it would have happened at that moment and at wide open throttle.

I ran into the living room, the whole house is shaking. Earthquake. This was in Washington across the bay from Seattle about 15 years ago.

To this day I check the fucking bed and no closets are left open. Fuck Chucky.

TL;DR: Terrified of Chucky the killer doll, 5 years old, went to bed and thought he would start shaking my bed, bed starts shaking, dry heave my already empty bowels, Earthquake.



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• 13y ago

Video from the Station nightclub fire.

Extremely NSFL: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QqyWxS719W8

TitaniumShovel
• 13y ago

I don't have the stomach to look it up again, but there's a dashcam video of a brick flying off a truck and smashing through the windshield, killing the woman in the passenger seat. You don't see it - you just hear the screams of all the people in the car.

Horrifying.

Reply Share

johnlandes
• 13y ago

I live in an apartment complex that was built over a former mental institution. The bodies of the former patients (over 3000) are still buried in a memorial garden less than 100 feet from our building

A few months after moving into the apartment, my wife was in the living room nursing our newborn, when she came into the bedroom in a panic that the electric fireplace had turned on. I went out to check, assuming that she must have bumped the remote without realizing it, but I found it in a far corner of the apaprtment. I took out the batteries and told her that it must have been a malfunction and that I'd look at it when I got a chance and threw it in a drawer. Two weeks later, my wife is prepping dinner and I'm playning with my daughter and the fireplace came on again. I asks my wife why she touched the remote before I looked at it, but of course she got mad and denied it. I checked the drawer and sure enough, there was the remote with the batteries sitting next to it. I had to put them back into the remote to turn the fireplace off. This time, I had to physically unplug it to calm my wife down.

That was 2 years ago. Since then, we are regularly encountering our daughter engaged in conversations with the man and the lady in her bedroom window

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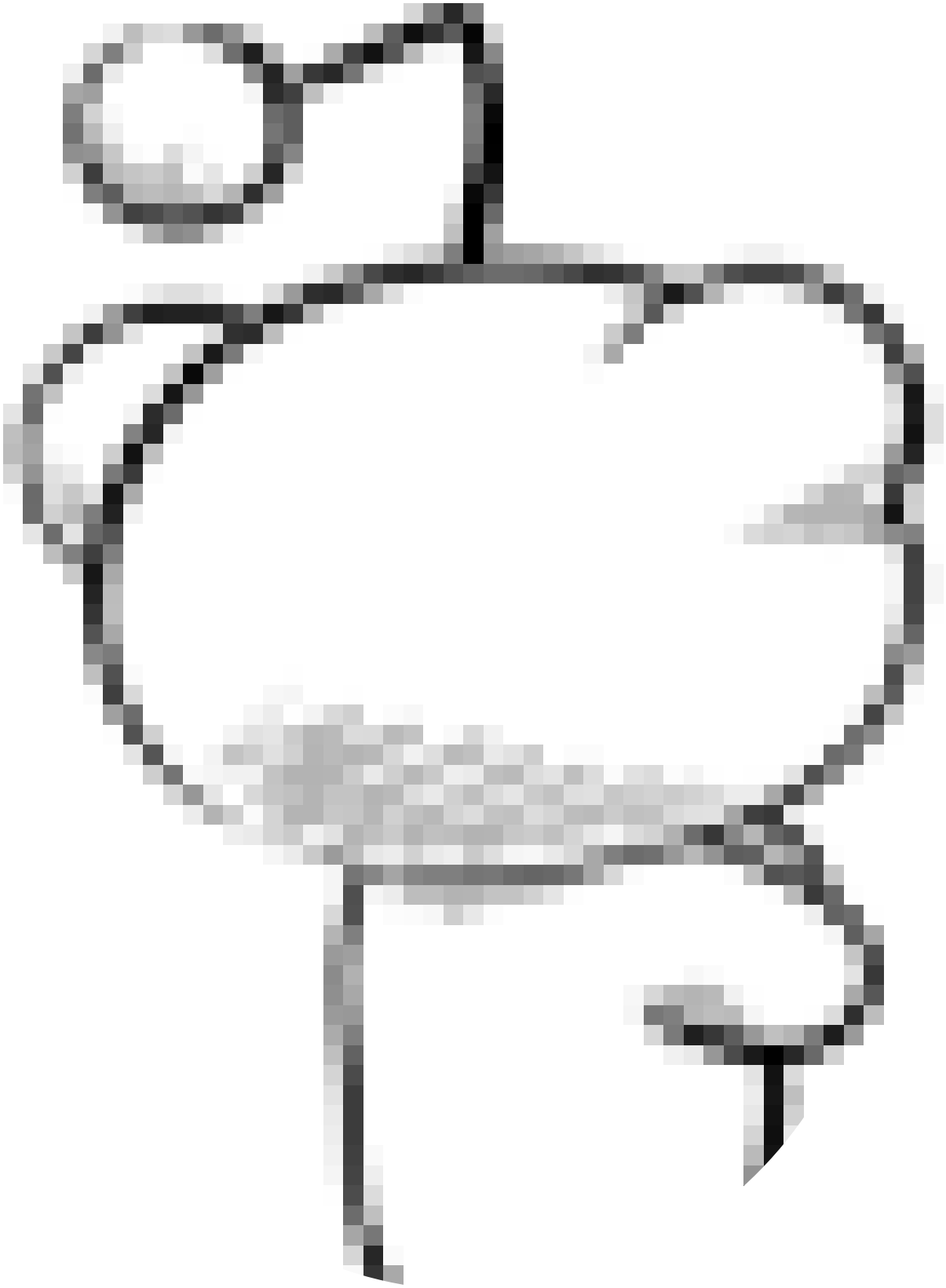
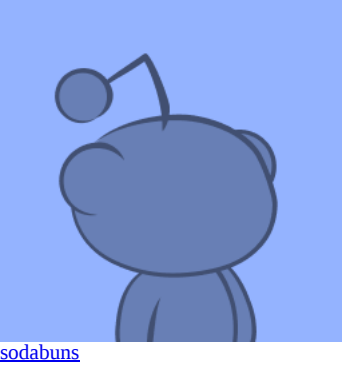


TheAquamen
• 13y ago

I saw an SUV T-bone a school bus.

Reply Share



sodabuns
• 13y ago

A few years ago I was walking home with some friends late at night. We were passing through a neighborhood when something caught my eye. There was this thing standing in front of someone's house. It was baby powder white and glowing. It turned around. It's were just black holes and it's mouth was this wide black O shape with white teeth pointing inwards. It stared at us the entire time we were on that street. Only one other person noticed it though. We don't drink or smoke or do any drugs so I really don't know what it was.

Reply Share

thurg
• 13y ago

another thread where my logic and curiosity battle it out for whether i should open and read all comments.

Reply Share

TheFost
• 13y ago

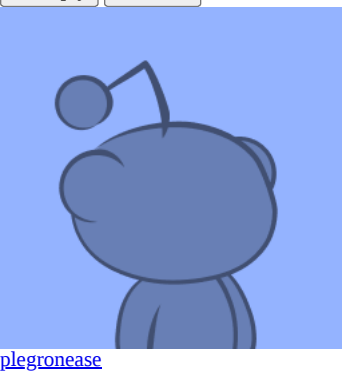
I thought I found a dead body, turned out it was a homeless guy who offered me some of his whiskey.

Reply Share

manifoldr
• 13y ago

While riding on my way to elementary school one morning I saw a doe whose hindquarters had been rendered inert by a car. It was attempting to drag itself across the road by its two front legs as my mother and I passed by.

Reply Share



plegronease
• 13y ago

One of my good friends was renting a house, and in the basement of this house was a room inside the middle of it. You could clearly walk around the perimeter of this room there were no windows allowing you to see in or out of this room. The room was split down the middle by a wall and each room had a door that only locked from the outside. The 2 rooms were decorated with children's wall paper one blue with ducks and the other pink with some kind of design. aside from the wall paper both rooms were unfinished, no carpet no ceiling aside from the wooden beams and a single light in the middle of each room. It was the most chilling place i've ever seen. Maybe they were just ordinary kids rooms built in the middle of a basement. But the thought of what they might have been is mildly terrifying.

Reply Share

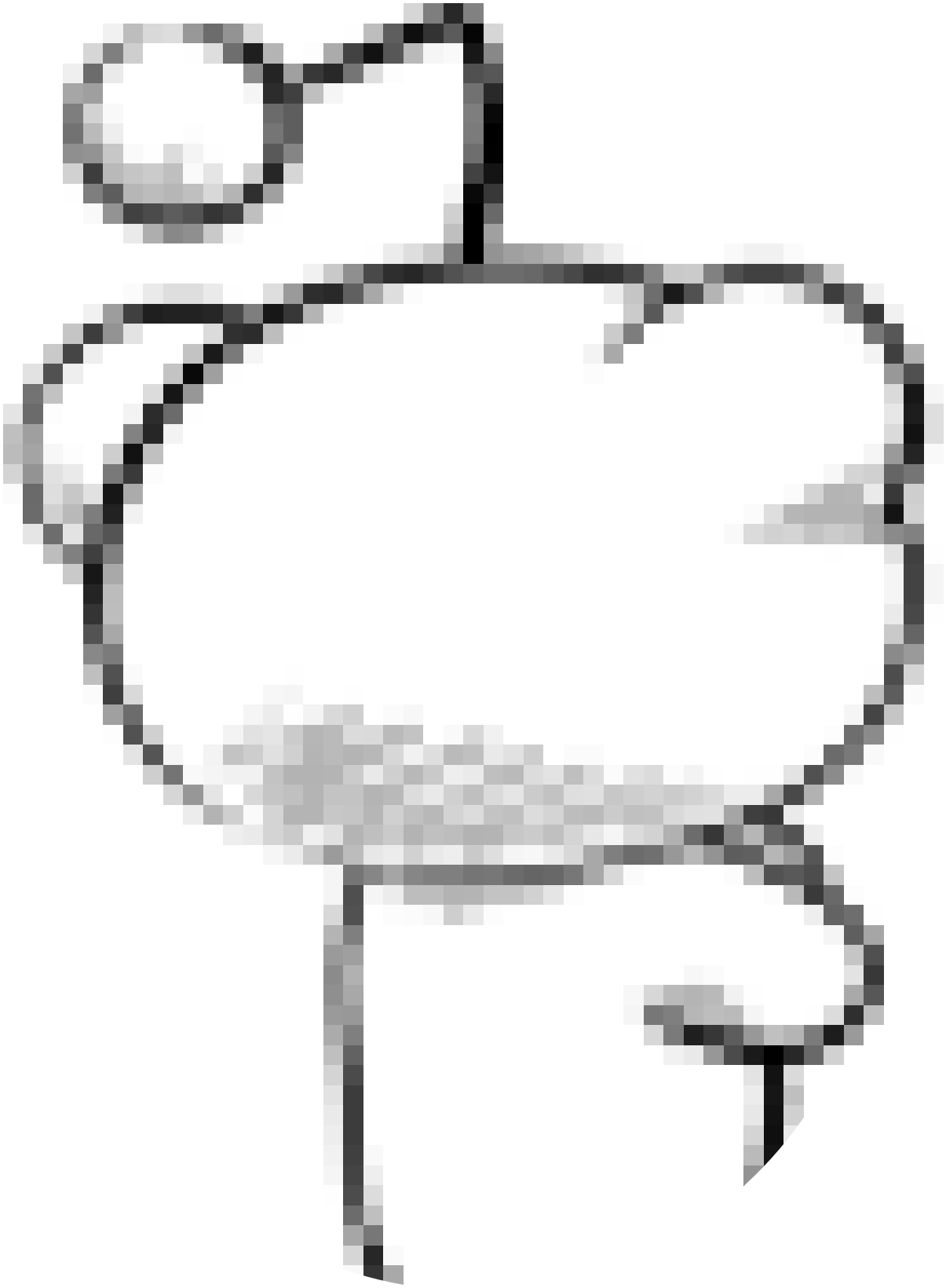
fuzzyluke
• 13y ago

r/trypophobia

Reply Share

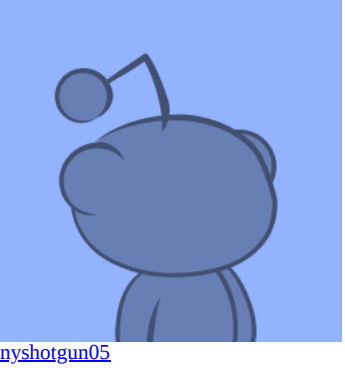
abitlazy
• 13y ago

When I was in high school, I watched a play in a university for my english class. When it was over I walked to the direction where I came. Strangely enough the shuttles that roam around the university was no where to be found. So I walked some more but for about 10 minutes I didn't see any cars, shuttles or other people except for a rugged looking guy at a distance. It seems that I am lost even though I remembered the way. another 10 minutes of me walking aimlessly has passed and still no other people and vehicle in sight but the rugged looking guy. I finally got close to him and asked him directions. He pointed out the same direction I was planning to go toward to but this time there was people walking and vehicles on the road.



anras
• 13y ago

Growing up I would occasionally hear faint breathing in my otherwise quiet and empty room. It was probably just one of our cats but at the time it froze me shitless. I had a very messy room there were certainly places for one of them to hide.



nyshotgun05
• 13y ago

I don't want to believe in the paranormal but this is one of my childhood experiences that still bother me today.

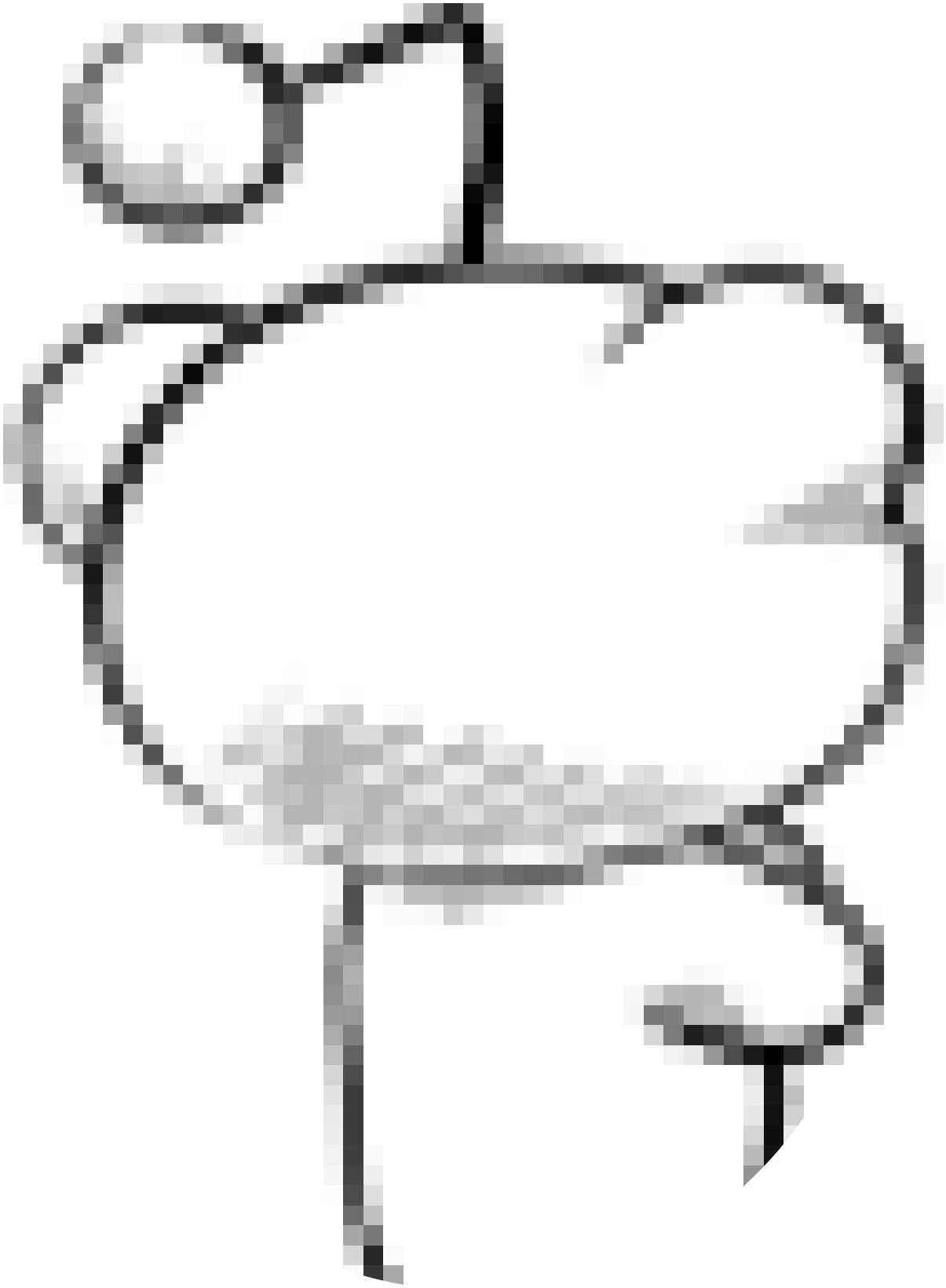
1-2 hours before, in the next door building, there was a man shot dead in an elevator. As a gamer, I would have two televisions in my living room, one of top of the other. The top would have cable while the bottom would have the game I'm playing. I remember playing Socom 2 for the PS2 sitting in front of the TV, and I was home alone. After a few online matches, I've decided to switch the AV cables of both TVs so I can sit on a chair and look up. As soon as I disconnect the cable TV's AV cable, I felt a cold breeze and a man yelling/shrieking to turn the TV back on. Scared shitless, I ran into my room, leaving the TVs on and woke up the next morning scared to play games at night.

Side-note: My Kill-to-death ratio plummeted that night since I was in a match dying all night. So pissed.

tommypickels
• 13y ago

I worked in the hospital as a transporter (patient transport) and have seen so many dead bodies in varying degrees of goss / creepy. I have seen knee surgeries as well as bowel surgeries which are pretty horrific (knees and hips especially because they have to hammer and bang the shit in there).

But by far the worst thing I experienced there was being in the elevator when a dead body farted. I kid you not. Most people are aware that there is air still in your body that can escape when moved after you die. Nothing can prepare you, however, for the surprise / fright / and horror of a dead body fart in an enclosed space.



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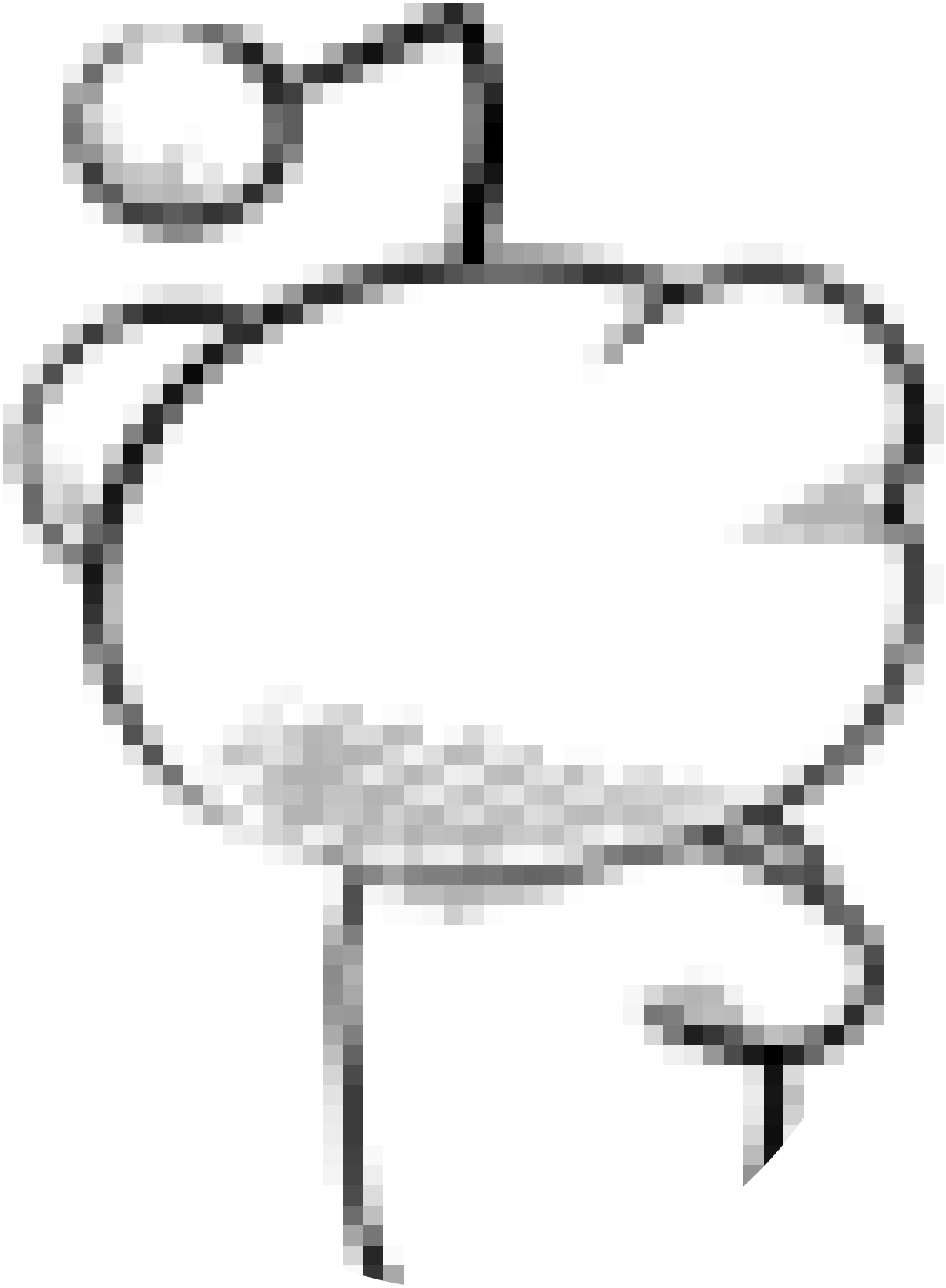
• 13y ago

Martyrs



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• 13y ago

Seen someone die. And the fact that i didn't feel anything in that situation, just no emotion, emptiness. Its kind of weird how we just *die* and there's nothing we can do about it except to embrace the fact that you were born to die.

Reminds me of something from Persona 3

'No one can escape time.

It delivers us all to the same end.

You can't plug your ears and cover your eyes.'

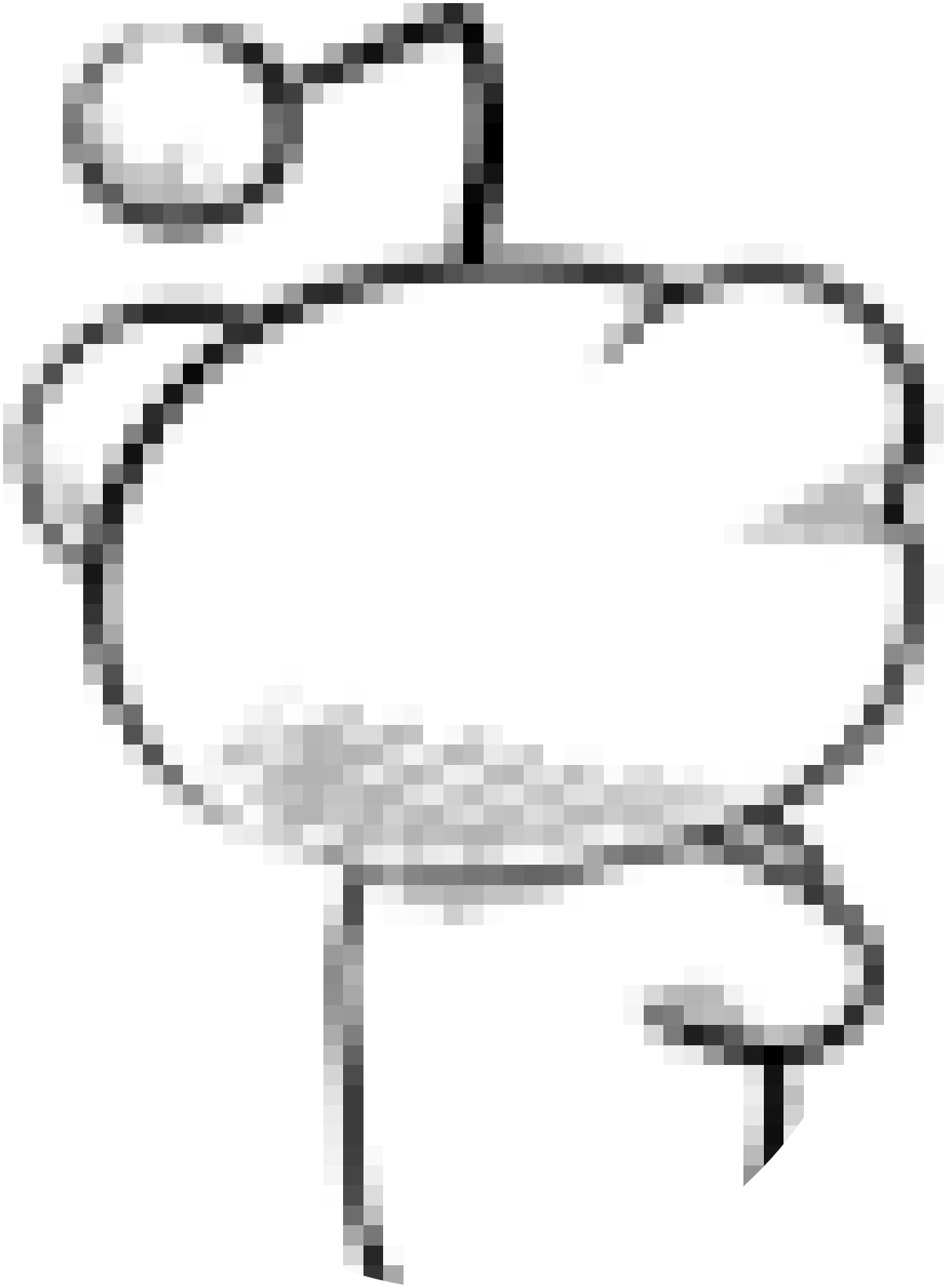
wosyny
• 13y ago

I had a creepy ass furby as a kid. I tried so hard to get rid of it but it kept coming back. I would throw it in my camps lake, and it was sitting on my bed, soaking wet, the next morning

atcoyou
• 13y ago

I forget where, but it was a description of what will happen to the universe over the next X^X years. (not that it matters as I will be long gone, but seems very sad to read about the last energy in the universe dissapating... I can't read about that stuff, as I get a little depressed)

I suppose that is not what the OP was looking for...



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• 13y ago

are you talking about future timeline

1 more reply
1 more reply

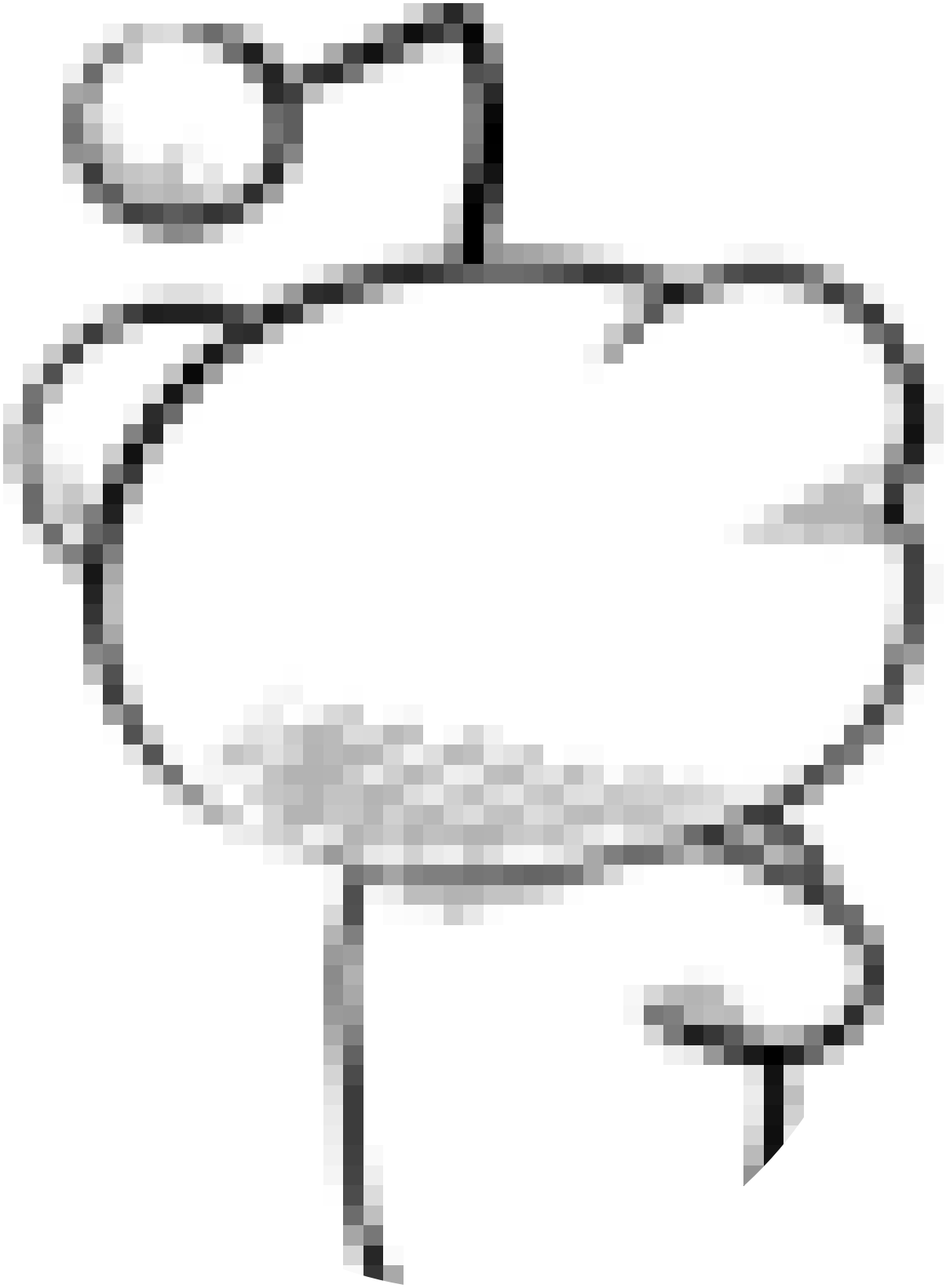
More replies More replies

Ninlink
• 13y ago

I just moved with my family into a new house and had to stay at the new house alone while my family went back that night to go get more furniture and stuff.

I woke up that night to screaming at the end of my hallway at about 1 AM and a door slamming shut.

My family didn't come back until 8.



vocaltalentz
• 13y ago

I'm not one to believe in paranormal activities, but here is my story.

I lived in this small blue apartment on a dead end road with both my parents; we lived there for about 10 years. During that time, I've had strange things happen to me that I never told my parents about.

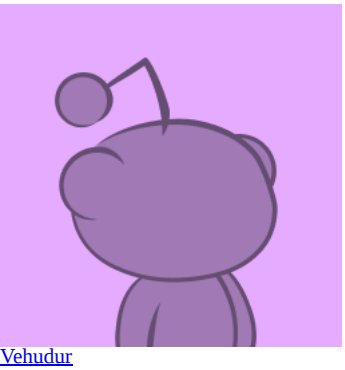
- I used to hear scratching and clawing in the middle of the night. Every. Single. Night. I attributed that to squirrels in the walls or something. That could be it.
- I used to wake up and see a woman standing over me. Just standing, slightly hunched over, unmoving. I believed that those were hallucinations or sleep paralysis (I couldn't move).
- The thing that bothered me most, is that I *felt* something in that house. It never felt right, from the point we moved in up until we left. It's this feeling of dread that blankets over you as you lay in bed at night. I began to sleep with the lights on every night for years.

When we moved into our new apartment a few years back, those feelings washed away completely. At the new apartment, I felt something I hadn't felt in years, *comfort*. I slept soundly, and I still do.

Some other notes:

- My dad passed away as soon as we moved to the new apartment. My mom thinks it's a bad omen; but I think it's just a strange coincidence.
- I finally confronted my mom about the old house and she told me she had similar experiences. She would wake up seeing someone choke her as she lied there, unable to move. There was a point when she felt her ankles pulled down and she ended up falling off the bed.

There were a lot of other weird things happening, but to this day I truly believe it was all coincidence/mental problems on my part (and my mom's). But the strangest part was that all of it vanished when we left that house.



Vehudur
• 13y ago

Scariest? Waking up inside a burning building.

Creepiest? Well...

My BF and I were driving to one of our friend's houses way in the northern part of Wisconsin. A half mile from his driveway the car broke down. We were pulling his boat and going up a hill and the car just couldn't do it. Fuck. Well, it's only a half mile to the driveway and another quarter mile to his house. What could go wrong.We later discovered the engine problems were from the alternator.

It was late evening and the sun had set but there was still a bit of light - no matter, as I'm one of those crazy paranoid people and had three flashlights anyways. We started walking, the last of the sunlight vanished quickly and there was only a sliver of moon. You know that feeling you get when you *know* something isn't right? Yea I had that feeling. I dismissed it as I thought it was just due to the dark and creepy woods around us.

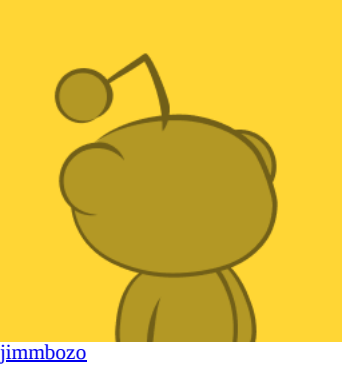
We got to the driveway and started going down it when suddenly, bear. It was just like that. Fortunately, it was "only" a black bear. One moment we were walking down a downward sloping curve in the driveway, and the next there was a bear in front of us not twenty feet away. The bear ran off into the woods, and I nearly shat myself. We got to his house with no physical harm done to us and an interesting story. But I will never look at a forest the same again..

twohoundtown
• 13y ago

This actually happened to me over the last two days, and I didn't realize it until now that this is the second time it's happened.

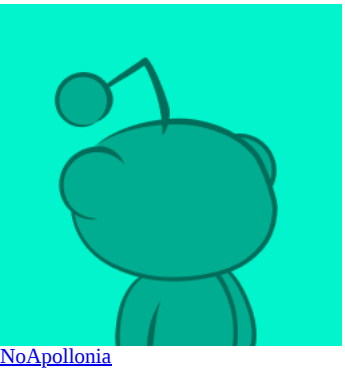
I was taking a nap when I heard a loud bang, then water started pouring from the ceiling outside my room. I ran down into the creepy basement, it was solid spider webs all the way to the shut off valve. After turning off the water I went upstairs to check the bathroom. The sink was full but not overflowing, the sides and underneath were dry, but there was a wet spot in front of it on the floor. I drained the sink and called a plumber. Several months earlier the toilet had leaked in a similar fashion, a different plumber said it had a crack somewhere. I looked at the toilet (which was already turned off) and saw just a hairline crack above one of the bolts. That didn't make much sense.

So, the plumber shows up, I had torn up the floor in the bathroom and exposed most of the pies, we turn the water back on. Turn the toilet back on. Run, flush, fill, drain everything multiple times. Tear out the ceiling from downstairs so all the pipes are exposed, at this point the water has been back on for over an hour. Bone dry, not a drip in sight. I talk about the toilet and the crack and we both agree it wouldn't leak like that even *if* it had been turned on. They both think I'm crazy at this point. Eventually they leave not having anything to fix. the water has been on over 24 hrs and it's still dry as a bone. I live alone and don't ever go upstairs unless I have to. So, how did the sink get filled up, and where did the gallons of water that poured through my ceiling come from?



jimmbozo
• 13y ago

I was about 14 when this happened to me. I was upstairs in the bathroom brushing my teeth, when I felt the hair on the left side of my body stand up and caught a glimpse of something in my peripheral view. I didn't want to look thinking someone was trying to scare. But I man'd up and slowly turned to see what was there. It was an old man who was pale as snow with long stringy hair. He cocked his head to the side and smiled at me, literally from ear to ear, and then walked into my closet. This was not a walk-in closet by any means. I looked and he just went through the wall. I let out a blood curdling scream. My mom went upstairs and said the mirrors were fogged up and had toothpaste splatter all over it. I'm shitting my pants writing this just thinking of it.



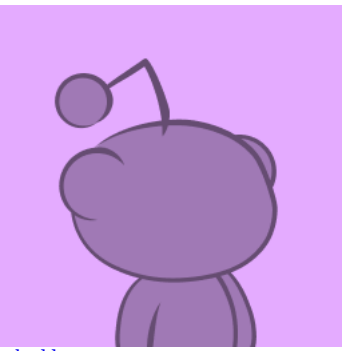
NoApollonia
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Probably the first time I ever saw a house centipede - super speed kicked in and managed to not even start screaming before I had leapt up and scrambled across the room. Now they just get a nice dose of bug spray since they both have far too many legs than necessary and are too creepy to live.

Edit: Or the fact almost anytime I'm in the bathroom alone showering I will hear noises like someone is opening and closing the cabinets. It only happens to me, not the husband and he's already sworn on most everyone he knows lives it's not him. Simply put, I shower very, very quickly.

YodaYogurt
• 13y ago

There's a house in Spain with ghostly faces in the floor tiles. http://mysteriesunsolvedstory.blogspot.ca/2010/10/faces-on-floor-house-ghosts-in-spain.html?m=1



whaddupmarge
• 13y ago

When I was around 16 or 17, I was trying to fall asleep when all of a sudden a city-wide siren went off. It went on for at least 10 minutes. We live by a nuclear power plant so I thought maybe something devastating was about to happen or maybe we were under attack.

My parents and my brother were in their beds too. We all just stayed in our own beds scared as fuck.

bat_dragon
• 13y ago

I live in a pretty good neighborhood so I freaked out when I heard a scream (my neighbor who is 16 yr old) and banging on doors from inside as if someone was struggling.

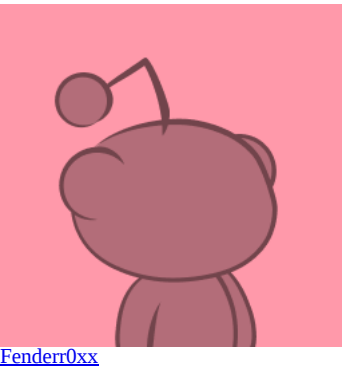
I called the cops, turns out she was doing drugs and drinking...WITH HER MOM!

Ag_in_China
• 13y ago

When I was in middle school I didn't really do much after school, but my parents worked late and my siblings had their after school activities. Essentially, I had the whole house to myself for a couple hours every day. I would only sit in the living room with the TV blaring. Why? Because if the TV was off I could hear voices through the air ducts. If other people were in the house and it was quiet, no voices. No one in the house except me? Voices.

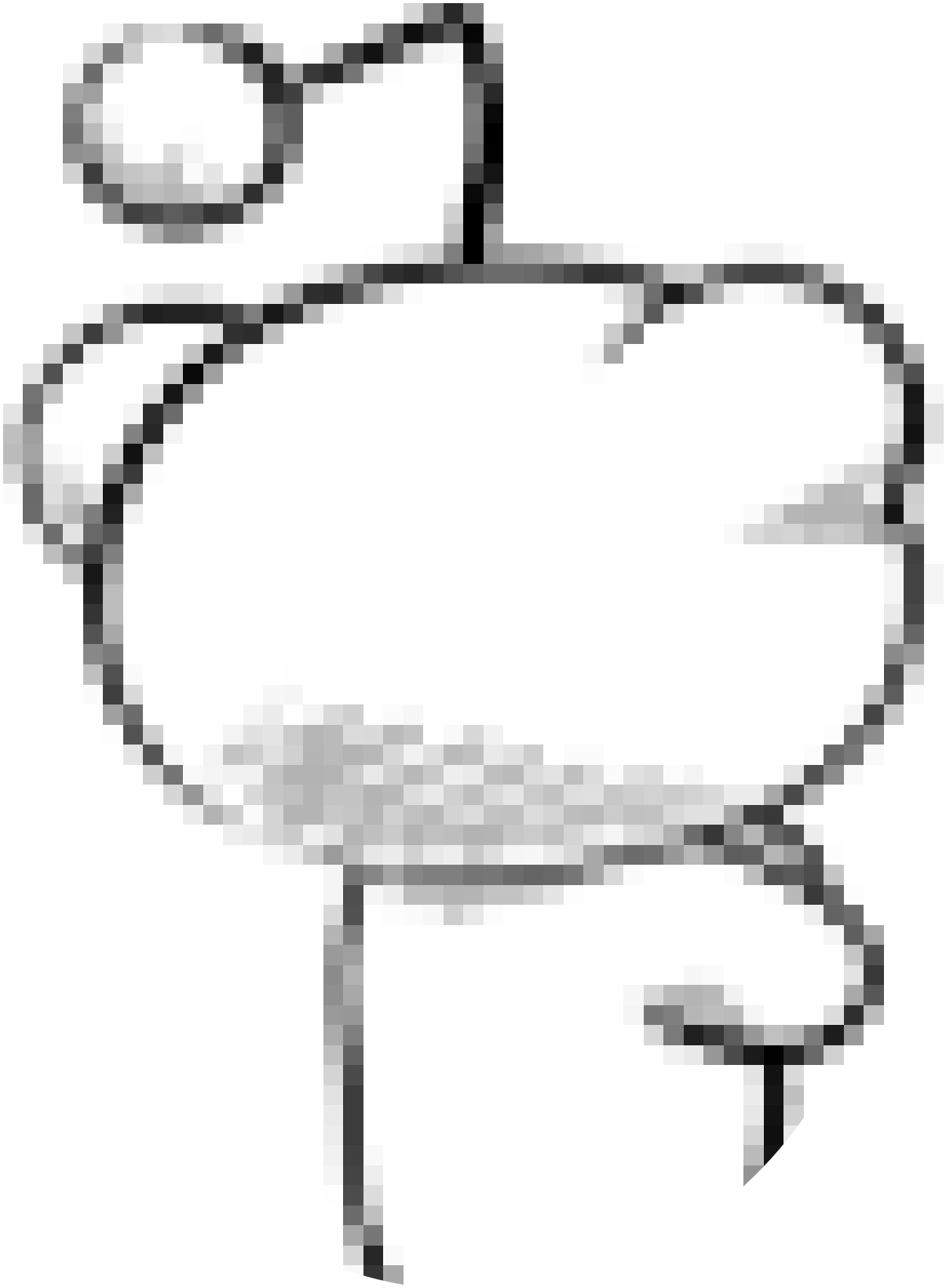
Creeped the shit out of me. I'm glad we only lived there a year.

TLDR: House talked to me.



Fenderr0xx
• 13y ago

About ten years ago I was on vacation in a jersey shore town with my family. We were at a small deli shop grabbing a few items on a particularly rainy day. Being a rebellious nine year old, I began to get into an argument with my mom because she wouldn't get me a whistle pop (god damn, i love those). Anyway, she told me to go sit outside on the curb of the store...so I did. I see an old white car pull up in front of the shop, an old man gets out of the car and opens his umbrella as he ascended the flight of steps to enter the store. However, instead of going in, he turns to me and says "today's a perfect day for a murder, isn't it little boy?". Between almost pissing myself and crying, I jumped up and ran as fast as I could. All I could hear in the background is the sound of the rain hitting the ground and a haunting "mwahahahahamwwwwaaahaha" taunt as I ran. Looking back as I ran, the old man got back into his car and drove away. I will never understand that event. Scary stuff.



CaptainCupcakez
• 13y ago

My school had annual ski trips to various parts of Europe. As a kid whose parents had a lot of money (or so I thought, my dad was in tons of debt and didn't tell anyone, eventually leading to his divorce, but that's another story) so I'd go on these trips every year. The second year I went the rooms were rooms of 8 and were really huge.

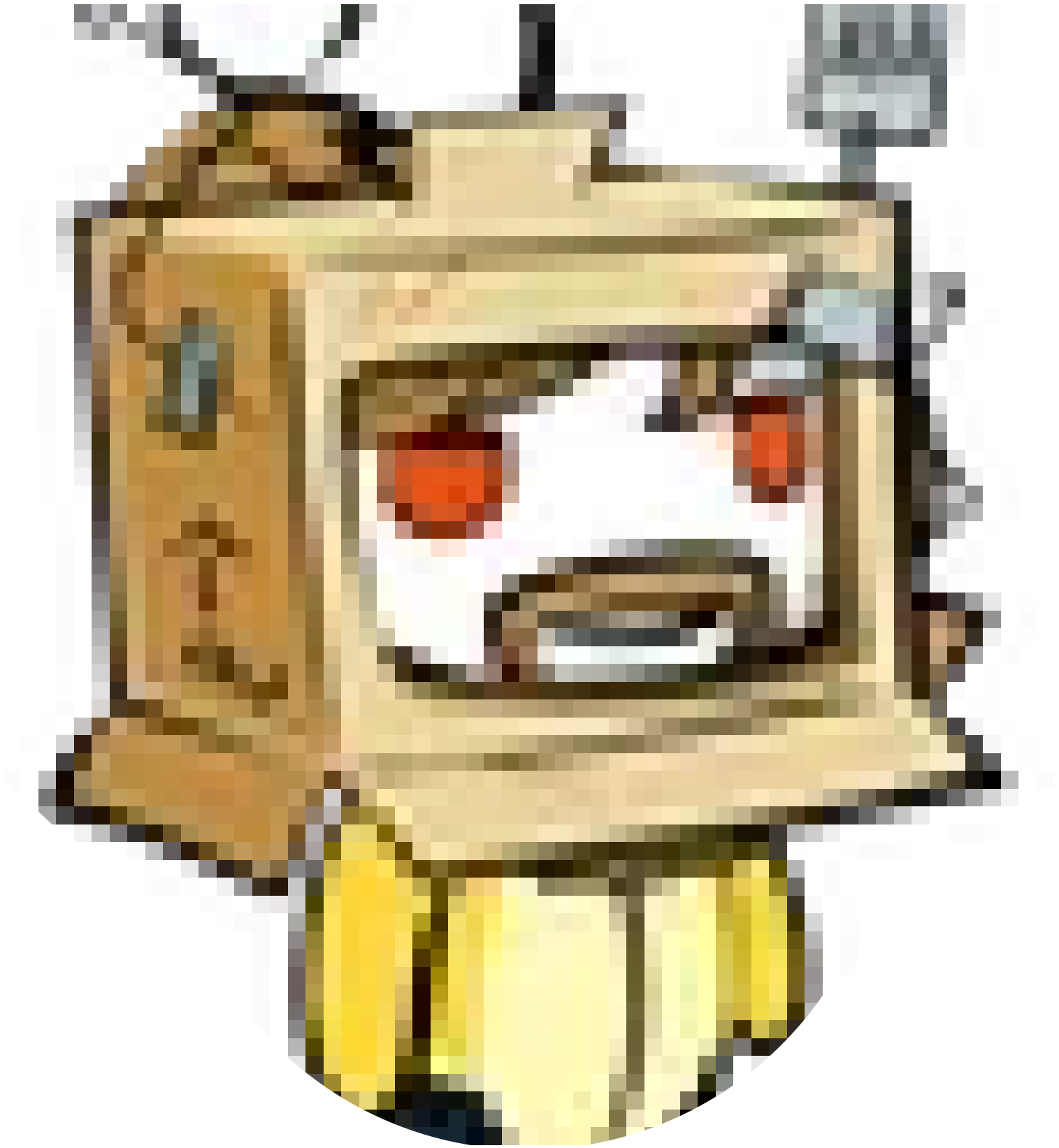
The room had an upstairs section and a downstairs section, the upstairs part looking over the other sort of like a balcony. In the corner of the upstairs part there was a small door, about the same size as a trapdoor, but on the wall. Through here was a small crawl space and then a room about 4 metres cubed. Nothing was in here. Just blank walls, perfect white, cleaner and more freshly painted than the walls in the actual room.

We thought this was a little creepy, but not too bad. That night however as we were going to sleep we heard the toilet flush. Assuming it was one of our friends we thought nothing of it, until it happened 3 times more. At this point me and my friend went down to check. The regular flushing stopped. We just assumed it was a faulty toilet or something until we went back upstairs and it continued again at regular intervals. Basically everytime we went downstairs the toilet would stop flushing, and then continue when we went upstairs again.

The worst part (ironically the only part we have a rational explanation for) was the second to last night of the trip. That night, we heard a knocking noise. This went on for about 10 minutes at a regular "knock knock.....knock.....knock knock.....knock..... knock knock.....knock....." pattern, sounding like it was coming from the small door with the creepy room.

We managed to build up the courage to check the room, to find that the noise wasn't coming from there, but the wall at the back of the room.

The next morning we found out that the knocking noise was the elevator stuck trying to move and repeatedly attempting to move at regular intervals, but the rest remains unexplained...



Ambiguous_About_It
• 13y ago

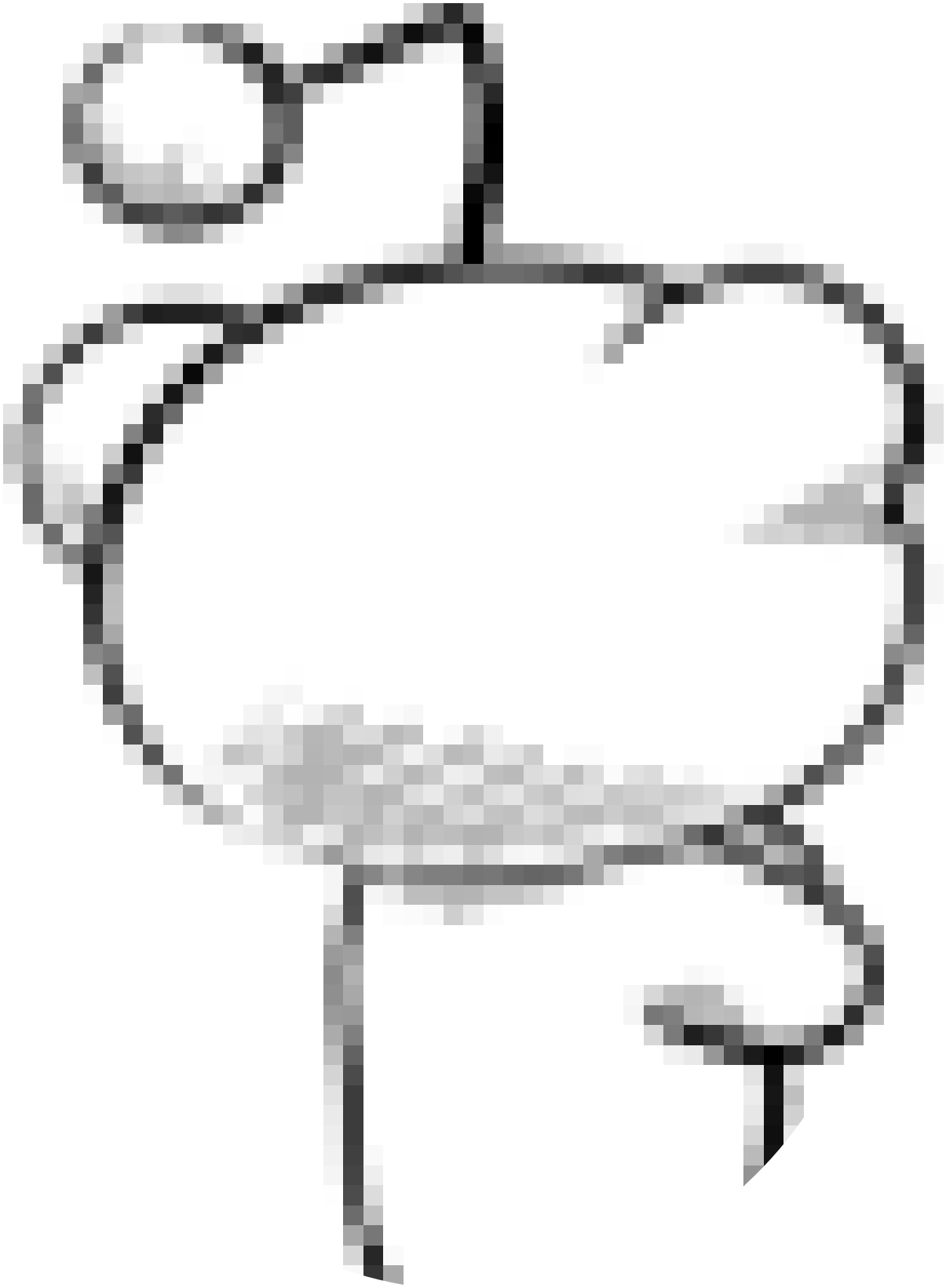
Lavender town song from pokemon.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

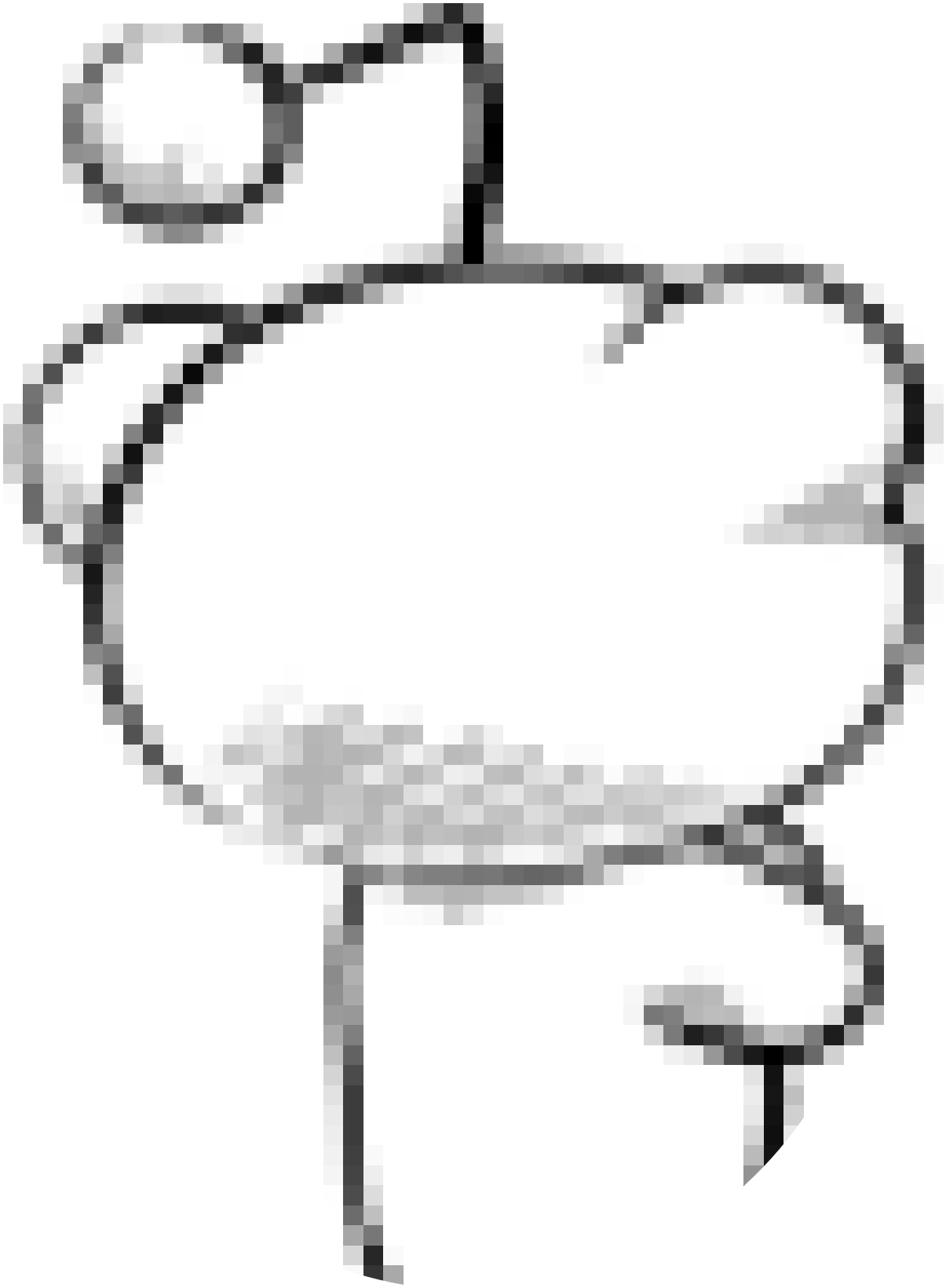
omnirack
• 13y ago

I watched in horror as this drunk seeming guy stumbled across our dark hostel room it was 3 am. He trudged slowly and questionably towards another bed that was on the ground level. I hear a zipper doing its action and then can hear the sound of tinkling piss mixed with liberal amounts of swearing, as I come to realize that this dude just got pissed on by another dude. tldr drunk dude takes a piss



[deleted]
• 13y ago

when i told my sister that if she find something like a creep pale child sitting in some dark corner inside our home, it would not dissapear.



Starky357
• 13y ago

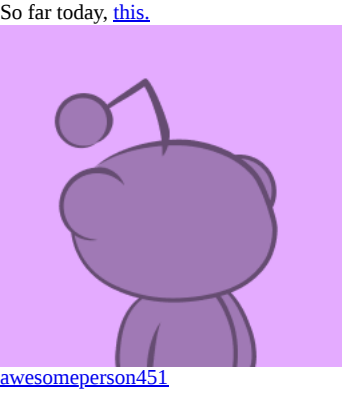
Had to sleep in the living room while half the house was being extended. So laying on the floor watching some mild TV all the lights were out, doors we're locked, people asleep. No storms, or wind, or anything outside, just a full moon. The kind of full moon you can see goddamn everything, just like it's day time. Anyway the kitchen door (10ft. away just in front of me) creeks open, not swing, not slow, like someone was entering the house. I have never gasped before always thought it was Hollywood fake shit. Nope that shit only comes out for real terror. I live in the back woods of NH, no one around for miles. Still don't know how that locked door opened.

OxXoR
• 13y ago

r/nosleep

zairian
• 13y ago

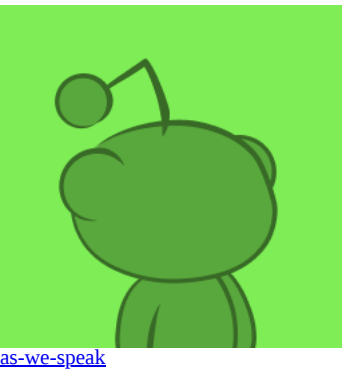
So far today, this.



awesomeperson451
• 13y ago

One night about a year ago, around 1 in the morning, I was walking to my house from my friend's. About a third through the two mile walk, I started to hear this really weird noise coming from up the road. It was this odd, quiet but audible, intermittent beeping that could only be described as what you would hear if you listened to one of those iDoser binurial sound thingies. I walked further, and the beeping just kept getting louder. When I was about 2/3 of the way to my house, the road ended at an intersection and I found that the noise was coming from this huge swath of undeveloped land that ended at the highway about 5 miles from where I was standing. It was louder at this point, yet I couldn't see any lights or any structures where it could be coming from. I figure it still must have been far away, seeing as how when I walked perpendicular to the road I was just on, the direction the sound was coming from didn't change, even when I had walked another quarter of a mile down the road. To cover that amount of distance, the sound must have been extraordinarily loud.

Now, you may be wondering why I didn't just walk back and investigate this myself. Well, you know that really shitty part of your brain that just thinks things without you telling it to? That part that keeps you up at night, thinking about things like "There must be something that rhymes with 'orange', besides 'doorhinge'... Let's never stop thinking random words until we find it!". Well, everyone has that part, and mine just thought "Huh, it would be really shitty if it turned out aliens were real and you, the lone person in this neighborhood who is awake right now, got abducted". I, scared shitless at this point, sprinted the rest of the way home as fast as I could. Even weirder was the fact that when I got to my house, the noise had gotten louder that it had been when I was at the end of the first road. I, now wheezing from the half mile sprint I just ran, quickly closed and locked every window and door in the house, then gathered up every possible self-defense weapon I had. I panicked for a while, then fell into an alcohol-induced slumber next to my arsenal of weapons, which included two katanas, 6 airsoft guns, 2 paintball guns, and a 2x4 with 3 nails stuck into it at one end, and the name "Destructor 2000" spraypainted on it (before you jump to conclusions, I was 18 at the time).



as-we-speak
• 13y ago

I was in uni for two years in Tokyo. After the first semester, I decided to move out of the dorms and into an apartment. I had moved all my stuff and was settled in by midday. Everything seemed great until late that night. Between 2:30 and 3:00 am, from out on the streets, I heard a terrifying scream from what sounded like a young woman. Just one, shrill scream of absolute terror, and then... Nothing. No altercations, no footsteps, no reactions from anybody, nothing. All that remained was an enveloping silence. Once my testicles descended back out my body, I just dismissed it as somebody arguing or just being an ass. I calmed down pretty quickly after viewing it as a random occurrence. Unfortunately, my testicles would be clutching to my body in fear for the foreseeable future as the *same* woman screamed at the *same* time every night for the next month. And just as mysteriously as it started, it stopped, and I never heard her since. Definitely not the welcoming party I had in mind.

TL;DR moved to a new apartment in Tokyo only to hear single, terrifying, inexplicable scream at the same time ever night for a month.

TheOutOfStyle
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The scariest thing I have ever heard is the voice of the Devil.

I was around 12 years old and my cousin was sleeping over for the weekend. We spent a lot of time playing video games. Late one night we decided to take a break from a marathon session of Phantasy Star 2, and pop in Altered Beast. We wanted to try out a secret code we found in a video game magazine that let you play all the various sound effects from the game from a hidden menu.

We thought this was so cool! We got quite a kick playing around and making various rhythms, like when you'd screw around with a synthesizer at Best Buy. We got the idea to hook up a cassette recorder to the headphone jack from the TV and record some of these "beats".

So we record ourselves "jamming" out to the Altered Beast sound FX for like 15 minutes. We can't hear as we're recording, so we are getting really psyched to play this back and enjoy our little sonic experiment. Now it's got to be like 2 am, everyone in the house is sound asleep, we are excited from the illicit thrill of "hacking" a Sega Genesis. We can't wait to play the recording! Rewind, press play, and what we hear we were NOT expecting!

"AAAAaaaaaahHHHHHHH..... EEEEEeeeeOOOOO!!!! MmMMMmmnNNNNnnnn....AAAARRRRrrrr....!!!"

A loud, extremely deep, sinister sounding voice comes out of the speaker, apparently speaking in tongues. We glance up at each other in fearful confusion. I press stop to stem the tide of mounting panic. We can feel our collective pulses starting to race. "That didn't sound like Altered Beast.... " one of us says weakly. "Must be a malfunction...." Fast forward the tape a little bit.

Now try play again. This time slowly pressing play...

"SSSSSSSSSSSssssssssssssssssss...OOOOOooooooooooo..TTTTrRRRRRR..AAAaaaaaaaaa!!!!!! HHHAAAaaaaaHHHHHHhhhhhAAAaaaaaaHHHHaaaaaaa!!!!! HHHhhhhAAAAaaaaHHHHhhhaaaaHHHHhhhaaaHHHaaaa!!!!!"

Our eyes widen in sheer terror as we listen again to the demonic voice possessing the tape player. This time, we can clearly make out evil laughter! I feel the hair stand up on the back of my neck, my mouth feels dry, and my eyes are slightly watering up. This time I smash down the STOP button and eject the tape.

"Dude, we recorded the Devil!!!"

Barely suppressing screams, we flee my room and run to the downstairs kitchen and turn on all the lights to try to calm ourselves down, and not wake up the whole house. We feel like we are in a scene from a horror movie. Our only defense against total freak-out is to rationalize what's happening. After maybe 10 minutes spent on the verge of heart attack we figure it out...

The tape I grabbed was one I had used before to record digitized video on a early toy video camera called the PXL 2000. The PXL used audio cassettes as its media, but recorded at about 10x normal speed, so you got like 5 minutes of video per side of cassette. We must have made some mistake setting up the tape recorder, and it had not been recording our Altered Beast session. So we realized - and then confirmed by playing another PXL cassette in the tape player - is that we were listening to our own voices slowed to nearly 10 times!

pinkuniverse
• 13y ago

At the University of Washington a couple of years ago, some dude decided to kill himself by lighting himself on fire in the middle of red square (which is a part of campus where everyone passes through). Tons of students saw him and were really traumatized by it. Thankfully I was in my dorm room and missed it but I heard about it from some friends.

melokku
• 13y ago

This is a very scary moment of my life that happened about eight years ago. We had just arrived to the United States and I still were living with my parents and my brother and sister. I shared the room with my brother and this night I was sleeping like usual, but all of a sudden I feel something grab my head and whisper to my ear something I couldn't understand. I remember trying to call my brother for help but he couldn't hear me. I was trying to move and wake up but nothing. I remember beginning to suffocate. All of a sudden I jump up getting a huge breath of air in and soaked from head to toes. I wake up my brother and ask him if he heard me calling him or asking for help, but he said he didn't hear anything.

So anyways I thought it was one of those nights that the body freezes and you feel you can't move, so I didn't give it much attention, but I still wanted to share it with my parents. So as I was saying what happened to me, my sister just looked at me with her eyes wide open and her face just turned pale white. I asked her what happened, and she said she heard footsteps walking into my room and she said "dad?", thinking that it might of been my dad walking in the room, but she saw my parents' room closed so she dismissed it and went back to sleep.

So I know something went in my room and "attacked" me because it wasn't just me feeling it, but also my sister heard a presence coming in. Up to this day I don't know what was it and it really freaks me out just to live that thought again.

UllrichFromGeldeland
• 13y ago

One summer my buddies and I get this great idea that we should start ghost hunting. Being the cynic that I am I had absolutely no wish to go on these ghost hunts but when your friends decide to do something, you just roll with it sometimes. It starts out with us driving back in the deep woods and taking random pictures of the night. Every few pictures we would see what they swore was an orb (which was most likely the reflection of the flash on some drop of dew somewhere) and they would be like "holy shit guys we got one". It developed from taking pictures in the woods to walking around the restored area of Colonial Williamsburg (I'm from Va) and taking pictures of the buildings and following the people on the ghost tours. After a night of not really seeing anything we go up to the Capitol Building at the end of the street and start snapping pictures of the windows. There is a wall that circles around the entire building which is locked at night (and this was about ~11 pm) so the closest you can get to the actual building is about 100 ft and most of the pictures we were taking were already zoomed with the camera lens and up on the second floor of the building. As we are walking back to the car one of my buddies is looking through the pictures and he just stops in the middle of the road. He had zoomed in on one of the pictures of the top most corner window to the point where you could barely make out the window panes. But clear as day, there was face. A Ghostly like semi-transparent face. Shit was creepy as fuck

Reply Share
2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies

Aml1577
• 13y ago

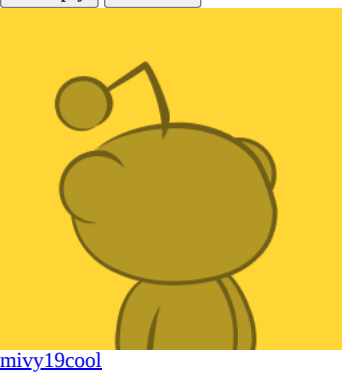
I'm not sure if this really counts but my parents told me some spooky stuff from when we lived in a really old house around the time i was about 6-8 months old. Apparently cupboard doors would open by them selves. The sink would turn on and off. Just really weird stuff like that. One night when everyone was asleep my mom said she was having some real trouble falling asleep because it was so cold in the room. So she went over to the window to get rid of the breeze. Turns out the window was closed so she just grabbed a few more blankets and tried to go back to sleep. A few minutes after my mom had laid down she said she heard crying in my nursery. But a weird type of crying, not baby-like, she said it was like a little girl sobbing. So she checked my nursery. I was sound asleep and no one else in sight. My parents moved out a few weeks after that. Thank god I have no memory of this.

Reply Share

LewisKiniski
• 13y ago

inb4 "the bloop"

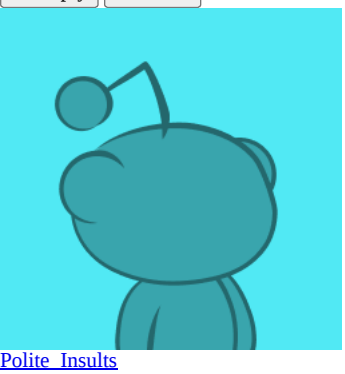
Reply Share



mivy19cool
• 13y ago

This comic made me shit my pants (figuratively), also the story "footsteps" in r/nosleep is quite creepy.

Reply Share



Polite_Insults
• 13y ago

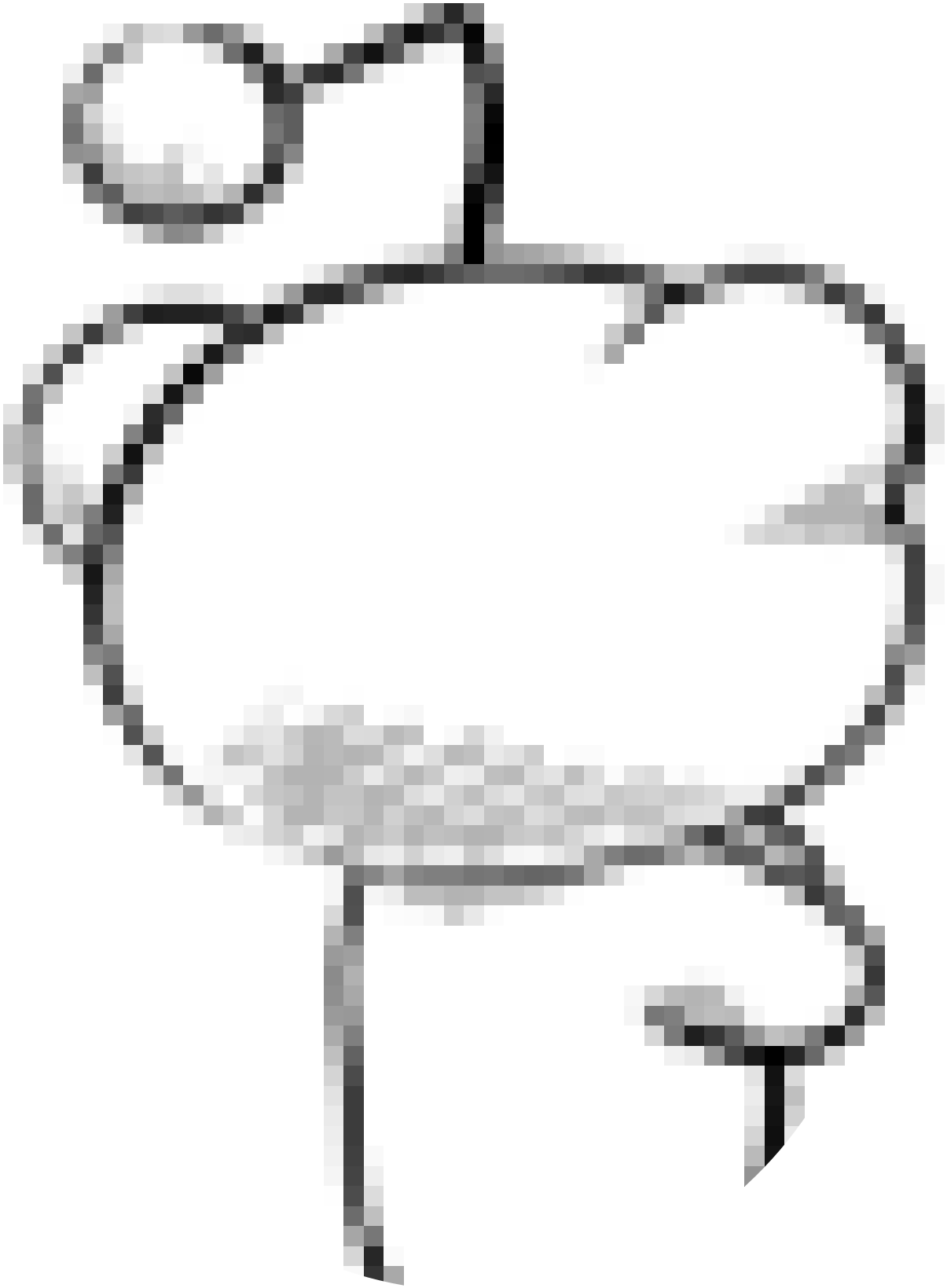
Nope NOPE NOPE. I'm not even letting the fucker load. If it is the auto scroll page? NOPE.

Reply Share

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies More replies

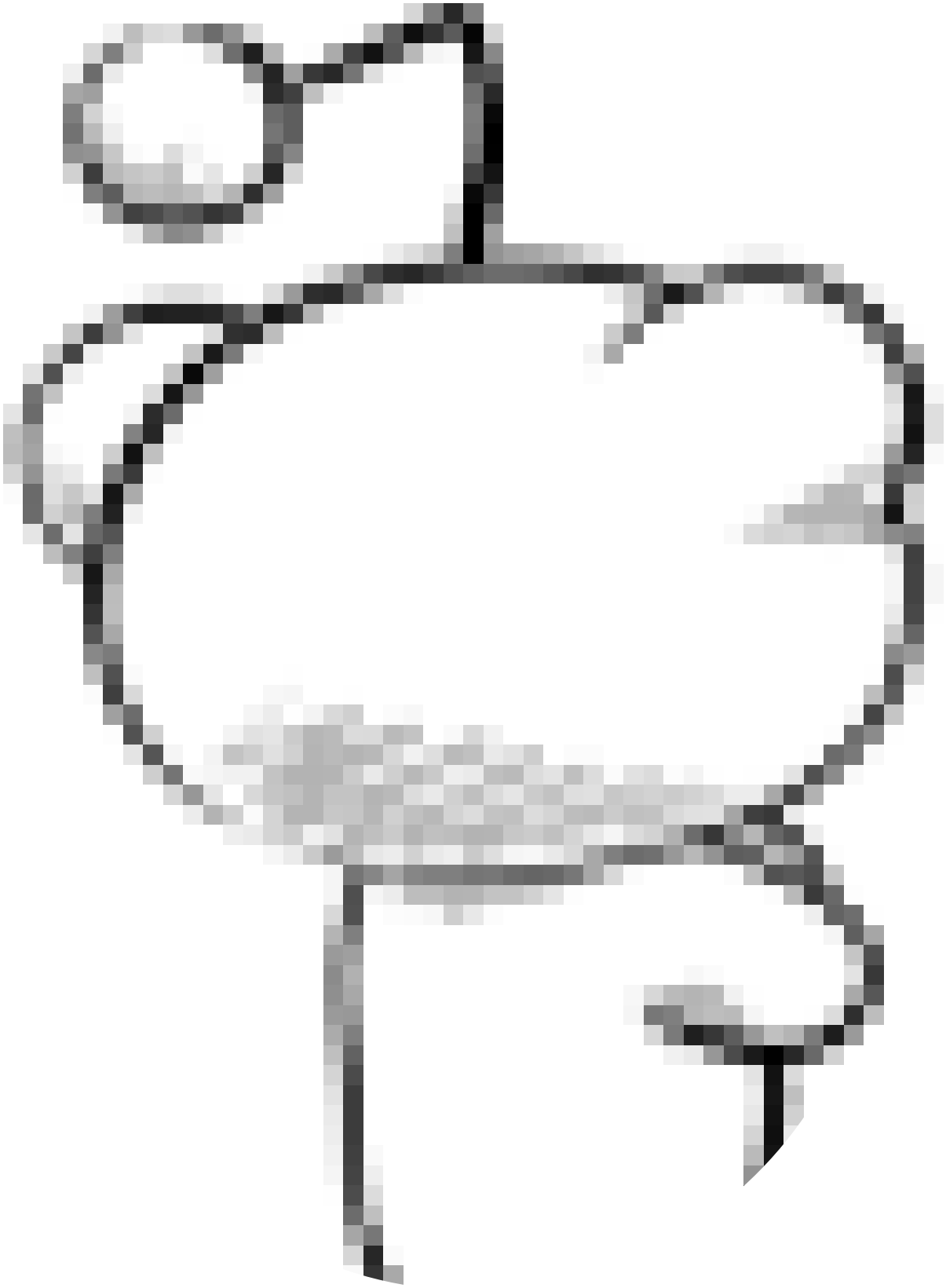


[deleted]
• 13y ago

When I was about 8 years old I was sleeping over at a friend's house for the weekend. We had stayed up all Friday night and finally decided to go to sleep in the wee hours of Sunday morning. I was on the couch, my brain trying to figure out how the fuck to get back to sleep again. I was getting tired when I felt light pressure on the couch, like someone or maybe an animal had climbed onto it. I figure it was my friend's cat, but when I looked, there was no cat. I rationalized it by saying "maybe the cat just jumped on for a moment and got off." It was still a bit weird, though, but I eventually managed to get to sleep after ~20 minutes.

In the morning, the first thing my friend's mom did was to let the cat *inside* to feed it.

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Baby in the drain pipe recently is pretty creepy! http://en.rocketnews24.com/2013/05/29/abandoned-newborn-rescued-from-drainpipe-in-china/

Reply Share

noraamitt
• 13y ago

Sorry for the poor formatting/editing, had to type this quickly at work.

Three or four years ago, myself and two friends took some LSD, hopped on our bikes and rode away into the night down a bike trail leading away from our college campus. A couple miles out, the trail dumps off into a road, and on the other side is a small mountain with an old, defunct radio tower at the top. Now, I had been up there before with friends to drink beer around a campfire. It was far enough away from everything, and still close enough to bike to. So we ditch our bikes at the foot of the hill and start hiking up with a couple of head lamps and portable speakers playing music. I distinctively remember Animal Collective's Doggy playing through the shitty, distorted speakers and blending perfectly with the pine tree branches swaying in the wind.

Everything was perfect at that time; I was with two good friends, we were in good spirits, the acid had just started fully kicking in. So we made our way up and above the top. On the other side was a huge boulder where we had been before, so we all climbed onto it and started a small fire. We relaxed for about an hour and slowly fed kindling and small sticks into the fire. At its apex, it was no larger than a foot or two tall.

So at that time, my friend mentions his buddy from home in Massachusetts had gotten into trouble for starting a fire in a state forest. The forest rangers showed up and fined him. It wasn't a couple minutes later when we saw a helicopter fly above us. We instantly put the fire out which didn't take long because it wasn't very big. We turned on our headlamps, hopped off the boulder, and carried on around the side of the mountain to explore, not really thinking much of the helicopter.

A few minutes later we all heard a strange noise filter through the trees from the base of the mountain. We immediately turned off our lights and froze in terror. There we were, standing in the wind in the middle of the night on the side of a mountain with heads full of acid. It was one of the most scared I've ever been. As my blood and adrenaline began to rush, I was absolutely paralyzed with fear and I found it hard to move. We kept hearing these sounds and were confused. My other friend said "Guys...doesn't that sound like a loudspeaker?" And it did. We thought the helicopter called into the police/fire dept. about a small fire in the woods, and they were at the foot of the mountain calling up for us through the loudspeaker. I can still remember how it sounded to this day, and it was absolutely pants shittingly terrifying. I thought I was going to jail for starting a fire in the woods, and being on acid didn't help the situation.

So we finally muster up enough courage to trek up and over the mountain again, back to the other side to where our bikes were waiting at the base...all the while still hearing this distorted noises we thought were authoritative voices thrown from a loudspeaker.

We collectively decide to book it down the hill to our bikes and ride as fast as we could down and across the backwoods street to the bike trail and high tail it back to town. So we hoof it down to our bikes, get on the road, and without even looking, pedal as fast as we could for the trail. I noticed there weren't any police or fire personnel waiting at the bottom, and just as we turned onto the trail I heard the noise again, but up close and not distorted through lsd/wind/trees. It was a dog kennel. Dogs were periodically barking from the property at the bottom of the mountain and the sounds drifted up into the hills and to our acid soaked paranoid ears, it sounded like police. I yelled for them to stop, explained to them what had happened. I have never experienced such an immensely satisfying collective sigh of relief before or since.

TL;DR: Tripping on acid with friends in the middle of the night on a mountain, mistook barking dogs for police officers talking through loudspeakers.

Reply Share

Wicked_Garden
• 13y ago

One of the creepiest things to happen to me happened just the other night. I live in Eastern Kansas, just outside of Kansas City where there is hilly thick woodland and wide meadows placed here and there. My house is across this main road from the town and near the hidden small developments and neighborhoods underneath loads of trees. My back yard is literally along the border of a 150-acre woodland that also connects to an old, old town called Monticello. That some people still live in, but is mostly forgotten and hidden by time. This includes the Monticello Graveyard. Now, infamous characters used to live there, such as the first town constable Wild Bill Hicock who went on to become a folk hero and left shortly after the beginning of the civil war. The town had seen many tragedies. Border ruffians and even jay hawkers burning some buildings to the ground, tornados, hangings on the grounds of what is now a school even. So with the back story out of the way I will continue on. 3 nights ago I was driving from a friends house about 12 in the morning, it was raining and I was fucked because I was going to be in trouble because I didn't respect the curfew my parents had given me. I was speeding and accidentally took a wrong turn down into the dark road that led straight to the Monticello graveyard. I was freaking out, so i slowed the car down and then took a deep breath. The narrow road was too small for me to u-turn on so i carried on, my heart was racing but i would not let myself panic under this kind of weather where things could go south quickly. I slowly drove, my speed never exceeding 20 mphSomebody had forgot to close the gate, so I breathed a half terrified sigh of relief. As creepy as the circumstance was, he graveyard was a full circle, meaning I was able to turn right back around. I've never been afraid of graveyards. They hold sadness but that's it. I was about 60 percent all the way around the circle when my car began to skid, narrowly missing a few gravestones. It was a gravel path, which meant no hydroplaning. So WTF. I looked ahead calmly and saw it. Across the bad wire and into the dark woodland Stared reflective eyes. I heard a hoarse howl and its greyish faced peered beyond the oak and pines. I fucking lost it. I powered my car out of the graveyard and sped going no slower than 60 down the shitty roads to my home, where I promptly locked all doors and went to sleep.

My only guess as to what it was? A diseased deer. We have a load of deer over here and the thin mangey thing had probably lost a fuck ton of hair. I still can't come up with much of an explanation as to why it was missing antlers though.

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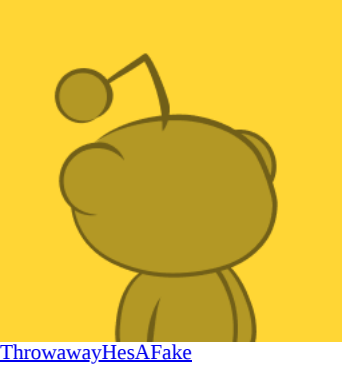


ThrowawayHesAFake
• 13y ago

420yolo.com

Good luck.

Reply Share

iwfh
• 13y ago

The candle cove story was pretty creepy.

Reply Share

notoriousjb87
• 13y ago

One time, a few years back i was living with my mom at my current place I live now. It was winter and my heat had broke, i think the pipes had frozen. We had a few heaters, so I took one. When I took one my mom said "DON'T PLUG IT INTO THE EXTENSION CHORD". I should have listened to her.. I plugged it in the extension chord and the power went out. Mind you this is 2 in the morning cause I'm not a very good sleep so I insisted my mom go Down and fix it. My breaker box was in my basement which is already creepy enough, I'm sitting there waiting with my dog and all of the sudden I hear my house phone ring...? The first thing I think of is what the hell is going on I thought the phone doesn't even work with the power off? So I go answer it and all I hear is static almost like a old dial up connection. Already creeped the fuck out in the pitch dark I go sit down again. I shit you not 10 seconds later! IT RINGS AGAIN. completely scared I go up to the phone in a rage and answer but don't say anything and just listen. It was the same noise than I blurted out WHO THE FUCK IS THIS? All of a sudden the noise stopped.. And I listened to the most eerie silence. As I'm listening my mom fixes it down in the basement the lights turn on and the phone cuts out. I go to my mom did you not here the phone ring? And it's almost like she was like wtf are you talking about as if she was sleep walking the whole time. There is no crazy end to the story but that was one of the freakiest things everrrrrrrr I feel like I was being followed by a demon. The next day my friend comes over I tell him the story he is freaked out, wanting to get out of the house and get some grub at quick check I go to my car. IT IS THE WINTER so this part makes sense a little but although eerie. I go to start my car and it is just not turning and it ends up being straight dead. I turn my key back and my friend starts bugging out just cause we were already bugged out. We get out of the car he's like dude lets just take mine fuck this. He forgets his keys in the house and as we walk back into the house we hear a loud sound. I turn around my car radio is BLASTING, lights on, engine turned on. There is seriously no logical explanation. We took his car and got food anyway but I was literally scared for a few days haha. It still gives me the creeps telling this story. I obviously have no pictures but all this is 100 %.

Reply Share

OnlyNununu
• 13y ago

TIL I don't want to live in a house

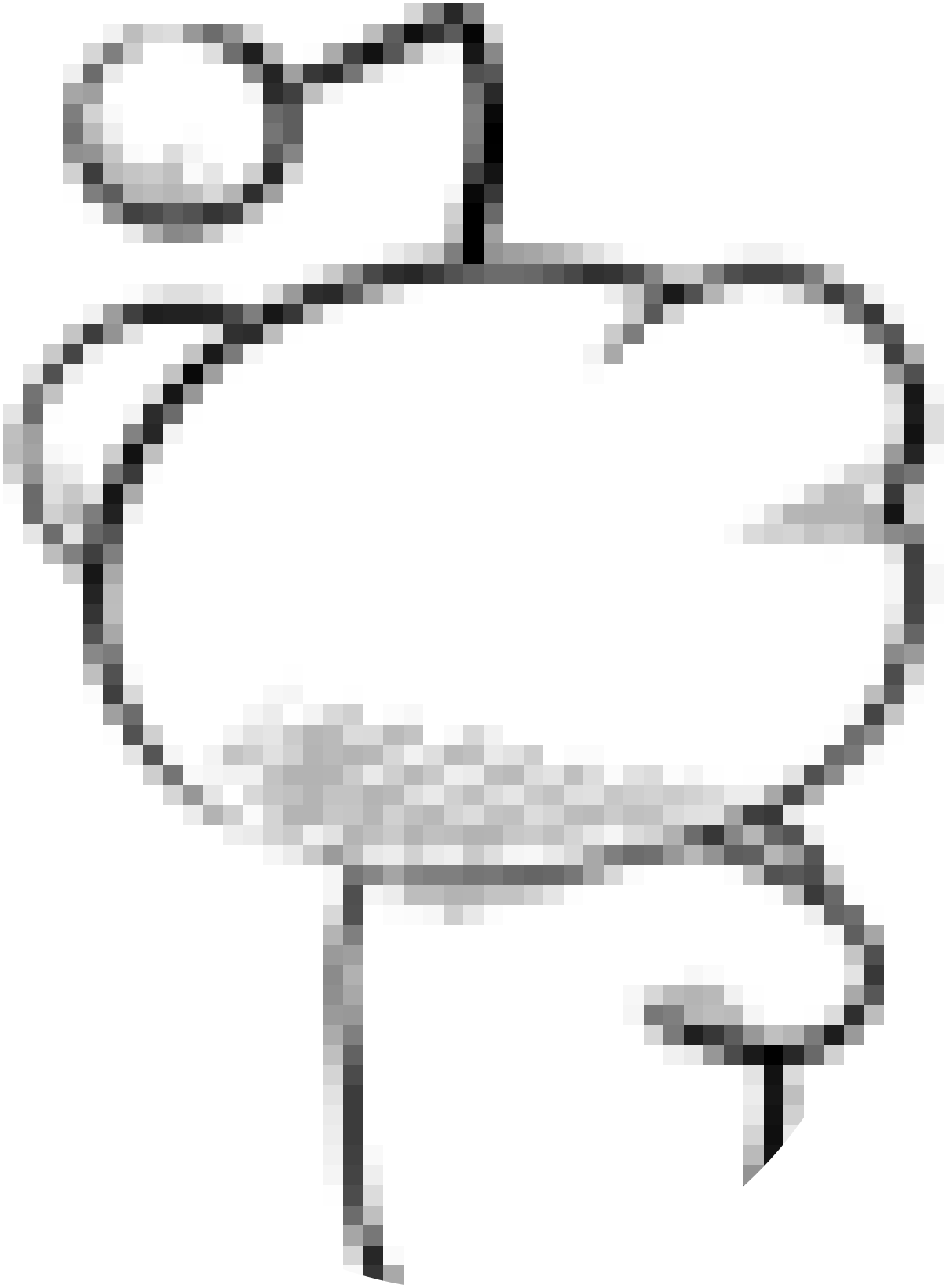
Reply Share

Senor_Poopo
• 13y ago

Creepiest: I was around seven and taking swim lessons at the local university. Everyone was required to shower off before getting in the pool. I ran into the locker room showers and found a guy with a massive erection, beating one out, while staring at me.

Creepy/Scary: I went to confession the day before my wedding and watched a guy have a seizure and die. He had just finished his penance when he had the seizure and bit the back of the pew. The priest came out and tried to help, but there was nothing that could be done except call 911 and administer his last rights.

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Fisher cats. One of these fucks woke me up yesterday and I thought it was a child being murder for a few moments.

If you don't know what they sound like http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HrvdzCGjbzw

Reply Share

Aborts_withplunger
• 13y ago

I walked out of my house around 11:30 at night, while I lived out in the boonies. As soon as I opened the door I heard this bloodcurdling scream from the woods behind my house. I noped and turned around back into my house, locked and blockaded all the doors, and slept with my gun that night.

Reply Share

bigmreese
• 13y ago

Night terrors. When I was a kid I would always get night terrors. The worst was when I would fall asleep in the car there would be this huge guerrilla that wud jump from car to car and finally reach our car. Then he would stare at me threw the window for a minute with a blank stare on his face. He would then open up the car door, come in our car and sit in the seat next to me and just stare at me the whole way home. And when we got home he would open up the door, get out and walk away like it was nothing. Scared the shit outa me every time.

Reply Share

Ken_Wood
• 13y ago

I saw a dead kid on my first day of university.

I wasn't the first there, the residence (or food servcies, didn't know who was who) staff saw him just before I did. He fell out of his room's window from the sixth floor sometime in the night/early morning and landed in the parking lot. I couldn't sleep long because I was excited for my first class (or maybe I was covering up my nervousness). Decided when I woke up early to go for an early walk. About 100m into my walk I came across the scene. The police were just arriving as I got there, but they didn't exactly cover it up for the next hour.

When my floor mates (now friends) woke up later on, they kept asking if I knew why the forensics identification van was outside the residence. I just said I had no clue. Still not sure what I felt about the situation.

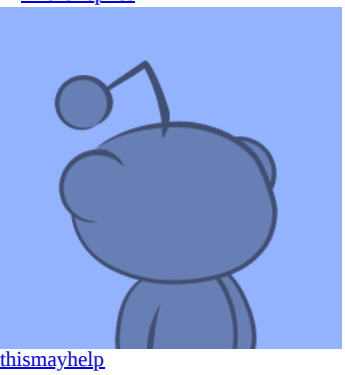
The next kid that fell to his death that year did so while I was in the building. He fell through a skylight. I heard a lot of commotion coming from the room, but didn't rush over there. It was creepy knowing what happened when I heard the news the next day.

Reply Share

3 more replies

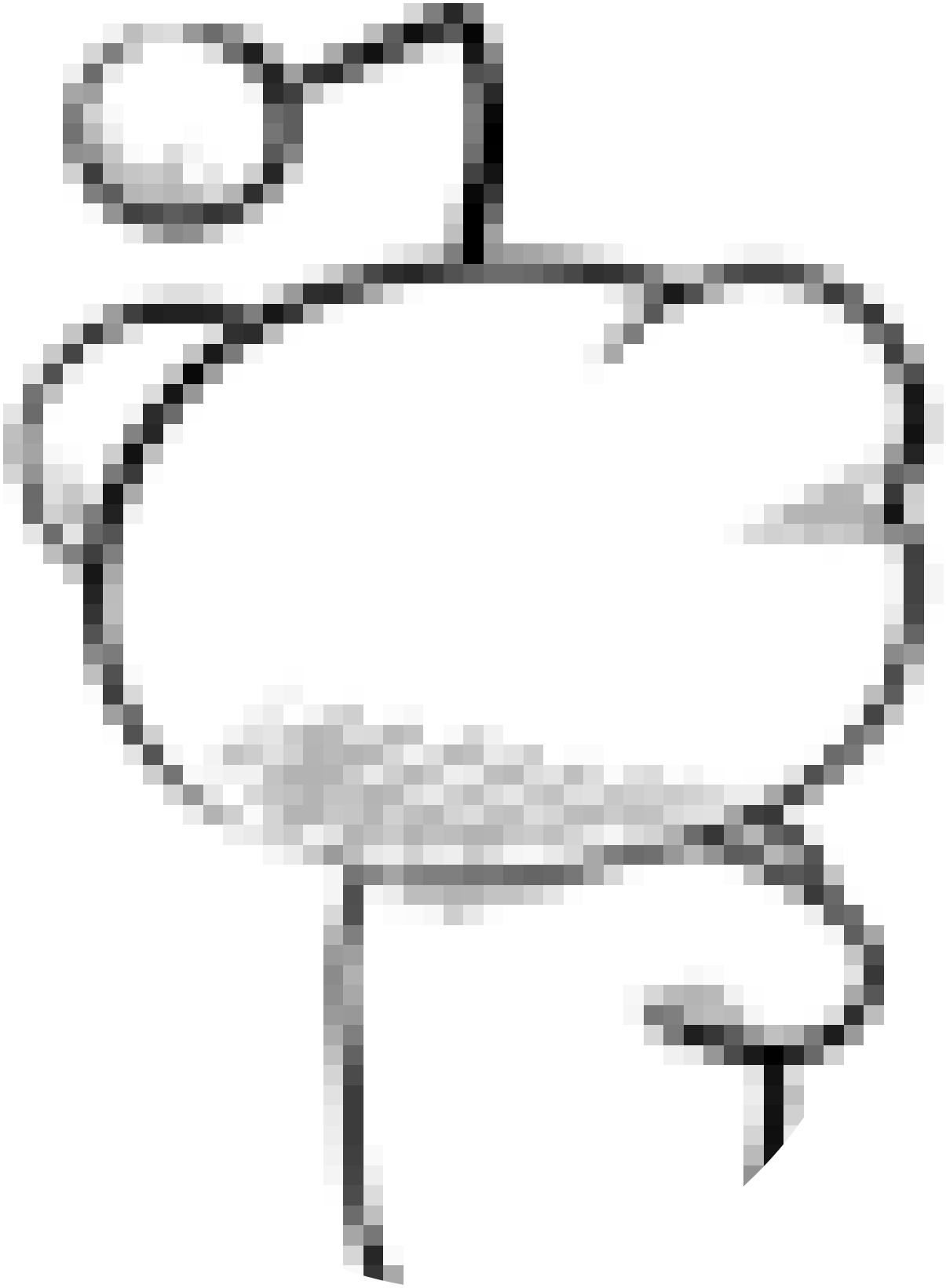
3 more replies

More replies



thismayhelp
• 13y ago

After a long day of flying, I was exhausted. I dont remember where I was flying from but I had been awake for a long time (close to 20 hours). Finally I got home late at night and laid down on my coach to sleep (I don’t remember why I go to sleep on my bed). The lights were off and the room was draped in shadow cast by the orange street lights outside. Instantly, I fell asleep. After a few fleeting dreamy images, I suddenly felt a powerful force pushing on my body, as if I was on a roller coaster ascending a steep hill. I opened my eyes. The room was just as I'd left it however something was wrong. I couldnt move my body. I had sleep paralysis. And the force hadn’t stopped. I felt it all over my body, something powerful weighing me down; a suffocating feeling that covered my body. And then, ahead of me at the end of the couch, I saw something. Its difficult to describe what it was but it was some shadowy figure, like a demon. Or like the smoke monster from Lost only smaller. Formless yet occasionally the random clouds of smoke would align in such a form that it would resemble a beast with a head and a body. I could sense its presence and suddenly I realized that this thing was causing this force on me, like it was attacking me. It moved closer. I tried to move but I was still paralyzed. I panicked and forced all my conscious effort into my limps, trying to wake them up. The thing kept moving closer and the force grew stronger. At this point, I would have been flailing my body around wildly if I hadn’t been paralyzed. That was the scope of the effort I pushed to make my limbs move. The feeling was like being buried in sand and trying to free yourself and gradually regaining movement as the sand around you weakened and shifted. Just as the shadow was on top of me, I finally freed my body and just as I did so, everything went away. The shadow disappeared, the force was gone, and my body felt normal. I checked the time and only 15 or so minutes had passed since I’d fallen asleep. I’ve had sleep paralysis before but never to this extent. I thought it was just a crazy dream when I saw on wiki that this feeling of a “demon” attacking you is actually a known phenomenon: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleep_paralysis The whole thing was terrifying in the moment but pretty cool thinking back on it and I hope to experience it again sometime.



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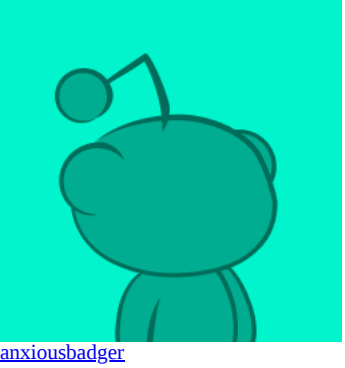
• 13y ago

Someone once decribed the noise as a half a cow being slammed down on a carton of 24 eggs. My husband agrees that that is an accurate description.

senor_blake
• 13y ago

From ages 3-5 I had awful nightmares about a large pig man. It almost looked like the pigs from Duke Nukem only without the shirts.



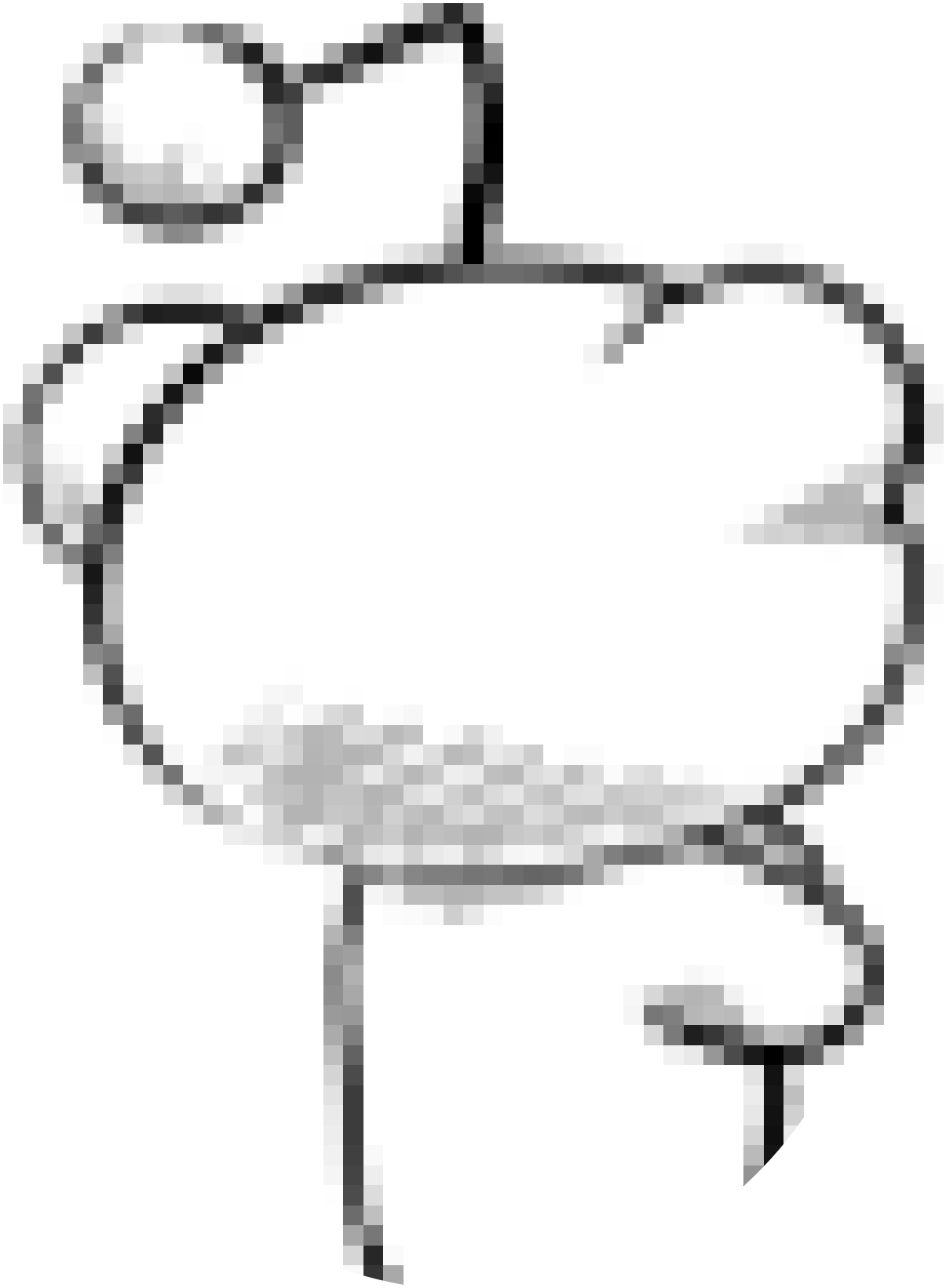
anxiousbadger
• 13y ago

NSFW

Rubber Johnny

"mama"

shudders



rangerjello
• 13y ago

http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&seq=31

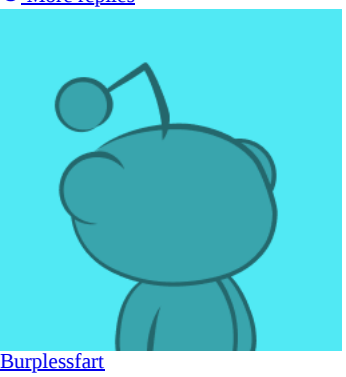
This

mcsestretch
• 13y ago

I think I know what this is without clicking the link.

Nope NOpe NOPE NOPE NOEP NOEPO NOEPNOEPNOENEONE

More replies



Burplessfart
• 13y ago

The mirror The horror that thing showed me was unspeakable

lardparty
• 13y ago

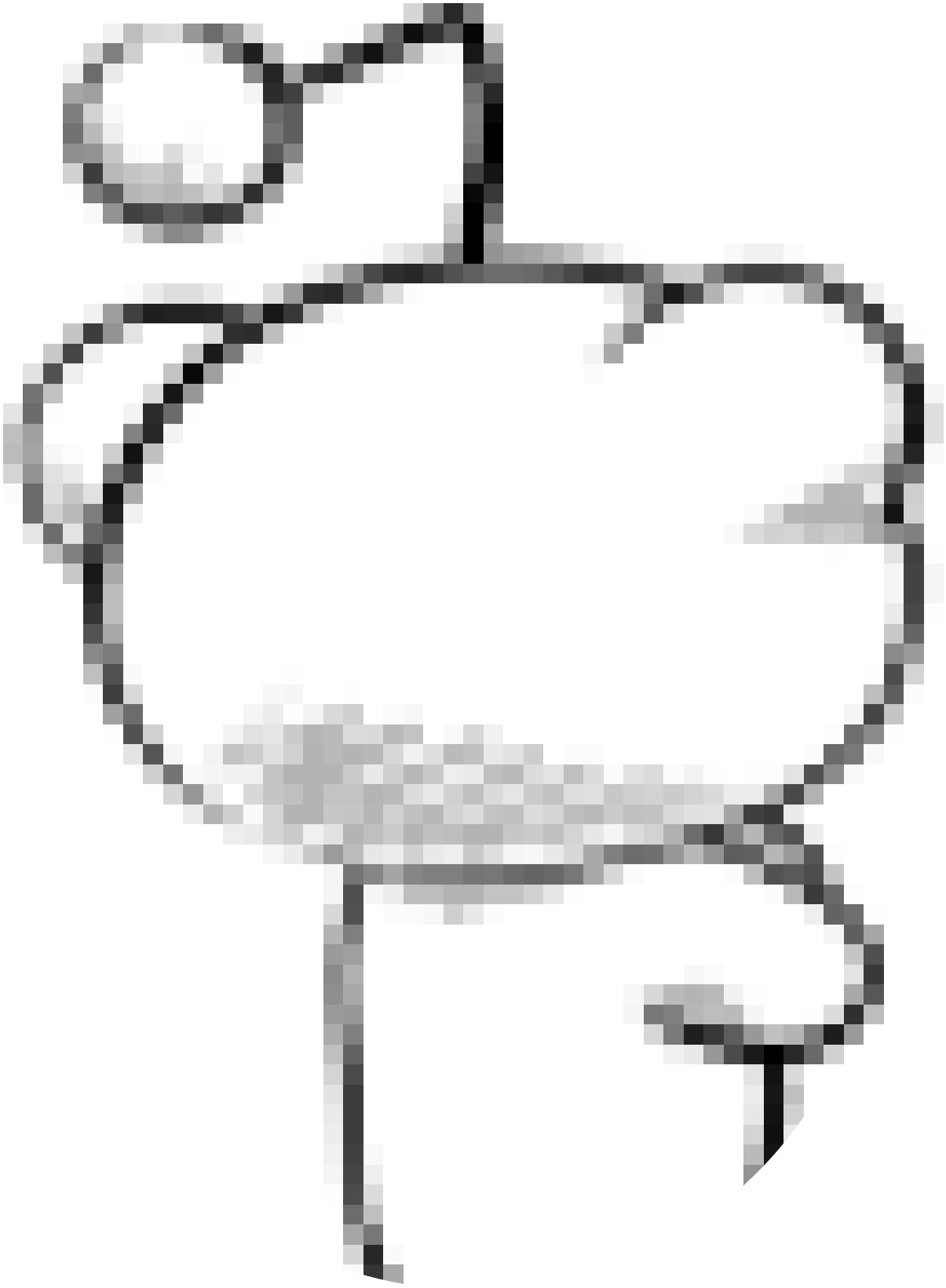
http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=20&weekday=tue

aros102
• 13y ago

Marble Hornets... :)

PoonJaguar
• 13y ago

My great uncle was a priest who was also an exorcist (the ones that cast out demons). He would always write down the stories from his exorcisms. Some of the scariest things I have ever read. They even made one of them into a movie.



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• 13y ago

These are my favourite AskReddit threads. There's also some insane/cool/awesome stories in here.

bigedthebad
• 13y ago

We have a small creek behind our house and there is all kinds of wildlife that comes in and out of the creek. For a few months, we would wake up in the dead of night and hear these really weird horror movie like sounds, impossible to describe. My guess was that it was either coyotes or cats, fighting, having sex, whatever. We never did figure out exactly what it was and it hasn't happened since.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies

r3cluse
• 13y ago

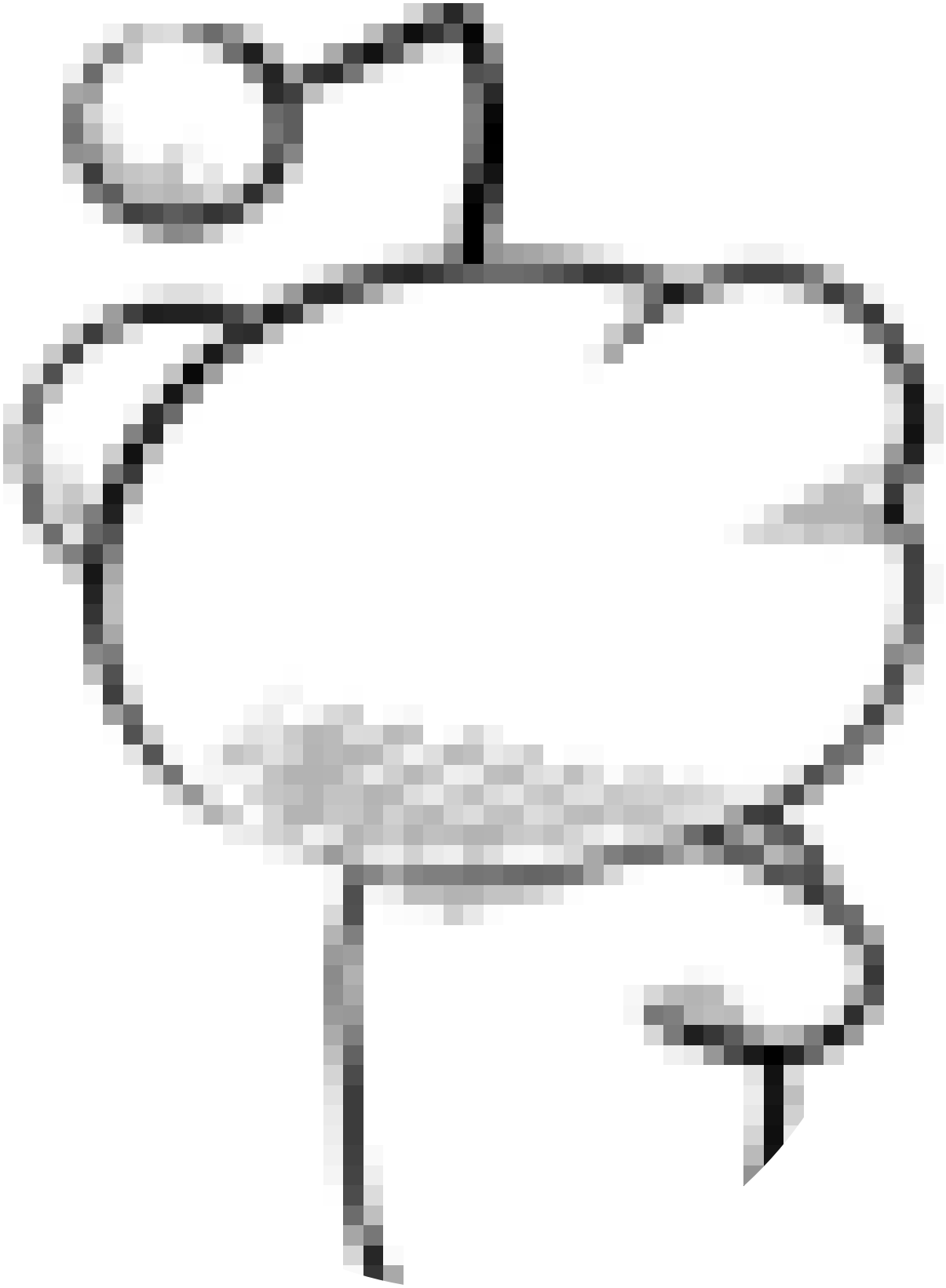
My ex girlfriend used to tell me about spirits she would see at her grandmother's house. We were just sitting in her oldsmobile at like 1230 at night and she just started trying to convince me of this woman in the barn across the yard. We eventually broke up, but I still remember how concerned she was about seeing stuff like this. Still freaks me out considering I don't believe in ghosts at all.

wrong-hole
• 13y ago

My parents and grandparents told me that when I was a baby I could talk really early. Full conversations when my parent's friend's kids could only say short words. They would hear me over the monitor talking away to a girl (I don't remember the name of her) and it really really scared them.

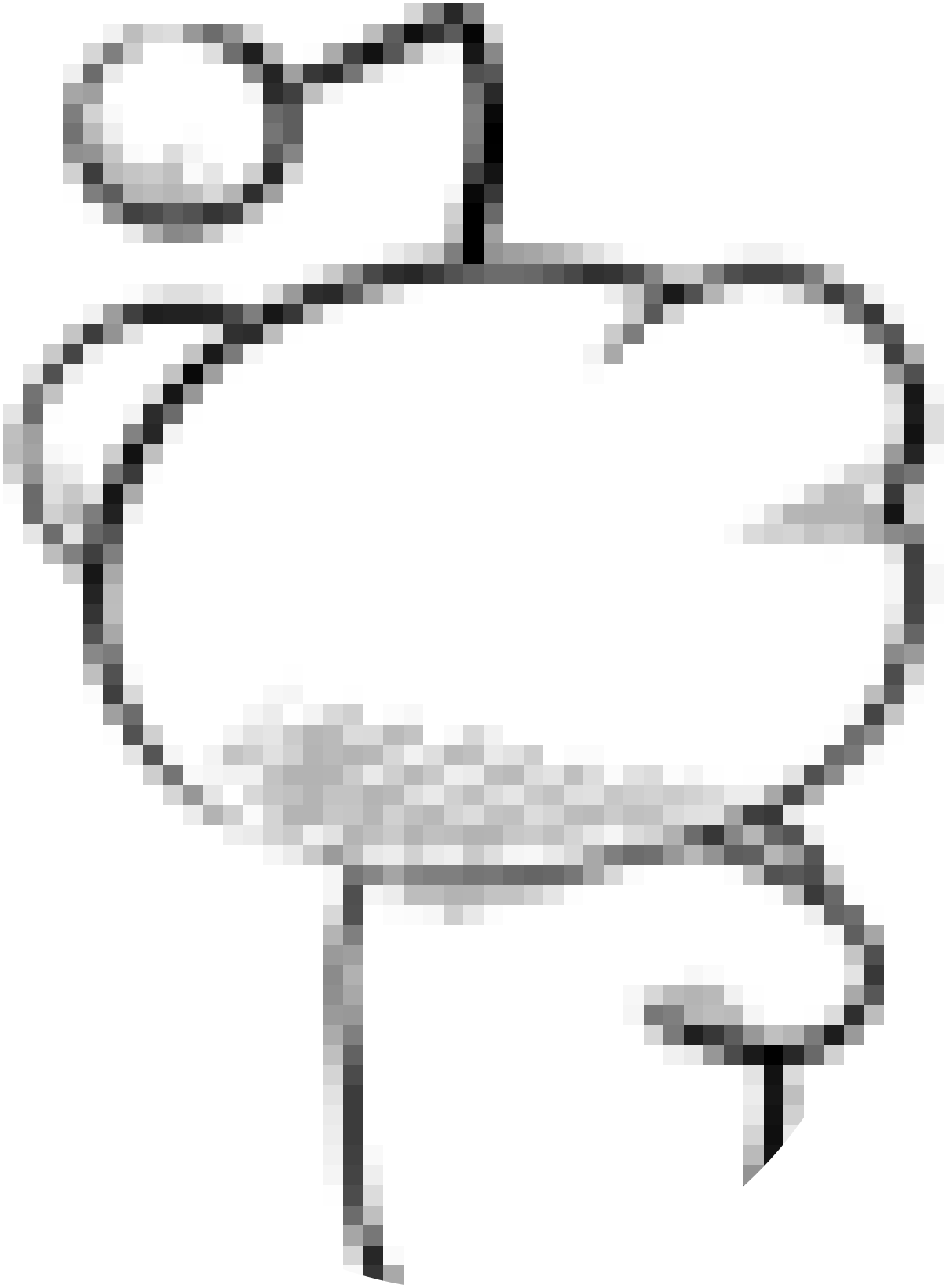
My grandparents didnt want to babysit me because they said I was talking to a ghost or something. My parents aren't in to the whole ghost thing but my dad says it was so real. I would pause for her answers and then when my mother asked who I was talking to I would say her name and act like it was obvious.

I just stopped one day.



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I saw the letter "A" being scratched into my ceiling. "A" is the first letter of my first name.It was surreal. Nobody was doing it, I just heard scratching, looked up, and saw it. Scared the shit out of me. Lots of other things happened in that house. In all honesty, ghosts would have been the best explanation.



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• 13y ago

Karl Pilkington and the 3000 dead flies

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rrh4-5K9jwA

coral225
• 13y ago

read the whole saga by u/bloodstains from the start to finish. it takes a while, but i seriously now keep my blinds closed at night now bc of that fucking story

armavque
• 13y ago

This, the picture at the end will be in your dreams.

1 more reply
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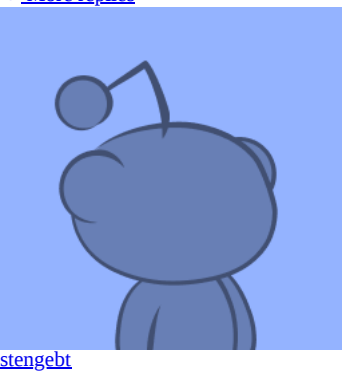
More replies



stengebt
• 13y ago

New Year's Eve/Day I woke up in the bathroom of my hotel with all of the lights off, frantically trying to turn the door handle to get out. After falling asleep in the bed I had sleepwalked into the bathroom and then got hopelessly lost in there, so much so that I woke up.

GIRAFFE_IN_MY_RECTUM
• 13y ago

Lavender Town song

donut771
• 13y ago

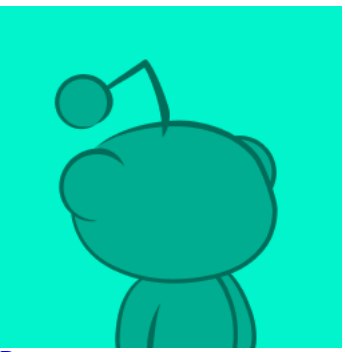
One of my best friends witnessed these 2 cars racing down the street, next to the park. It was pretty late at night though, so no kids or anything. One of the cars swerved and went on the curb and then hit a tree, then the car caught fire with the 2 people in it. The other car sped away, so my friend and the person he was with ran to try to help the people out of the car.

When they got there, they tried opening the door but it was stuck. They saw a girl in the passenger seat, not moving or making a sound. They assumed she died on impact. There was a guy driving, still alive. He was trying to scream but making this nasty gurgling sound, waving his burning arms around, and his eyeballs were also gone. By the time the cops arrived, it was too late to save him.

All they could recall from that night is the gurgling sound of the boy trying to escape the car and the smell/sound of the flesh burning.

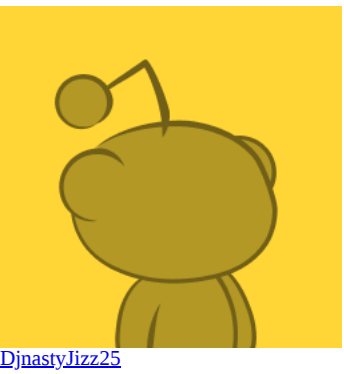
stearnsy13
• 13y ago

For what its worth, my three year old daughter got up on the couch with me yesterday, put her arms around me, held her head down and pressed it against me and said, "Mom. I don't want you to die." She watches Nick Jr all day and we don't talk about "death" around her. Creeped me out a bit.



Daperate
• 13y ago

[This?] (http://imgur.com/YJ0EKnK)



DjnastyJizz25
• 13y ago

Once my friend and I were tripping on 2c-b. pretty much acid, and we had an edible and some alcohol. He had some fat chick over cuz he was trying to bang her to scratch it off the bucket list. Anyway he wanted me to pretend to leave then just hop the fence and chill in the back. So I leave and drive down the street while seeing birds with red eyes fly everywhere. I go to the fence and hear rustling on the other side, I grab the top to hop it and here a tapping. So I tap and here a tap back and I see a long haired pale girl on all fours tapping on the other, so I screamed and ran in the house then watched Vince Vaughn's Wild West comedy tour

killhimalready
• 13y ago

I was driving to work just as the sun was coming up on a major freeway in Minneapolis. I was humming along to music and sipping some coffee when I saw a person walking very slowly across the entire 5-lane highway. I was going 65 at the time, so she came up incredibly fast. I blew right by her, not having enough time or space to stop or swerve. She was about 4 feet from my passenger door.

I watched her from my rearview mirror. She laid down in traffic and got ran over by an SUV. I got to work and it was all over the news.

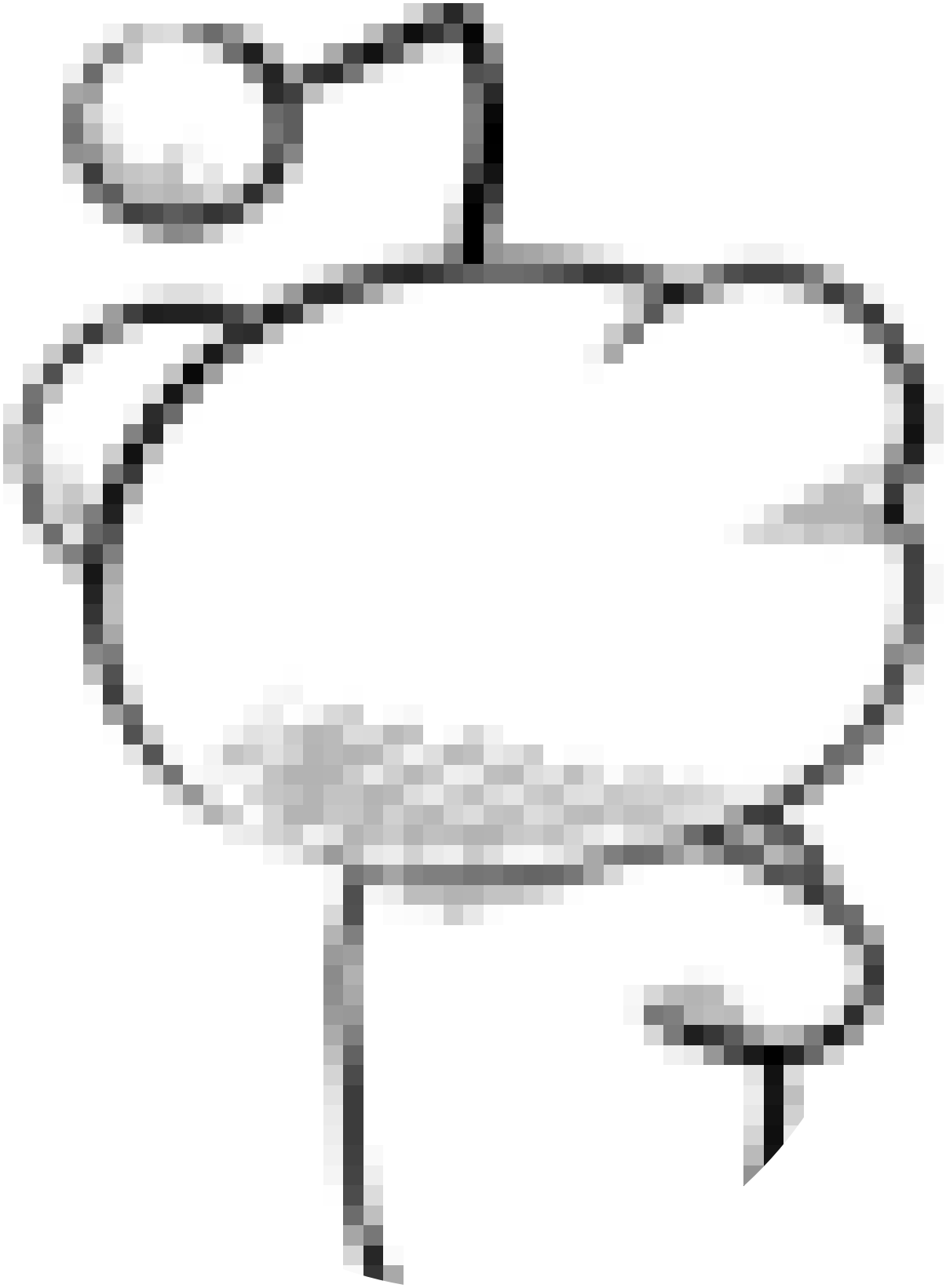
Sigh.

patefacio
• 13y ago

I was out in Kananaskis, AB with a friend, and we were going to try shooting some star trail photos. The new moon and clear skies provided ideal conditions. We pulled up to the side of a lake and started walking around to find a suitable place to set up. That's when we heard a big sploosh sound from the water. It sounded completely unlike someone splashing around, and more like a massive rock being thrown in. We thought it was kinda weird, and called out, but didn't hear anything back.

Not thinking much of it, we continued walking for another 20 seconds or so before hearing the same noise again, but seemingly from a different place. That was when we decided to get the fuck out.

I try to be a rational person in my life, and I believe that you can find an explanation for just about anything. But I can't explain those strange splooshing noises. We tried to think of a possible cause, but got nothing. I've never been more creeped out in my life, except for the time my buddies and I found an abandoned house full of weapons, ammo, and what looked like bloodstains off the shore of British Columbia in the middle of absolutely nowhere. But that's a story for another time.



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• 13y ago

I'd just bought a bunch of camping gear for a cross country motorcycle trip and I wanted to test it all out before hitting the road, so I went on a camping trip alone.

My family has a cabin deep in Virginia, and from there I hiked to this place we call the Meadowgrounds. It's this gorgeous natural orchard just crawling with wildlife. There also happens to be a series of caves nearby where bear hibernate. It was early Spring and I was expecting them to still be in hibernation.

So anyway, there I am in my tiny one-man tent, trying to get some sleep. It's absolutely dark. No moon, no light pollution. I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. Suddenly I hear this loud crunch like something enormous is stomping around my tent and then

wiscondinavian
• 13y ago

I stumbled across a story that was linked to on Reddit.

Basically, it was a story of how to create and take care of a living sex doll. Not a prostitute. A living sex doll. Gouge out eyes, take out vocal cords, cut off arms and legs, feed it baby food.

It was quite disturbing.

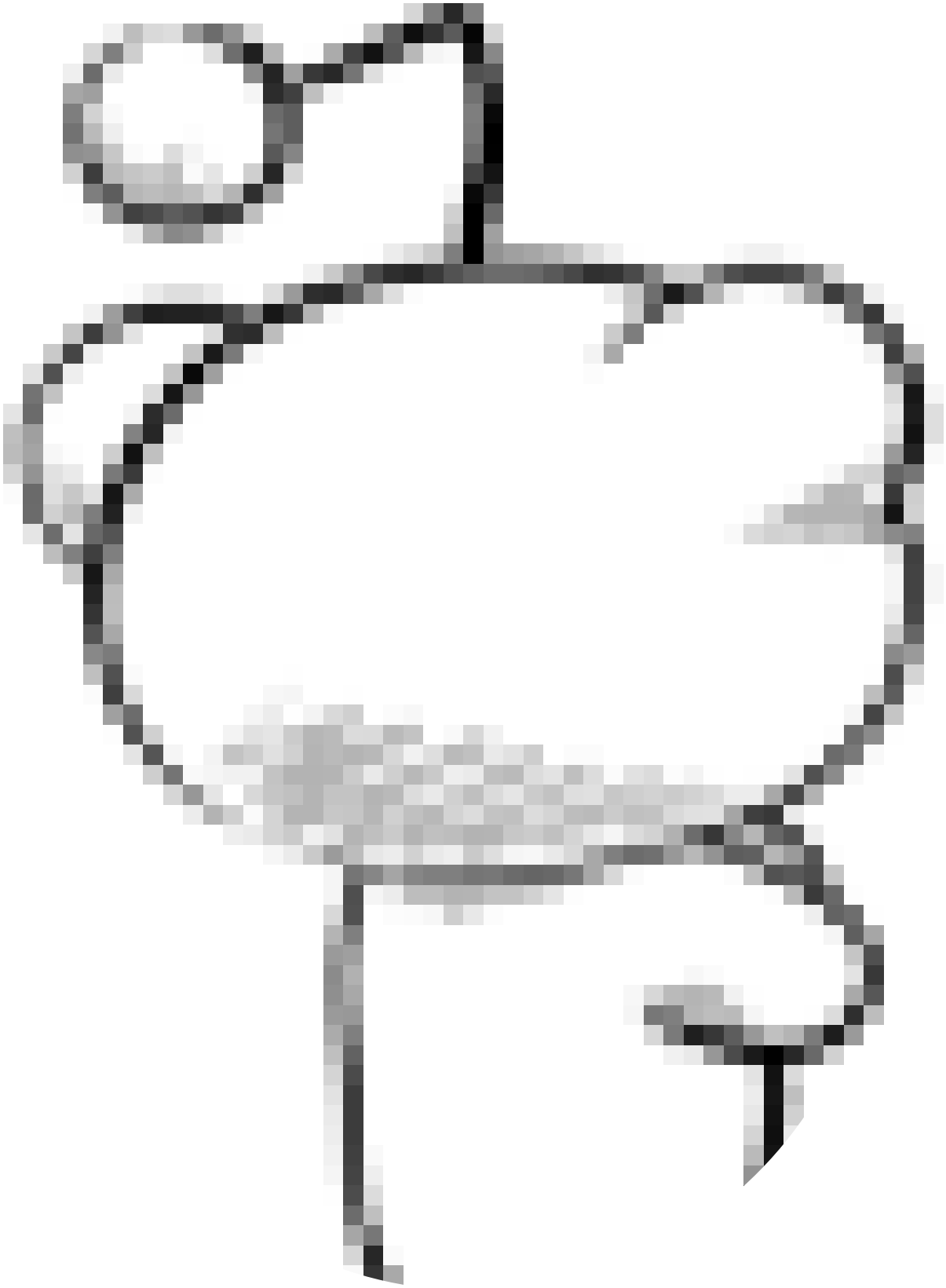
1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

Hootinger
• 13y ago

used to work at a car museum that was an old dealership back in the teens and 20's. The mechanics said there were ghost but I figured they were messing with me. Here are two weird things.

I am upstairs in the office. A small dinner party is downstairs. I am the only employee there. Only way to get upstairs is the hallway right by the office. In the attic directly above me I hear footsteps going back and forth right above my location. Only way to get to the attic is through a door in the very office I am in. Again no one there but me, all the guests are downstairs.

Second weird thing. The museum had two buildings separated by about a 15 foot gated alleyway. When people rent the musuem for parties we unlock both buildings so they can tour the whole place. Well this one evening I was, again, the only employee working at the dinner party. I knew I was going to get out of there late anyway and I really didnt want to spend extra time cleaning up the second building. So I just left it locked and told the guests it wasnt open (yeah Im a jerk). Its about midnight when the part ends. I clean up a bit in the main building and then go to the other to shut off the lights and set the alarm. The next day was a sunday and I am open on sundays. So I get there at about noon and go to open up the second building. We have locked display cases with informational cards for every artifact. The cards were all turned around backwards. Just the cards. Nothing else was touched. I checked the alarm record and I was the last one out and the first one in. Somehow these cards located in a locked cabinet in a locked and alarmed room were all perfectly turned around.



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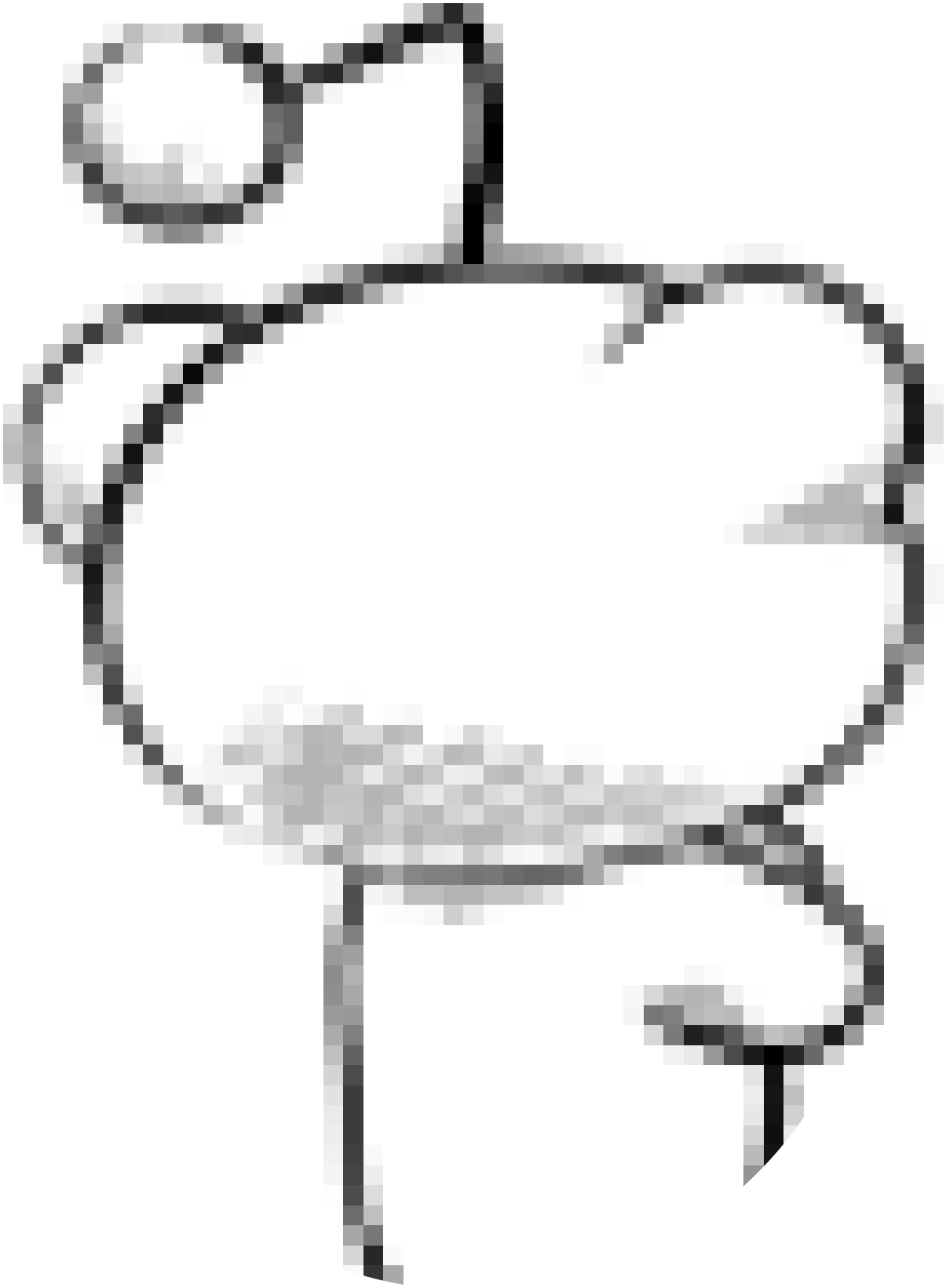
• 13y ago

My wife has night terrors. She will wake up screaming and crying. Or panicking, trying to get away from some unseen thing. She always says its a black thing on the ceiling. It took me a while to get used to, but now it doesn't bother me.



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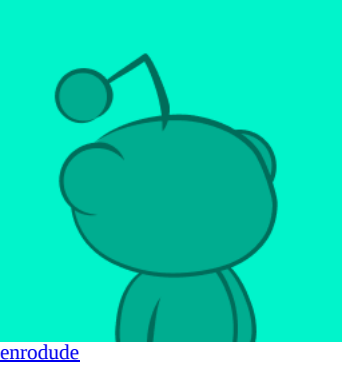
• 13y ago

When I was 12 or 13 I was in my bed trying to fall asleep and then all of the sudden, as if someone was right next to my ear, I heard someone whisper my name. No one was in my room. Needless to say my young self was freaked out.

A few days later I was in bed again and I heard someone whistling extremely loudly at the foot of my bed. I can remember the tune to this day. I ran upstairs and my brothers were asking why I was all shaken up and I couldn't even explain what happened to them without trembling.

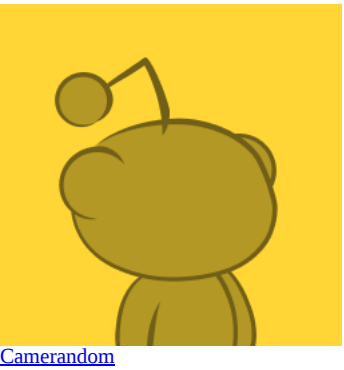
I have maaaany more stories like this if you guys are interested.



enrodude
• 13y ago

I was visiting a friend that moved to the US in Washington DC. Went sight seeing while he worked for the day and was near the Monument walking somewhere else when all of a sudden I saw a lady with her pants down squatting and wiping her ass.

This was mid afternoon in August on a Friday before Civic holiday so there were people walking the streets.

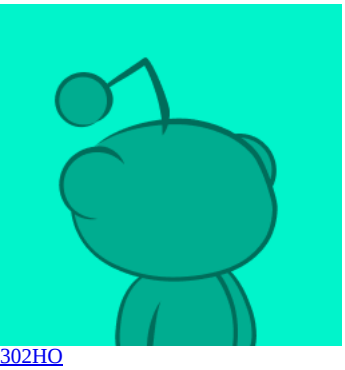


Camerandom
• 13y ago

Cool story a history teacher @ a HS I went to talked about.

The Kimberly Story. Who knows if its true, always freaked me out.

http://davidfaux.com/Kimberly_Web_Site/evidence.html



302HO
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

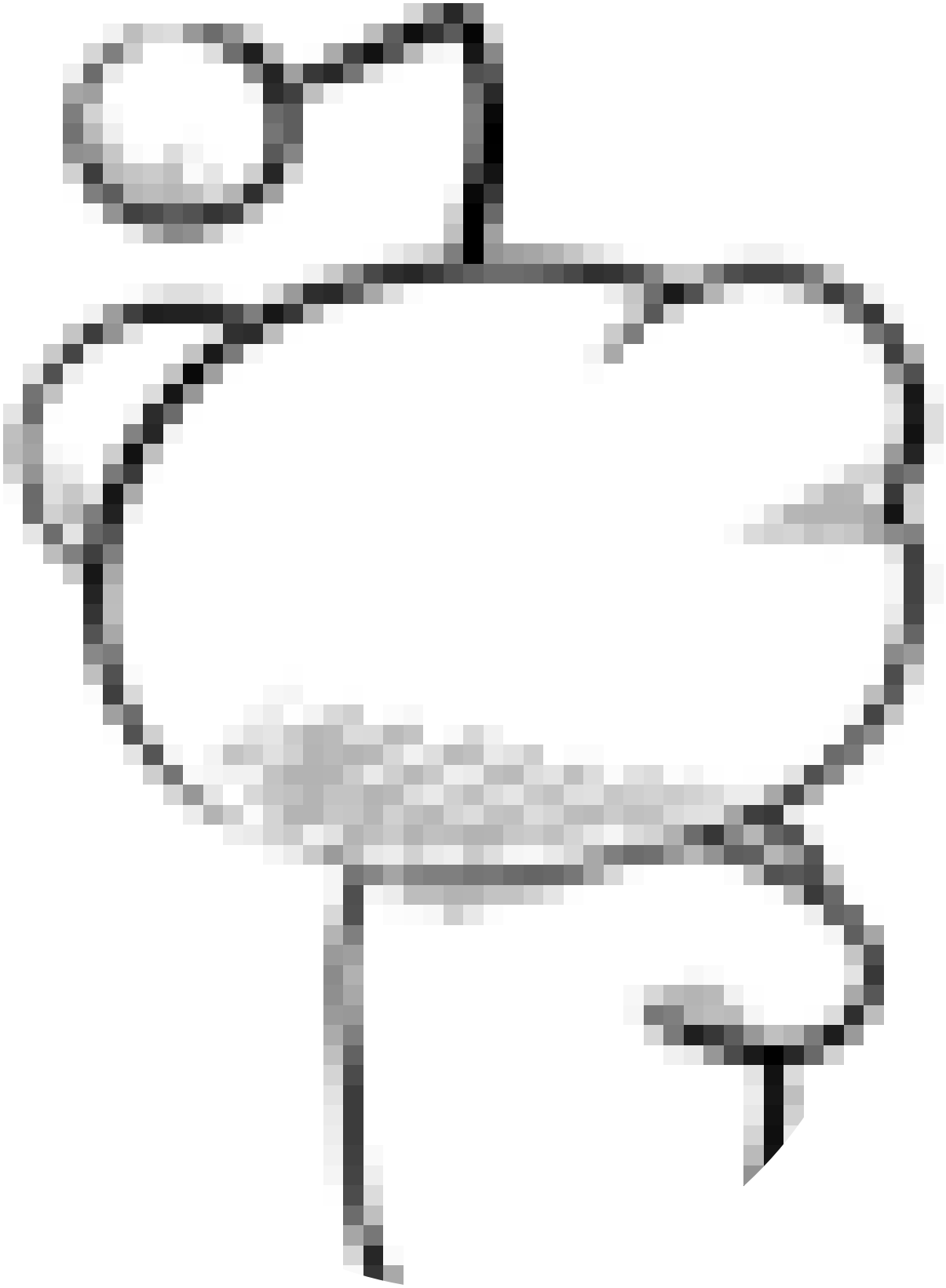
Found a weird hidden room in a mostly unused church hall when I was a kid. It was wallpapered differently (much older and yellowed) than the room it was "in" and the only contents were a light fixture with a string hanging from the ceiling, and a chair.

The only way you could access the room was through the back of a bottom cupboard, a "wall" of which concealed the room. Floor to ceiling cupboards and shelved and a counter. Had to open the cupboard, move the stuff inside, and push open the back.

Curious.

InternetTourGuide
• 13y ago

Watched a guy off himself via subway train.



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• 13y ago

A few buddies of mine are in this band called Fall City Fall. They are a local hardcore band from Calgary. They all lived in this one house that was over 100 years old. Some of the stories they would tell were unsettling... Especially since there were more than one witness.

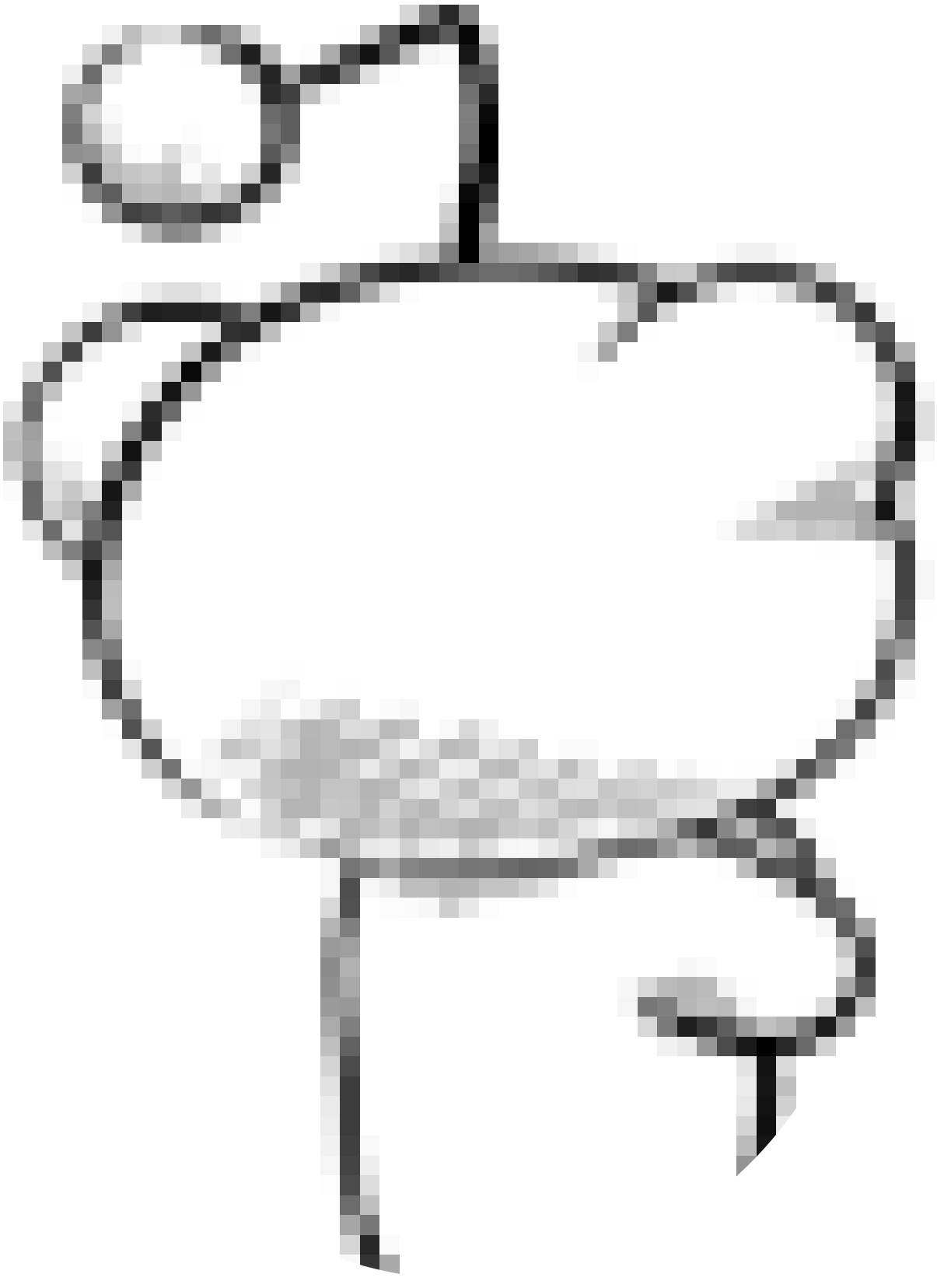
The bassist and one of the vocalists were in their rooms. Both were in bed trying to get some sleep. All of a sudden loud banging comes from one of the walls in the bassists room where the vocalists room was. He told him to cut it out, thinking it was Nathan (the vocalist). Apparently Nathan heard the same noise and thought it was the bassist. They were really spooked from then on.

There are more stories of the house. They used to refer to this one part of the house 'The Room'. And never went In there because one of the roommates said she heard voices in there. It's a completely abandoned and boarded up part of the house.

They based their experience on their lyrics for their album 1629 (which was the house number) and refer to the house as the 'House of Sin'.

TheSmashPosterGuy
• 13y ago

The trailer for Portal 2 comes to mind immediately. The ends just makes me shake.



5ub1im3
• 13y ago

Squidward's Suicide. Sounds silly, but it's a story of an intern who witnessed some creepy shit while working at nickelodean.

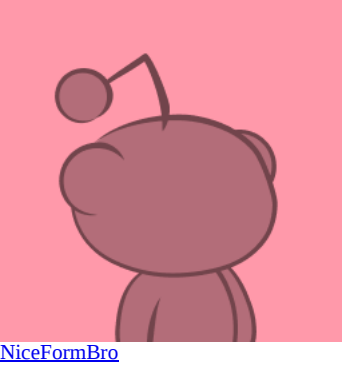
http://creepypasta.wikia.com/wiki/Squidward%27s_Suicide

thascarecro
• 13y ago

We were on the back of a "Gumby Truck" getting ready for a parade for our baseball team when i was little. A lady got on the truck before we started to get a picture of all of us. She sat on the tailgate while we bunched up behind the cab. Told us to say cheese and she flipped backwards off the truck. Broke her neck and the ambulance came. After that we had to go through the parade, smile and throw candy.

indoctrinatenot
• 13y ago

Tyler by the Toadies is the creepiest song I know of.



NiceFormBro
• 13y ago

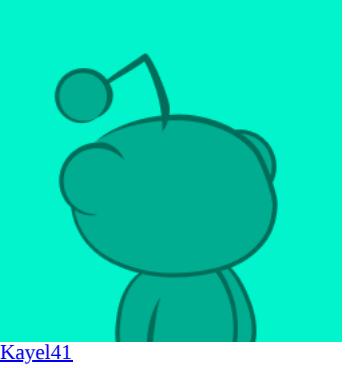
While on a business trip, I stayed in an apartment of a relative who's mother died in it. It still was furnished just as she'd left it. When I laid down, all I could hear was the sound of the radiator. Just as I was falling asleep, I heard and felt someone whisper loudly in my ear "what are you doing!?". The feeling of the breath really got me. I instinctively shot up in my bed but kept my eyes shut tight for the fear of someone actually being next to me. I immediately went in to a fetal position with the covers over my head, gripping my pillow like it was the only thing that could protect me. Eventually I drifted back to sleep. I'll never forget that as long as I live.

markko79
• 13y ago

Had a woman wake up while doing CPR on her. She talked to us. Stopped CPR and she'd "die" again. Start CPR and she'd wake up again.

justkiddin6
• 13y ago

So I was camping out near a lake in NC with my university gym group who were total strangers. The camp site was accessible only by a canoe and we were the only group there. We had tents pretty close by and went to sleep. At about 3 am or so I hear a loud scream. I was scared shitless, the thought of someone being murdered or a wild animal outside had me paralyzed. I lay in silence for the next 5 mins or so and went back to sleep. In the morning, I found out one of the guys had a habit of screaming in his sleep



Kayel41
• 13y ago

That goddess bunny video..

Fish2391
• 13y ago

I took my girlfriend in high school to see some movie at the Moorestown Mall in NJ. The theater was pretty empty; we were probably two of about 7 people in the whole place. We sat in the back so if the movie got boring we could fool around. Our fooling around was halted when a guy came in half way through the movie and decided to sit in our row. Out of the whole place, he sat just a few seats from where we were. I didn't pay it much mind at the time, I was just kind of pissed. When the movie was over, we decided to theater hop and see what was playing in the theater next to us. Just as the credits are coming on, the same guy shows up again. Sits in our row...again. Only this time, every couple of minutes, he was inching closer and closer to us. He literally would move one seat closer to us every time. He was about two seats away when I had had enough, and I grabbed my girlfriends hand and took her out of the theater. We went down the hall and we both had to pee extremely bad, so we went to the bathrooms. I get done pissing, wash my hands, and as I open the door, the fucking guy is coming in the door. I looked right through him and kept walking. A second later my girlfriend came out and I noted that we should get the fuck out of here. I don't think I've been to a movie there since.

TL;DR: Probably almost got butt raped or attacked at the Moorestown Mall.

SecretiveHitman
• 13y ago

Just this weekend I was playing on my computer in my appartement, alone. All of a sudden this insanely loud knocking comes from the front door. I get up to investigate but as soon as I look through the peep hole everything stops. I walk out and ask the doorman down the hall if there was any construction or if anyone knocked on my door but he says no. Still have no idea what it was.

Wynter_born
• 13y ago

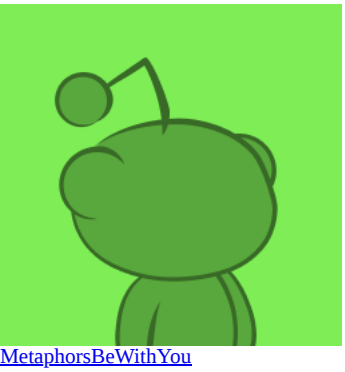
One morning when I was living in an apartment in the downtown area of a large city, I woke up from a restless sleep.

The first thing I noticed when I blearily looked around was an eerie reddish light coming through the closed blinds. It was unusually hot, and I was drenched in sweat.

There was also this intense humming and vibration in the air that started to penetrate the sleep fog. Everything was vibrating, the bed, the walls, the items on my desk - not a tremble like an earthquake, but extremely fast like a high voltage conduit or generator. The extremely loud humming noise only intensified this feeling.

In my semi-delirious state I knew that this was it - that the light, heat, and vibration were the precursor to a nuclear blast. I was waiting in my bed to die. I lay back down and waited for the end.

The end came when the giant power company cherry picker outside cut its engine and the vibration stopped. It was hot because the power had gone out. And apparently it was like 4AM and the sky was a deep red color that morning, shining right into my window.



MetaphorsBeWithYou
• 13y ago

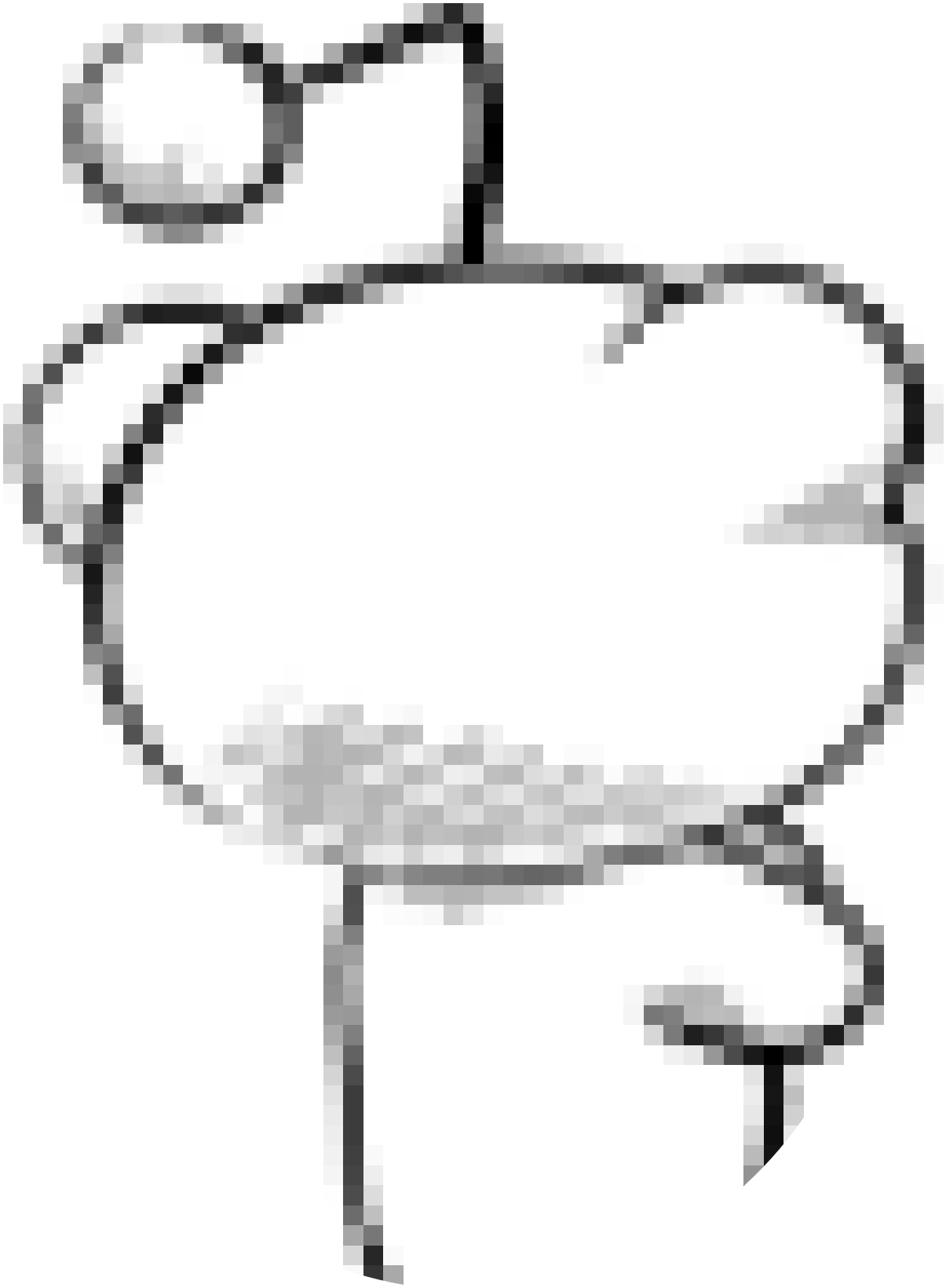
Stephen King was on Fresh Air on NPR yesterday and Terry Gross quoted a teaser line on the hardcover version of "Joyland", "Beyond the lights, there is only darkness."

That just creeped me out. I hadn"t thought of it like that.

Siniroth
• 13y ago

I think I've posted this before. One day I had gotten home from work and took a little longer to get to bed than I normally do. We have a combination deadbolt on the door instead of a lock, opens with key or right combo pressed. Right before I went to bed I heard half of the combination go in, then nothing, went to check it out thinking my sister forgot combination again, the bolt was half open, no one was outside, but I hadn't heard the motor running, and I was absolutely certain I bolted it all the way.

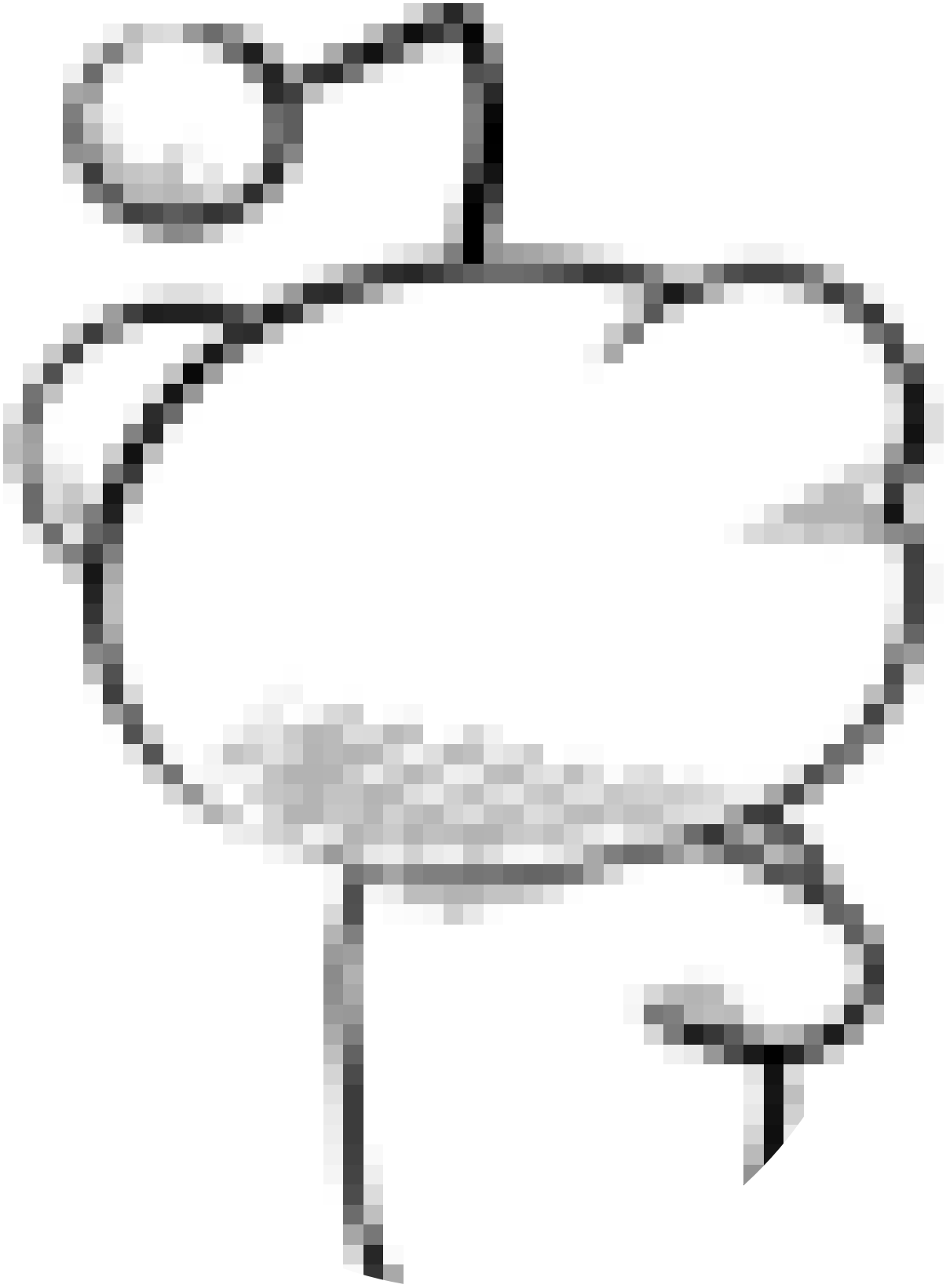
I took the batteries out before I went to sleep.



PrayForTheTroops
• 13y ago

This thread from WTF is the creepiest thing I've seen all year. It's not gross...it's creepy and it's scary:

http://www.reddit.com/r/WTF/comments/1f6c3x/my_bro_and_i_went_on_a_hike_found_a_creepy_sex/



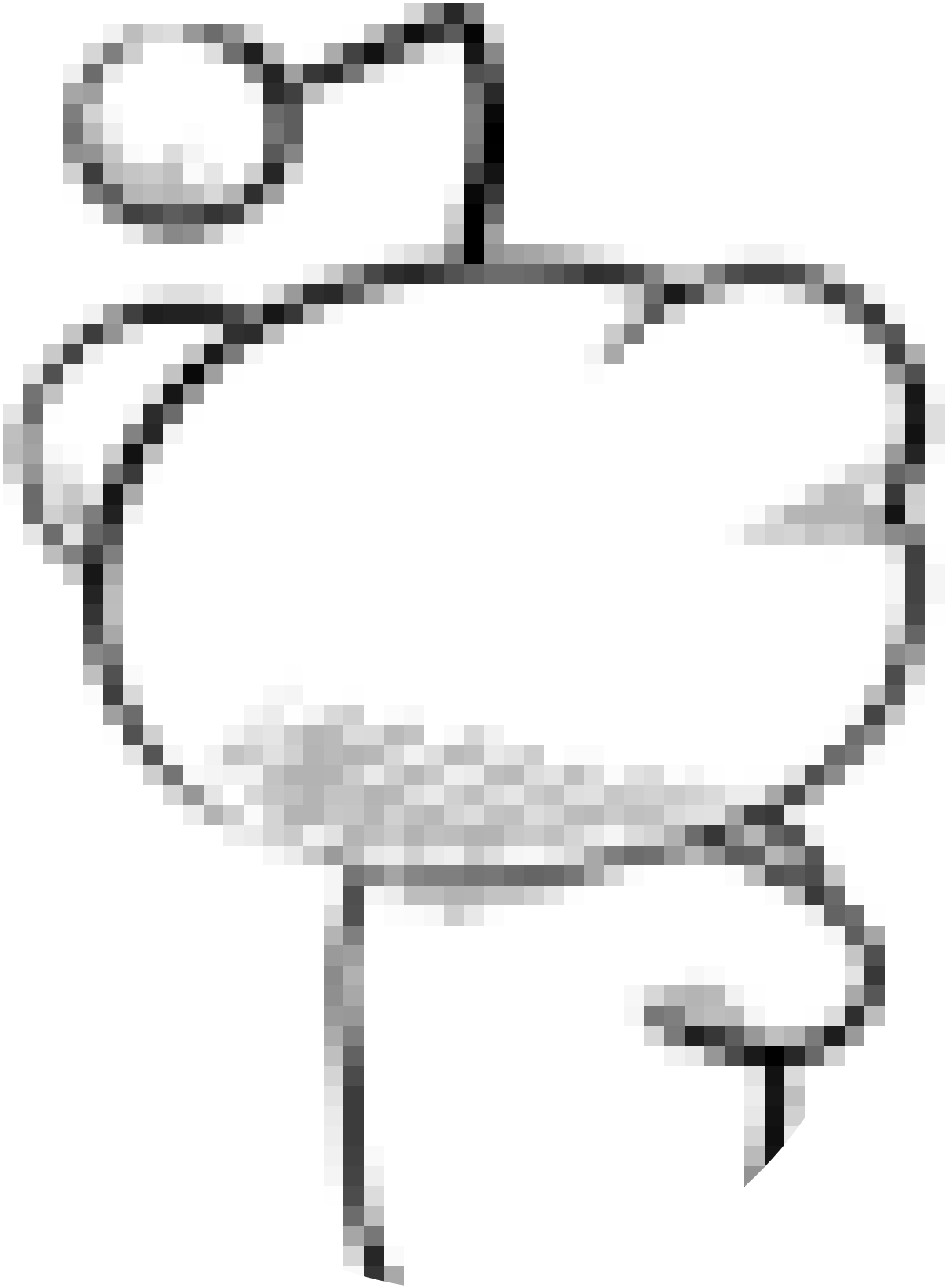
amazingasian22
• 13y ago

probably ever single time that I leave my basement after I turn off my lights. I just sprint up the stairs after the lights are off.

MrBiscuitOGravy
• 13y ago

Not sure if this counts but it was the most scared I have ever been in my life. When I was 11 I was sleeping over at my best friends house, I was on the bottom bunk in a sleeping bag, and totally sound asleep when I had the freakiest dream of my life. It's worth noting at this point that my friends Mother had died when he was 8, a few years before I met him, and he had recently shown me the cupboard where her ashes were kept which just happened to be outside his bedroom door.

So, back to the dream, I was in a church at a funeral for a woman I had never met before. The service was going on and I was looking around for somebody I knew but all I could see were adults I had never met before. At this point the priest said "Let us pray" and everyone, myself included, knelt down and bowed our heads. It was here that I felt my legs go completely numb and I woke up. Kneeling at the side of the bed, head bowed, hands clasped in prayer. I can't tell you how scared I was at this point, knelt facing the wall, completely terrified to even look behind me. I must have stayed like that for at least ten minutes before I worked up the courage to scramble back on the bed and bury my head into the pillows. Looking back I know I was just acting out my dream, I often woke myself up kicking walls etc, but still, that was a terrifying experience!



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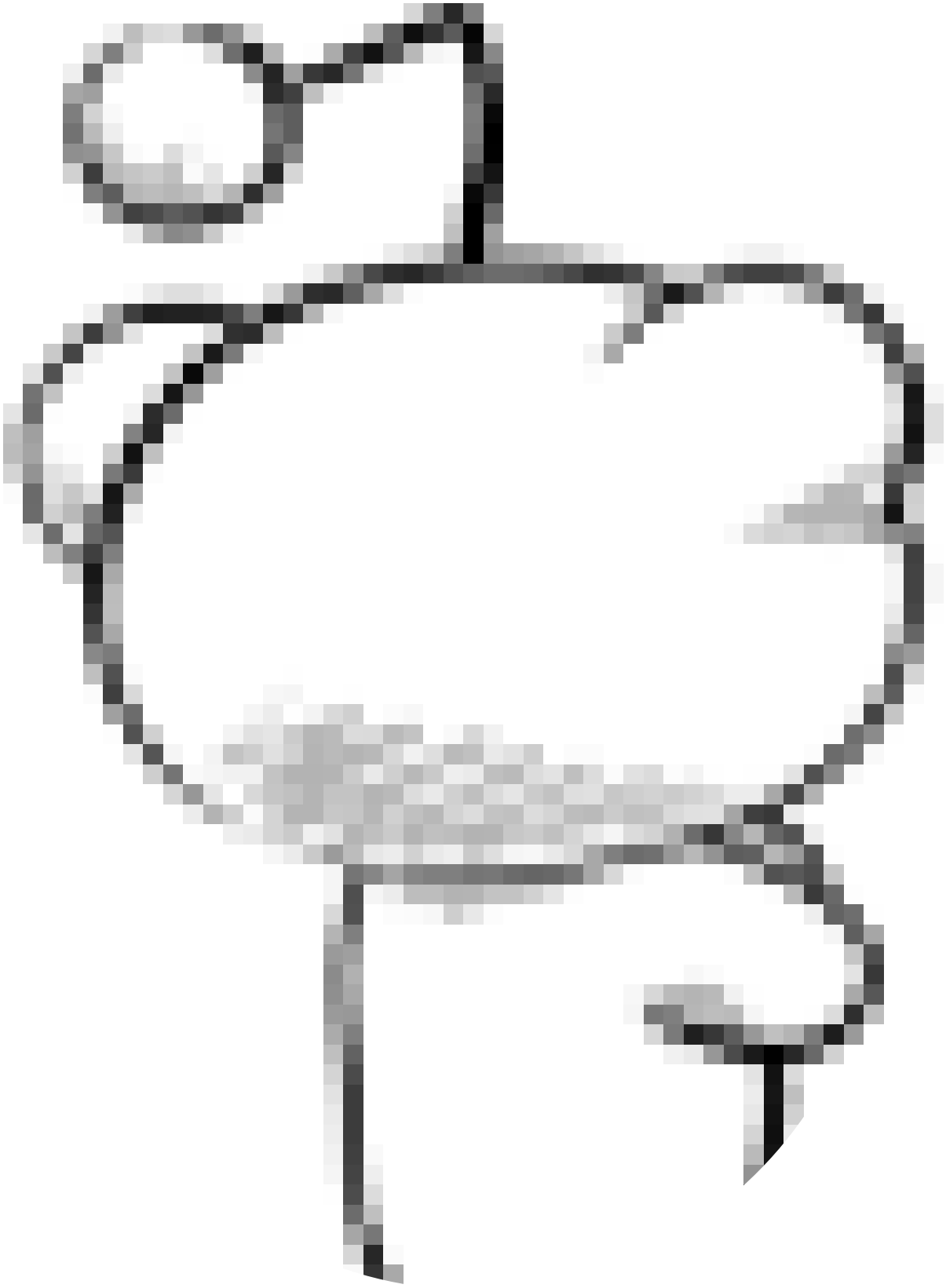
• 13y ago

ITT: home alone stories



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• 13y ago

Here you go. Ben drowned, a scary creepypasta of majoras mask.

Zeptaz
• 13y ago

For the League of Legends players out there: [DARKNESS] (http://www.reddit.com/r/leagueoflegends/comments/14kn0k/i_dont_want_to_receive_honor_anymore/)

MissJodles
• 13y ago

I used to suffer from sleep paralysis a lot when I was really young. I often had a reoccurring hallucination, probably starting when I was about eight, where I would look at my bedroom mirror and see a man standing in my doorway, but I could never move or look away. Another nightmare I once had involved looking at my reflection and seeing some sort of demonic version of myself. Creepy stuff.

I'm terrified of looking at mirrors in the dark, now...

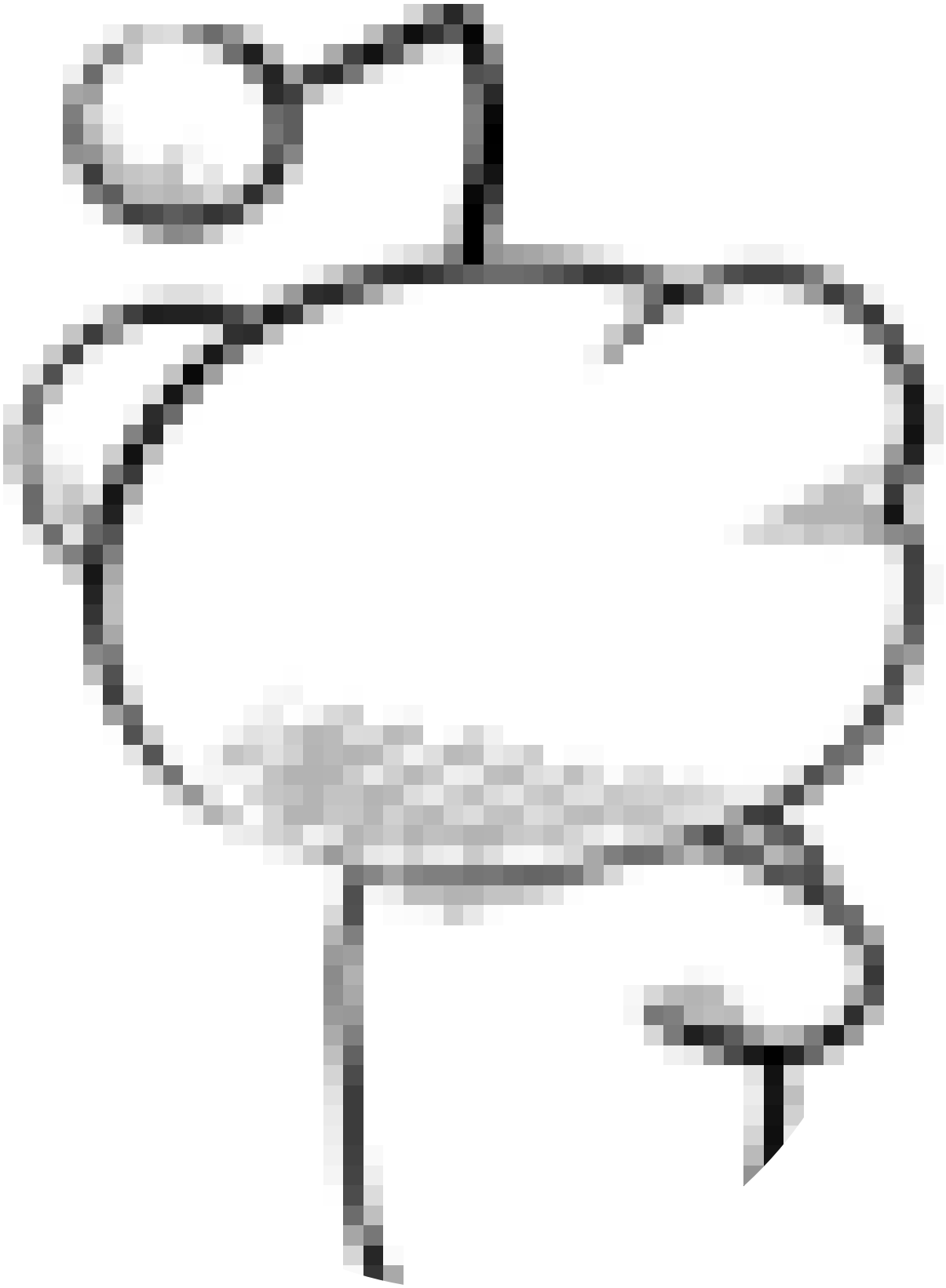
Edit: Formatting is difficult.

FoxRoDah
• 13y ago

Would it be wrong to say r/spacedicks ?

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



IIxSARGExII
• 13y ago

Normalpornfornormalpeople.com

Hatmadeofpoo
• 13y ago

Salad Fingers has always sufficiently creeped me out...

http://youtu.be/cuCw5k-Lph0

pumper911
• 13y ago

Late to the game, but when I was 11 I went to the hospital for a broken finger. My mother was at the counter, taking care of insurance / payment and I was just standing with her waiting to leave.

Behind me, I see a gurney with a young lady laying down on it. She appeared to be in her early 20's. What was odd about it, was that she was looked like she was just sleeping on it, and not a patient. She was in regular clothes and curled up in a fetal position with her eyes closed. I stared at her for about 2 minutes just because I found it to be unusual. Picture seeing someone in their street clothes, on a gurney, appearing to be sleeping, with no one around her.

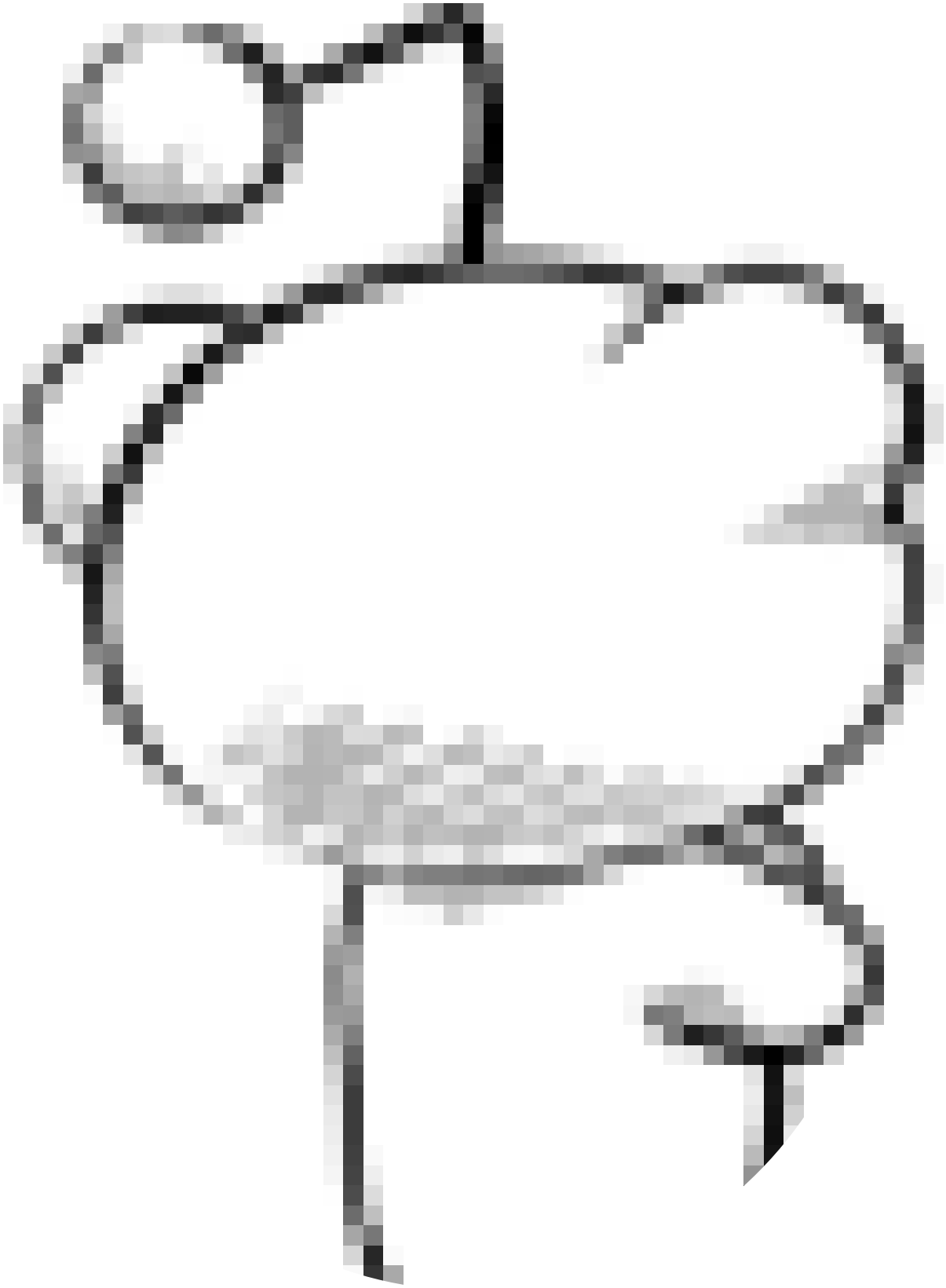
I turn back around eventually to see what aws going on with my mom. I turn back to the gurney about 10 seconds later and the girl was gone. The gurney was there, in the same spot, but there was no girl there anymore.

I don't believe in ghosts or anything like that, but was super freaky.

squeegep
• 13y ago

"Hey, are you that young guy at the bottleshop? Wanna fuck? I'll break your arm like I just broke my boyfriend's/husband's" (can't recall which).

Imagine that said in a rank 2 pack a day voice.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I heard my parents going at it once.

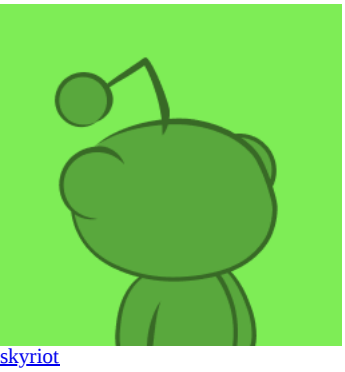
teto14
• 13y ago

I was 14 years old having a camping trip with some friends in Maine for four days. Since we were three and only had two tents I decided to sleep in one tent by myself. The first two nights were OK, but the events of the third one still give me chills. It was about midnight and I was almost falling asleep when I hear a bloodcurdling scream that sounded like someone with a very low voice dying. I shrugged it off and decided to fall asleep again. I woke up at about two in the morning to take a piss outside. While I was pissing I started to hear leaves rustling and started to panic. Then I saw something move in the distance and I froze. I was looking at a large human looking animal, with light brown hair standing about 7 feet tall, looking straight at me with pure black eyes reflected in the moonlight. I slowly walked back in to my tent, scared shitless, and went to sleep. The next morning I told my friends and was told I just had a bad dream, but I can still remember those eyes staring at me through the darkness.

Doomy22
• 13y ago

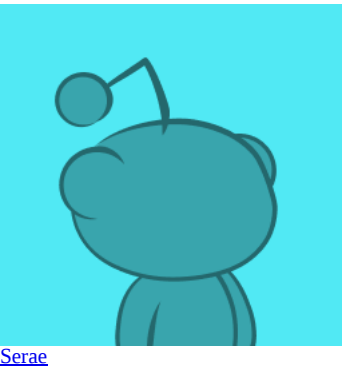
At night walking home from the bar with a friend when I noticed a girl running across the street in our direction. She seemed drunk, and I saw a car coming up the road. I threw out my hand in a "stop" motion and yelled - but it was too late. The girl was mangled by the car - it seemed to happen in slow motion. Her head bounced off the windshield and her body twisted over the

top of the car before landing a sickening THUD after the car slammed on its brakes. Her twisted body laid there motionless about ten feet away from where I was standing. That image will be there forever. Horrible.



skyriot
• 13y ago

Had a knife pulled on me Memorial Day. Although I kept my posture and handled it well I still puked when I got home..



Serae
• 13y ago

In college I did a lab course in forensic anthropology, which also lead to a semester internship with the local morgue. I have a few creepy moments to speak of.

Not that it is any surprise to anyone, but corpses occasional moving, gasping, farting, burping groaning was pretty common. That was always something generally creepy. This one in particular.

There was a child/toddler who came in who was hit by a truck. This was a country area, which meant that the truck was barreling down a generally empty road at very high speeds. This kid was hit and literally dismembered into a half dozen pieces or so.

The other student I and I were observing him securing the body parts together once we figure out what went where. This was the first week so we weren't allowed to do anything hands on quite yet.

The torso was reasonable intact as well as about half of the head. He sewed them together and then lifted the parts a little as he was working around the neck and part of the cheek. Apparently there was some air left in the torso that gurgled through the kid's neck and a little through the mouth. It definitely sounded like a child. I remember getting a distinct shiver up my spine.

Other story: if you have a cat and you die...a few hours after your cat runs out of food, your cat probably is going to start eating you. I saw, over 3 months, perhaps 25 people whose cats started eating them. And they are going to start with your face. That's at least marginally creepy for me, and makes me glad I have a rabbit. It probably confirms some people's suspicions that their cat wants them dead.

TLDR: Coronor/professor stitched child's head back on to their torso. Excess air caused the child to groan through their mouth and neck. Sounded like a child and was creepy. Also, when you die the moment you cat runs out of food...your cat will start eating you face first.

I'm an archaeologist now and only work with bones these days. Halleluiah. Skeletons never gasp.

Reply Share

Dovakhiin_Girl
• 13y ago

In my early teens I worked as a housekeeper in a hotel in a small mining town in Colorado. The hotel had been built in the 1800's, and was originally a hospital that doubled as an orphanage for the children who lost their parents to the mines.

I grew up being told that the place was haunted, and I believed it to a point, but it was mostly for amusement and storytelling.

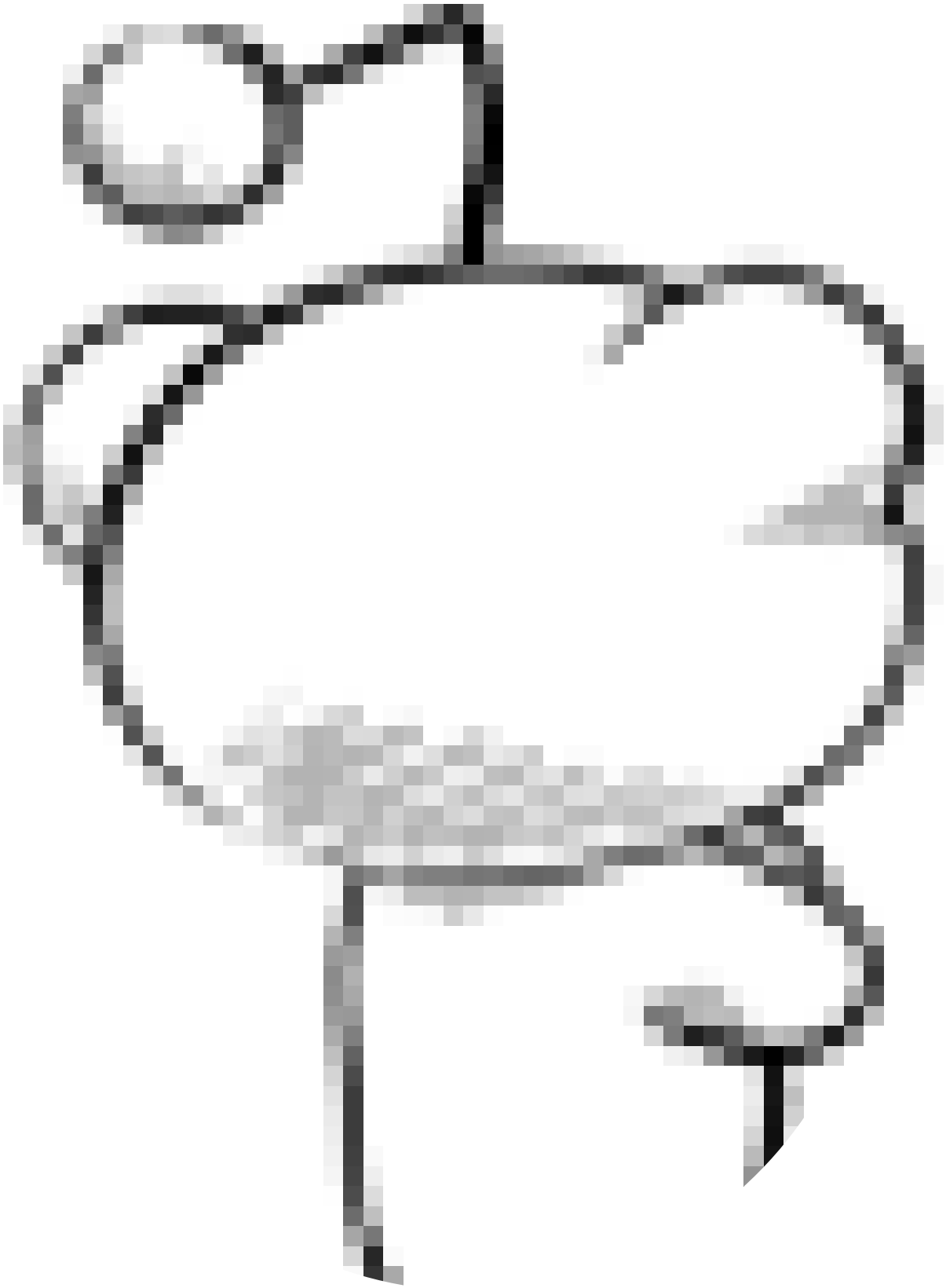
My mom worked there throughout my childhood as a bartender, and I would often stay in the employee room across from the bar. As a child, I can't remember anything out of the ordinary happening aside from the occasional fire alarm going off at 2 or 3 in the morning. But once I got older, things got weirder. However, the one thing that stayed consistent was that I would NOT go up to the second or third floor after dark. I had tried on numerous occasions, but there was just this...feeling.

There was one instance a morning I was working where some guests were at the front desk complaining. I was on my way up to clean some rooms, but figured I'd hold up and listen to what they were saying. The couple was adamantly complaining to my supervisor that she needed to tell the other guests to keep their children in the rooms and keep them quiet, as they had heard children laughing and running up the hallways all hours of the night. The conversation got interesting when my supervisor sheepishly told them that they hadn't had any guests with children that night. That was when I decided to get on with my job and stop listening. Though later when I confronted my supervisor about this, she mentioned that it was a frequent complaint among guests.

There was only one big occurrence that happened that I couldn't explain, and may not have even been paranormal. But it still bothers me to this day: I had just gotten to work and was heading to the third floor to start, and another of my coworkers, Candace, was already up there cleaning. I walked towards the room she was working in to ask what room I should start cleaning, and I was hit with this smell...A smell left me gagging and gasping for fresh air. I've never smelled a dead body, but that was the first thing that came to mind when that stench hit my nose. I had half a mind to ask Candace to check under the bed for a carcass. She heard the commotion and walked out of the room and asked me what was wrong. I stared at her in disbelief and asked if she could smell that awful stench. She looked confused and then nervously asked if it was her, because she "hadn't bathed in a few days". I was standing close enough to her to know that she was not the culprit, but was still astonished that I was the only one noticing the GODDAMN SMELL! I proceeded to tell her that I was going to work on the second floor instead. A couple hours later the smell was gone. What bothered me most was the prospect of a dead body somewhere on that floor..

Here's some pictures of the hotel: Pics

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

Comment removed by moderator

1 more reply

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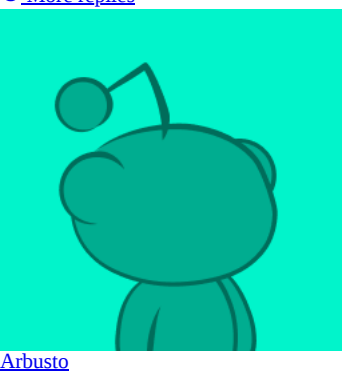
More replies



Arbusto
• 13y ago

In my final year of law school, I lived in a studio about 2 blocks from the school and university that it was part of. It wasn't the greatest neighborhood, but I never thought it was that bad. I'd walked outside at night during the three years I'd been there without ever encountering any issues.

I had my windows open one night because it was nice out. About 2 a.m., I awake to yelling. "I want my shit. Gimme my shit. I WANT MY SHIT, FUCKER. GIVE IT TO ME!! IMA GONNA SKULLFUCK YOU IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME MY SHIT. I FUCKING WANT MY SHIT. GONNA SKULLFUCK YOU!"

It was right outside my window. I want to peak, but I figured I'd get shot or something. It was terrifying. I began to look at the neighborhood in a whole new light. I got out of there a few months later after finishing the bar.

Reply Share

StaleCanole
• 13y ago

Well there goes my work for the day. These threads are amazing.

Reply Share

latitude51
• 13y ago

Just yesterday evening, watching TV, I happened to glance down and there was a pool of blood surrounding my left foot on our Spanish tiled floor. Took my sandal off, blood all over the inner sole. I cleaned up my bloodied foot and there was no lesion and no blood flow. The cats licked up the blood and cleaned the floor for us. Hmmm.

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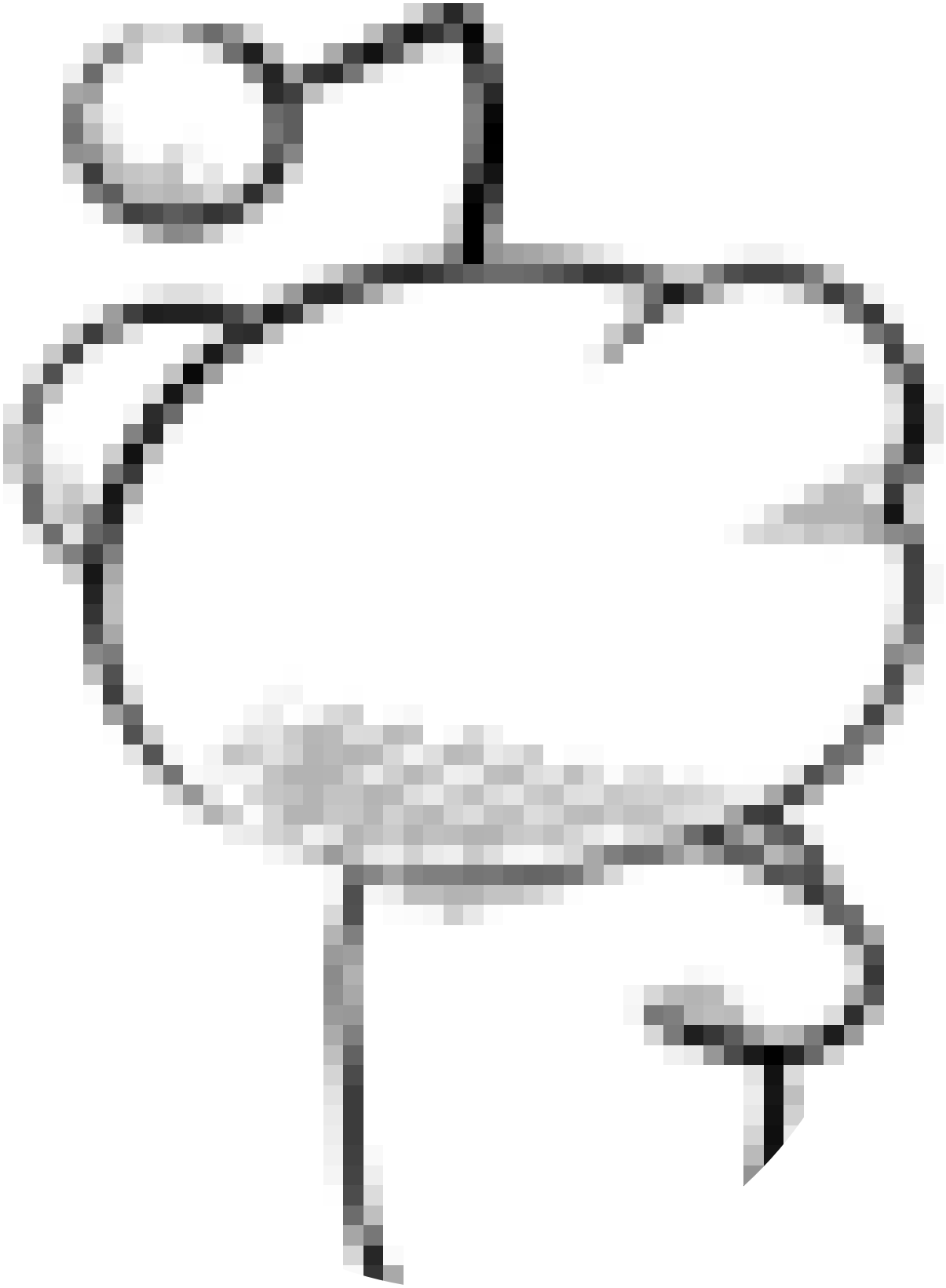

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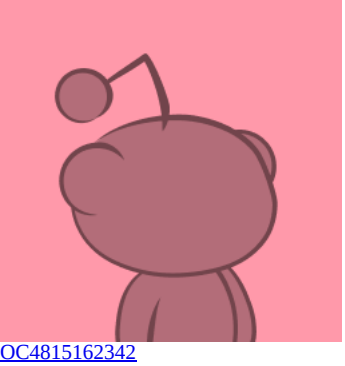
• 13y ago

Every now and then I suffer from sleep paralysis. It's horrible. For those who have dealt with it, you know how it goes.

The two scenarios are usually like this.

• I'll wake up and everything looks as it should. My room is my room, my shit is where it should be. I'm awake - but... not. Something is weird. I'm having a nightmare - but, my room is too accurate to be a dream. Whatever is happening in my nightmare seems to be in my room. So, having a nightmare about ghosts? They're in your room. Best part? You can't fucking move. It's hard as hell to wake up and lasts what feels like forever.

• I'll be dreaming - doesn't matter what I'm doing, let's say talking to people, and then I start falling asleep. I'm falling asleep in my dream and can't wake up out of it. I'll go through weird phases of me passing out in my dreams. It's really scary and stressful. It might not even be sleep paralysis, but... it's something.



OC4815162342
• 13y ago

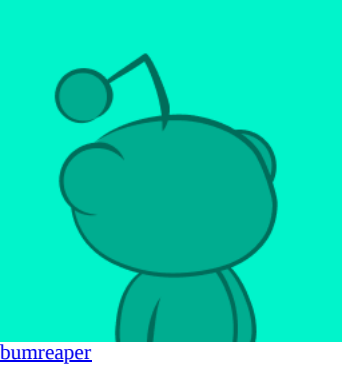
My girlfriend and I are heading back to our uni after going out on a dinner/movie date. We always pick up chocolate frosties from Wendy's right before we get on the public city bus to go 'home'. Tghis night was different. The bus station, usually packed with college kids our age on a friday night, was strangely sparse, and quiet. We get on the bus with the 2 other people at the stop and sit in the front, by the driver, on the seat that are parallel with the wheels. Across from us was the very old lady. We didn't pay much attention at first because we were preoccupied with our frosties and the movie (Cloud Atlas, amazing, maybe my favorite movie ever) She was quite plump, wore a trench coat and had a bowler type hat on. Every time either my girlfriend or I ate a spoonful of frosty she would get this very sexual grin on her face. After a few minutes we both took notice. me, being army reserves and very self defense oriented, took out my knife and gave it to my girlfriend, just incase anything happens (I was much stronger than this woman, Im 6'6" and 240lbs, but my girlfriend was not, so I'd rather her have the weapon) Our stop finally arrived after about 15 minutes of this continually escalating creepiness. We, my girlfriend and I, disembarked the bus and began speedily walking to my dorm. About 100 feet after getting off the bus we look back and notice the woman following us. My dorm was on the corner of one of the quads, so trying to evade this woman, I go into another dorm, and start making evasive actions; climbing different stairs, taking the tunnels between dorms, etc. We come out of a side door and end up right next to my dorm, we think we lost her. We quickly get ip stairs into my room and lock the door. I looked out of the window onto the road and I see her, on the bus again, riding away from the school. That was the last time we ever got frosities heading home again.

Reply Share

eivomlive
• 13y ago

my husband (due to medical issues) sometimes wakes up in a fugue state, where he doesn't remember who he is, who I am, who our kids are, or where he is. It's very creepy for both him and me.

Reply Share



bumreaper
• 13y ago

I was driving home from practice and I was driving through a forest preserve. (I always drive through it because it is so nice and never busy. There are a few lakes throughout the preserve and people are always fishing.) But one night me and my sister were going through it and saw something in the water. We saw break lights from a car sinking into the lake. Like just going deeper into the water. It was the creepiest thing I have seen. I was not sure if someone was killed and they pushed the car into the lake or something. There was no car accident either since there was a small opening then a barrier. To get the car between it would take some skills. So it was on purpose the car was there for some reason. We called 911 and was told someone called in already. But me and my sister just kept driving. Did not want to see if there was a killer in the woods still or something.

Reply Share

Living_with_Lazette
• 13y ago

A throwaway account...

Lazette lived, and died, somewhere around 1940 in a small town in Wisconsin. We learned of her after my father spoke to some of the old residents that lived and grew up in the neighborhood. She lived in the house alone, and was found dead after she didn't pick up her milk that was delivered from the previous week.

That is where the story begins. My parents bought the house in the early 70's. It was the biggest house that they could afford, and they had a growing family. There were four of us kids, and my parents worked hard to provide for the family the best that they could. On retrospect, I asked my parents why they didn't move out, and they stated "We never could afford to". I get ahead of myself.

The typical spooky house stuff happened. Footsteps upstairs when nobody else was home. Doors that open and closed by themselves at all times of the night. Lights that would turn on and off in front of you. The whole kit and caboodle. That wasn't the scary stuff, though.

Stuff moved around. Not a little, but allot. A vase with water and a rose from a boyfriend flew off the dresser and landed at my sister's feet. The top of your dresser would have things moved around, while you slept, or pretended to sleep. Bitterly cold spots in the middle of the room. The bed that would sag down next to you while you were "asleep" that tends to be about the size of a person's butt.

The worst we had it was when there were changes in the house, or "disturbances". You want to refinish a room? Prepare to have a hard time sleeping from all the noises that happen at 1 am. The house would.... feel wrong. The hairs on your neck would stand up, you would get an uneasy feeling, and you would want to leave asap. She did not appreciate "change".

We didn't see her more than once. When my sister was walking home from work, she looked up into her bedroom window and saw a woman that looked like our aunt standing and waving at her from near her bed. Her room seconded as a guest bedroom, but my sister wasn't aware of a visit. She walked up to the back door, and no lights were on. The door was locked. Her room light was off. There was no aunt, nor anyone home.

We sold the place and moved out when my parents decided to build a retirement house for themselves. I was the last sibling still living at the house. I felt like we lived together for 16 years, and she was part of the family.

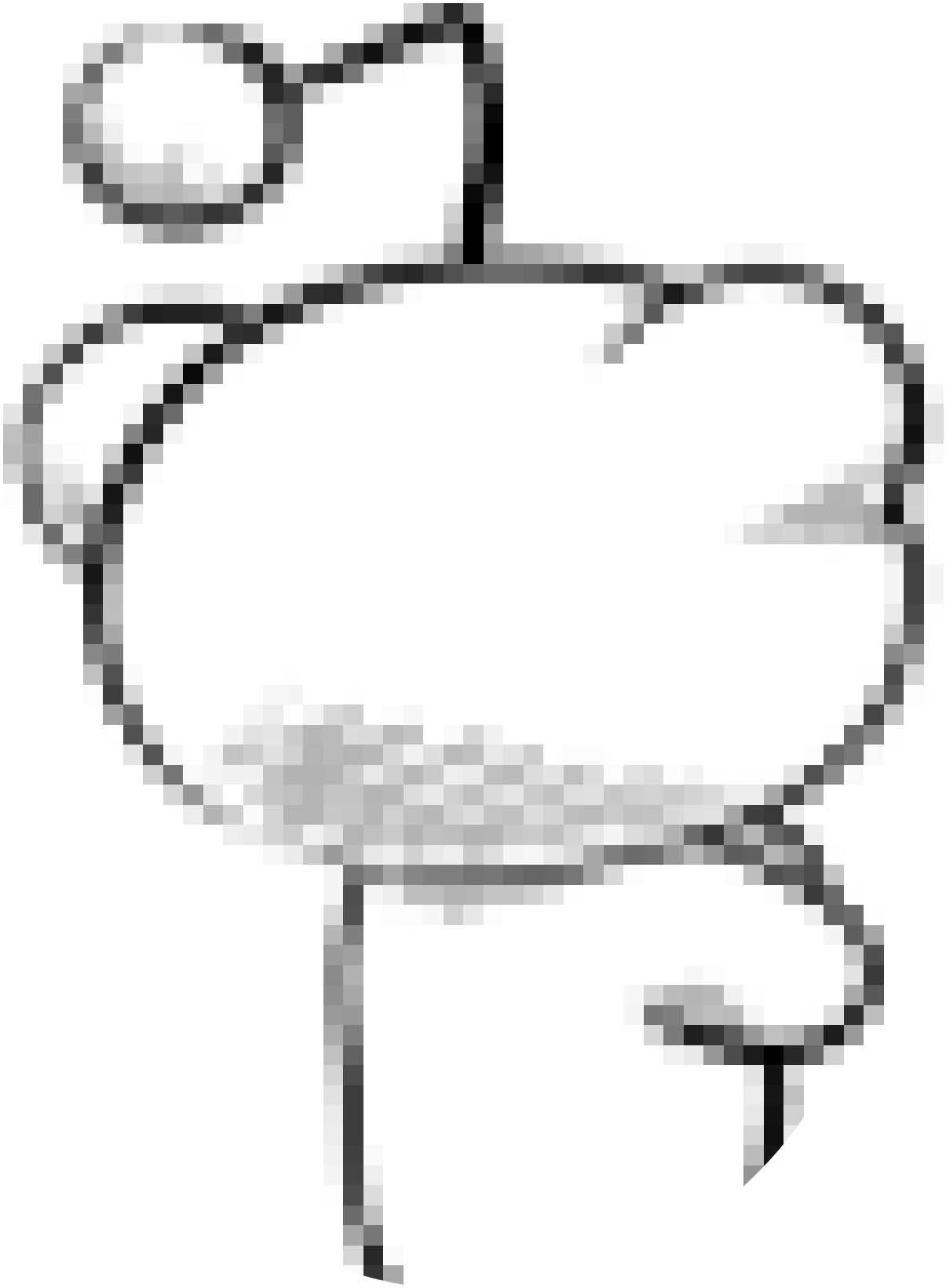
The house has been owned and resold more times than I care to admit after we moved out. My father knew a realtor who refused to show the house after she did a floor layout and measurement. Apparently, she was in the house alone and measuring the square footage, looked up, and was staring at a stern looking old woman in an old dress staring right back at her. She left her paperwork and all of her items in the house and refused to go back in and get them.

One of the stories passed down from an old neighbor involved a newlywed couple. The wife, after living in the house for a month, told her husband it is either the house or her, she would not live there. He asked her parents to intervene on his behalf, and the wife made a bet with her parents. If they would spend three nights in the house by themselves, she would stay and they wouldn't hear another peep out of her about the house again. They left at 3 am on the first night. Packed the car, and left. The house was up for sale within a week.

I warned my wife, when we first met, that she would hear stories about Lazette. The topic always comes up when we are all together. She gave me a reassuring nod, and said "no problem, I believe you". I always wondered if she did, until I got a call from my father. He told us the old house was up for sale (again). Since he was a realtor, he could show us the house if we used my wife's maiden name. We agreed and walked through the old place. Everything was fine until we walked into, what we call the "yellow room". It was the most active. We stood there together looking around, and from behind us we all three felt someone walk up behind us. The carpet indented as though someone was standing there. We decided the tour was over.

I feel really bad for the next tenants. They have no idea what kind of trials they are going to go through if they decide to stick it out.

Thanks for hearing me ramble on, reddit.



sloppies
• 13y ago

I have a nightmare of this 2-3 foot tall figure that stalks me in my dreams every couple of years, each time I see it, it gets closer to me and shoots an arrow I manage to dodge and wake up. It wears a black robe, but has a white, faceless mask on. I would say it is female, but I don`t know. The dreams are never focused around it, I'll just be dreaming about something random and it will appear in the background somewhere watching me with it's blank face, and when I shout out to it, it lets loose the arrow. Scares the FUCK out of me, don't know what's going to happen when it gets close enough to actually hit me...

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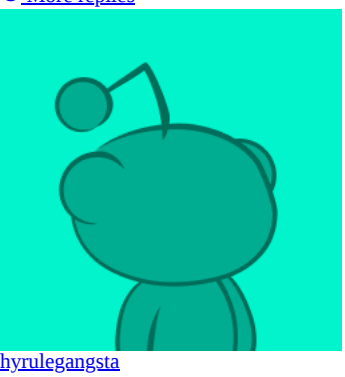

hyrulegangsta
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Sorry for the long post, Im new! On my first day of my new job as a mall cop during the graveyard shift, the other guard who I'll be working with introduce me to the other employees at the mall. When I met the valet guy he told my coworker have you told him about the ghost stories? my coworker said yeah we have ghosts and I immediately cut him off and told him I didn't believe in that stuff. Bout a month goes by and I'm driving by myself in the security suv, while my partner was inside the lobby taking a nap. We had just gotten a new GMC truck so I was test driving it on the roof parking structure which is surrounded by a.c units behind gates. I stopped the car and reved it to see how the truck sounds when I see this lady with long black hair come running out of the a.c..units through the gate they're behind of and run in front of the truck, her legs weren't bending while she ran and she was barely touching the floor she ran back inside without turning her body it was like 2d how Mario turns around in super Mario. I was shocked and I attempted to recreate the scene. I drive up to the valet guy who was the only person still in the mall besides me and my partner and asked him " OK what are the ghost stories here?". He went through a list and finally said "oh and there's a lady on the roof parking lot with a white gown and long curly black hair" exactly what I saw . I know believe in ghosts

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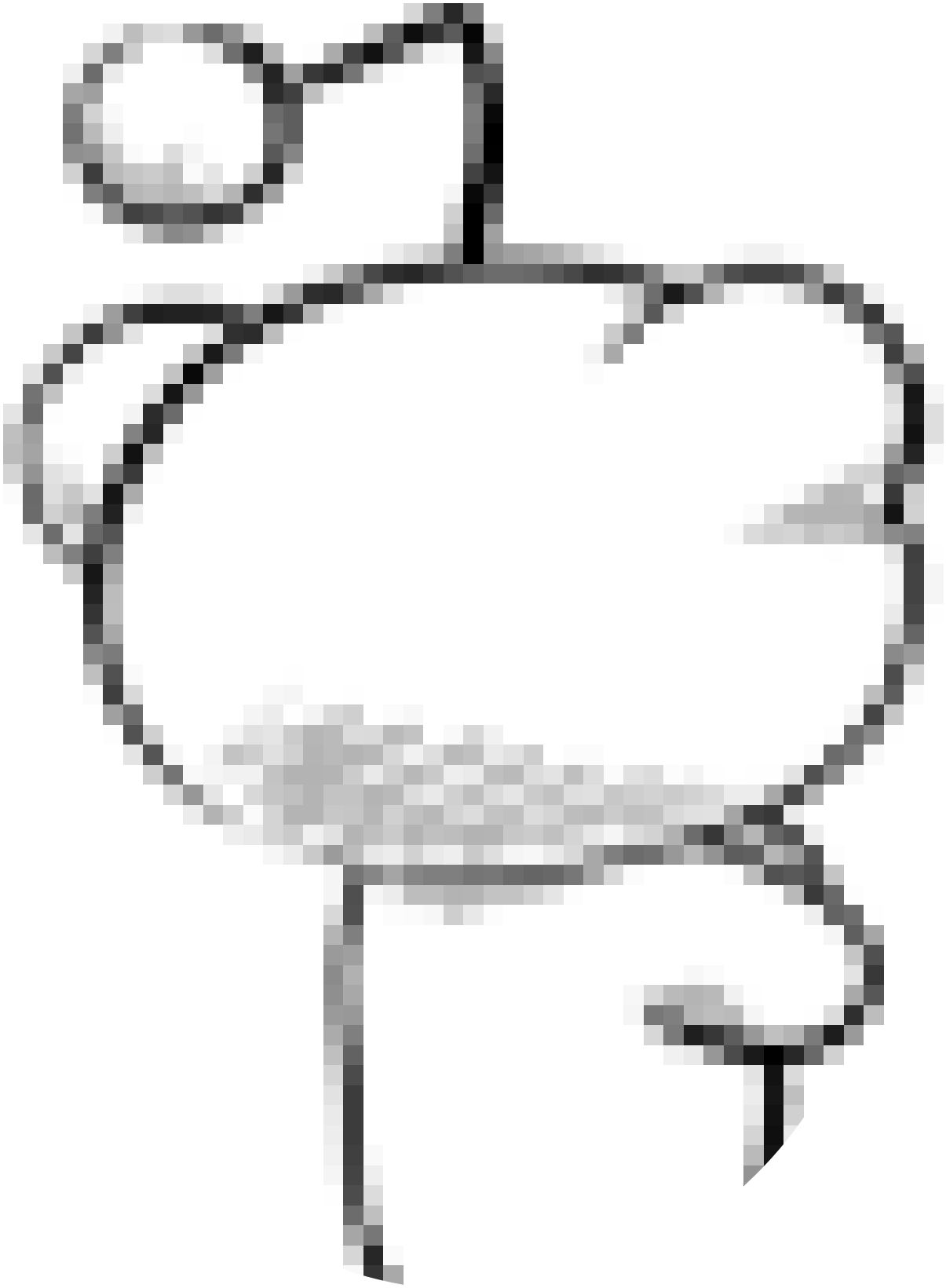
HeRodeaBlazingSaddle
• 13y ago

This one happened to my sister. She was home from college for winter break and working at a Hallmark store in the next town over. She was working the late shift one night and so closed up and walked out to her car. As she started to drive out of the parking lot, she glanced in the rear view just as a person sat up in the back seat. She screamed, slammed the car into park and jumped out of the car screaming "GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT!". Out of the back seat climbed this grungy homeless woman who muttered something about how she thought the car was abandoned. My sister rode back home that night with the windows down despite the fact that it was freezing (apparently the woman left a terrible BO/Cigarettes smell) and just sobbed the whole way home. She was a mess when she got home and so freaked out that my dad had to drive her to work for the next week. After that story, I couldn't stop checking my backseat. So freaky...



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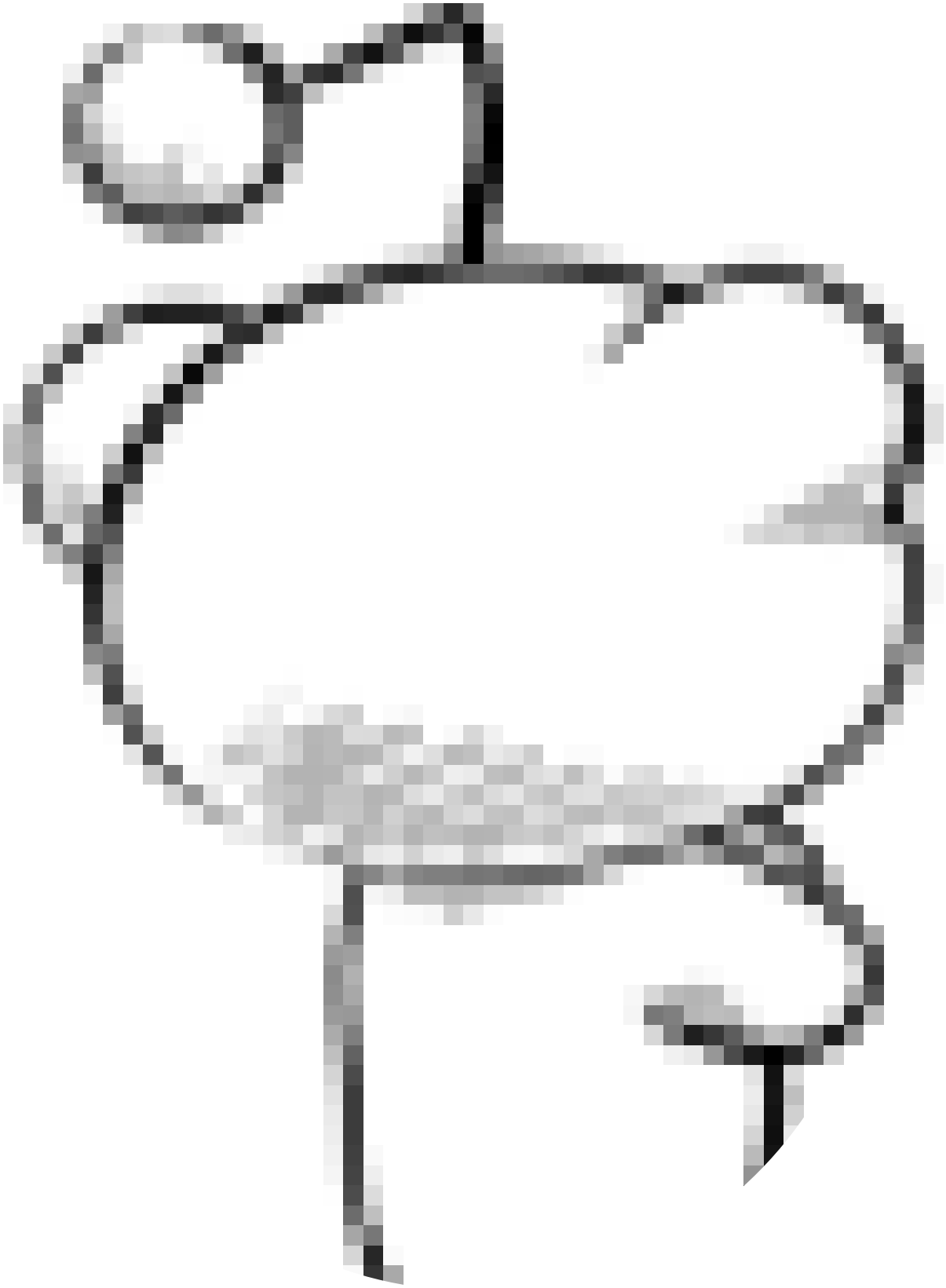
• 13y ago

I once worked with a guy at a grocery store who was kinda creepy. The rumor was that he and another guy raped a mentally handicapped girl a year or two ago but somehow didn't get convicted.

Anyway, I was running the U-Scan machines, and a very hot girl walks by. He comes up beside me as she's walking away and in a very creepy, serious tone he says to me: "Yeahh... She'd be worth it."



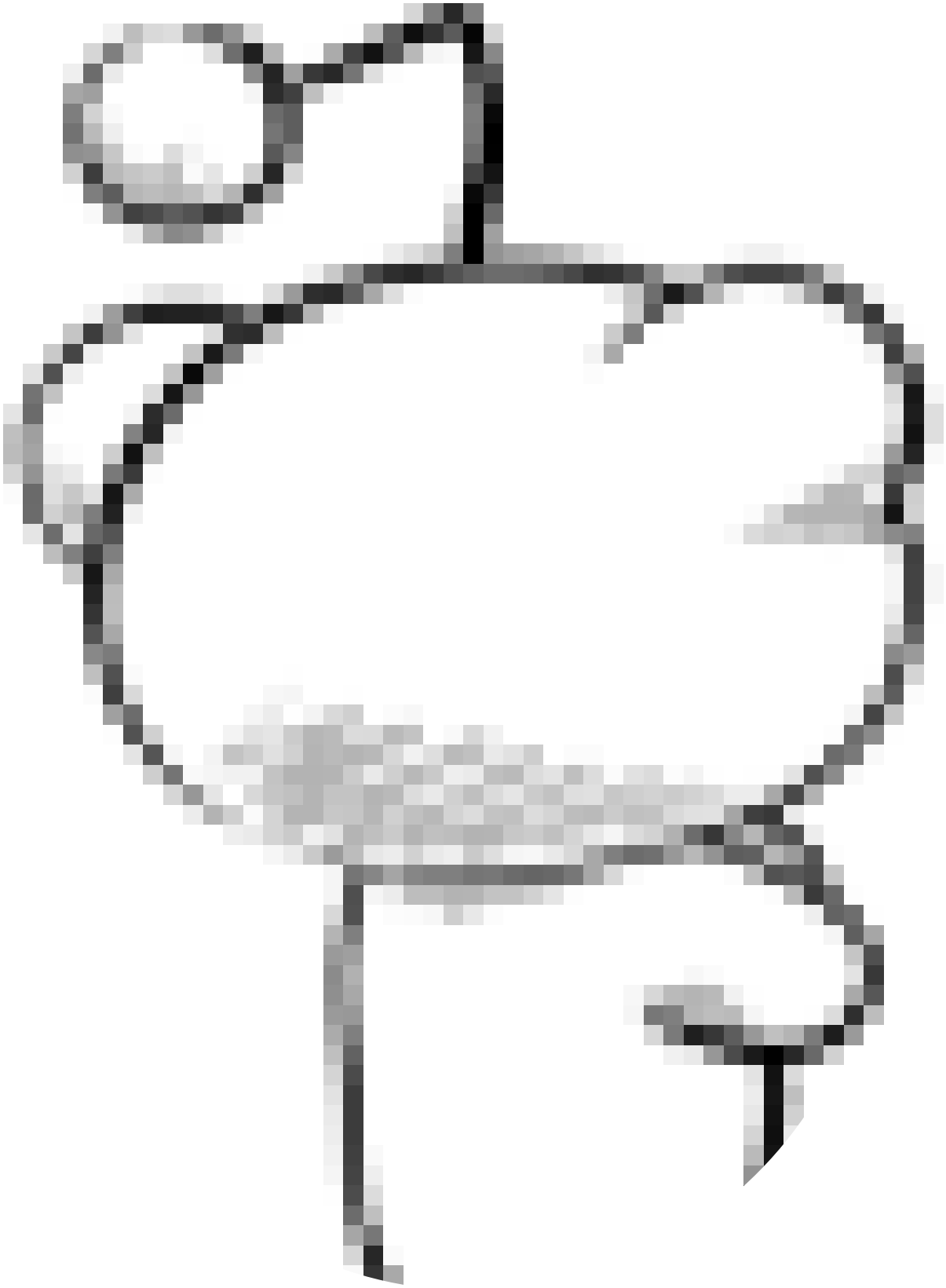
abryson7
• 13y ago

That mouse game where you have to put your cursor through a very tight maze and you concentrate extremely hard at the end only to fail and have a screaming witch bolt onto screen. Pretty sure I fell for that. And it was scary

jabberwonk
• 13y ago

Just before Christmas in 2006 I saw the last 50 feet or so of a 400+ foot suicide jump onto the sidewalk. The sound of the body hitting and echoing down 12th Street (Philadelphia) is something I'll never forget. Also the shoes - both shoes flew about 25' in opposite directions.

Turns out he was a 20-something year old former state wrestling champion who suffered from severe depression. The state had cut off his funding for psychiatric care earlier in the year. I went to the top of the Lowes hotel, busted out a window and jumped (nearly missing a pedestrian with a baby carriage).



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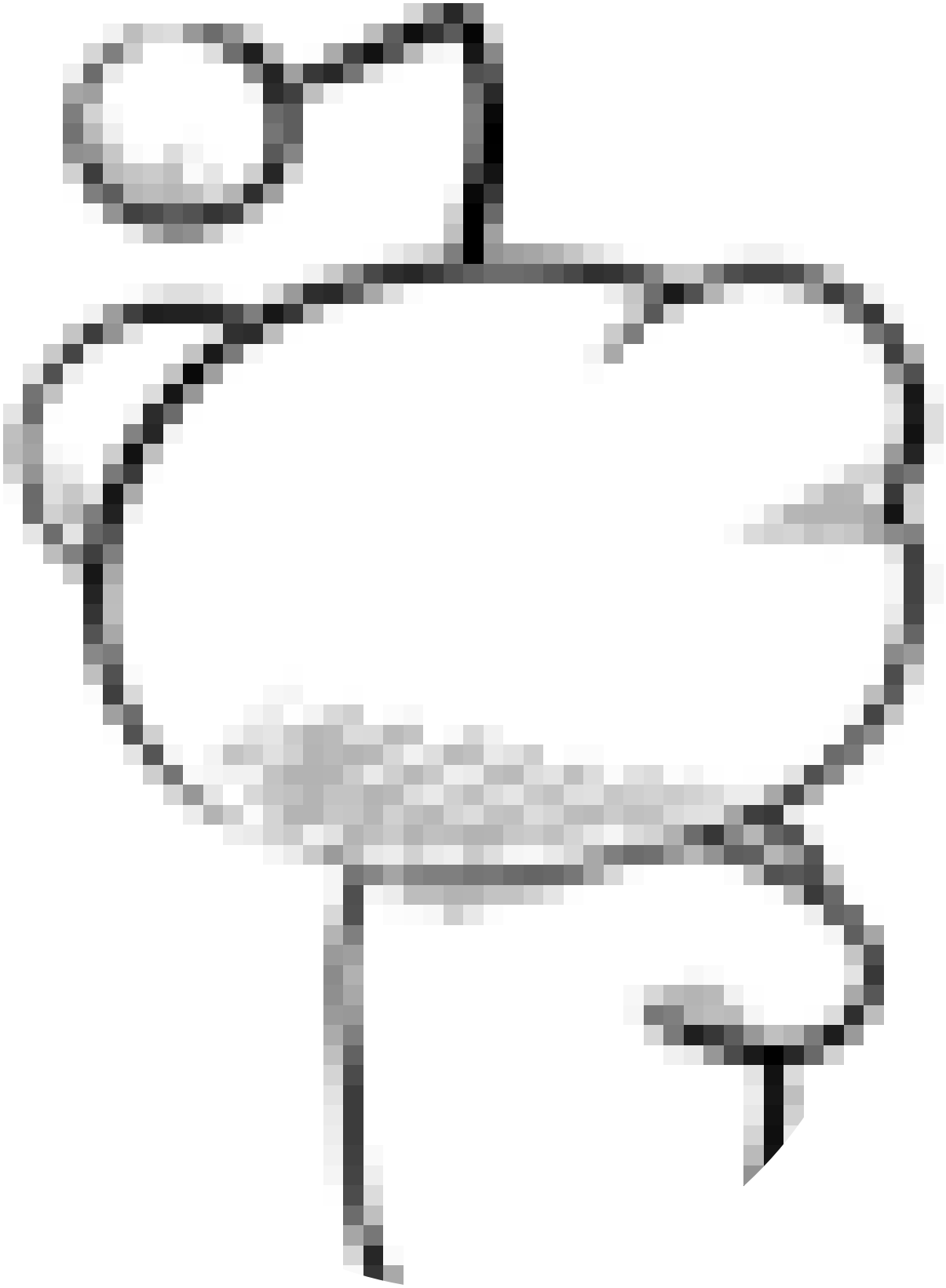
• 13y ago

This happened when I was about 9 and my sister was 7. We both had phones at this stage and one night my sister stumbles into my room about 2 am in the morning and said "he wants to talk to you". So she handed me the phone and this breathing came down the phone with like whines but i was like "who's this?!" And then my mum came in and started screaming down the phone at him shouting "Pervert." The next day we rang the phone company to get the number blocked but we haven't had any calls since. Also, around the same time my sister started her sleep walking phase and liked to come into our rooms at night. In the middle of the night she came in whispered my name at which point i woke up to find her standing at the bottom of my bed only seeing her shadow. She then screamed "BOO!" And proceeded to fall down onto the floor. I have never been so terrified in my life..



insomniax20
• 13y ago

This is a true story that happenned a few year ago on New Years Eve.

We'd been out and partied and ended up at my friends house. He'd been showing off this remote controlled car that he'd received for christmas and had set the remote down for a few minutes when the car started driving about the room on its own.

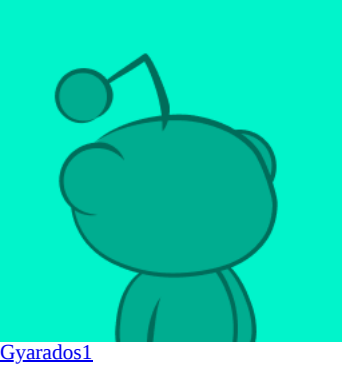
We thought this was freaky at first then settled into the fact that it was probably a bad contact or stray radio waves or something of the sort, but he laughed and said that apparently there was someone killed in the house when it was first built and that his mom had seen things that she couldn't explain. Again, being drunk, we laughed and carried on.

Now this is where I got freaked out.

He has a corner sofa in his hiving room with cusions spread evenly out along the length of it and I had decided to take four of them to make arm rests for myself. My mate got a call from another friend and they took off in his car to meet him (This guy's sober btw) and I decided to watch whatever it was on TV.

About 15 mins later I heard a noise in the hall and went out to have a look but nothing was there. When I came back in, the cushions I had arranged into armrests were all neatly back aligned round the sofa the way they were when I first got there.

I'm such a pussy, I walked out of the house and waited for them to get back before I went into the house again.



Gyarados1
• 13y ago

http://www.reddit.com/r/nosleep/comments/othwh/gurgles_bugman/

Scared the muda shit out of me

1 more reply
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mangletron
• 13y ago

The creepiest thing I've ever seen was while mopping up after a forest fire. IT was in the early morning and mist was clinging to the ground and there was smoke in the air. We were moving west putting out spot fires and digging out smouldering roots when we came across an old aboriginal graveyard that had been partially spared by the fire. My parter picked up one of the crosses and put it on his back to do a Jesus impression. I told him to put it down, which he eventually did, and as we walked past, all but one of the remaining upright crosses burst into flames.

Definitely creepy.

leach_im
• 13y ago

Some time ago there was a lunar eclipse, so my friend texts me to go outside to see it. I live in a apartment complex facing the street so when I go outside I look at the moon and then I look to my left and I see a big white furry thing that was at least 8-10 feet, at the bus stop. It was weird because it was like 2 am and there's no busses at that time, no cars, no anything. At first I thought it was a bum but it didn't look like it when I took a closer look. It moved very slowly but it stayed right in front of the bus stop. I kept looking at it trying to figure out what it was but I just couldn't figure it out. I was hesitant to go downstairs to look at it because I was kinda creeped out. So I went inside to get my camera and when I went back outside it disappeared...

1 more reply
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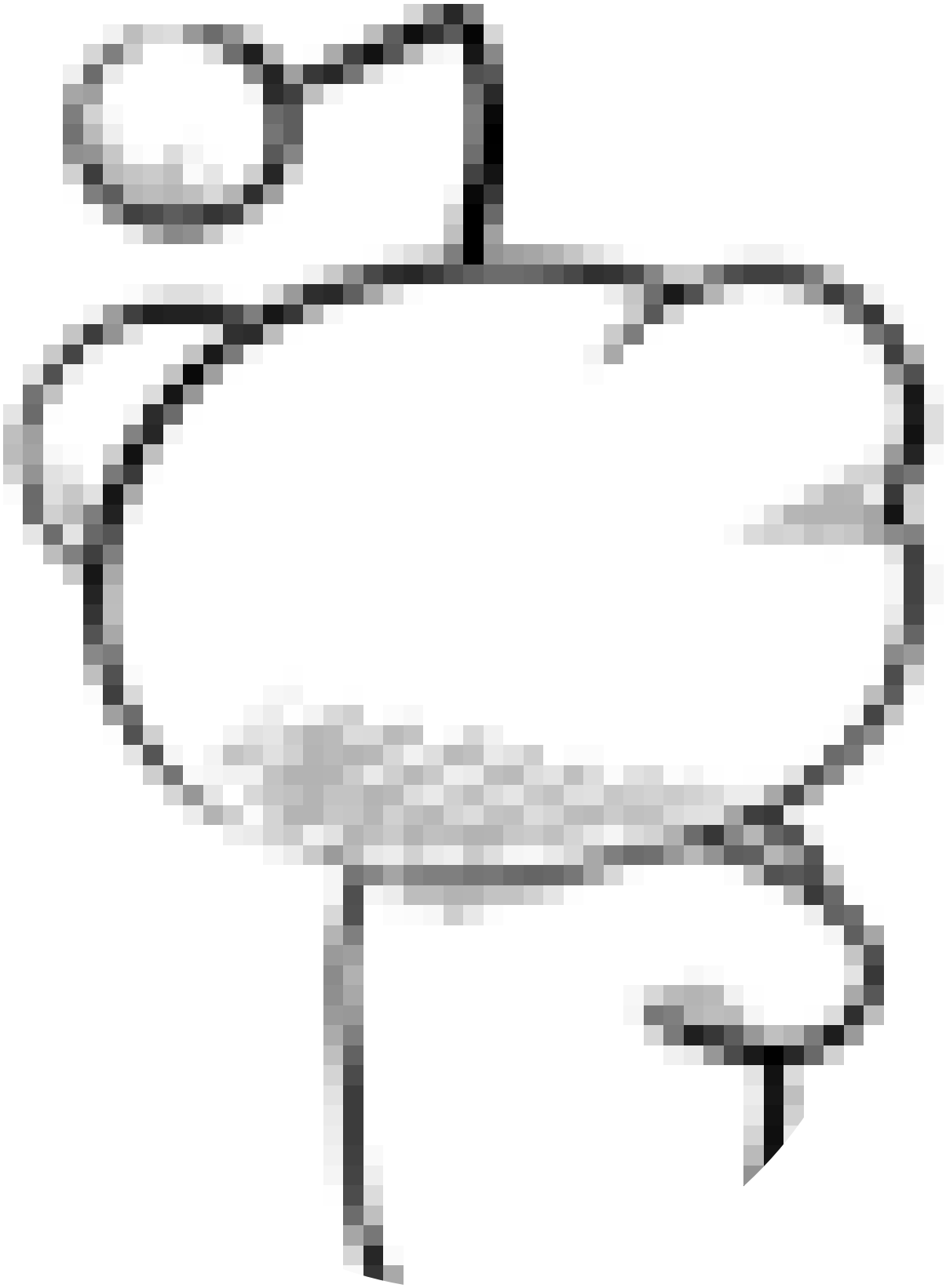

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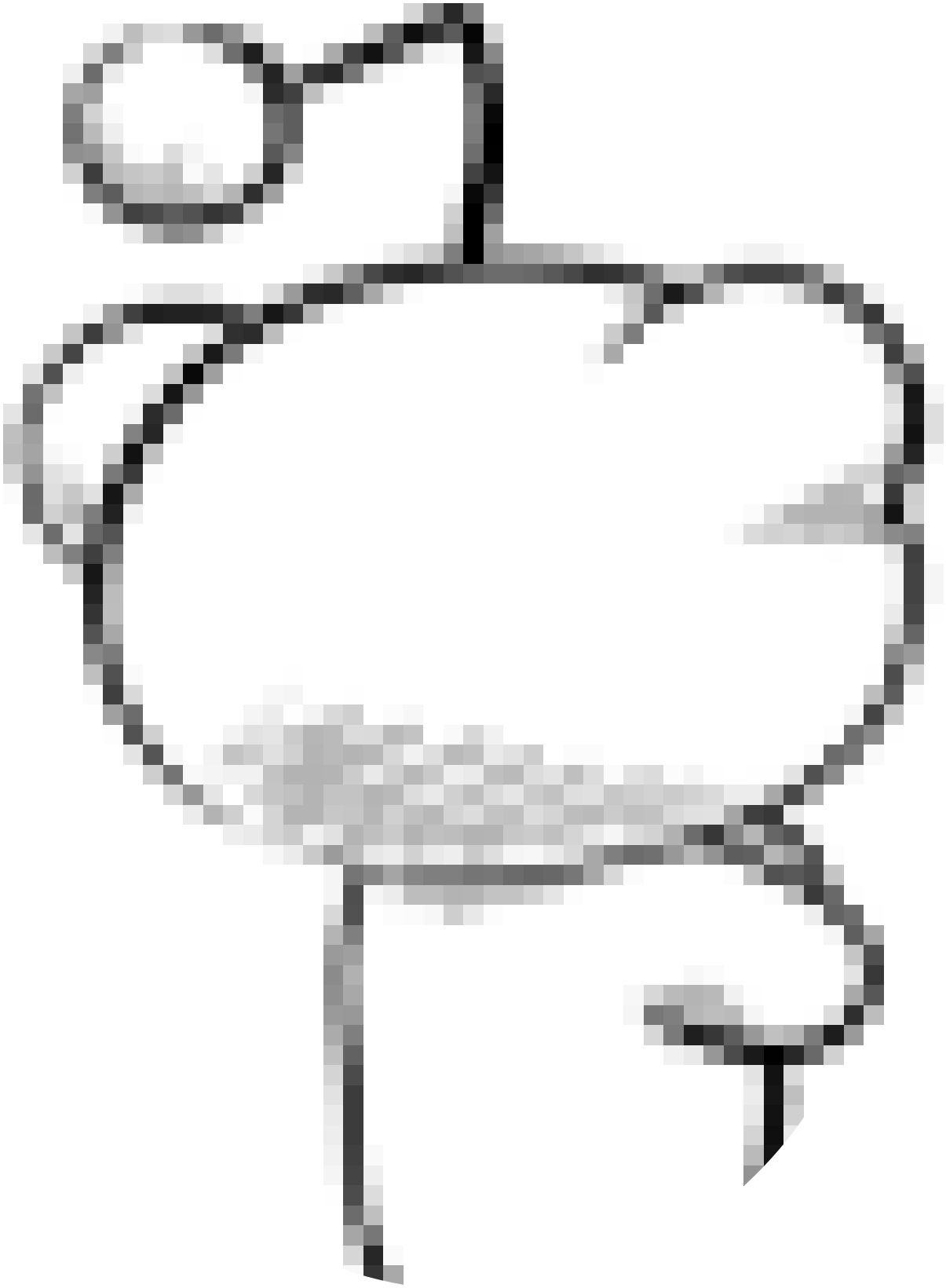
• 13y ago

A few years back a friend and i were driving around in the country near Salem Michigan late at night. The road was dark no lights and there was a heavy canopy of trees blocking out any moon light. I saw above us what appeared to be a ton of shoes hanging from a tree. So I asked my friend if he had seen the same, he did, so we turn around, stop the car and get out to check it out. There was at least 500 pairs of shoes dangling from the tree blowing in the wind. All sorts, there were some shoes that appeared from the 1920's even. And an old sign that read shoes .50 cents. Very eerie and creepy we looked and got the fuck out. So later on I read up on this tree and legend has it that a serial killer used to abduct children murder them and throw their shoes in the tree. And the tree has been since cut down.

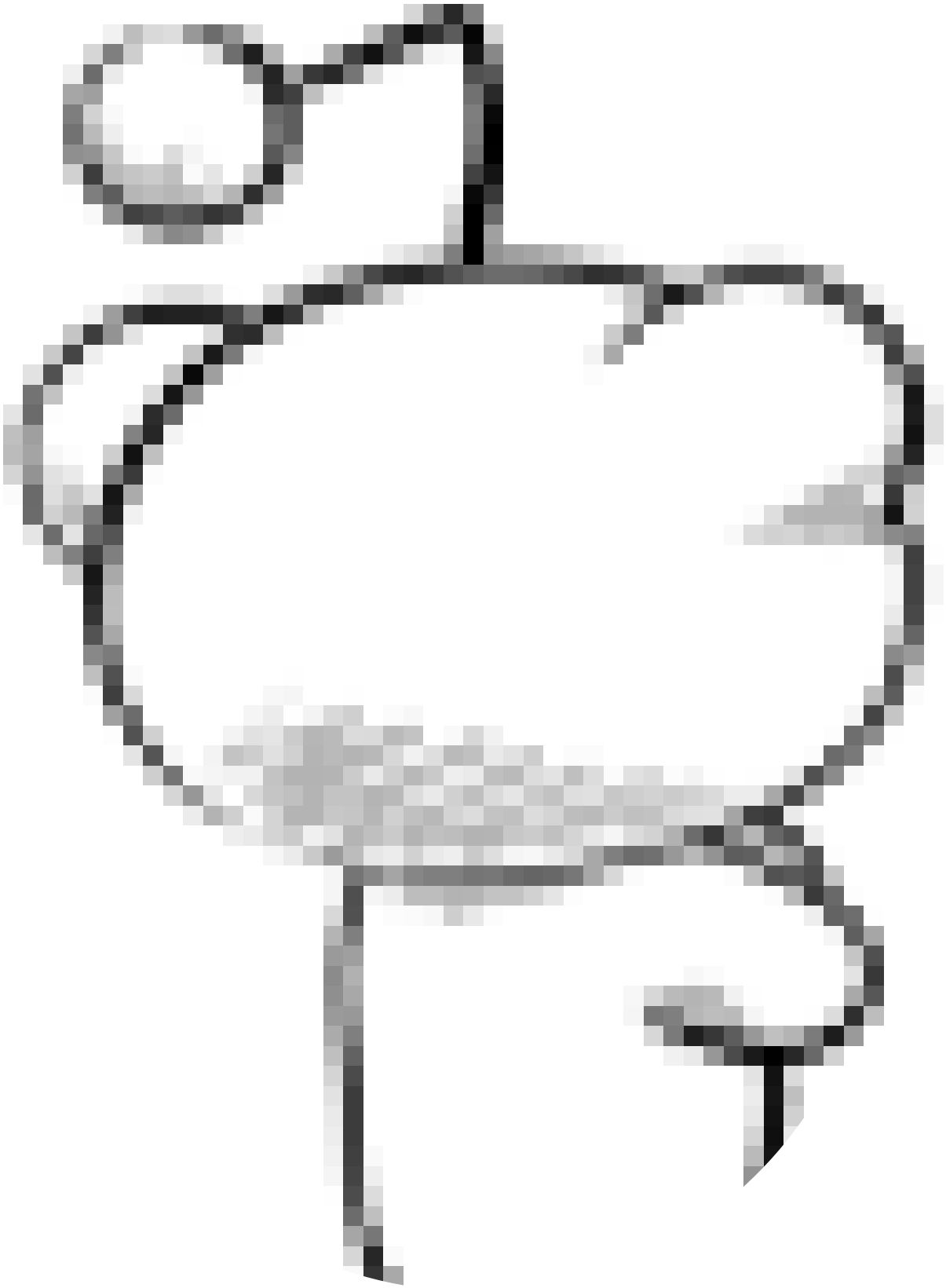
naturallyfrozen
• 13y ago

TIL stay away from everything. Even your own home.



Runfatman
• 13y ago

Oh, I'll just read these for a hour... (5 hours later) Welp Guess it's time for bed... If I could sleep now.



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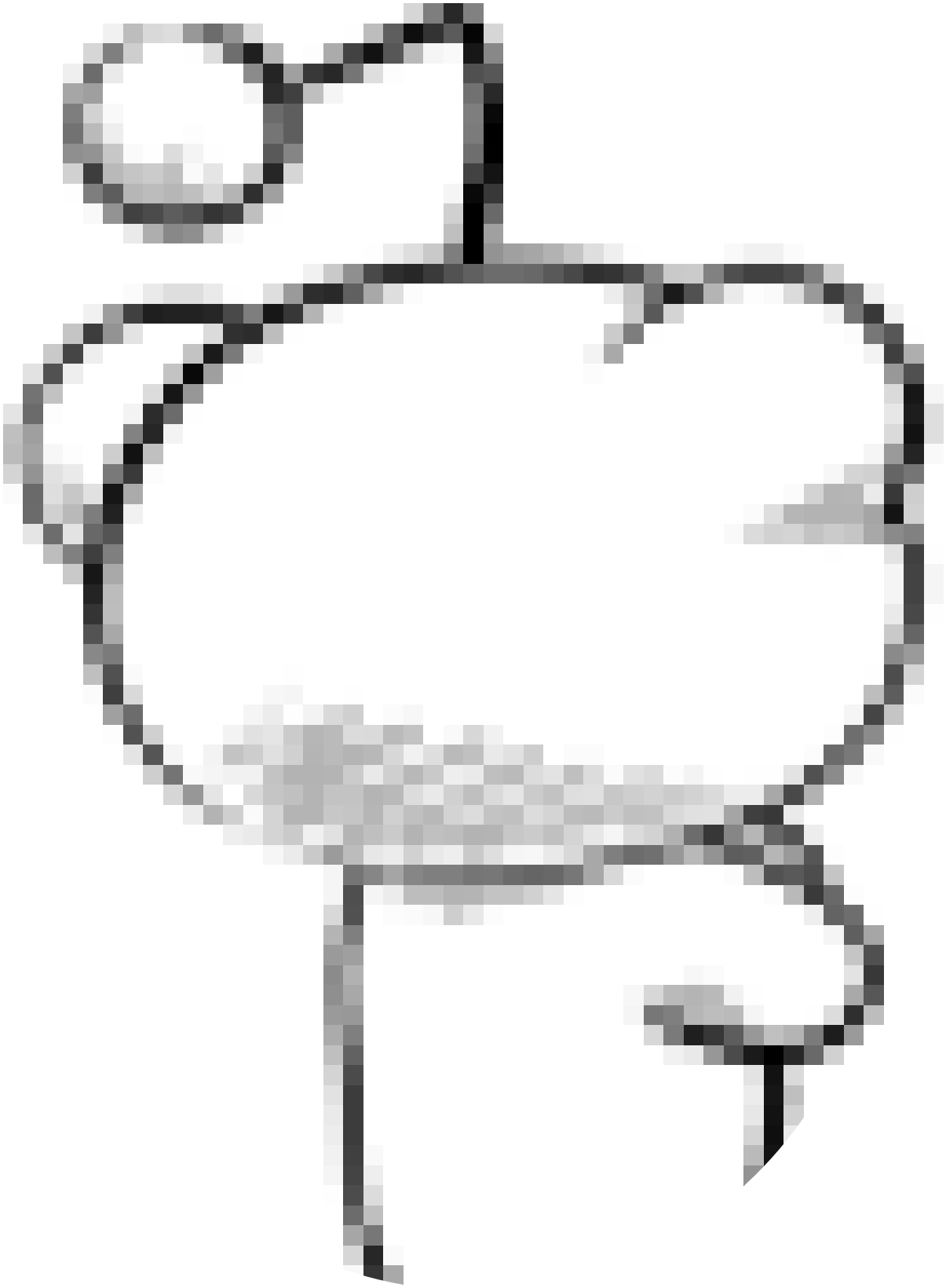
• 13y ago

I was maybe 10-12 I can't remember and I had the house to myself for a few days so being a kid I stayed up to play video games every night. I hadn't gotten any sleep for over 36 hours for sure, possibly even more, and while playing i decided to turn around for some reason and saw this naked old woman zombie thing. I stared at it for maybe 2 seconds and looked back to the tv for minutes, when I looked back it was gone. I've chalked it up to the lack of sleep but nithing has ever come close to being that scary in my life.



insomniax20
• 13y ago

Another time, it was Boxing Day (The day after Christmas for those who don't know) and my mom, dad and myself were sitting in the living room watching TV.

This being Christmas, we had a string pinned against the wall with christmas cards we'd received hanging from it and at around 9.30 that night, the cards fell from the wall, throwing them about our floor.

About a half hour later, we received a call from the nursing home my Grandmother was staying in had died at 9.30.

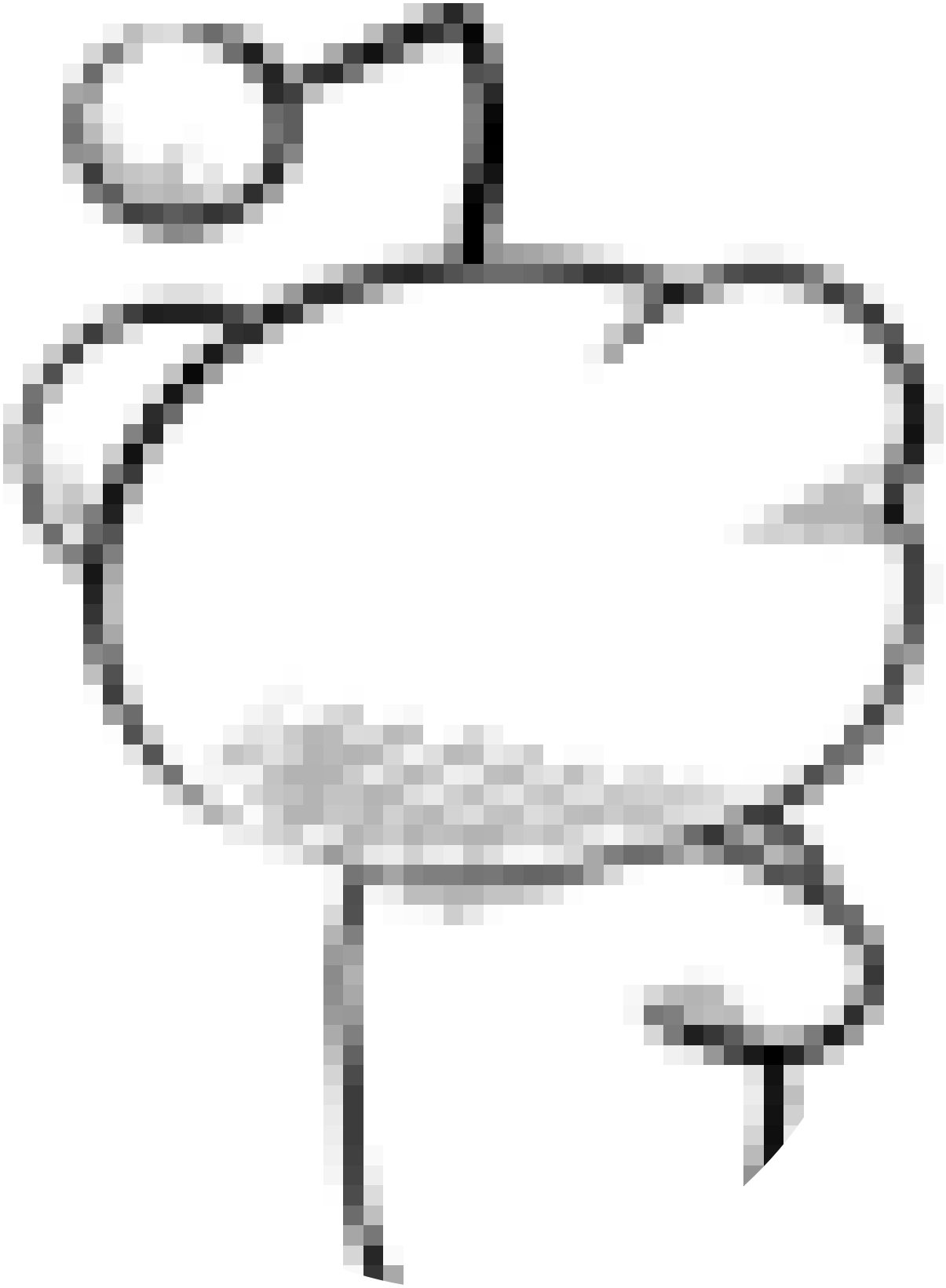
It was probably nothing of course but it still freaks me out, thinking about it 20 years later.

Nyemenya
• 13y ago

I sleep facing the wall. One night I feel my daughter (about 6 at the time) climb into bed as she sometimes does. I turn halfway and see her head on the pillow. I turn back around and tell her goodnight. When she fails to respond i try to pat her back and i cant find her. I turn all the way over and no one is there. I jump up and go into the rest of the house to see where she is and she is peacefully sleeping in her bed. This all happened within the span of 2 minutes from the time I felt her get in the bed.

InYourUterus
• 13y ago

The Ted the caver story. At one point I started crying because I was so freaked out



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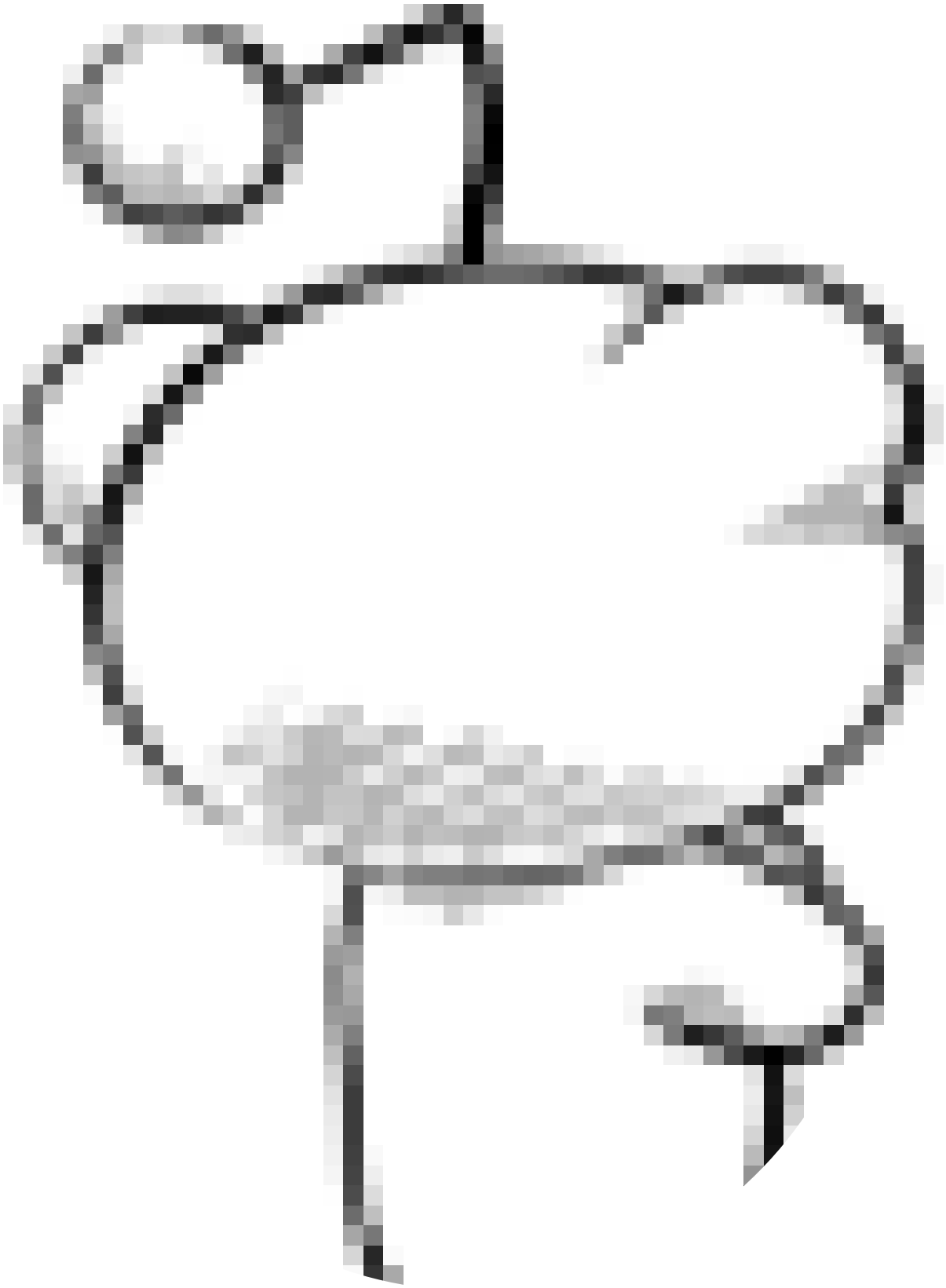
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

That comic of the mountainside that has people shaped holes in it and people climb into them only to be trapped and stretched as they die.

Fucking creepy.

This one: http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/1f9i14/what_is_the_scariestcreepiest_thing_you_have/ca83rv6



Darksing
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31&weekday=tue#

To this day, I can't bring myself to finish watching this. Best read on a computer.

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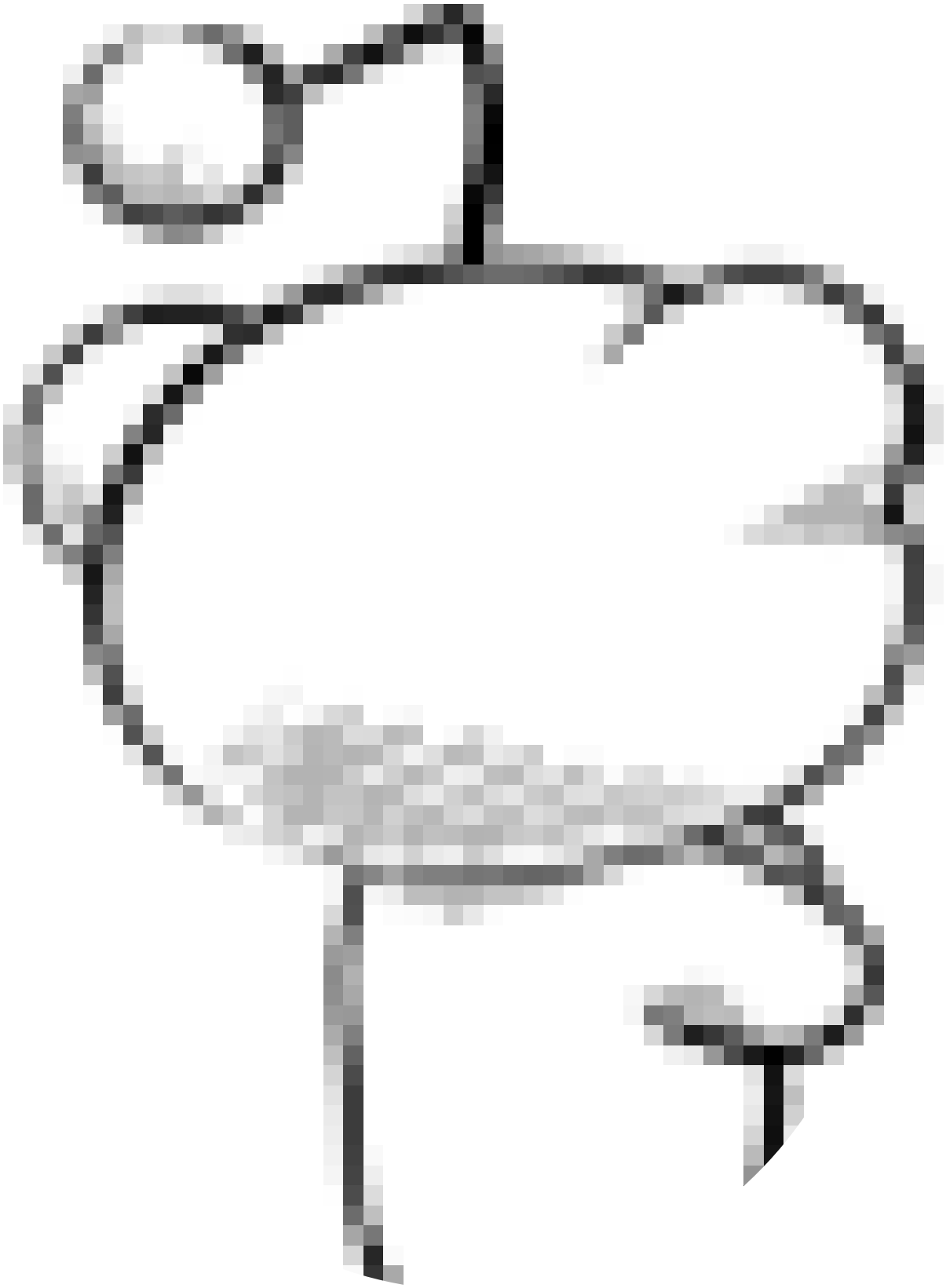

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• 13y ago

The music from the movie Sinister when the family gets burned alive in the garage. Sweet mother of god. Gets me every time.

AIbase
• 13y ago

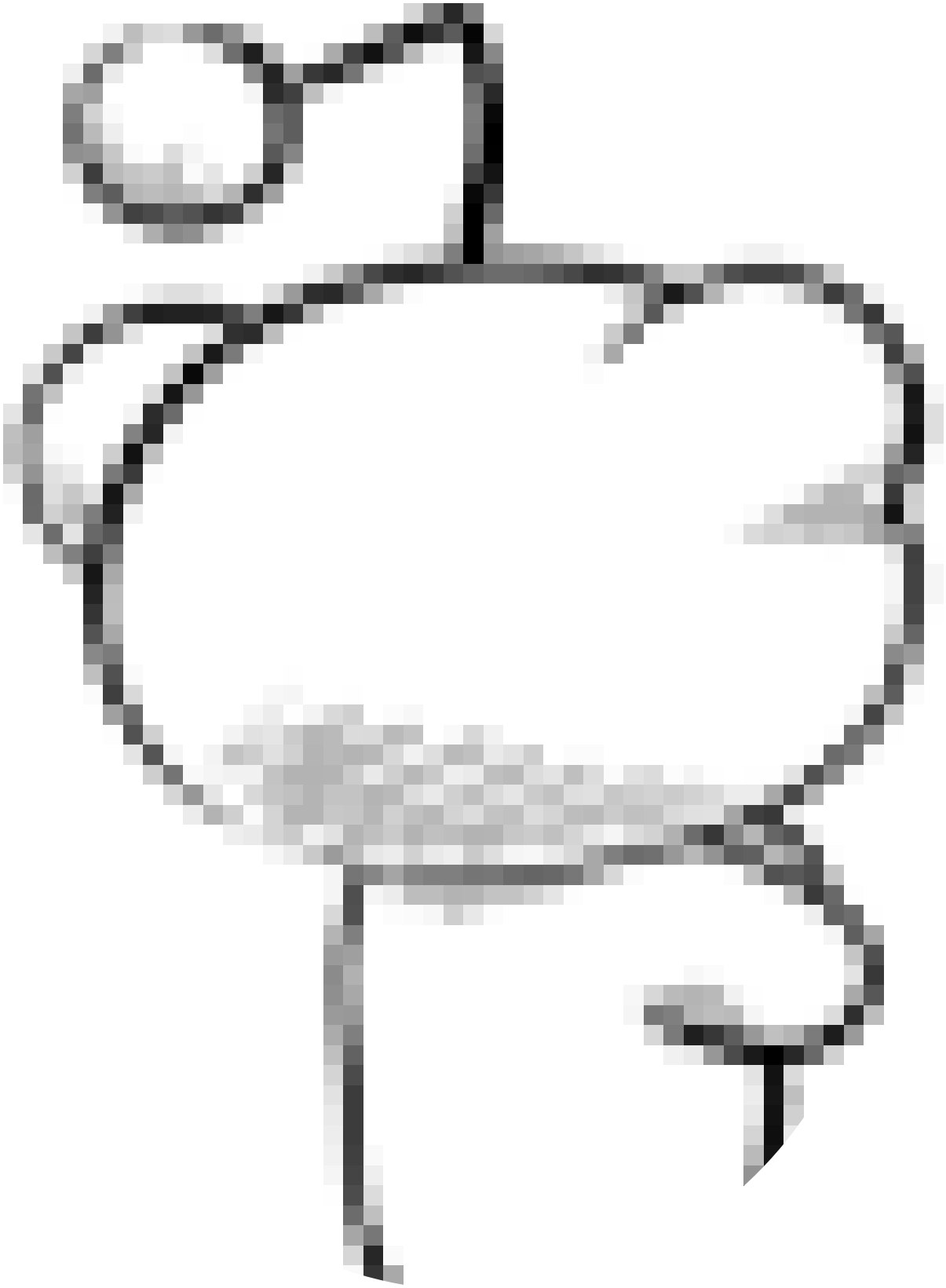
Simply that we, you (especially) and I, every last one of us, 100% of redditors and 4chan and everyone ... will die.

splendy
• 13y ago

A couple years ago during an assembly I got bored and started leaning back in my chair looking around. While I was looking around I saw a black figure outside the window walk right into the entrance door with out the door opening. Never saw it again. :(

Vocabularri
• 13y ago

I was thirteen and home alone. Now, I think you should know that I live in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by nothing but trees. The closest neighbor is at least half a mile away. I fell asleep on my bed while watching a movie. I woke up and the house was dark. I walked into the kitchen and looked at the clock on the microwave. The numbers glowed 7:48. This isn't really significant, but sometimes you just remember the weirdest shit when things scare you. I flipped on the kitchen light and looked up to see the back door wide open. That in itself was terrifying to wake up to, but there also happened to be a black cat just rubbing against shit and purring. We didn't have a cat. Immediately kicked the cat out the door, closed it, and called my grandpa who was the local sheriff. He came over and searched the house but found no one and no evidence of anyone having forced entry. Doors often slam shut on their own in this house, but that was the only time I ever found a door had opened on its own. And that cat, man.



Billpayment
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I've seen a 'shadow' in my living room, like you hear people talk about on the ghost hunting shows. I used to wonder what they meant, but no longer do.

It was during the day and I looked from my kitchen through my dining room into the living room and saw a shadow, totally disconnected from anything that should be casting it, seemingly 'standing' at odd relation to every other shadow in the room. It was extremely solid and moved across my field of view and was gone.

We've had some minor sounds and such around that house that lead to thinking that we probably have some activity, but that was the first (and thankfully, so far only time) that I've ever seen such a thing in my life.

It wasn't so incredibly frightening as the initial impression is 'What the hell?', then it's gone before it can be terrifying. I try to think of such things as just people anyway, which makes it less (but still) creepy.

keylimesoda
• 13y ago

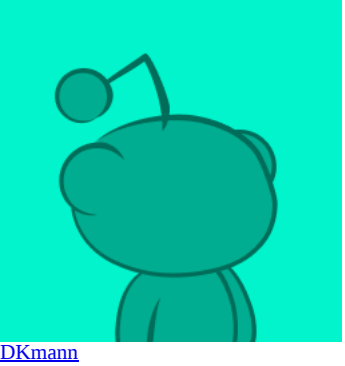
r/fearme

therealodayaka
• 13y ago

While I was still in the hospital after having my son, I was sitting reading or something when I heard an odd gagging sound coming from my son's bassinet. I look over and see he is struggling to breathe and I immediately slam on the nurse call button while my husband picks up our son and starts trying to see if anything is in his mouth.

It felt like forever until the nurse got there and he still wasn't breathing and making struggling faces. The nurse came in and very calmly took the bulb syringe in his bassinet and cleared his mouth and nose with it quick as you please and he started to cry.

Apparently he still had some fluid or mucous in his nose from being born and had aspirated it. The nurse calmly explained that it happens sometimes. Meanwhile it was the most terrifying 2 minutes I had ever experienced.



DKmann
• 13y ago

Pretty much my same story - we were in post partum and had friends visiting and the baby turned blue. Pretty much died right there in front of us for a second or two. Needless to say I stared at that baby for what seem three days straight without sleep. She's now almost three and I check on her all the time. My boy is only eight weeks and I'm no better - always checking.

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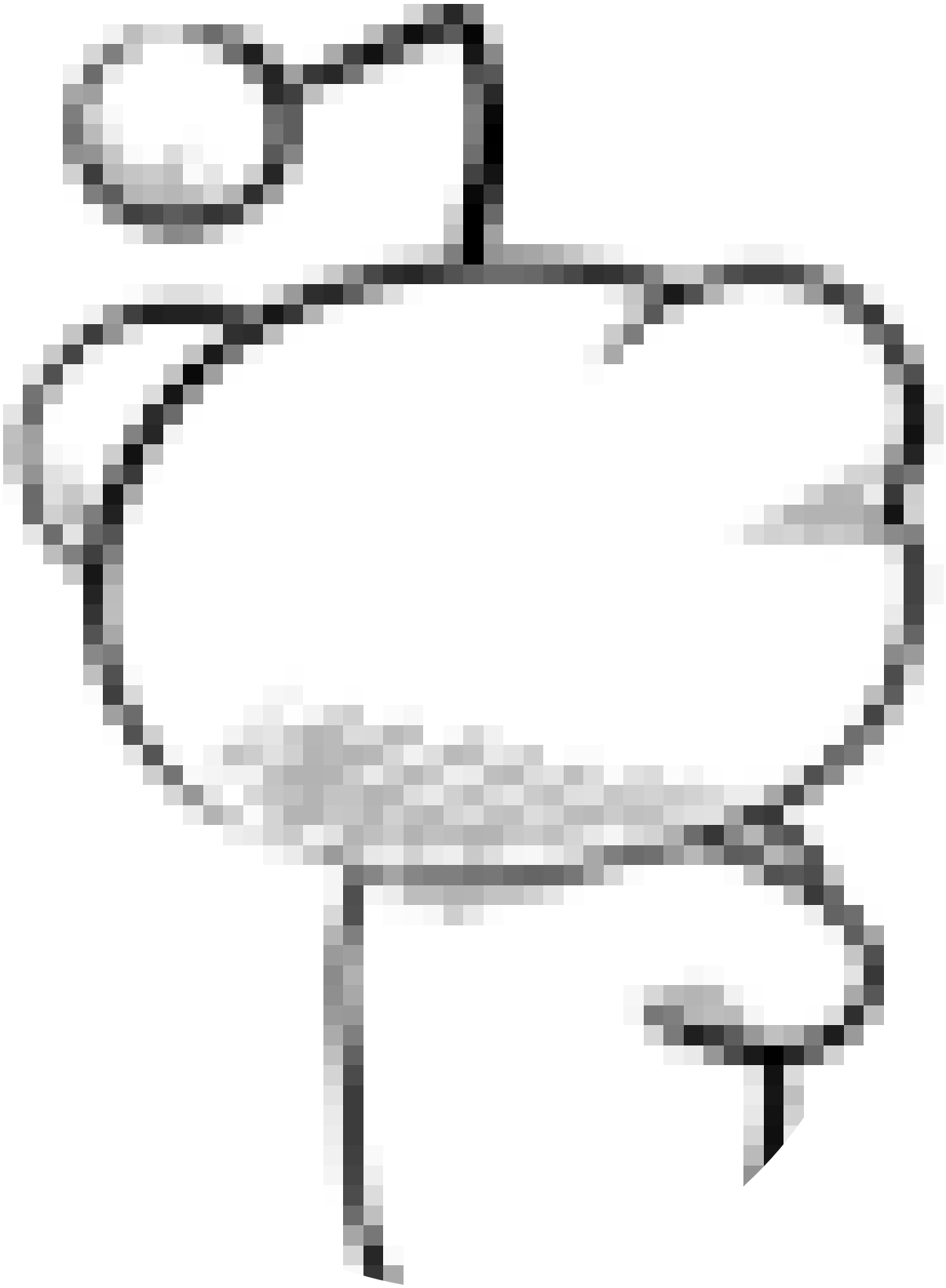

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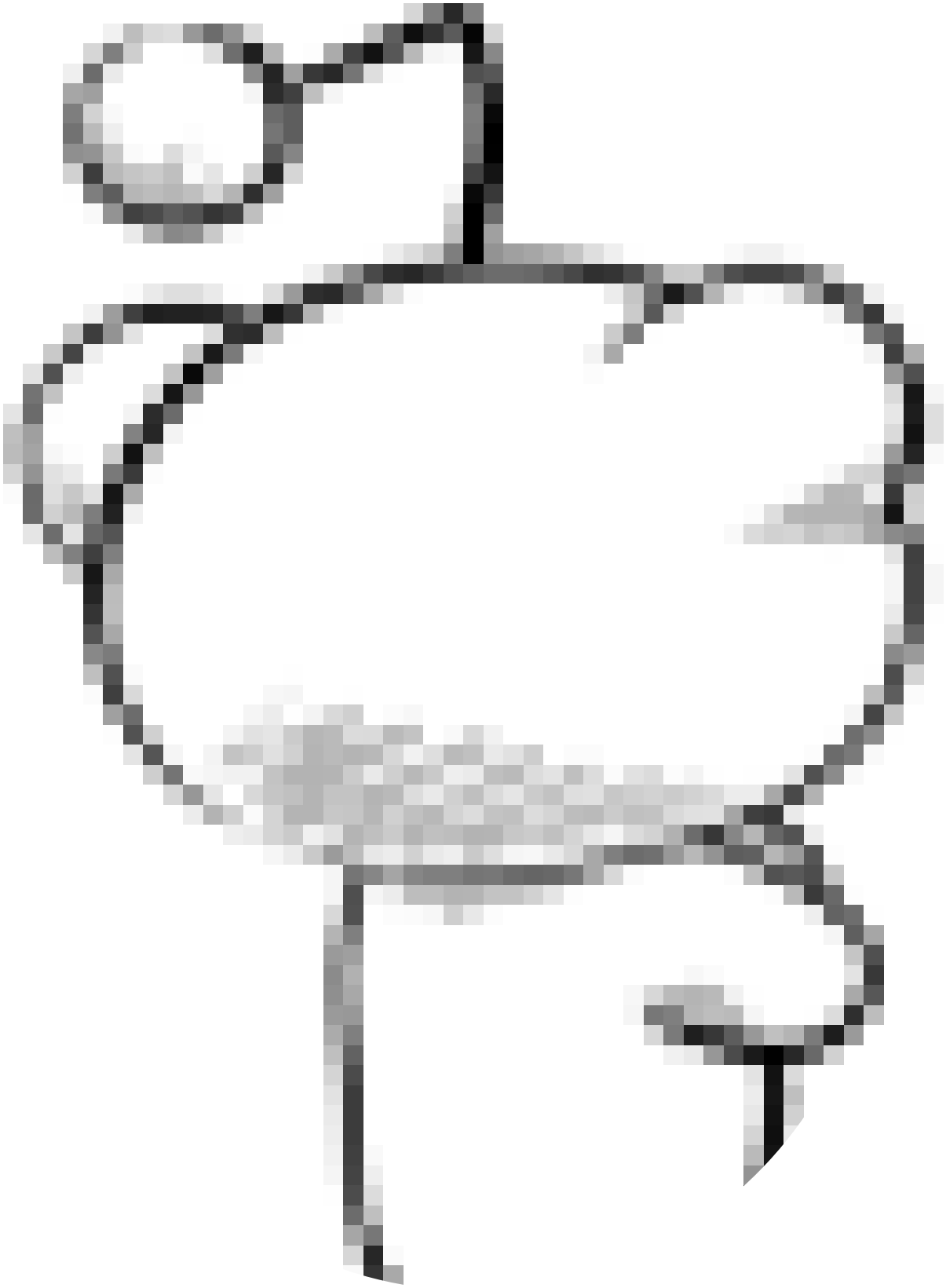
• 13y ago

A couple times while watching the evening news there was a bloodcurdling scream somewhere in the background of the broadcast. None of the anchors seemed to hear it and I only know of one other person who has experienced this. Google doesn't turn up anything relevant. I'm not so much scared by it as incredibly bewildered, though.

PooFactor
• 13y ago

Not the scariest thing I've ever seen - but I think most Sydney redditors will agree with me that waking up to this was quite unnerving... http://www.smh.com.au/environment/weather/sydney-turns-red-dust-storm-blankets-city-20090923-g0so.html



BoozeoisPig
• 13y ago

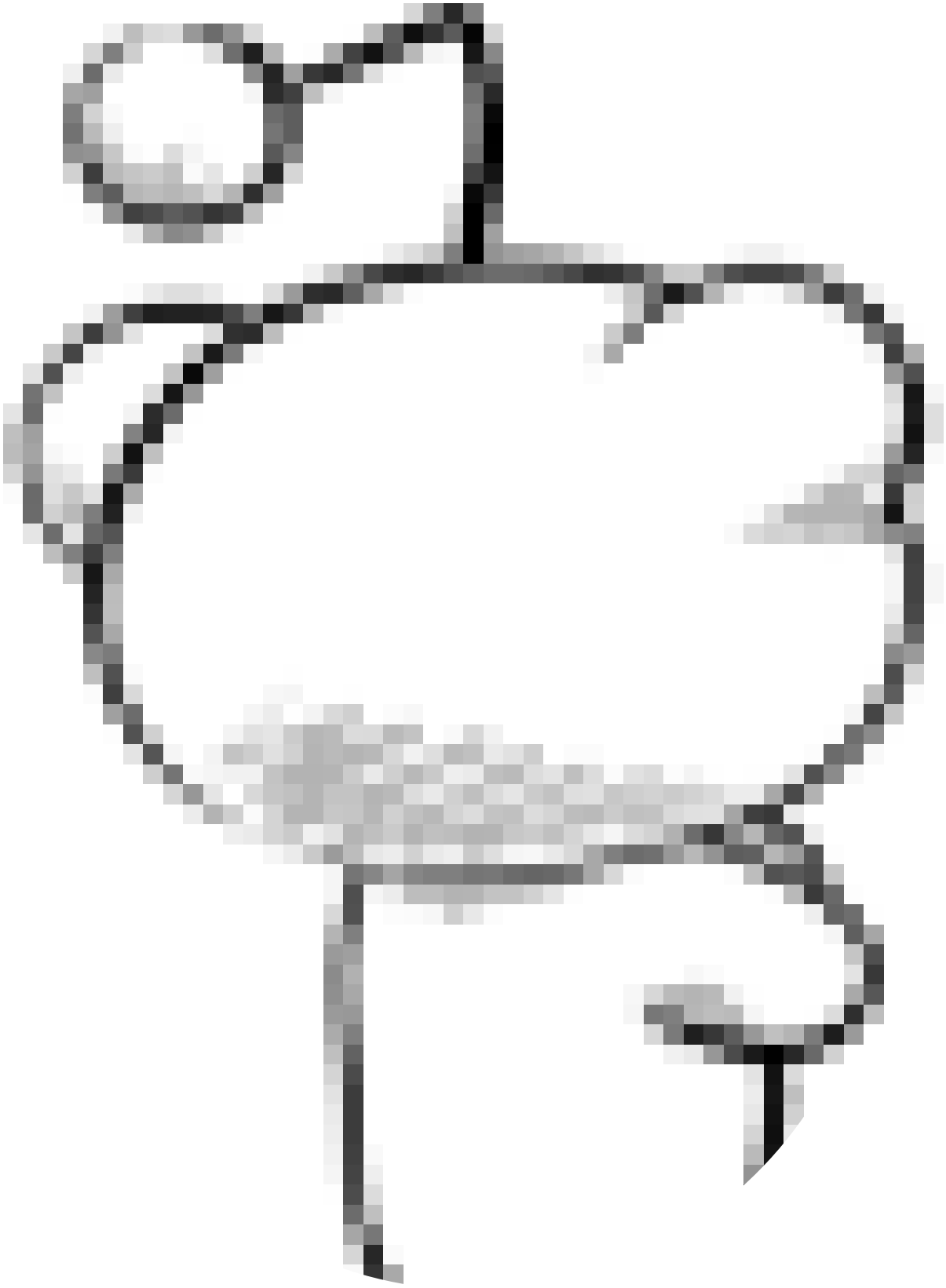
A Serbian Film, Uncut.

asforus
• 13y ago

I had a door slam on me while I watched it in the mirror brushing my teeth. This was at an old haunted hotel in new Hampshire.

keylimesoda
• 13y ago

r/45thworldproblems



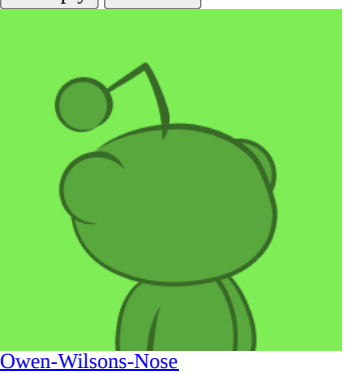
MattPH1218
• 13y ago

r/nosleep

taking_a_deuce
• 13y ago

This. Wat?!

Reply Share



Owen-Wilsons-Nose
• 13y ago

My friend was once driving home alone through a country lane at night when he noticed a pile of boxes and bits of burned furniture blocking the road. He slowed down, confused, and suddenly eight or nine men jumped out from the woods either side and tried to break into his car, wielding bats and knives. He reversed as quickly as he could up the narrow lane, and managed to get away as they attacked the car from behind. Terrifying.

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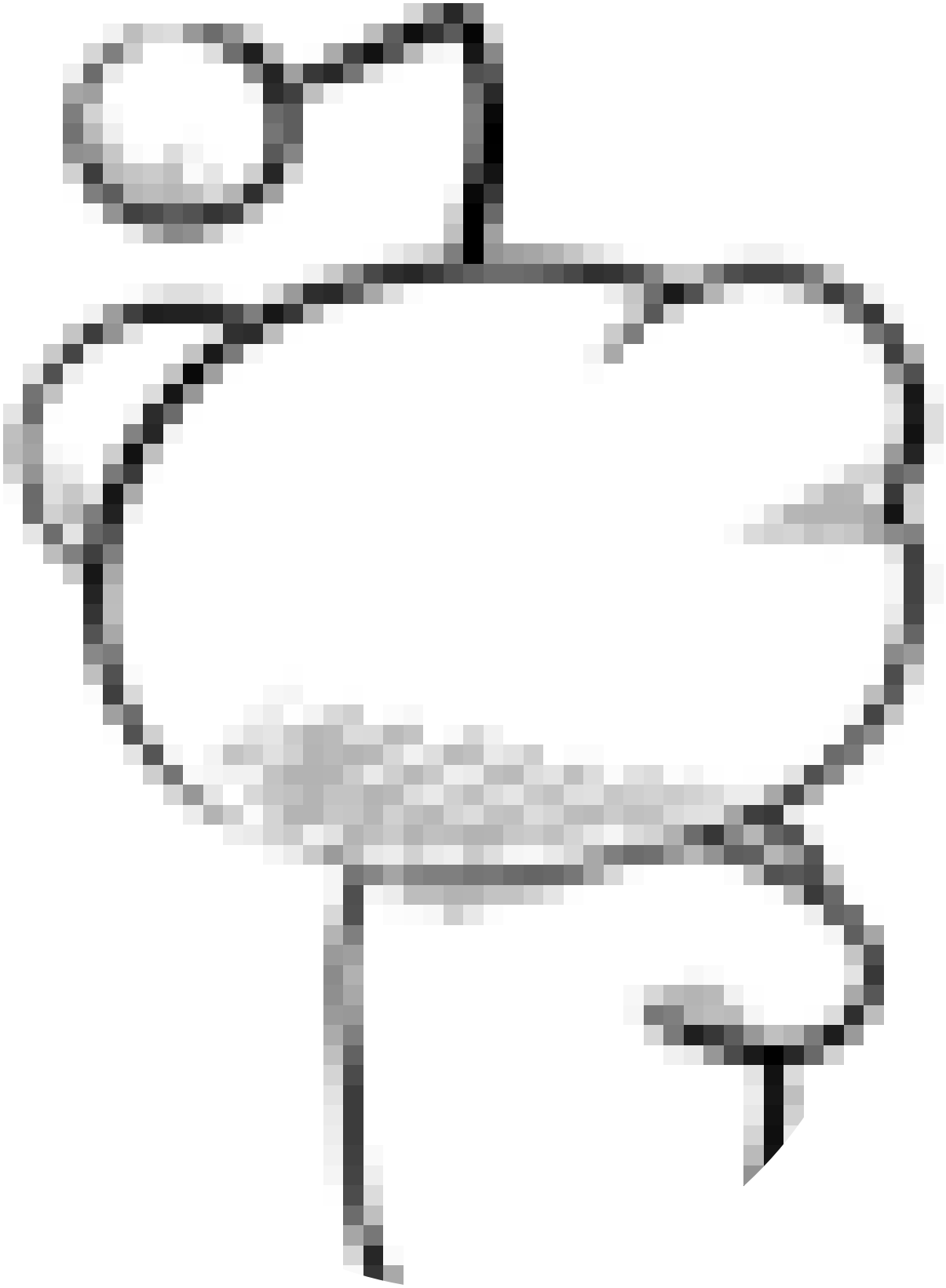

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• 13y ago

The creepiest thing I've ever seen or heard would probably be an encounter I had with an old coworker. He had a fetish for Asian women that was full on psychotic. That isn't hyperbole, either - he found out I had a friend who was an Asian girl, found out her name, address, the names of her family, where she worked and went to college and "casually" brought that information up in his first conversation with her. None of her friends know how he got this information.

There are two things he said that rank as the creepiest. I don't really remember the context, but one day at work, he grabbed me by the shoulders and shook me while yelling "ASIAN WOMEN ARE THE BEST THINGS EVER CREATED!" Another time, commenting on a girl he knew, he told her "If I can't have you, nobody can."

He violated a restraining order and on more than one occasion threatened to castrate himself.

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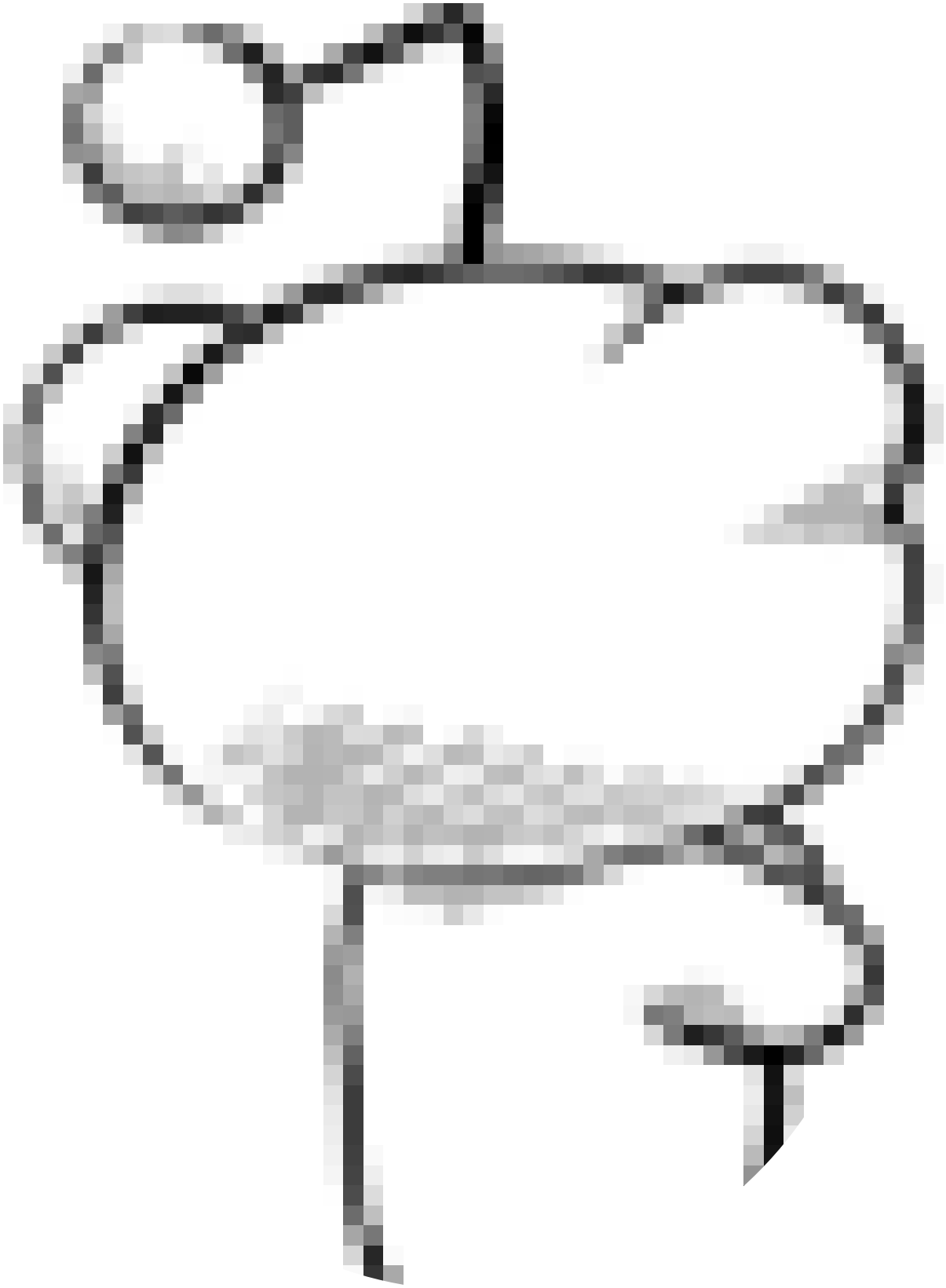

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• 13y ago

Not sure if this is what you were looking for but here goes:

I was standing on the platform as a my train to Boston was pulling in. I noticed to my right, about a car length away, an old blind woman and her seeing eye dog waiting as well. I noticed that the dog was unusually small, and shaped like a Corgi, just a little bigger. And I noticed that the dog was just barely longer than the length of the gap between the train and the edge of the platform... I realize that I'm the only one who's noticed this lady at all. But I figure, this is the kind of thing seeing eye dogs are for. She's frail and the dog will refuse if it can't make it. Right? Nothing to worry about... The lady feels around for the open train door with her cane and yanks the dog forward who stumbles and falls down the gap! BUT! By this time I had run up right behind her and lunged landing belly first on the platform to grab the dog's vest as he was plummeting. I literally just reached down the darkness of the gab and grabbed and somehow got the falling pooch. I pull this little thing up, the woman is screaming when someone tells her what happened she said, "Thank you so much! This dog means everything to me!" And I just said you're welcome and disappeared into the train and found a seat as quick as possible. I could hear a guy from Amtrak getting reamed out in the background. I never tell the story because I always imagine if I had been a step too late...

Reply Share

Spartan11752
• 13y ago

I used to have these nightmares (Sleep Paralysis i think) when I were younger, where I would be sleeping then all of a sudden I would feel hands around my throat and it would feel like I was getting choked, but the thing is I couldnt remove the "hands" in any way, I would wail around with my arms, and where the fore-arm would be there was nothing, absolutely nothing. Gladly it has stopped in recent days, but i always fear that it will come back...

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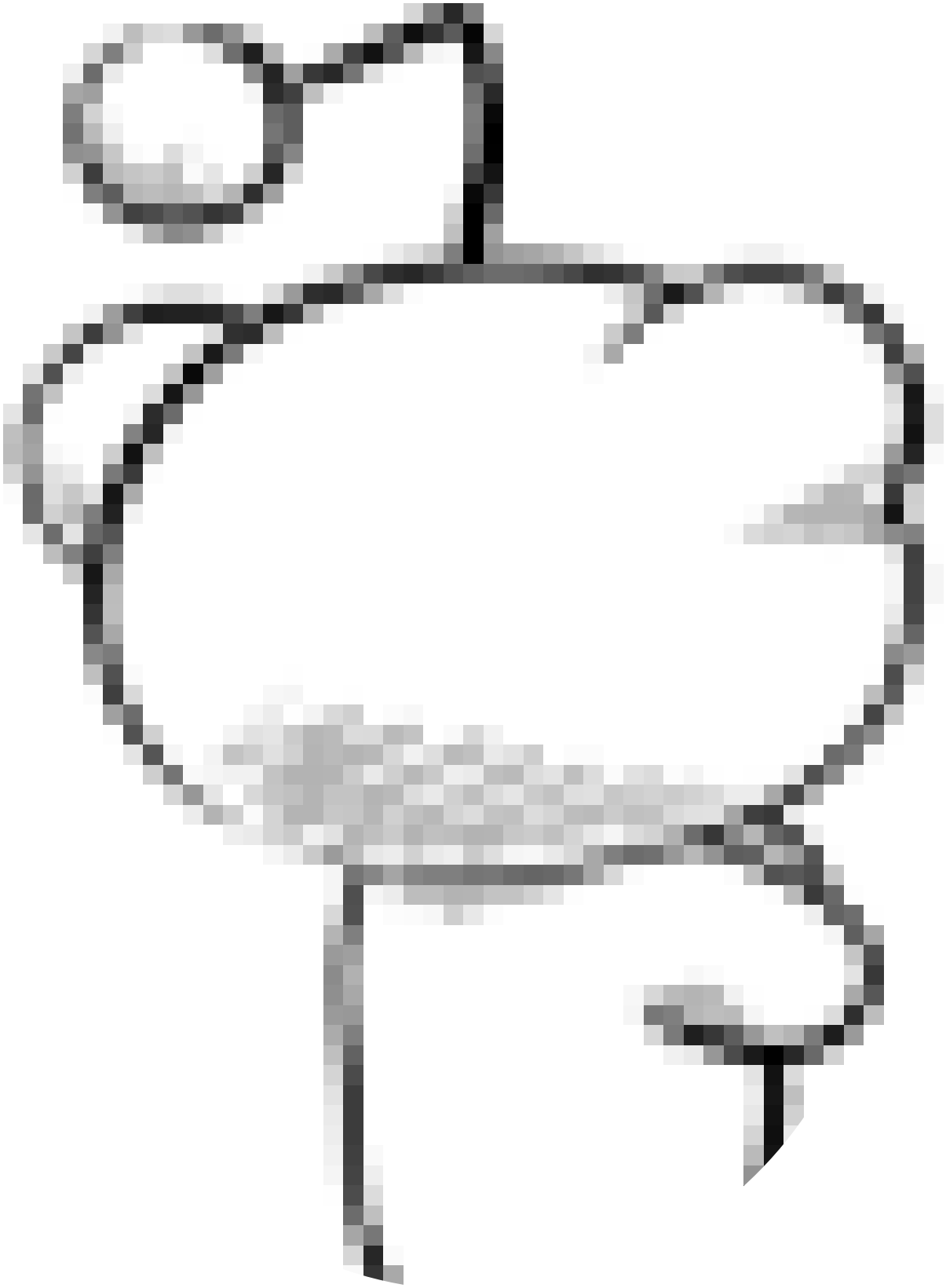

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• 13y ago

The sound a possum makes. Heard it whilst camping for the first time, had no fucking clue what it was.

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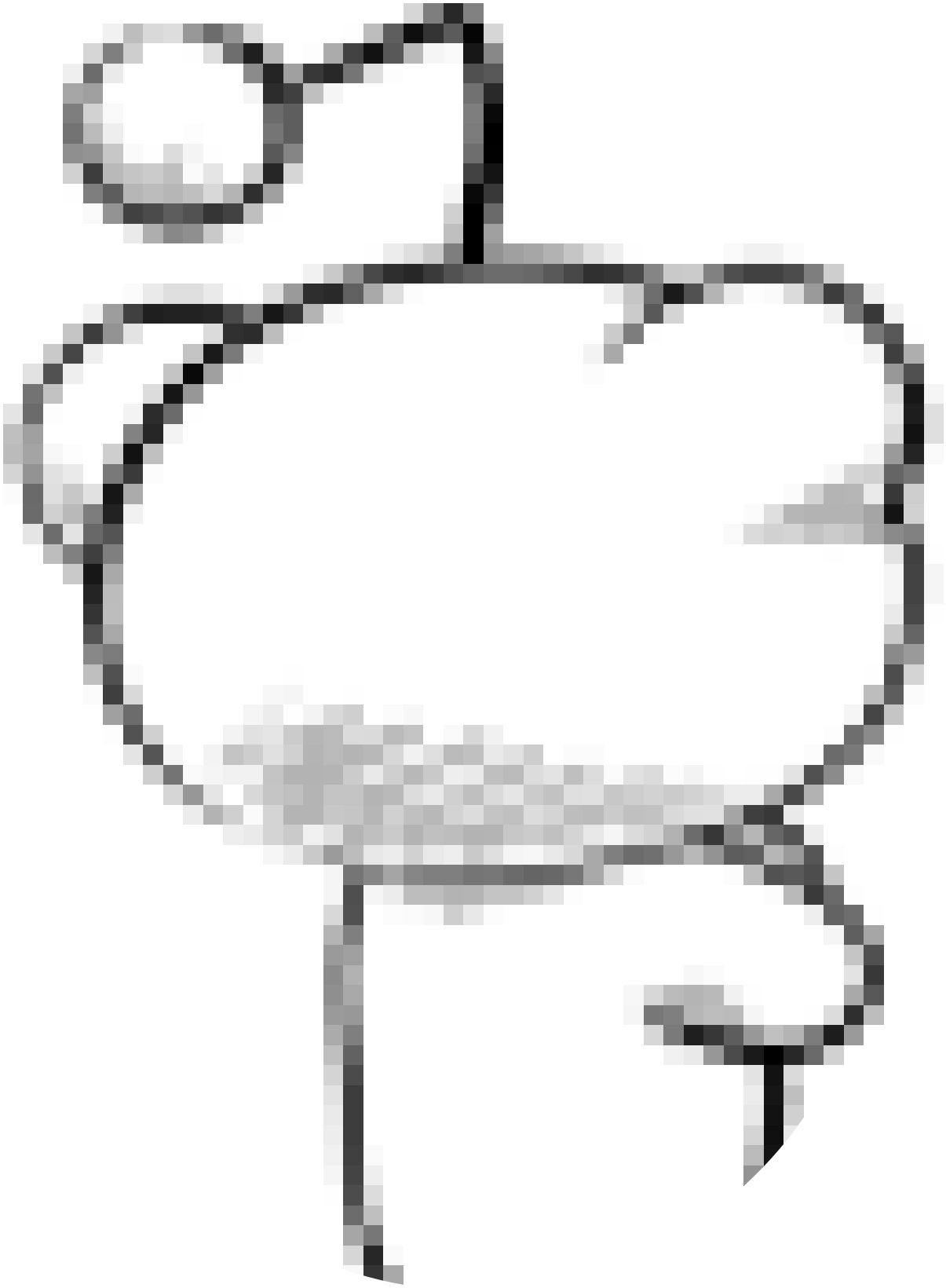


[deleted]
• 13y ago

Toby is the Scranton Strangler. Gave me chills.

Reply Share

Spacedoubt
• 13y ago

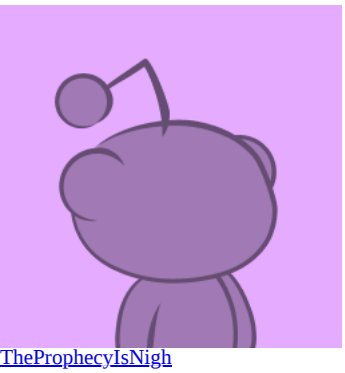
My girlfriend and I recently started renting a house. It's very nice, but very old. It seems to be a good arrangement right now, considering were paying about as much as we'd be paying to rent an appartment.

There is just something "off" about this place though. I felt it from the day we first moved in. I didn't say anything to gf until recently. She said she feels something too. Like some other people, I feel like I have seen shadows but just chalk it up to tired eyes or something.

I don't know why though but late at night....I just can't shake the feeling that someone is behind me, watching me. We have 4 cats at home too. They don't freak out or hiss or anything, but I always catch them staring at "nothing." All of them, just sitting beside eachother, gawking at the very doorway that gives me the heeby jeebies.

El_Piso_Mojado
• 13y ago

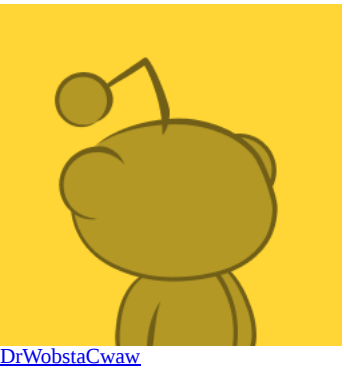
Just last week I found a lady lying in the median out front of the fbi building. I could see she was still breathing so I pulled up to check if she was ok or passed out from hear or something. I jump out next to her to find a gun at her feet and gun shot wound to the side of her head. She was alive but unresponsive, taking small breaths. I'll never forget the look on her face. Could barely keep it together as I called 911. Turns out it was suicide and she died the next day. Really shocked me and I will never forget. If you don't believe me I'll provide a link to an article later



TheProphecyIsNigh
• 13y ago

When I was very young, I had a hernia (It happened at Disneyland!), but that wasn't the scary part. They overdosed me dramatically on the knockout gas and I had to stay in the hospital for another week. During that week, I was constantly throwing up and would lose/gain consciousness.

The hallucinations I saw in that hospital room during that week haunt me to this day. I can't even accurately describe most of it. Basically, black masses and shapes everywhere mixed with anger in the air all trying to get to me.



DrWobstaCwaw
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was staying in downtown Pittsburgh last March for a work conference and had a room to myself. I was on the 12th floor, which was the first floor of the upper part of the hotel, above the conference rooms and offices and such, so my window was level with the roof for this part. Being 21, I decided to undo the safety lock and go out onto the roof and take pictures.

Now flash forward to the next morning.

I get up at ~7am to shower. The bathroom doesn't have a fan so I leave the door open to the room, no big deal. It's not a big room so I steam up the windows and when I get out and walk into the room, **there is a full handprint in the middle of the big center window**.

No other marks on the window. I immediately think it's from me the night before. Normally I don't touch the glass parts of things, windows, doors, etc., but I still just assume it was mine. I get dressed and packed, taking about 5-10 minutes all while this handprint still looks fresh, not fading at all.

So I'm ready leave, and I decided I'll put my hand next to it to compare sizes and put my mind at ease that it's mine. *My hand is significantly larger*.

I nope'd out as soon as I took a picture of both handprints.

Edit: Formatting.

Edit 2: **Here's the picture** http://imgur.com/o8Zy70y
My handprint is the left one, which was done no more than one minute before the picture was taken. This was ~10-15 minutes after I originally got out of the shower.

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2 more replies

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beekee
• 13y ago

I had my 4yr old niece over for the weekend & one morning, she points to the water sprinkler above my bed & tells me that there was a "black thing" up there that spoke to her the night before. I asked her what it said & she told me she didn't know b/c it spoke quietly & then she tells me that it laid next to me while I was asleep. I was just a teeny bit freaked out, but then the night after she said that, I woke up from my sleep b/c I felt something getting into bed w/ me. I turned to look but of course there was nothing there. :(

p.s. why are kids kind of creepy sometimes?

Reply Share

dreary_leary
• 13y ago

Not too long ago, a few friends and I decided to have a little adventure out at a local "haunted" spot called third bridge. Supposedly there was a Indian village massacre in the fields and those who sit on the bridge will hear drums and see a ghostly man on a horse. After a long drive, we reached the dirt road on which the bridge is located. The road was long and eerie; no street lights, no houses, just us and the unknown feeling of the surrounding fields. Finally arriving at the bridge, we hesitantly stepped out approaching the bridge. At first, not too much happened, but we drove too long to turn back. My friend and I being the thrill seekers of the group went off to explore the fields. We aimlessly wandered until we ended up in a perfect circle of trees filled with an odd pattern of stones. We sat waiting for something when we heard a baby cry. A very distinct, distressed cry. We turned around to be greeted by a tall shadowy figure standing off in the distance. I felt as if time stopped, until the figure began dashing towards us. Terrified, we ran as fast as we could, the figure swiftly pursuing us. Finally reaching the bridge, we looked back to see nothing but twisted cottonwood trees and our own dust hanging in the air. Stopping to catch our breath, we peered off in the distance, expecting to see our ghostly stalker. Instead, we saw two people dressed in black robes with hoods saunter out from the bushes and go under the bridge. Realizing it was almost dead time and the bridge was known for some cultish action, we knew it was time to leave for we weren't in the mood to be sacrifices. Needless to say, we didn't sleep that night.

Reply Share

got86ed
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This happened last weekend while in bed asleep next to my dog and wife, in that order.

Normally a light sleeper, I tend to wake up every few hours to look around and promptly fall back asleep but this night was different. Very different.

Now sound asleep away in dream land when all of a sudden something completely innate told me to get out of bed, emergency! Emergency! I was out from under the covers and flat footed on our cold wooden floors faster than I have moved in years. As the adrenaline poured over my body, I instantly focused on an open window directly across from the bed and behind my wife. I was in fight or flight mode and flight was never an option, I had a Pomeranian to protect.

Face-to-face with what had put the five-alarm on my spidey-senses, (this is giving me goosebumps even as I write this) a vision of a phantasm flowing from the open window with stretched open arms draped in a heavy white robe and a face that had been long melted away by the hottest of flames Hell could muster. I was in the midst of a demon from the underworld and if for only a moment, my own world ceased to exist.

Poised to defend myself but my body was frozen, unable to comprehend what I was seeing with my own eyes. Impossible. This was not happening. The buzzing in my ears quiets only for a moment and just long enough to hear my wife calling out to me. Whats wrong? What is it? She only sees a half naked man staring coldly into the nights sky, but if she could only see what I saw that night, it would be a completely different ending.

As soon as the words left her mouth, the vision was gone and left me stumbling for words. What was it I just saw? Why am I so worked up? Still standing, near motionless I tell her, " I saw a ghost." My wife watches all of those Ghost Stories, encounters, hauntings shows that I have dismissed as crap from day one but this does not help my position much. I just experienced one of the most horrifying 1.5 minutes of my life with no evidence of it ever happening. From what my wife tells me, I then promptly laid back in bed and fell back asleep leaving her all alone in the dark with a mind full of ghosts. She did not sleep at all that night and never left a part of her body open to the nights air. She knew I was visited by something evil.

Fast forward to the next night. After an entire day of reasoning out my actions we came to the conclusion that I was just dreaming and awoke just as this entity was about to grab me, hence why I believed I saw it in real life. Justifiable. But this is where it gets weird.

As we both lay down to sleep with dog in tow, our little black Pom begins to pace the bed. She never does this. Without anything provoking her she then scampers behind our pillows shaking like a leaf looking at the same window I saw the Ghost in. Convinced our dog can sense things we humans cannot, our only assumption is that we were visited again. We did not get any sleep that night but never saw or heard the melted face ghost again. Thank goodness, that shit was scary.

trublwithnorml
• 13y ago

Well, I had a coworker who, if the subject of incest came up in conversation, when we were discussing the day's news during a break, would say, "If she's old enough to pee, she's old enough for me!", and laugh. That was incredibly creepy, and he said it more than once. I was glad I knew his wife, who would have castrated him in a heartbeat if he ever tried anything like that.

peterjswift
• 13y ago

This will likely get buried, but many years ago I watched "Arlington Road" late at night with some friends in town. At the time, I lived in the middle of nowhere. The movie is great (Jeff Bridges, Tim Robbins...) and I really enjoyed it except for the opening scene which is a child walking along a road with blood dripping from his hands. The opening would make you think the movie is going to be straight horror (but it is more "psychological thriller), and I'm not a fan of horror. At the end of the movie, you might actually begin to question more about the opening scene which makes it a little more frightening.

Anyhow, the opening scene was pretty rough. After the movie, I drove home in silence...thinking about the opening scene of that movie. It is about 2 AM and I live miles from anything in the country. I get about a mile and a half from my house, and there's a guy walking along the road at 2AM. No cars in sight, no houses nearby, on a road that NEVER sees pedestrians.

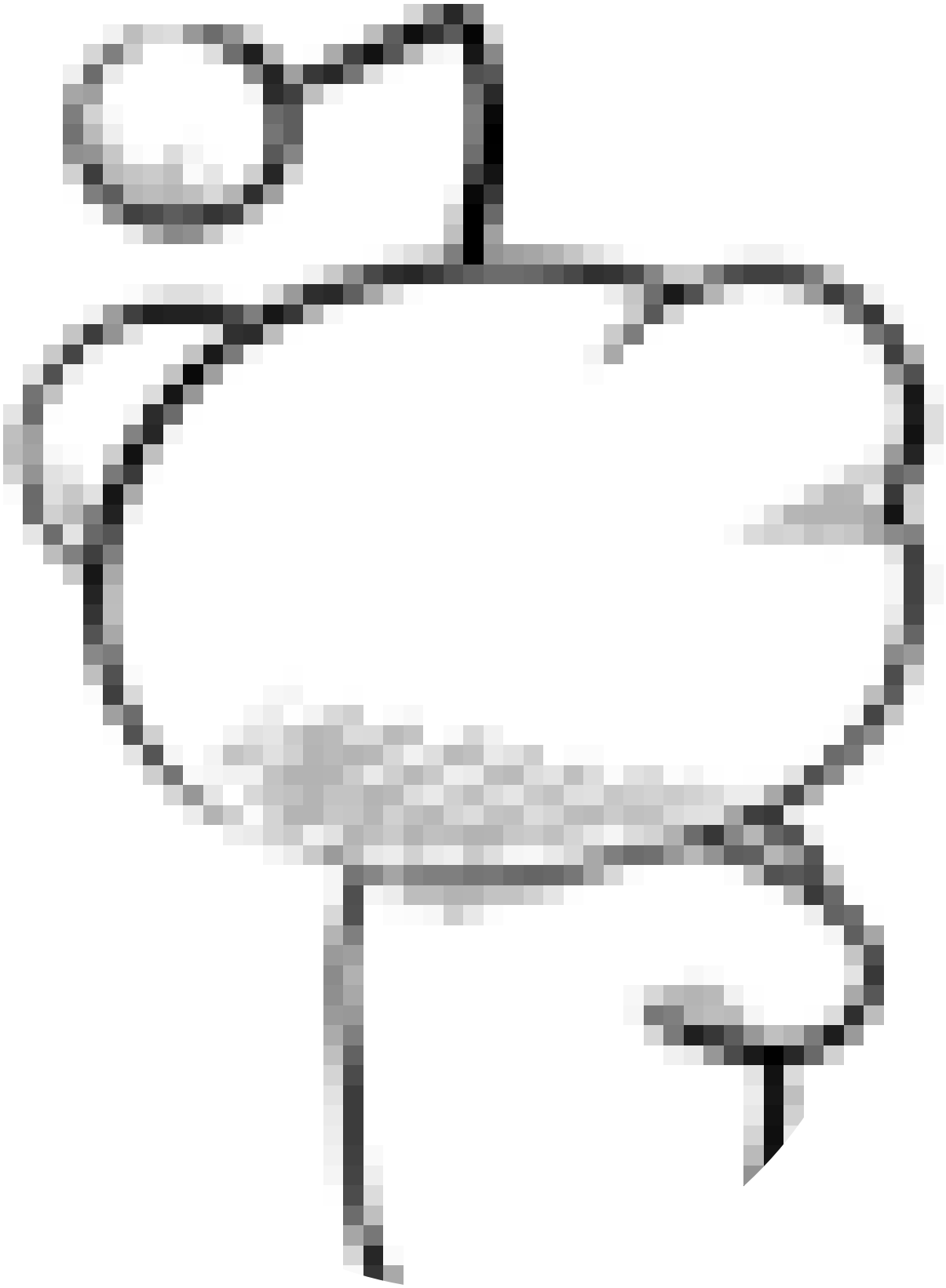
I floored it, got home, locked all the doors and turned on all the lights. Still no idea why this guy was out there....and it probably would have freaked me out any night...but it was especially bad after watching that movie.

bitz4444
• 13y ago

I refuse to post it, but the factory scene in Cloud Atlas. It was without a doubt the most disgusting thing I have ever scene.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies



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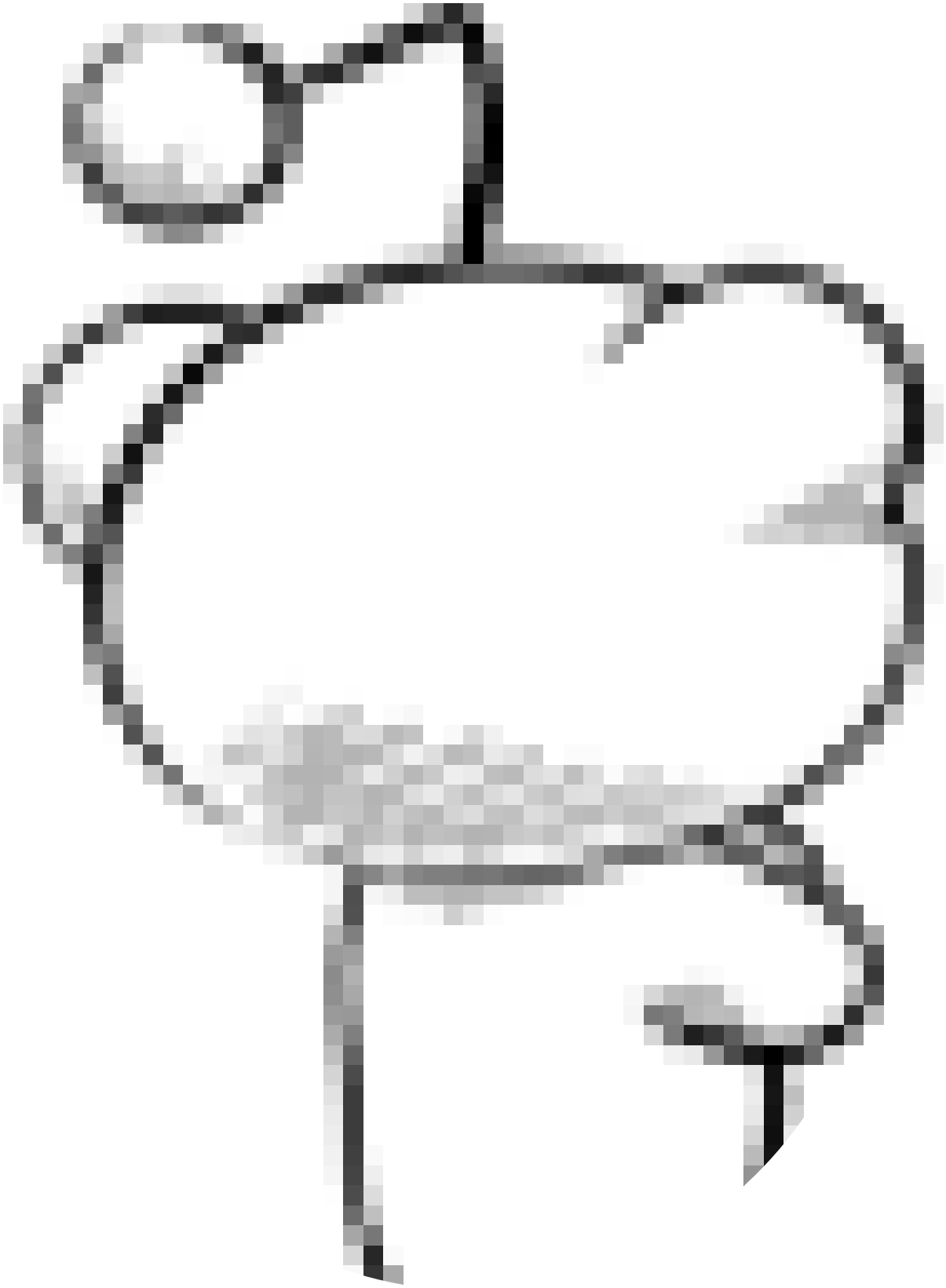
• 13y ago

Seven years ago I was driving through Kentucky and stopped at a typical highway truckstop motel for the night. It was an ordinary looking room, with relatively new furniture, and no causes for alarm. I showered before going to bed and as I'm standing, soaping up and contemplating life, I look up to see the word 'kill' deeply carved into the ceiling hundreds of times. I was awake most of the night wondering if someone got murdered or killed themselves in that tub.



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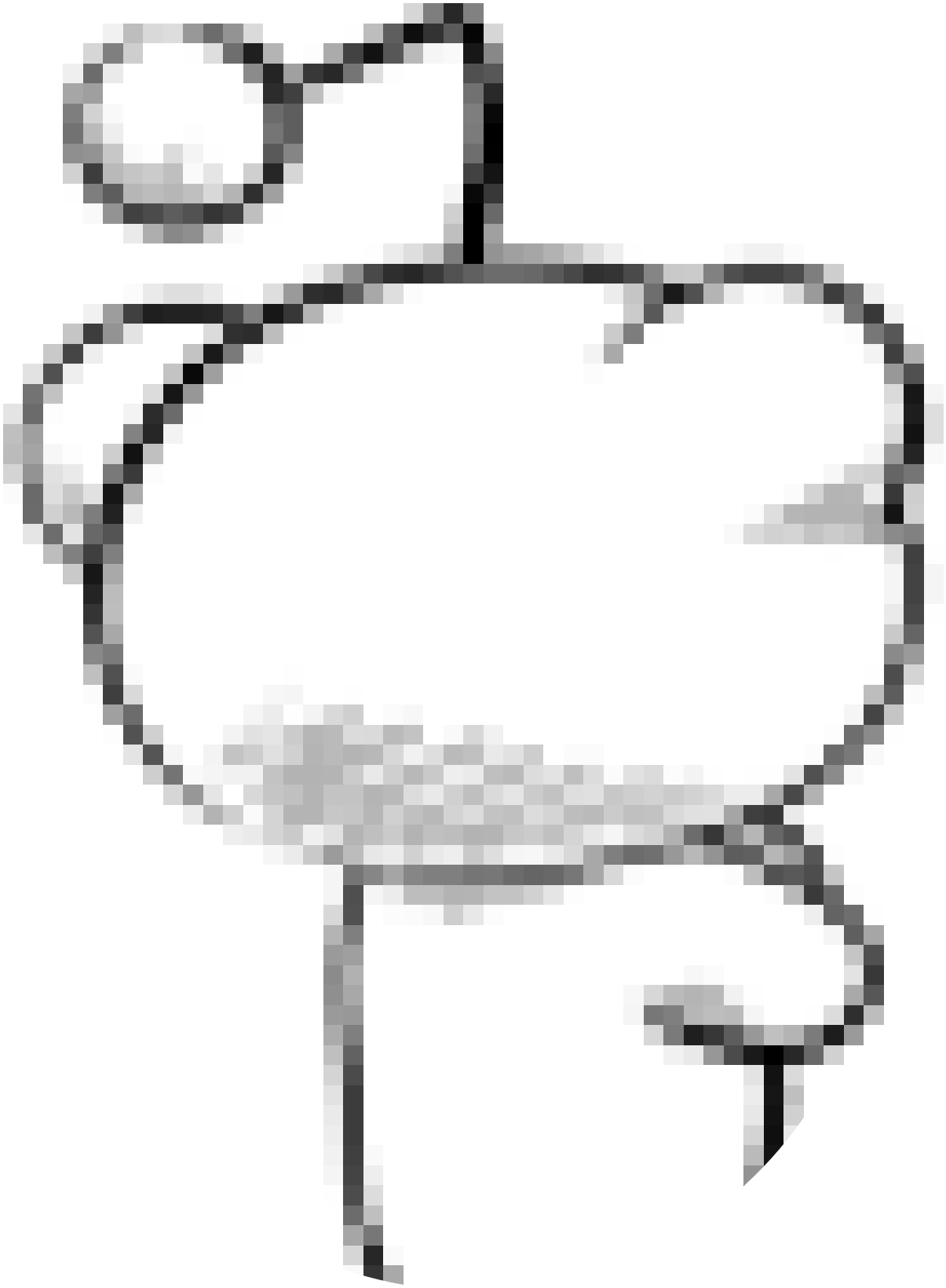
• 13y ago

I'm sort of kind of late but this is the scariest thing I've ever heard. It didnt help that I have hallucinations at night. http://youtu.be/u163wC6mP2A



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

2 more replies

2 more replies

bitchbecraycray
• 13y ago

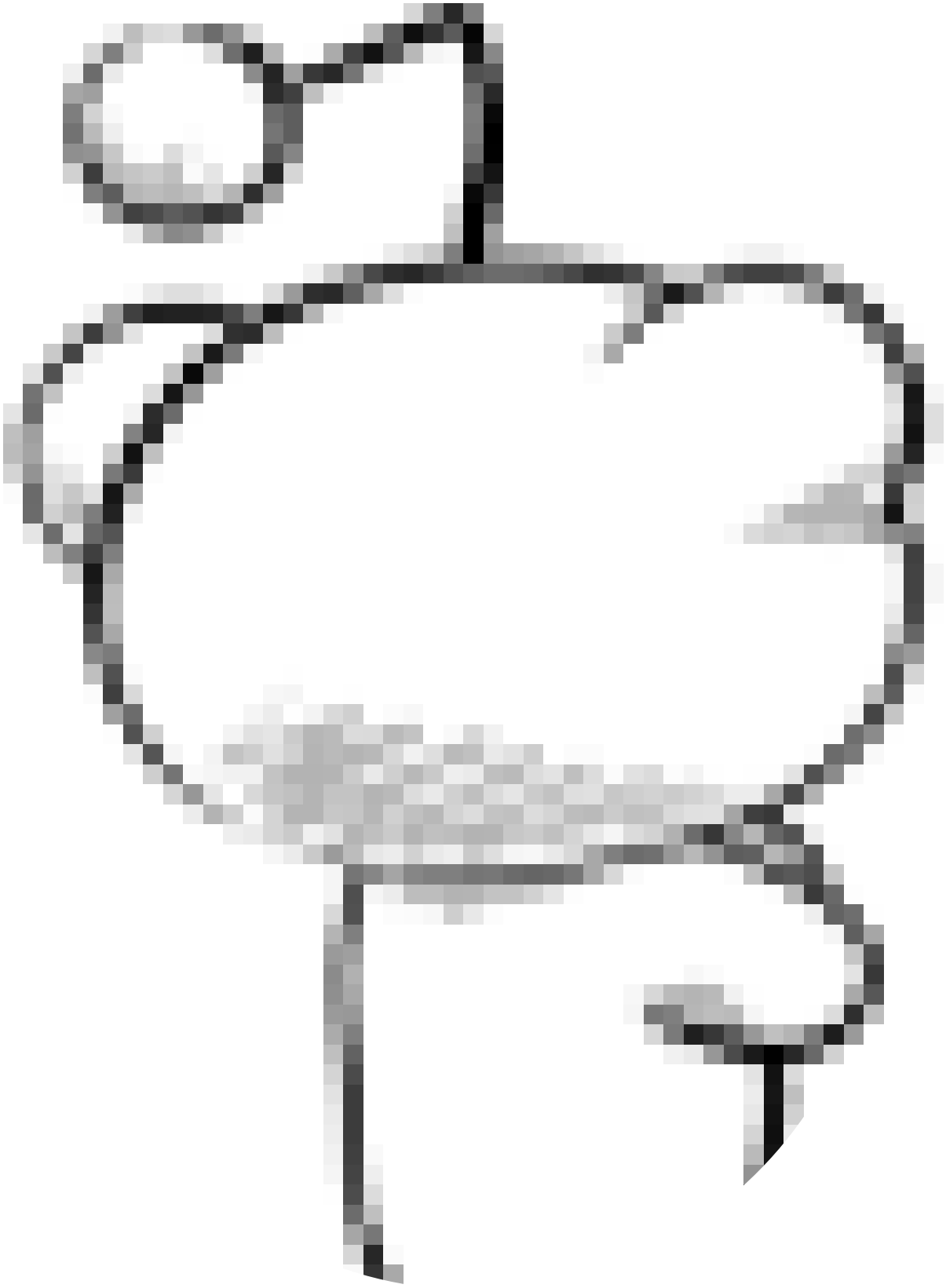
At my grandmas house (which I have seen/heard a lot of creepy stuff in) I was going to throw something away. I had to open the door to the basement and lean in to get to the trash can. Out of the corner of my eye I saw what looked like a woman with brown hair wearing a red dress. I got out of there pretty fast but figured it was just my imagination so I didn't tell anyone. A few months later I heard somebody else describe the exact same woman, and since I never told anyone I was pretty freaked out! So many weird things have happened in that house, I refuse to ever be alone there and I will NEVER go into that basement.

DavidlikesPeace
• 13y ago

right next to this post on Reddit

> TIL A man who lied about passing his second year of university, pretended to continue his study, crafting an elaborate lie until everyone he knew thought he was a medical doctor. No one found out for 18 years, until he killed his entire family to avoid being revealed.

personally, that creeped me out



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• 13y ago

Most of the shit on r/letsnotmeet is pretty good if you like that stuff. some of the stories on there are pretty fucking creepy

diddywc
• 13y ago

"I think I am allergic to your semen."

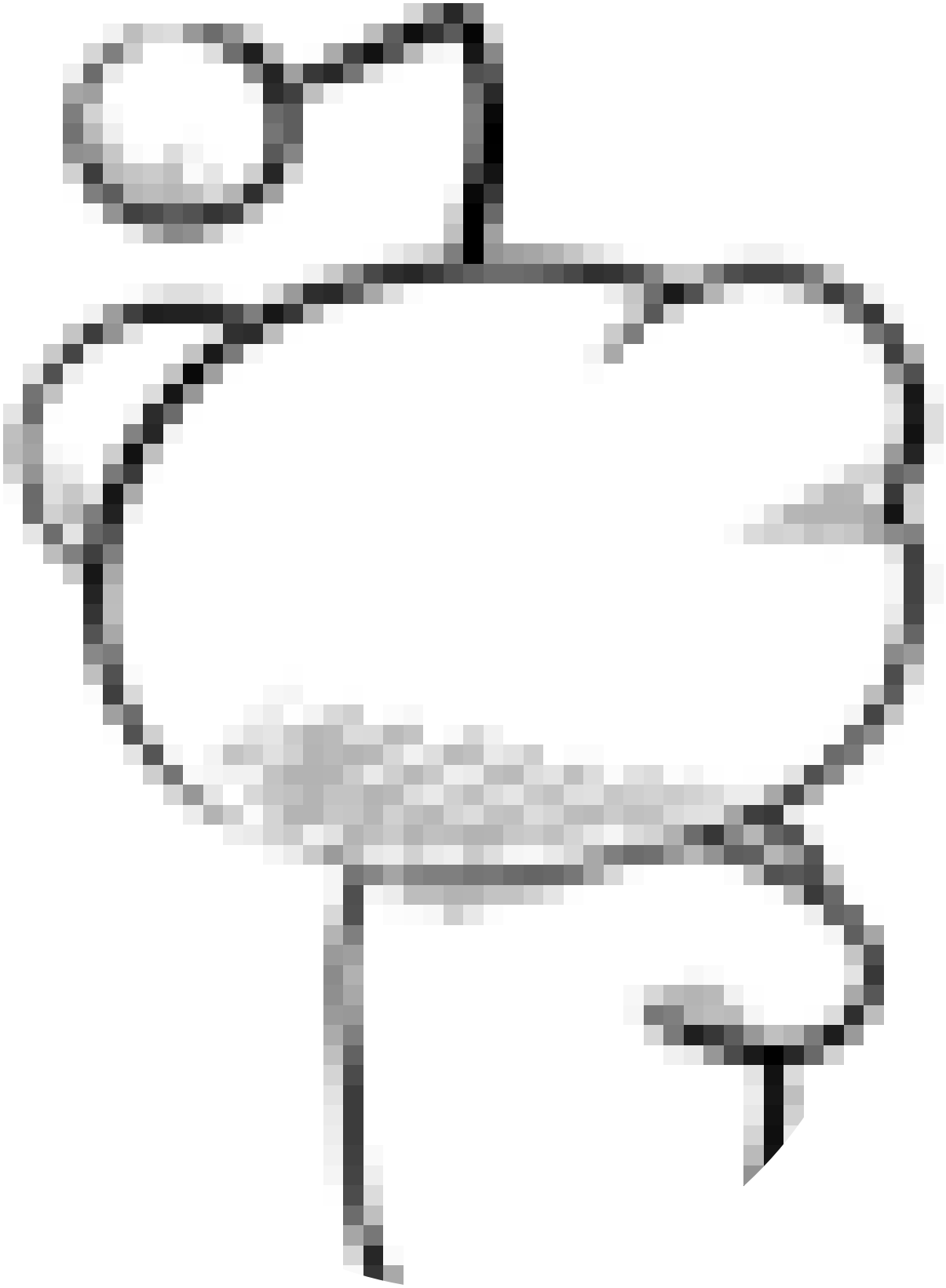
Brofessor101
• 13y ago

My girlfriend and I slept in the basement one night. We were watching a movie on my LCD monitor with one of our big fat glass tv sitting behind it (the one where you can see your reflection in it). When all of a sudden she looked up at the tv and did a full 360 to look at a corner of the room. All of a sudden I had chills everywhere behind my back. Goosebumps all over... my hair was literally trying to escape (I'm getting some chills while I type this). Anyway she was locked in this empty stare like she had just seen a ghost. Her face pale as ever just creep me the hell out. The worst part she was like that for what felt like a full two minutes. I quickly got her up, grabbed our blankets and pillows and made a dash for the stairs but then she just kept looking at the corner saying she sees the little girl in her dream (I'll explain this later). When got up to my room and I realized I left my HDMI cord down there lmao. So we both went down there and she sat on the stairs... I ran down and got the cord... my girlfriend had one of those dumb looks actor do during scary movies where they just heard something creepy and want to do investigate. She blocked my path and at the same time when she looked right behind me I got an ice cold chill behind my back which creep me the hell out. I picked her ass up and ran for the hills.

The little girl in the dream: My girlfriend (I'll call her Stacy) has said this girl has been in her dreams a few times sleeping over at my place. Stacy said in her dream the little girl came and made a welcoming gesture to come upstairs and play... another time was that Stacy and I were making out and she came out of nowhere and started to choke me. The last one creeps me out the most. The walls in my house originally was some sort of yellow- vanilla color. Stacy had a dream where the girl was in my room all decorated out for a little girl of her age (the same colored walls) ... Stacy was braiding her hair when the girl asked, "How old are you?" "19" "How is living to 19? I never got to get to that age" and that was so creepy I had to nervously laugh it off.

But yea... that was creepy to me. Sorry for the lack of structure and organization haha.

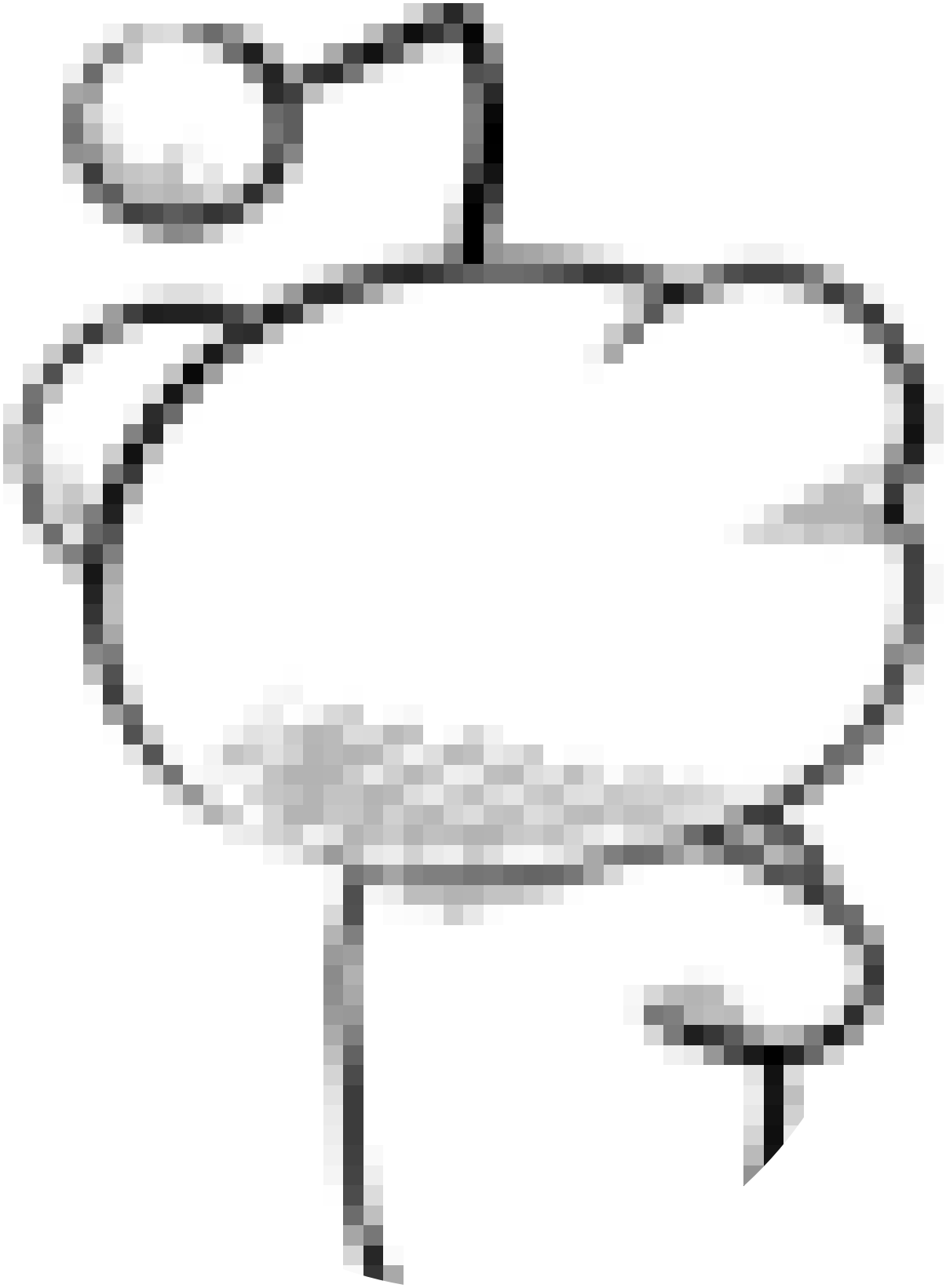
TL;DR Little girl in basement that only my girlfriend can see



crack-a-lacking
• 13y ago

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Whistle_(unidentified_sound)

There are other creepy sounds of the deep that are unexplained but this one creeps me the most.

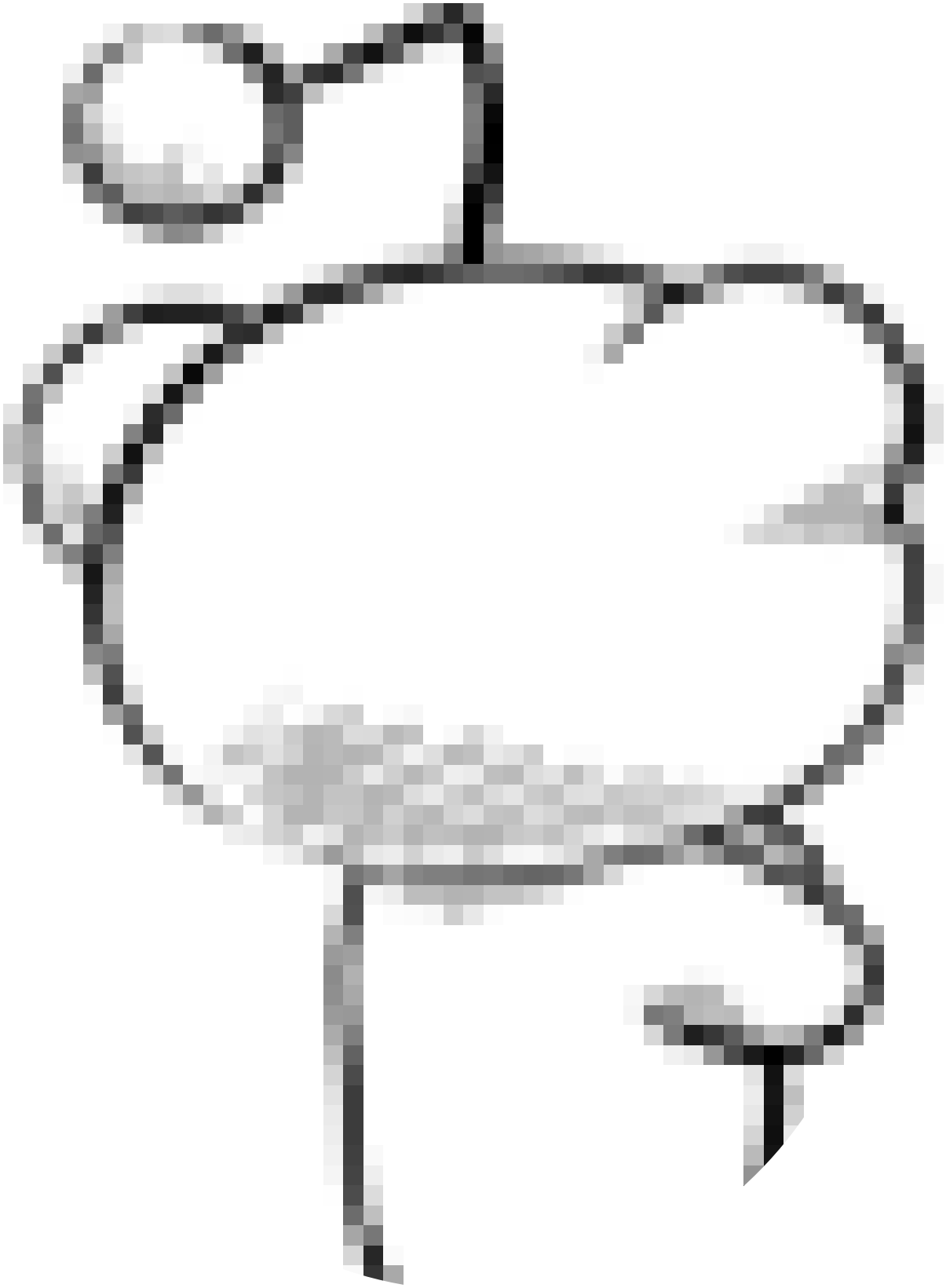


psiborg1812
• 13y ago

I have two.

One was when i was a little kid and had bad pneumonia. I was on some strong antibiotics and they made me hallucinate. I was lying on the couch thinking the Christmas tree was talking to me. It was sayingthat when i fell asleep it would eat me and spitout my bones and shit.

The second i find a bit odder. Growing up i had stuffed toy mouse named ralph. I could describhim in great detail, from his red bowtie to his frayed tail. He was a favorite toy of mine, and i kept him around all through high schoo on a bookshelf. Fast forward to me visiting home from college, i notice he's not on the shelf. I ask my mom about it and she tells me she doesn't remember me having a stuffed toy mouse at all, ever. My dad and brother also don't remember ralph. Weirds me out to this day.



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• 13y ago

I was at the Love Parade in Berlin, back in 2000 I think, and I was getting the S-Bahn (metro that runs above the streets) into the city centre to meet some friends. I was seated at the back of the carriage and the top window was open, I heard some banging and all of a sudden I was sprayed with some red liquid with bits of white stuff in it. I was trying to figure out what it was when the driver made an announcement in German, I understood enough to know that he was saying everybody had to get off at the next stop. When I got off I saw that the side of the train was covered in this red stuff and I realised it was blood! I later met up with my friends and it turns out one of them was in the carriage in front of me and saw what happened. Some dude, very out of his head on something, was S-Bahn surfing (forcing the doors open and hanging out) but on the wrong side of the train, another train passed going the other way and he never had a chance to get out of the way.

The whole incident wasn't particularly scary or creepy, except for that moment when I get off the train and realised I was covered in what was up until a few minutes ago a living, breathing person.

lavastoviglie
• 13y ago

I occasionally have problems with sleep paralysis, which is sometimes accompanied by hallucinations. Luckily, I've never experienced the visual hallucinations, which are the most common, but I do experience audio hallucinations. I'll hear people walking around the house and going in all the rooms, and sometimes I'll hear things getting knocked over. It's terrifying.

Hans109
• 13y ago

threw a rock at a giant hairy spider on its web. Spider fell down and came running towards me.

1 more reply
1 more reply
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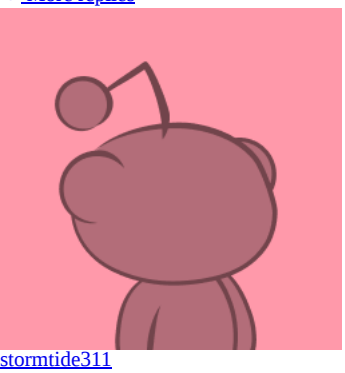

stormtide311
• 13y ago

Sleeping one night in my farm house alone. My farm house is from the 1900's roughly. I was in a deep sleep at the time when I was woken up by a dog barking. Now my property is out in the middle of no where, the nearest neighbor is 10 miles away type of alone.

Anyways this dog is barking like crazy. I awoke, got out of bed shaking because omg hell hound/dream has come true finally. I grabbed a shot gun I had in my closet and went to the front porch.

This dog was a border colley that was stuck on my sun porch between my closed front door and wide open porch door. I of course braved it and freed the dog.

I couldn't sleep the rest of the night.

Come to find out the upstairs apartment of the farm house was rented out a few weeks before my visit. I wasn't told of anyone up stairs and this was my way of meeting the new neighbor.

Turns out the neighbor upstairs was a cool hippie type and we got along great. It made it easier for me to adjust to the creepy farm house that summer because I was alone in it for about three months.

Daperate
• 13y ago

Scariest:

I grew up my whole life overseas in Chile. One Friday night (this was during my junior year of high school) I'd gone to bed at around 2:30am after a night of light drinking/partying. At around 3:30 my world exploded.

I awoke, more confused than I'd ever been, to the most incredibly loud, indistinguishable cacophony of noise. More car alarms than I could hope to count went off all at once. I was so terrified/a bit drunk that I just gripped my blankets hard and laid frozen in my bed. Essentially all sources of light had gone out and I could see the moonlight steaming through my window, which sounded like it was about to shatter.

Still confused, I started to hear something over the sounds of alarms/breaking glass. I could hear my Mother, screaming. She was yelling my name, the way only a person terrified for someones life would yell. My window exploded, and all the sounds I'd been hearing suddenly got much louder, including my mother screaming.

I still had absolutely no idea what was going on. I thought the world was ending. Maybe a nuke. I really had no fucking clear thoughts other and how incredibly afraid I was. I realized my mom was outside in the back yard, and I got out of my bed, and moved towards the window (I cut my feet at this point on the glass, but didn't really realize at the time). I tried to gather myself to yell back, to try and figure out what was going on. All I could muster was a, "MOM?!".

She was screaming back but I was having trouble hearing her. I'm embarrassed it took me this long, but this is about when I finally realized what was going on. Living in Chile my whole life I'd been in my fair share of tremors, but this was a full blown fucking mind shattering earthquake.

I turned to run out of my room (which was on the second floor) and essentially sprinted out, to my stairs and eventually out the front door. I stumbled many times, unable to keep my balance, running into stuff, etc. Basically anything and everything I owned was falling over/breaking all around me.

I got to where my Mom and Sister were outside, in the center of our yard away from anything that could fall on us; you know, where one SHOULD be during a fucking massive earthquake. My Mom just grabbed me and my sister and hugged us both close.

The earthquake lasted about a minute and a half in total, and over a minute of that was full blown 8.8 magnitude shaking (closer to 8.6 where I was). Laying in my bed at the begining of all that, I have never in my been that terrified. It's hard to explain what it's like when everything around you is suddenly alive with movement and making that much noise.

The rest of the night consisted of aftershocks ever 1-2 hours that shook me awake with a renewed sense of panic. One of the aftershocks was over a 7.0 (as in larger than the earthquake in Haiti). A few of them were over a 6.0. Needless to say I didn't really sleep that night.

So yea, not supernatural or anything, but super fucking scaring haha.

1 more reply

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zagazaga
• 13y ago

I live in an apartment building. One day I woke up to a loud metal bang. My apartment is right by the stairs and I thought something was collapsing. I went to my living room, my family there, we were wondering what had happened, the fire alarm started ringing. I open the door only to find thick black smoke on the ceiling of the really long hallway and this fucked up burnt smell. Something was burning and I couldn't place it exactly, but it was disgusting and made me wanna vomit.

I don't exactly remember how it all went down, but I know after some deliberation (not knowing where the fire was coming from) we all decided to put on some clothes quickly and leave through the stairs (it was December in Canada, kinda cold).

I don't know if my family saw anything, and I don't have a memory of them leaving, but I know I was the last one out of my apartment, but when I opened the door to leave, right in front I saw a man sitting across my door (he had made hid way down) head hanging down, longish hair covering his face, snot hanging from his nose (about 6 inches down), he was shaking a little, it was very fine shaking/trembling, hard to notice if you weren't paying attention.

He was all black and reeked of that smell I mentioned above. I don't know how to describe the smell, you can't compare it to anything else, you'd have to have smelled it yourself to know what I'm talking about, but man it instills fear in you because you know right away that whatever is burning that's giving off that smell should not be burning.

I closed the door behind me, crouched down to look at the man's face...the snot was a melted plastic tube hanging off his nostril, his face and hands were BLACK/CHARRED, he was out of it as he didn't acknowledge my presence. I just remember a black face, can't remember his eyes, not sure if it's a repressed memory or if his eyes were burned out or he had closed his eyelids.

I remember wanting to help him but feeling powerless and this feeling like I didn't know what to do. I asked him if he was ok (thought of touching him but didn't) and at that moment I got up and a firefighter opens the stairwell door and comes through, tells me to leave. As I left, I turned back, opened the door and asked the firefighter if he needed any help, but he told me to go down the stairs and leave.

When I went outside I saw fire SHOOTING out of a balcony. I realized it was the apartment where a sister and a brother lived, both smoked and both had lung cancer I think because both had oxygen tanks on wheels with tubes and shit. It was the tanks exploding that made the bang. It was the man burning that I smelled. He was black because he was charred...

I had to go to the police station to give an interview/statement in a recorded room. I was smiling when I was telling my story, it was this weird feeling wanting to laugh but I felt wrong about it. Since then when I think of memorable experiences I've had, I never remember this unless someone starts talking about creepy shit, or disasters and freak accidents. I'm not even sure how, if at all, I've been scarred by this as a lot of it is hazy. Oh well.

But the smell, I can't forget the smell...

Edit: the man died within the hour. He was in shock when I talked to him apparently.

Reply Share

tallzeez
• 13y ago

http://imgur.com/lBLFEYz

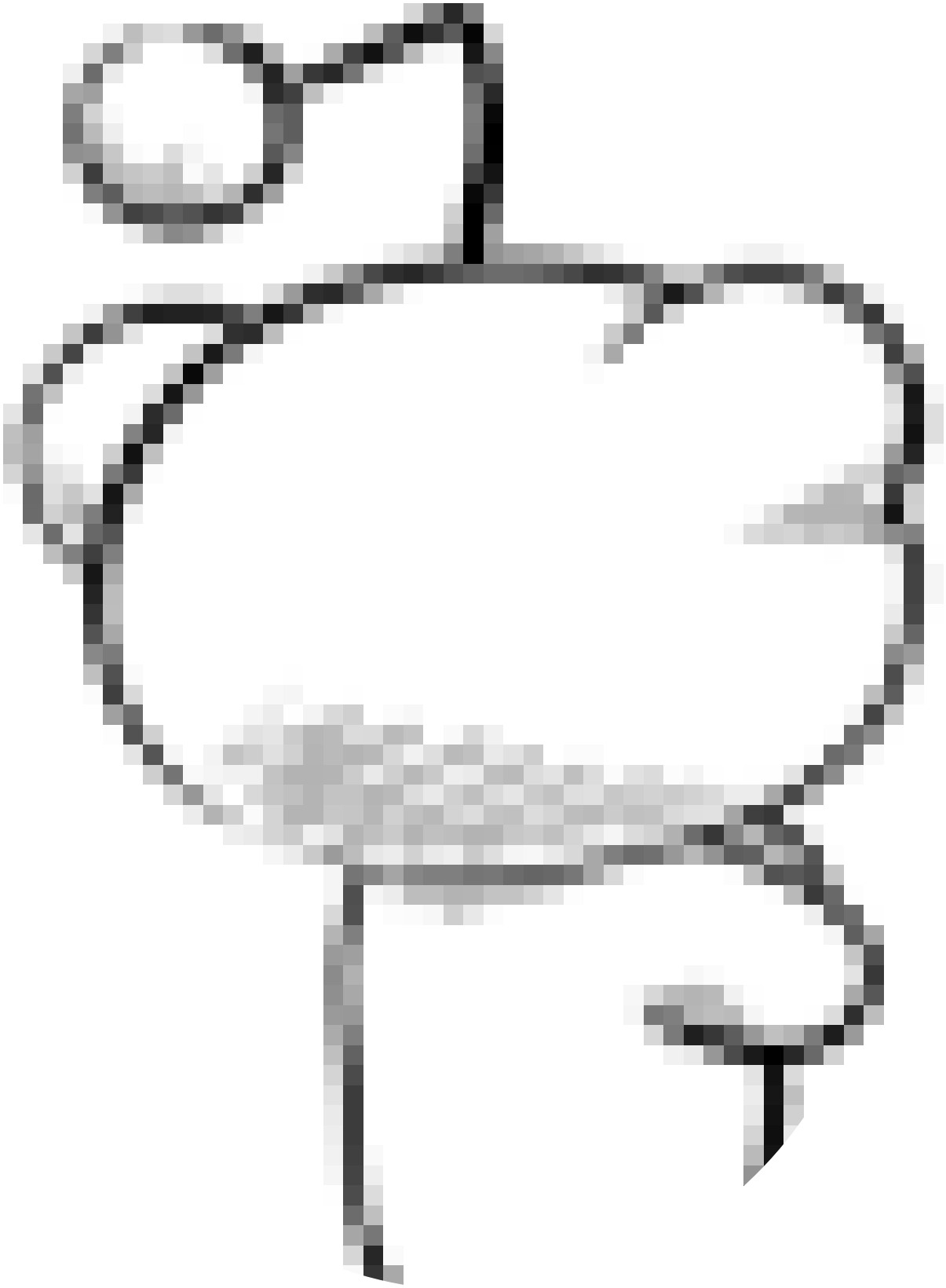
This would scare me pretty bad if i saw it in my house

Reply Share

SoundslikeDaftPunk
• 13y ago

Mermaids.

Reply Share



Bonefield
• 13y ago

When I was a senior in high school, I went to stay for a week with a friend whose parents worked at what was, at the time, John Woolman School (a Quaker boarding school; great place, sad that it closed). This was pretty far out in the country. Her parents were driving us back to the school one night when the truck had trouble and we had to stop to make a phone call. There was only one place open: a little convenience store in the middle of nowhere.

It was right next to an alfalfa field, and was the only source of bright light for miles. When I say that this place was literally swarming with insects, I'm not shitting you. They were everywhere. We couldn't walk to the phone without stepping on a carpet of them. For some reason we had to go inside, and every single surface was covered with all kinds of flying bugs. A family was minding the store--two little kids and their parents. The kids just looked dead-eyed, and they were covered in flies and other bugs. It was like a scene from a horror movie.

The reasonable explanation is, of course, that the light from the store attracted the bugs at night. But it always stuck with me, and I imagined how horrible it would have to be to work through that, or for the kids to have to stay there while the bugs crawled all over them. It was terrible.

Reply Share

Phoneseer
• 13y ago

I was once in a really cool art museum in Seoul with my friend. The bottom floor was sort of generic so we went upstairs to the single most disturbing sight of my life.

It's difficult for me to put into exact words what the exhibit showed, but I'll try. It was three walls full of small individual pictures drawn in, I think, charcoal. They depicted a visualization of insanity, despair, and violence embodied in a life. Each image was unique, and they ranged from fellatio with severed heads to demon rape to incest to inhuman beasts commuting incestual rape-murder on disfigured children. In totality, the extremity of emotion the piece instilled in me has been unmatched in the rest of my life.

I purposefully didn't write down the artist's name because I didn't want to expose myself to such imagery again. However, in the years since I felt haunted by the memory of the extreme emotions that the piece brought out in me, and I tried to track down the artist. The gallery didn't know, the website doesn't list it, and my hours of web searches have been in vain. If anyone has an idea of who it might be, please let me know.

The most similar art I've found have been the works of Peter Booth.

Reply Share

-donuts-
• 13y ago

Some guy on the escalator behind me told me asked me

"Do you know what is mostly thrown in between these two escalators?"

"What?"

"My shit."

I think I'm using the stairs now.

Reply Share

HappyScienceNerd
• 13y ago

One of the houses I lived in when I was younger definitely qualifies as creepy. Nothing major ever happened but there were lots of little things that made it a really unpleasant house to live in. Things would fall over for no reason and I was forever seeing something move out of the corner of my eye, then I'd turn around only to realise there was nothing and nobody there. Rooms had funny smells or would have cold spots... Basically all the usual 'haunted house' stuff. The thing that really scared me though was that occasionally I would feel as if there was someone watching me fall asleep at night. This would be accompanied by the sound of someone breathing and it always felt as if it was at the foot of my bed. In the end I begged for bunk beds as my 9yo self felt this was much safer but I never told anyone else in my family why at the time.

After we moved EVERYONE in the family had their own weird stories that they'd been keeping to themselves so as not to frighten anyone else! Most notably my brother had been woken up in the middle of the night by the sound of someone pacing on the landing. When he'd gone to investigate there hadn't been anyone there. In most houses that could easily be explained away as pipes creaking etc, but one of the floorboards made a really distinctive noise when stepped on.

The family we sold the house to had a son in my year at school who came up to me about a month later and asked if the house was haunted. They had gone out for the day and when they had come home the clothes had all been thrown out of the wardrobes in his mum and dad's room.

So. Glad. We moved.

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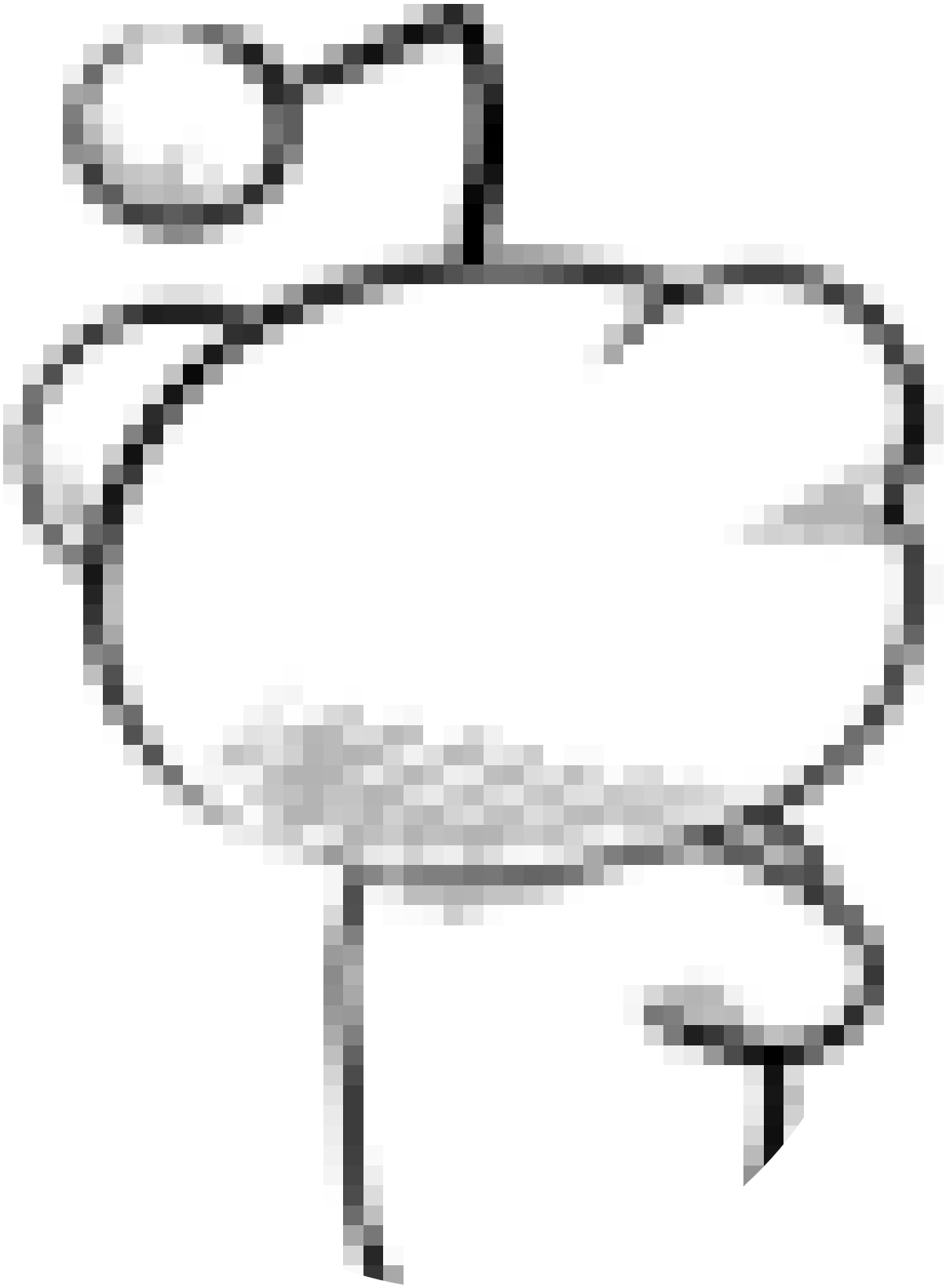

[deleted]
• 13y ago

I was living in Chicago in my own apartment, my girlfriend was sleeping over and it was around 3am when we were woken up by someone pounding on my back door (thats what she said) in the middle of the night. I lived in a 1br in Logan Square, Chicago and the backdoor was in my kitchen which led out to a balcony down to the alley.

Anyhow, whoever was knocking on my door kept doing so for at least 10 minutes, perhaps the longest 10 minutes of my life.

The timing was impeccable, we had just watched The Strangers earlier that day. My back door had a thing to bar it with a 2x4, and the windows had bars on them, so I wasn't about to go look and see WTF. My conclusion was it was a house guest of my downstairs neighbor who liked to party now and then.

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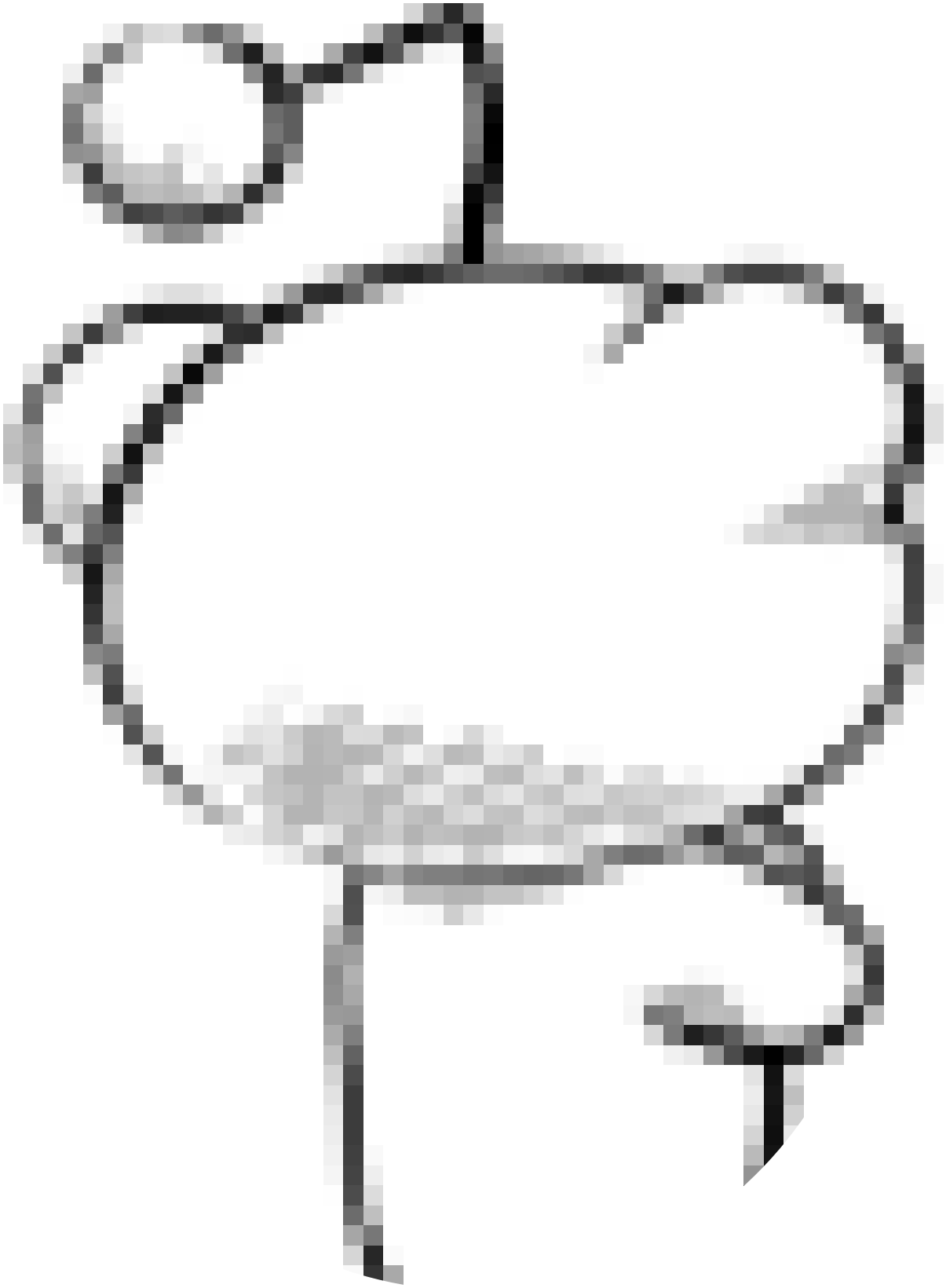

[deleted]
• 13y ago

Depressing a baby's soft spot to the first segment of his finger.

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2 more replies

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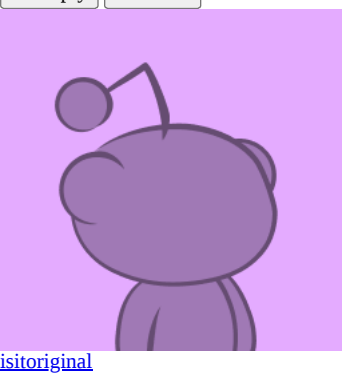
delicious_tomacco
• 13y ago

having someone tell you they are going to hire a person to kill you is pretty scary

Reply Share



isitoriginal
• 13y ago

I saw a boat hit a hill, barrel roll upwards, and throw every single person out of it.

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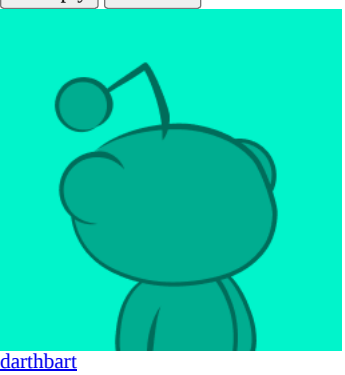


darthbart
• 13y ago

My scariest experience was in South Sudan, in the December of 2011, some 5 months after its independence from Sudan.

Basically, the country has zero resources, extremely poor, and everything has to be imported in, food, energy, etc.

I was in Juba, the capital, for work, for two weeks. The hotel that I stayed at had to generate it's own electricity, and every night at around 2am, there is a total blackout, from them shutting down the generator I suppose. The room that I stayed in only has a window and it's facing the corridor. When there's a blackout, my room is totally pitch black, since there isn't any external light (street light or whatever) getting in.

This one night, I was woken up by a noise in my room. It sounded like someone was rummaging through my stuff. Now, this is a worn-torn, piss-poor country, where almost everyone has an AK-47 or something. That moment in time, I was freaked out of my mind and I can't see anything in the pitch dark, at the same time thinking "This is it... I'm gonna get murdered in some third world country..." I scrambled for my torchlight, shined it at the source of the noise and... There was nothing!

Turned out, it was a mouse rummaging through my foodstuff... The rest of the night I had trouble sleeping from the adrenaline rush...

Another experience was a creepy one.

This time it was in Manila, Philippines. The TV in my hotel room will switch on by itself every night at around 1am. I'm aware of some TV having a timer to auto switch off but I not aware of any auto on feature. I tried going through the TV menu look for any auto on function, but nope, no such feature.

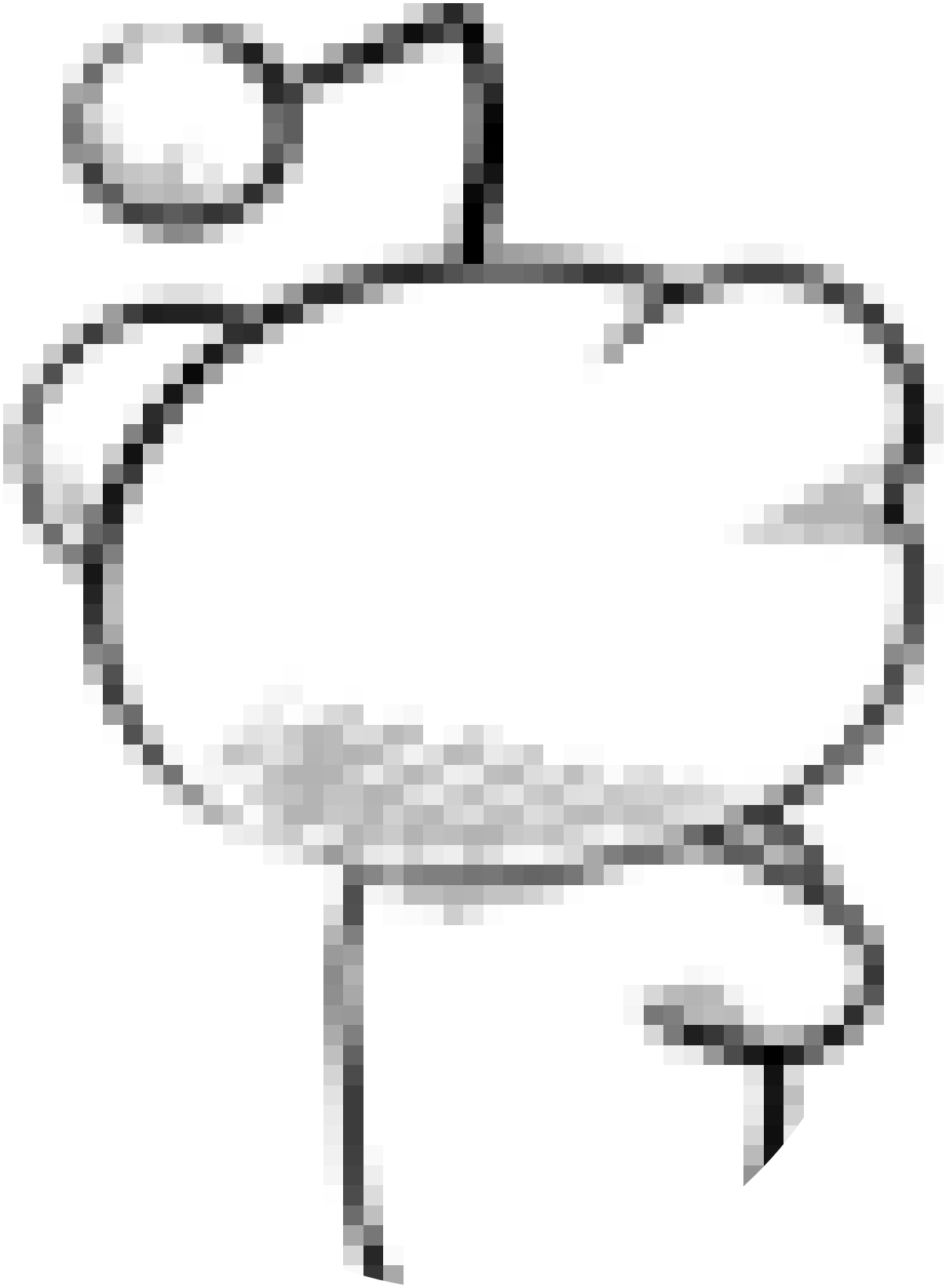
And I didn't dare to unplug the power, what if it still switched on by itself while unplugged.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

ADifferentUsrname
• 13y ago

guy posted a crazy story in r/nosleep and the audio he posted was definitely the creepiest shit ive ever heard http://soundcloud.com/whatisdubstepp/noise-removed-amplified-pitch



ludicrousmuffin
• 13y ago

This isn't a gory story or anything but it still freaks me out to this day. One night when I was in high school I had this really vivid nightmare. It was one of those that I knew I'd had before, though after I woke up I couldn't tell you what the dream was about. The sense of deja vu was freaky enough, but what really got me was that I woke up with a piece of paper crumpled in my hand; it looked like a really low quality printer image, but I had never seen it before, not even online. The picture was of an old 30's/40's band with a female lead singer in a blue dress with dark hair, but the weird thing about her was that it looked like a face was really sloppily photoshopped over hers before the image was printed. Crazy thing was, it looked like /my/ face, from a certain angle, and the angle of the face didn't match the angle of the head. I still have no fucking clue where the picture came from; I tried looking it up and asking my friends about it, but they've never seen it before.

Reply Share

Greg1987
• 13y ago

The guy on the other side of the mirror is fucking creepy.

Reply Share

blitzkrieger17
• 13y ago

when i was about 4 or 5 (mid 80s), my bed was against the outside wall, with the window towards the foot of my bed. i remember it was winter, because it was cold and windy. there was a "no parking" sign on a utility pole at the end of the driveway next door, that i could hear rattling. being a curious little kid, i sat up in bed and peaked out the window. what i saw was a tall lanky figure (tall enough to be at eye level with my window, a good 10 feet from the ground) with large, glowing red eyes. of course at the time i assumed it was rudolph the red nosed reindeer, and went back to sleep.

it wasn't until much later in life (like 18/19 years old) that i started reading about things like the Mothman... it instantly triggered that memory of that figure i saw, like clear as day. of course the Mothman Prophecy stuff took place in the late 60s, down near the West Virgina/Ohio border, and my story took place in the 80s, but in northern Ohio... maybe he just took his time getting up there, who knows. still a bit creeped out by it nearly 30 years later!

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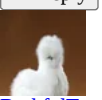

BashfulTurtle
• 13y ago

I'm pretty sure I had a shadow person in my old, 1800s house. I'm not superstitious, don't believe in the supernatural and rely heavily on. Logic and rationale in my line of work.

I still can't explain what I saw and I want to write it off, but I saw this figure for years on, at least, a weekly basis. Rarely would it come down from the attic, where my playroom was located.

I didn't know shadow people were a thing until I googled what I saw.

Reply Share

Stab_n_Jab
• 13y ago

> I'm not superstitious

So you're just a little sitious?

Reply Share

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1 more reply

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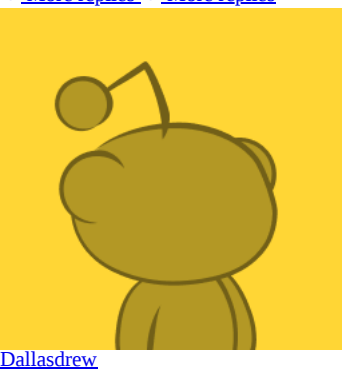

Dallasdrew
• 13y ago

Creepiest thing I have ever seen were the god damn oompa loompas from Willy wonka and the chocolate factory. They scare the hell out of me

Reply Share

scooby4219
• 13y ago

Scary/Weird: When I was little I used to have nightmares about the "Hamburgler" from Mcdonalds. I would have tug-of-war matches with him in my sleep over hamburgers... I always woke up with a death grip on the side of my bed.

TLDR: Hamburgler is a dick and won't give up his burgers.

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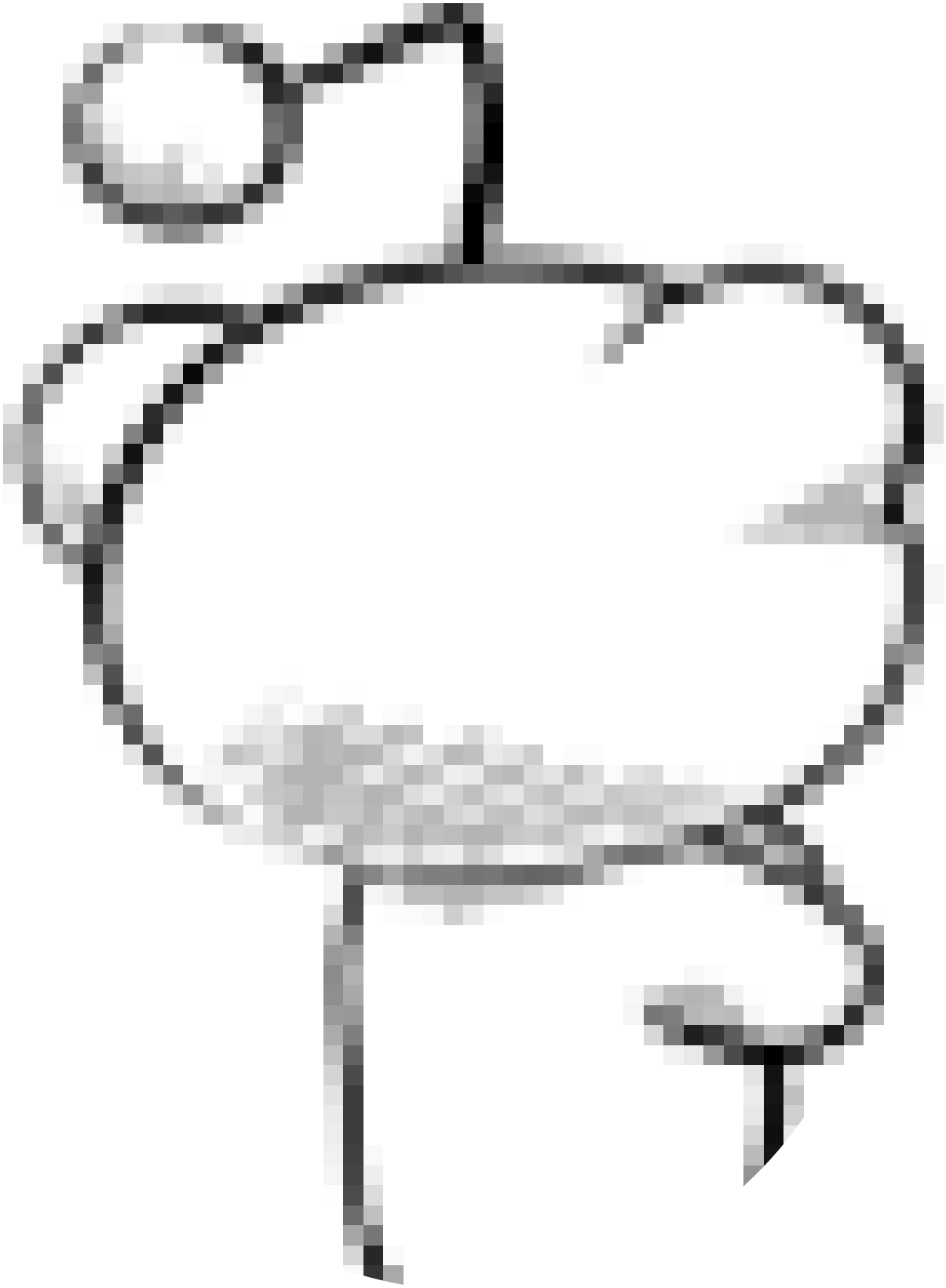

[deleted]
• 13y ago

No picture but I saw a guy get into a fight and like half his face tore off. At first I thought he was wearing a getup or something but I found out later half his face tore off.

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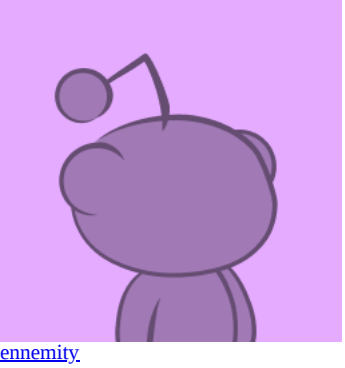

ennemity
• 13y ago

I transfered to a new college a few years ago. CSU Channel Islands they called it but it is in the middle of pretty much nowhere (15 minutes to town) and surrounded by farm fields (and not on the islands). The school used to be an old mental institution but was converted into a school over 10 years ago. Naturally, some parts of the school were not cleaned up when I first got there. There are still buildings that aren't in use and haven't been touched since the mental institution closed. There's broken windows everywhere and the doors to abandoned parts are often not locked. In my 2 & 1/2 years of living there I encountered a lot of strange things.

I was pretty much convinced that my dorm room was haunted. I would often wake up with red hand prints on my body in which there's no way that I could have replicated (or have slept in such weird positions). In the middle of the night I would hear something like papers shuffling on my desk or papers falling onto the floor, only to wake up in the morning with no papers around. We could hear footprints in our living room late at night. Lights would turn out/on without anyone doing anything. Doors would slam shut with no one around (everyone would be out of the dorm, we'd come back with all our rooms shut). Weird things had happened so often that we named our dorm ghost Charlie.

Then theres the general school creepiness. Every day when I would walk home from the art building (at about 9pm) clanking noises could be heard in one of the abandoned buildings. Pretty much without fail every time I walked by that building. We had a part of the school which was an old smokestack that went underneath one of the mountains. We called it the well because it looked like the well from the Ring.

One night I went ghost hunting with my group of friends. They had gone before so I decided to join them on the second trip as to not look like a weenie hut jr. We went into the abandoned building above the police station. There were old monitoring stations from before it was converted. We found a blood trail and a dead rat leading up to an old dedication to a patient that died. It was just generally creepy because it hadn't been cleaned or dusted in forever and there were rusted pipes everywhere. Creepiest part was a building that was closed off. It was the old place were the children would play. You could see into the small windows that the toys and stuffed animals were still out and spread around the floor.

Weirdest image I still have with me is when I walked in the courtyard of the art building and I saw a face in one of the basement windows of a creepy woman. I lated faced my fear and went into the basement to get supplies by myself.

That's pretty much it for what I experienced at the school. There's lots of ghost stories about it. I've never been but there's a morgue under the school library that still has the old equipment in it. There's also gated tunnels that seem to go to nowhere.

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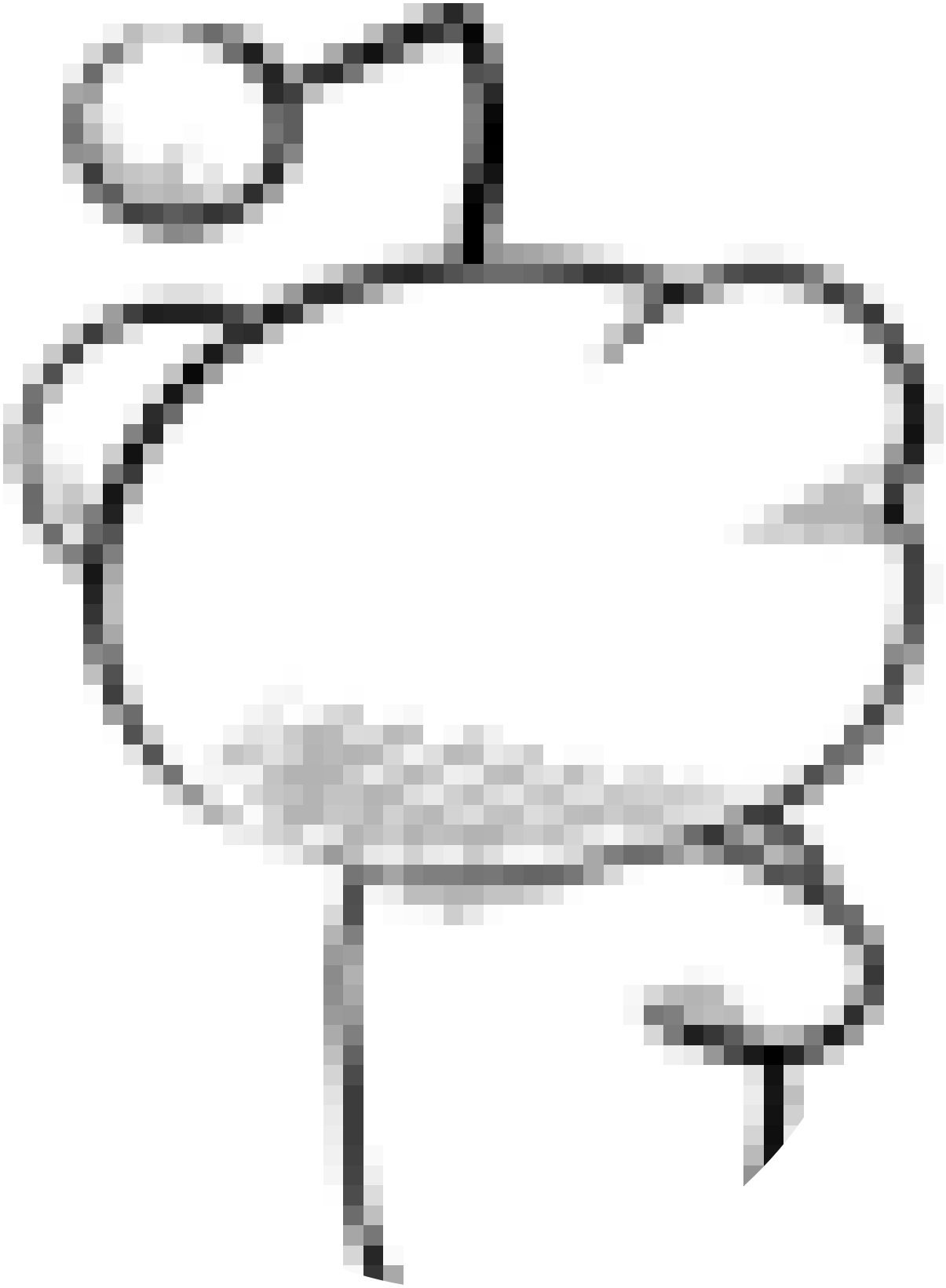

[deleted]
• 13y ago

When I was camping in Colorado with my parents, a mountain lion got stuck in the dumpster. Crazy screaming wildcat was heard throughout the night.

Reply Share

leftyguitarist
• 13y ago

I was seriously creeped out recently by John Stewart making fun of the administration's wiretapping of the AP. The audience were whooping it up.

The Executive government. Wiretapping the press.

Reply Share

dnkylips
• 13y ago

Walked through a unit of the hospital I work at one time and heard a dementia patient repeating "Pray for the dead" over and over again. It raised the hairs on the back of my neck.

Reply Share

bloo_regard
• 13y ago

Talking to my Grandfather on the phone a couple months before he died, and realizing he had dementia. He called me and told me to come downstairs, because my Grandmother was cooking dinner and I should set the table for dinner. He said that he could hear my Grandmother calling my name as she made meatloaf . . . He lived alone in a single level apartment, 1,000 miles away from me, and my Grandmother had been dead for 8 years.

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D18
• 13y ago

This happened in my state, so I followed it pretty closely. Basically a family with two young sons doesn't show up to their respective jobs/school. The police are called and force entry into the house because there is worry of a carbon monoxide leak. The police find wet patches of freshly cleaned carpet with fans blowing them dry. A few hours later the husband and boys come home but without the mother. The husband claims his wife ran away, (without her purse, cellphone, change of clothes) and he claimed he was just taking his boys camping overnight (in the middle of winter).

As I understand it, the police can't use the evidence they found in the house because they entered without a warrant, so the husband isn't arrested. The husband is a web developer by trade, and a few weeks later this website pops up- http://susanpowell.org (sfw)

One of the only times I've ever actually had the sensation of my blood running cold was looking at this website. This is the killer in his own words, trying to make his wife look like someone who would run out on her family, and trying to make himself look like a victim.

Anyway, the police never really had a case against the husband so a year or so after the website went up he murdered his two boys with a hatchet and then burnt his house down with him inside as well.

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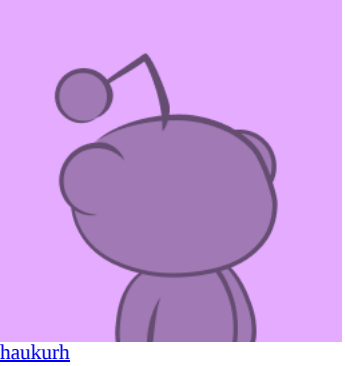


haukurh
• 13y ago

I´ll break my "beerporn" only comment rules and share one here..

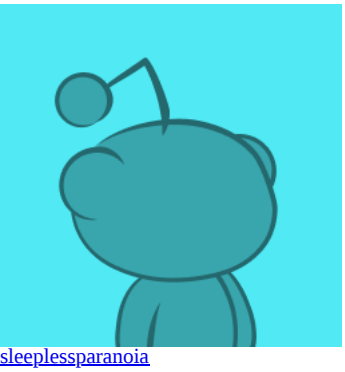
about 20 years ago I worked at an old cinema. My first night there the main hall was packed, the house was full (about 1,600 people in all auditoriums).

There was a day shift that only popped popcorn. They often did it by day and went home when the regular office day ended. Sometimes it was done at evenings but not this particular night. We, the kids working nights, would have to get to another floor which that room was on,open a door into a long empty corridor and to this room where all the the popcorn was popped.

This first night I was running up and down those stairs, to that empty floor where the popcorn room was. In one of my runs I passed and old man in the corridor. He was a bit fat, had a red cardigan on, grey haired, grey beard, glasses and was just looking at some posters. I ran passed him into the popcorn room and back passed him, he noticed me but I did not say "hi" or anything. I closed the door to the corridor and when I was about to go down the stairs I thought to myself "hey, this corridor is staff only, nobody should be there"...

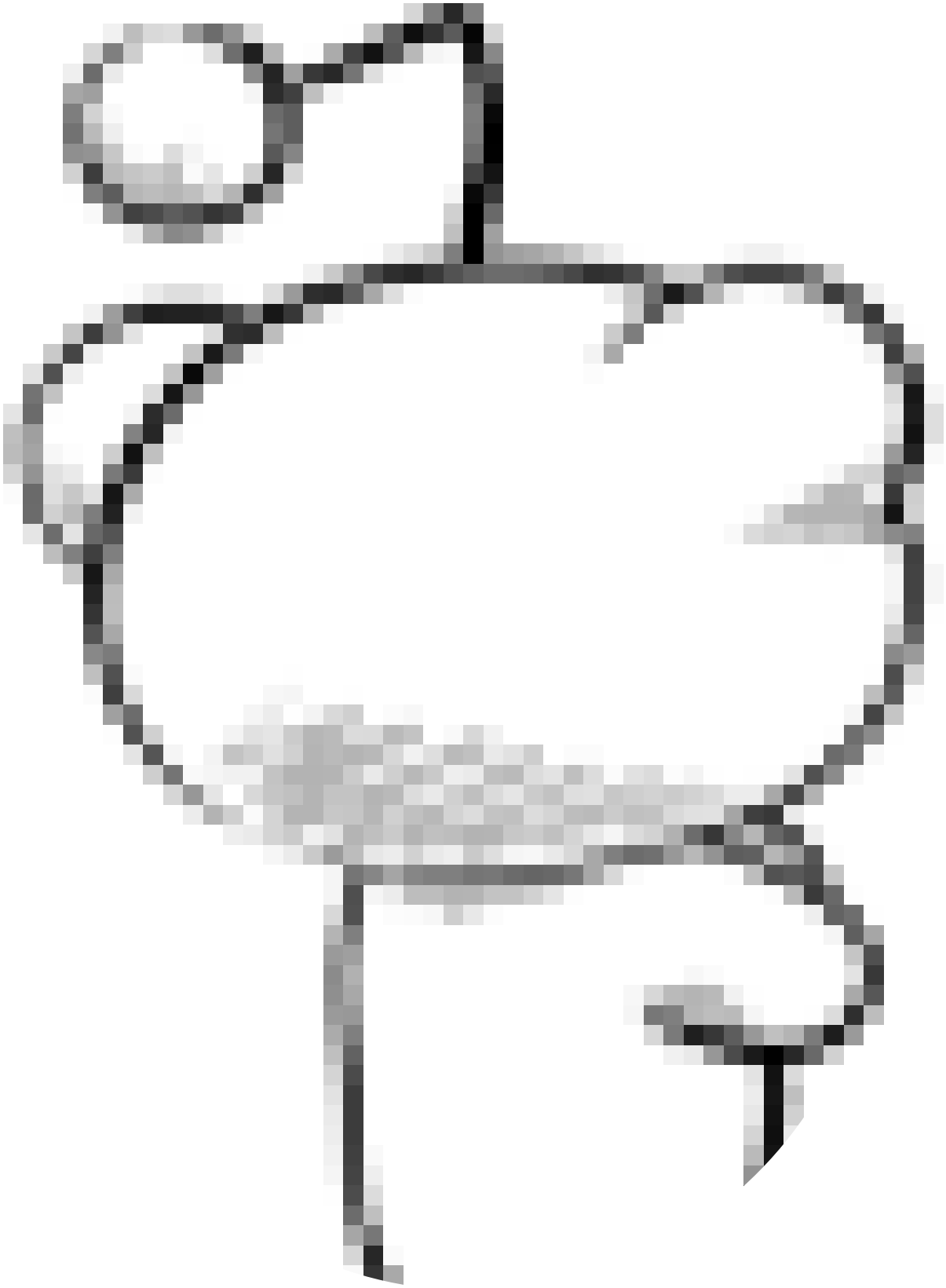
I opened the door and the man was gone. Not so horrible but that corridor ONLY leads to the popcorn room, there is no other exit. There is a hatch inside the popcorn room which is a fire escape but it´s quite a drop and it takes some time to pull the fire stairs out and back in. Dont believe in anything supernatural but still today I´m like WTF when I think about this..

to add to this story, a few years later I was closing up the place late at night and when I got outside I saw that the hatch was open and light inside. When I got back into the house and walked down that corridor I could only think about that man. I did not see him then but I was scared shitless just thinking about him..



sleeplessparanoia
• 13y ago

Well pardon me if my memory is rusty this happened awhile ago back when I was still in grade school I believe. Well it was a typical weekend in my small town in Texas and i was spending the night at my friends like I would usually do back then, so we are doing the typical teenagers stuff dipping in my friends parents liquor cabinet getting drunk and smoking weed with what ever we could make with the given material around us. We finally make shift a pipe out of a old coke can and walk to the elementary school which has a big park...so we are there to smoke which everyone knows you have to do incognito not cause we are young but in my small town cops jump at any chance to bash some heads, it's about 1 am and we started lighting up on the swing set there is four sets of swings lined up next to each other each set has about 3 swings on them. This is where it gets weird...we are on our fourth bowl getting ready to head back when out of no where this little girl I mean no older than 4 years old comes walking right by us in this old white gown that was obviously outdated and hasn't been worn in this century..she had blonde hair that kind of covered her face, my buddies and I just look at each other in disbelief as she sits on the swing and just starts swinging like nothing without even acknowledging us. I then look to my right cause I hear a car coming and it wasn't for more then 10 seconds I look back to where the girl was and she was gone..us being the young and inquiring minds we were we run to the other side of the park to check if she is over there..she wasn't, she had completely vanished in a park that had a fence all the around it and we were smack Dab in the middle there is no way a human can ever be that fast to this day me and my friends don't like to discuss this..we ran to my friends and called it a night(I live in deer park,Texas less than a mile away from the San jacinto monument and the school me and my friends were at was Sam jacinto elementary..I told my grandmother about it and she said its not too far fetched considering that side of town was a battle field during the war against general Santa Anna during the Texas revolution)



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• 13y ago

All right, I got one.

Back in high school my friends and I were pretty experimental with drugs. We also often lacked a place to do them. It just so happened that one of our friends had had his home in the foothills foreclosed on, and the house was abandoned. It was around Halloween so one of my crazier friends insisted we have a seance.

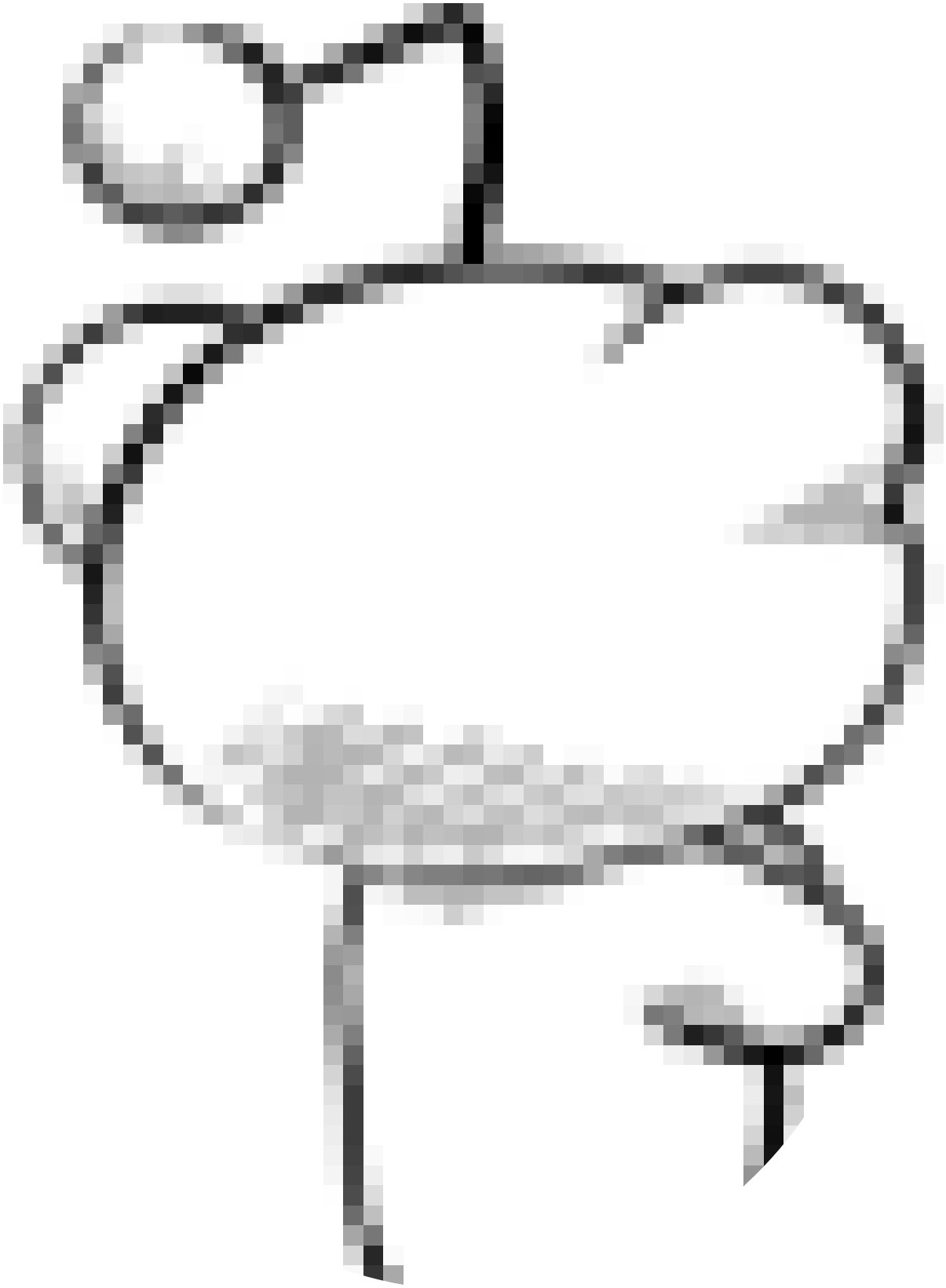
The house is high on a ridge with no others nearby. When we show up, something is very off. There is literally a flood of water pouring out from under the garage door. A pipe had burst, and when we went inside everything in the lowest level had a foot of water and was making those echoing dripping sounds. We do our drugs, have our Seance. One friend swears he sees a moving red light (we all sort of see the light and have trouble attributing it to anything, but I'm not sure I saw it move).

Anyway, its time to go home and somehow most of us ended walking back down these winding mountain roads to the city. This is the creepy part. Around one bend we see two cars. One is parked on the side of the road shining its brights on the second. The second has its hood completely wrapped around a tree trunk. We can see from where we are that there is absolutely no one in the crashed car. As we walk by the first one, we shine a flashlight on the parked car. Inside is a woman sitting perfectly still (like not even blinking) staring straight ahead at the car. She doesn't turn her head when we go by or even acknowledge being illuminated by the beam.

I wonder if she saw it happen, if the people in the wreck had died, or what. She was the only person I've ever seen that I could truly describe as statuesque.

BetaSoul
• 13y ago

This one and that, shall count the days. This one and that, so many ways.



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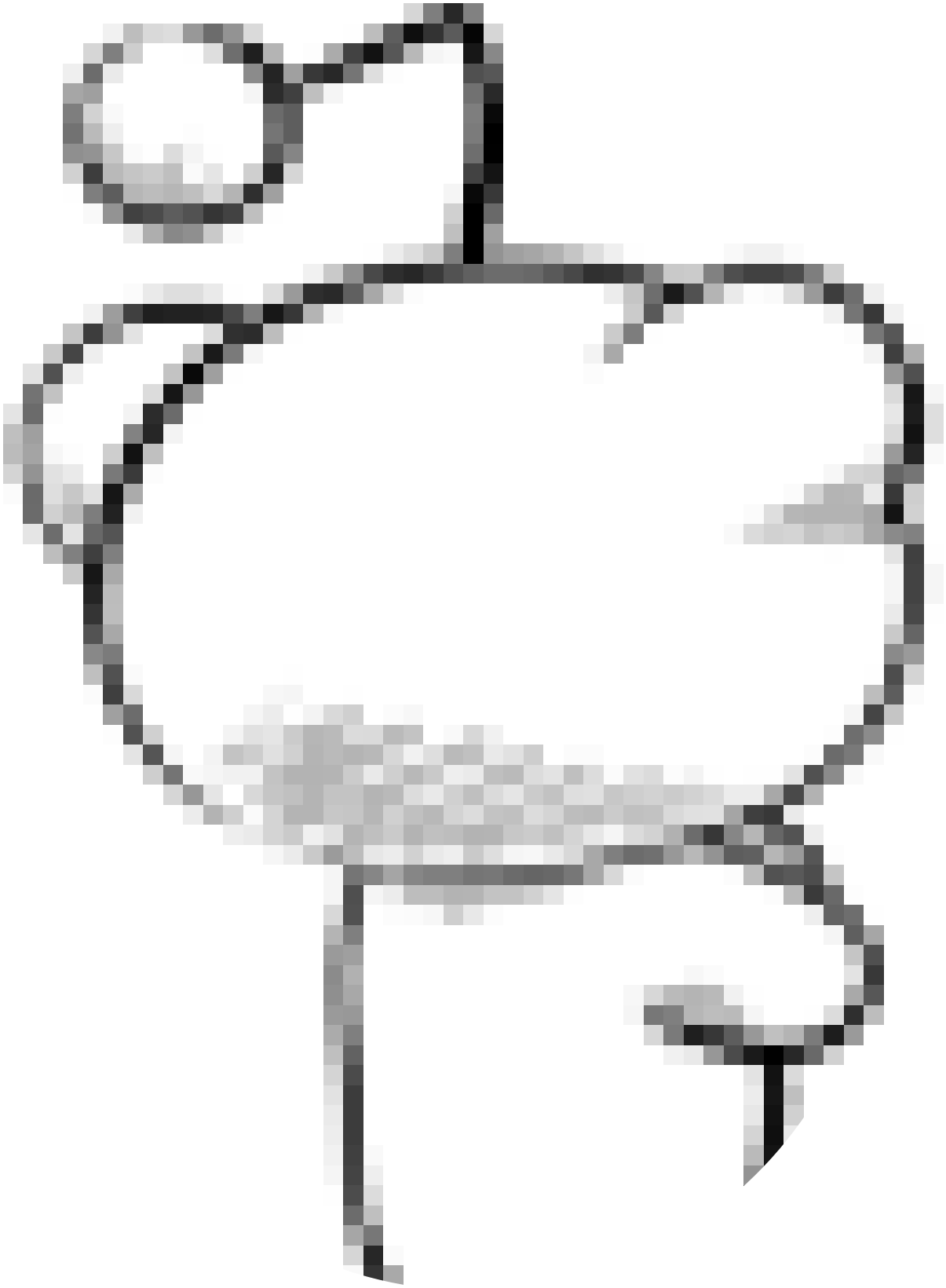
• 13y ago

It was actually last night. I went to bed before my gf since i have to get up early. i fall asleep right away. sometime around midnight i woke up and noticed my gf wasnt in bed. no big deal, sometimes she falls asleep on the couch. i turn on the light and i go to the restroom and then come back to my empty bed. i lay down and close my eyes. trying to get comfy i stretch my legs only to bump into my gf who was laying next to me. it scared the shit out of me. i know i was groggy, but i swear she was not in my bed when i woke up.



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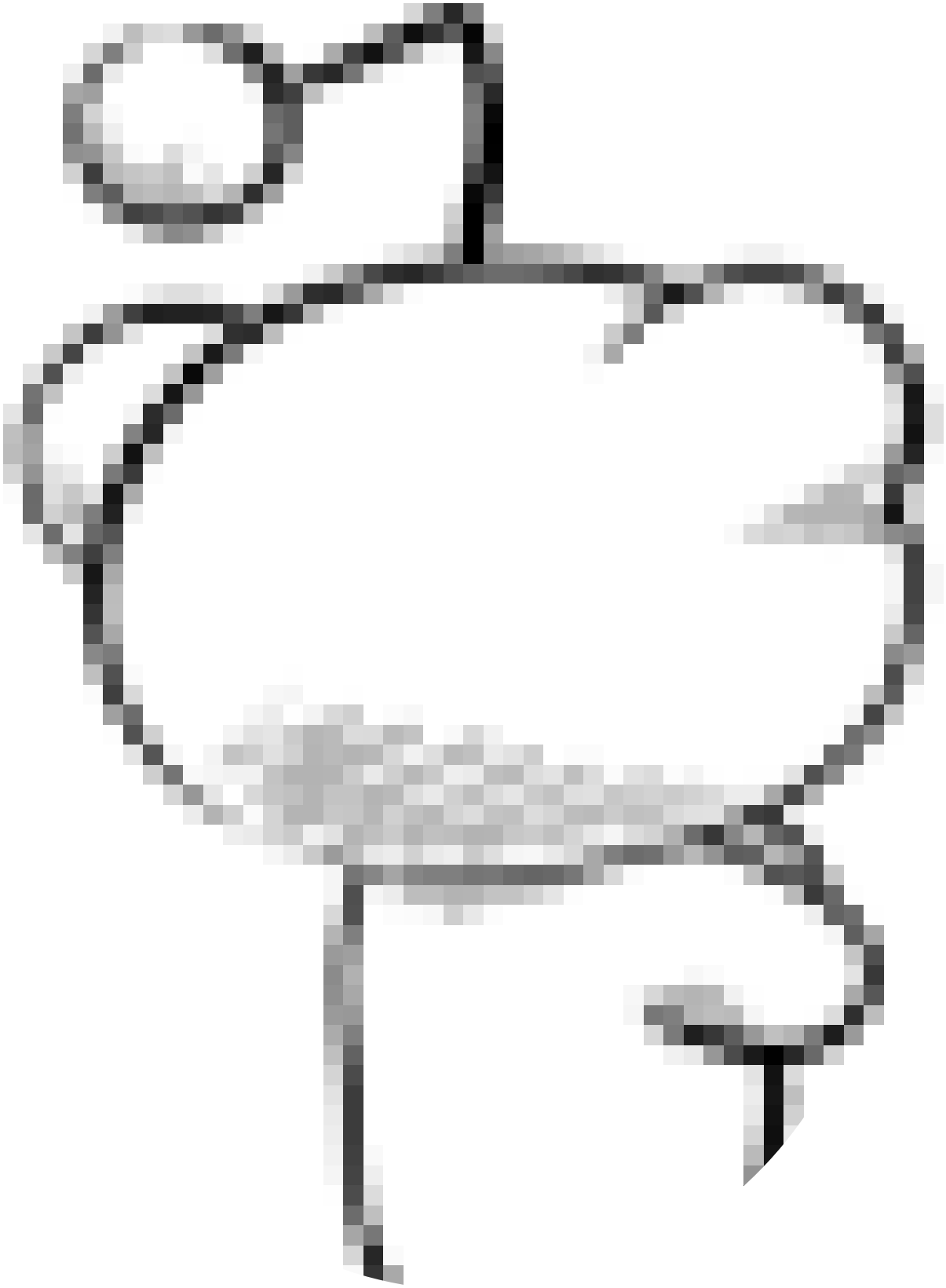
• 13y ago

Walking home from the bar one night the tire on my bike goes flat. I'm about two blocks from my house when I hear the screeching of tires. As I turn around I see a car in midair flipping over and onto a brick wall. I immediately call 911 as a crowd starts to gather on the street. One man emerges from the flipped over car screaming, "They were shooting! They were trying to kill me." I turn my back for FIVE SECONDS as I'm on the phone with dispatch when someone grabs me. The bloodied dude who was just screaming is clutching to me. He's screaming, "HELP ME HELP ME!", and I'm threatening him to let go of me or I'll start swinging with my U-lock. Luckily a friend lived right in front of the wreck and let me in to scald my skin.

Never did find out why it what happened to the crazy man. I did lose a really nice J Crew shirt though. Pictures later if I remember after work.



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• 13y ago

Japanese Slot Machines on Shortwave Radio

What are they communicating?

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

desquamation
• 13y ago

A few months ago my girlfriend and I were watching TV in my living room when I heard a few noises coming from the kitchen which I had initially dismissed as the cat being an asshole like usual.

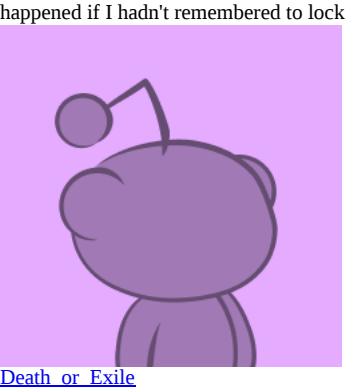
Minutes later I heard what sounded like soft knocking on the kitchen door (main door I use for the house). Which again I dismissed as the cat until I noticed he was camped out by the TV.

I get up to take look. When I part my blinds, to my shock, there's this woman (of the faces of meth variety) in between my storm door and main door with her hand on the door knob trying to open it.

The sound I had first heard was not the cat, but her attempt to enter my home. Thankfully I had remembered to lock the door.

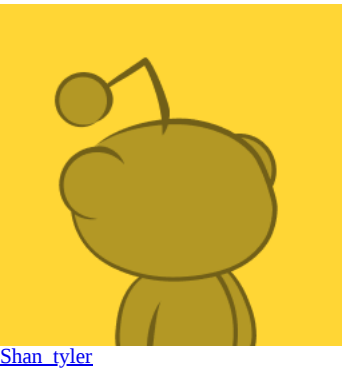
After I tried to shoo her away she sunk down and balled herself up on my porch... At this point I decided the best course of action would be to call the cops. The woman zombie-shambled her way across the street where the police picked her up in a neighbor's drive way.

The part of this whole encounter that creeps me out isn't that there was some random drunk/high person apparently confused about where they live... It's the thought of what would have happened if I hadn't remembered to lock my door.



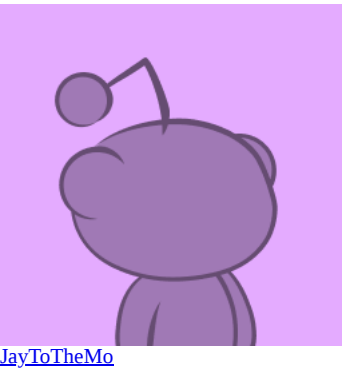
Death_or_Exile
• 13y ago

In November of last year, I was housesitting for my parents who were visiting my aunt, who lives four hours away from them. I only stayed the nights since I worked. I don't recall which day it was but it was about 10 in the evening. I was laying on the sofa in the living room watching TV. I had my right arm behind my head while holding the remote in the other. Suddenly, I felt something rub against my arm behind my head. At first I thought it was my mom's cat who sometimes sleeps on the lamp table in between the sofa and the loveseat. Thinking it was him, I reached back without looking to pet him. I felt nothing. I turned around expecting to see him but he wasn't there. Then I heard him scooping in his litter box. There was no way he could have brushed up against my arm, jumped down, and walked to the litter box in the laundry room in the span of 2 seconds or so. I still can't explain it.



Shan_tyler
• 13y ago

I dont have any contributions but for you all who love scary/creepy things, I recommend you check out r/nosleep and r/scaredshitless



JayToTheMo
• 13y ago

Creepy: When I was around 7 or 8, my family and I were about to leave the house to go out shopping or something like that. My parents had already gone out the door when I told them I needed to pee first. I go pee and just before I use the handle to flush, the shower curtain right next to me moved and made a sound like someone backhand slapped it. Didn't flush, didn't wash. I ran to the car and kept my mouth shut because I couldn't explain what just happened.

Scary: There I was, 4 years ago, sitting on the sofa in my shared apartment after work. I was watching tv and waiting for my friend/roommate to get home so we could partake in our nightly ritual. (think Harold and Kumar) I had been home for about 30 minutes and he was going to be back any second. Another half-hour passed and he still wasn't there. I went ahead and enjoyed a little without him. Back on the sofa, I checked my phone. No texts or calls, "where is this dude!?" We both worked 10 minutes from home so he should have been back by then. I start to feel good and something on the tv catches my attention. Just as I settle my mind into watching what's on, the LOUDEST, SHRILLEST, demonic sound filled my ear canals. It was disorienting because it sounded like it came from everywhere. I don't think I've ever moved that fast in my life. I ran out the door and down the stairs. Once I gained control of my confusion, I slowly ventured back into my apartment and stood in the kitchen, which was located to the left as soon as you walked in. I cautiously looked through the cutout which allowed you to see into the living room and down the hallway. I waited and waited..then the demon returned! I realized what it was. Smoke alarm batteries were low. I ran out of my apartment like Drew Barrymore in Scream because of a smoke alarm.

skynectar
• 13y ago

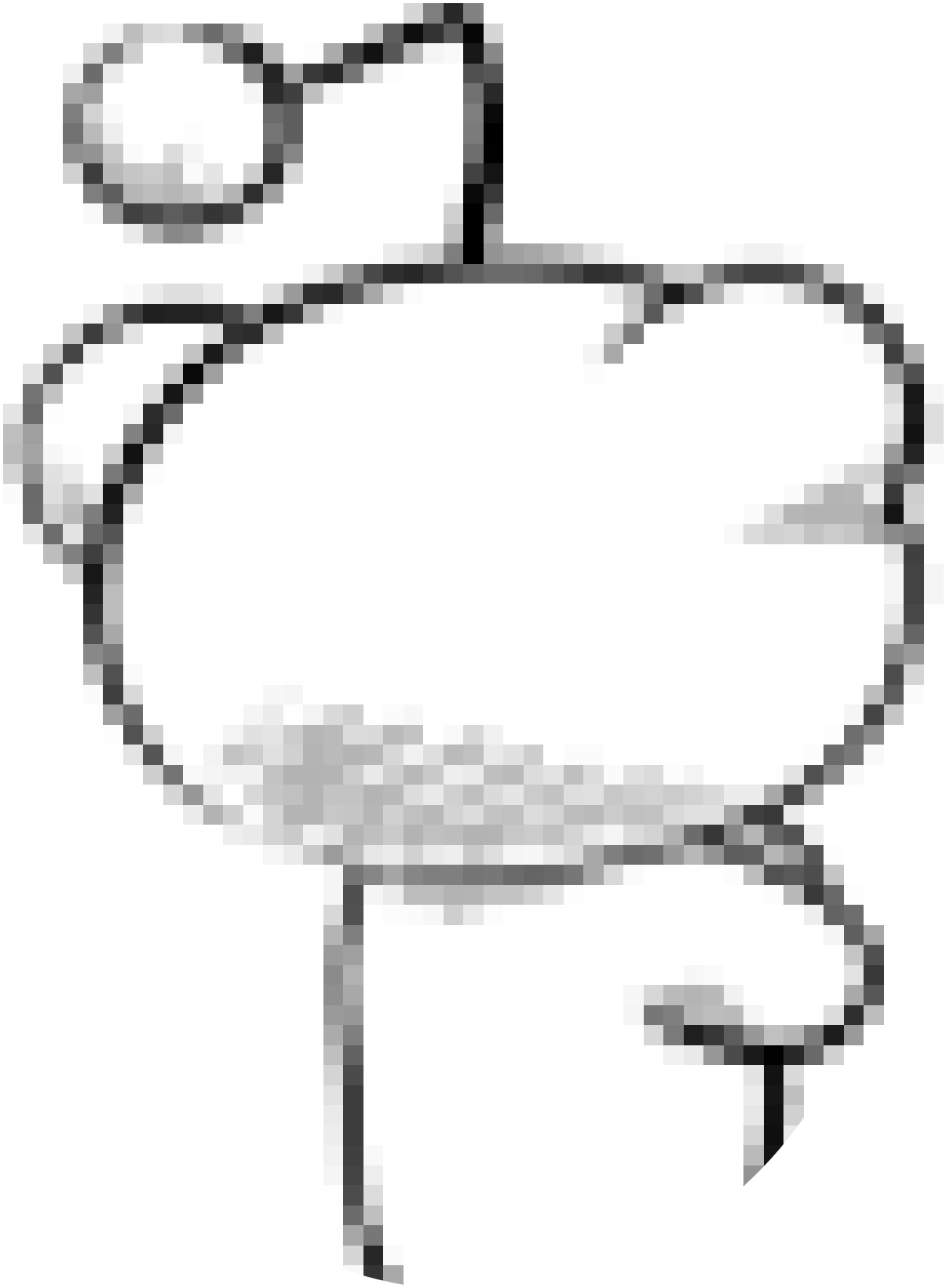
This Rubber Johnny video.

GoodGuyArnold
• 13y ago

Nothing will give me a truer fear than not understanding what an elk call sounds like at 3AM in the middle of a pitch black woods.
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xok_YbIwzTk

jas1111
• 13y ago

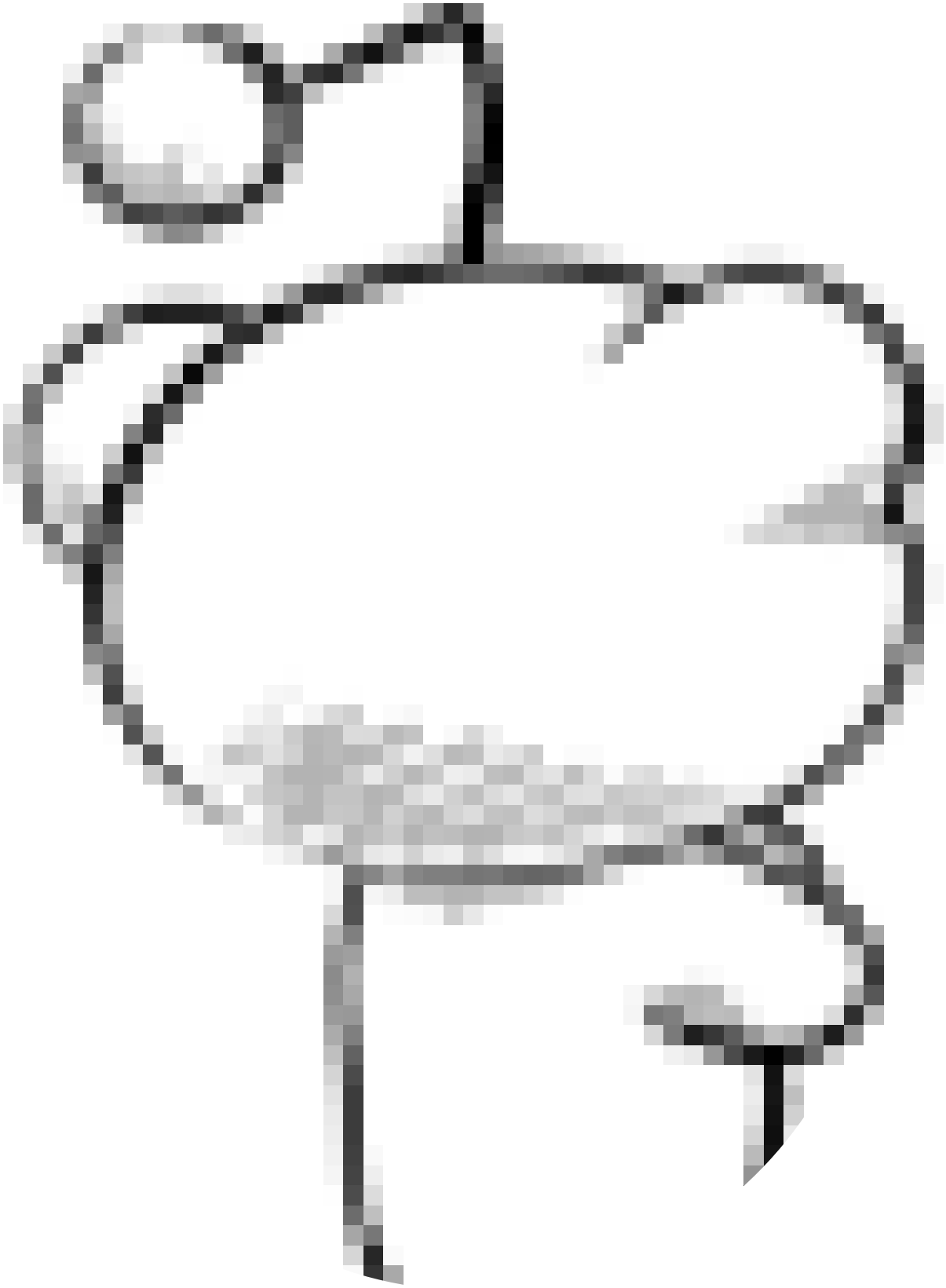
About a month ago i was battling a hangover at my friends place in a nearby town. Just as i went to take a piss i hear a familiar sound i haven't heard in over a decade. It was the air raid siren, and of course my first thought in my alcohol-fucked brain is that North Korea launched a nuclear missile. I know that their rockets suck, but in that moment memories of air raid sirens during the 90s came through my head and i honestly thought for a minute that the world war 3 has started. Turns out it's just a normal siren test that they do every month in this town.



k8jennings
• 13y ago

My dad has an old radio from the 30s. We had no idea if it worked our not, I don't think anyone had turned it on for awhile. I was home from school for the weekend and I think we were having a dinner party because we were all cleaning. I was scrubbing the bathroom and my dad was dusting in the living room. And he started messing with the radio and it turned on, and just static for a second. Then a radio address from Eleanor Roosevelt. Then the address ended. And back to static. We were all just standing there, stunned.

A lot of weird stuff goes on in that house. Slamming doors (like they slam in front of you), footsteps, things getting thrown across the room. There's also a little boy and a man in black that everyone in my family has seen separately and then separately described to people. Identical descriptions.



thick-freakness
• 13y ago

When I was younger, I remember getting up in the middle of the night to go get some medicine for my stomach. As I was walking downstairs, for some reason I turned my head to the left to look into my dad's office. We had a really old Gateway computer and for some reason it was turned on but not on our home screen. It was streaming bright green lines of code.

I was seriously freaked so I just whispered "Dad?" And his office chair spun around on its own. I've never run to my parents room faster in my life.

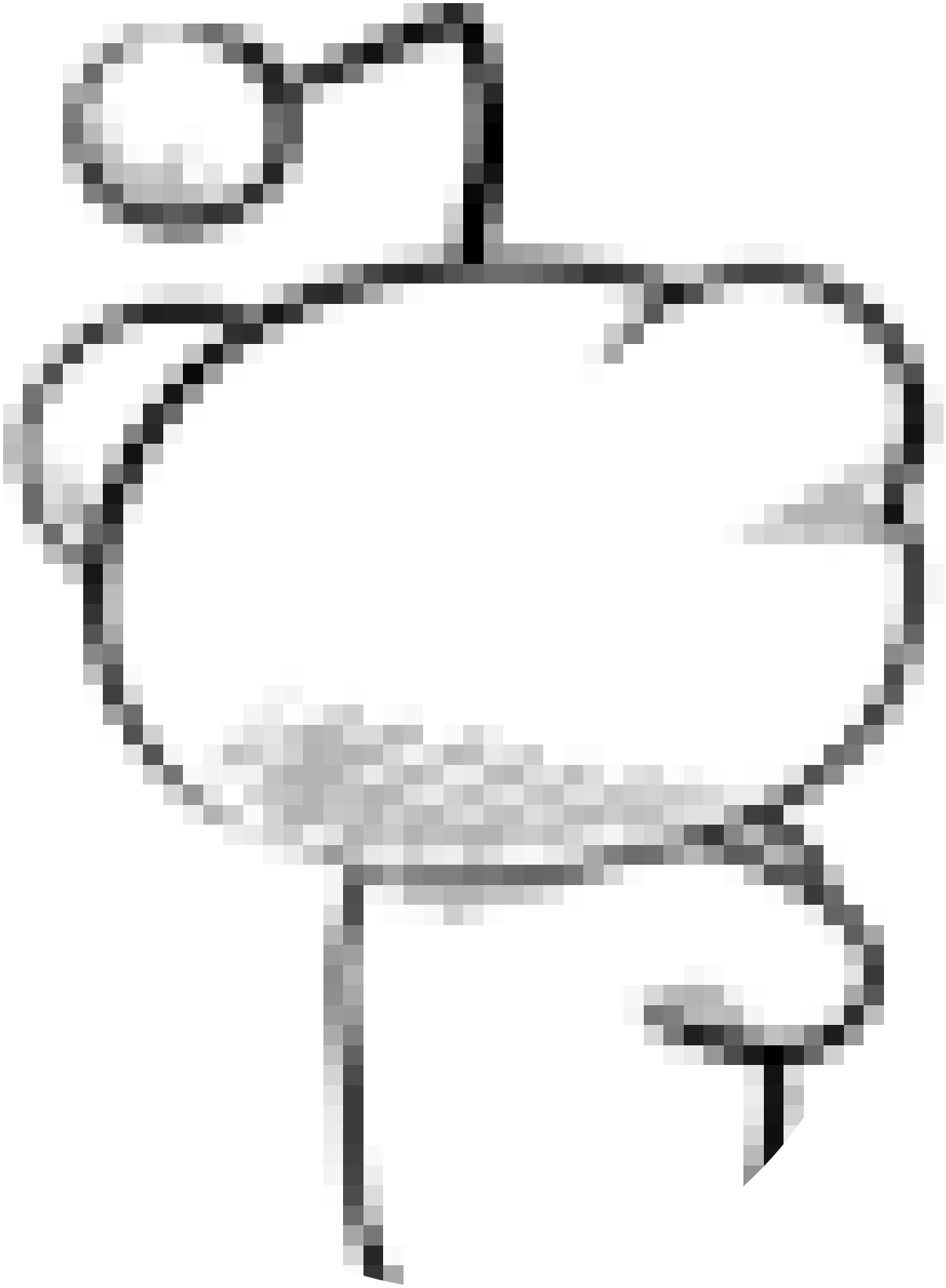
Slow_to_Speak
• 13y ago

So here I was, sitting in my room. Skyping away with one of my close friends. We decide to start a call, and at first, it goes well, we have a small conversation and the sun goes down. Right around 9 pm, I hear my voice briefly, in a cut and static tone. I listen ad turn up the volume, pressing the headphones against my ear curious as to whether it was an echo and I asked him if he was outside because I'd heard him shut his back door. Suddenly, the searching for a signal sound came on and I couldn't hear him. I glanced at the screen and saw tht clearly, there was an issue in connecting. So I quit Skype and reopened it, opened up the tab of the private chat and typed "/golive" the call still seemed to be going.

This had never happened before and for me it was eerie and creepy to me. It's also the most recent sound that's scared me awake. I heard my voice cut over and over again with the repeated sound of his back door shutting and his dog Anita barking and moaning, static occasionally cutting the sounds that were being made even further. I typed to him, and he heard somewhat similar sounds. He recorded it and posted it on Youtube.

Now, maybe this isn't such a scary sound, but it really freaked me out. It scared us both so bad that after it stopped, we left the call going and slept together.

Tl;dr: Skype call history glitches into ongoing call, Microsoft watches your every move



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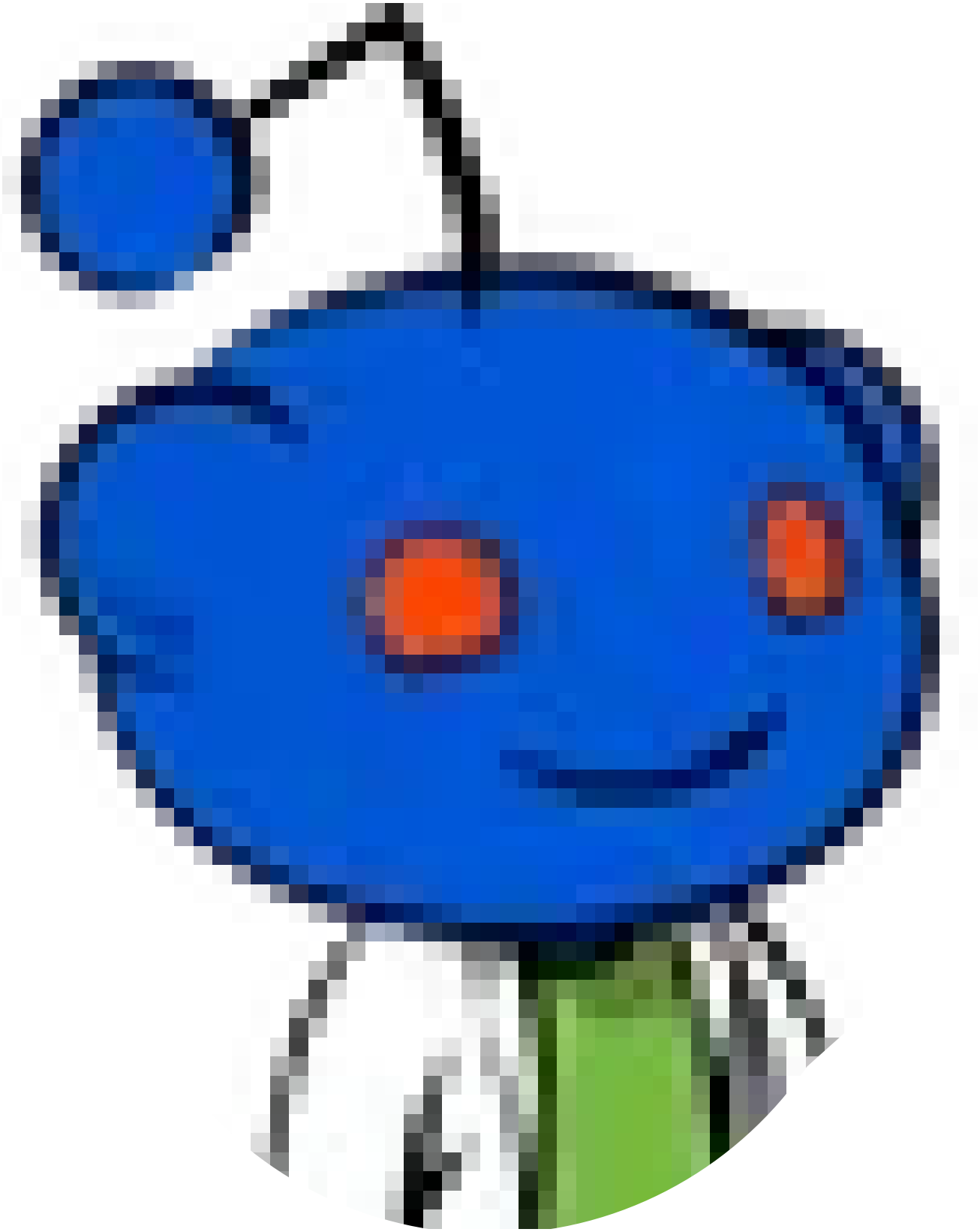
• 13y ago

I worked next to the Mariott Hotel in Atlanta and used to go to the sports bar often to grab lunch. One day I heard a yell from above to see a person who had jumped from the 40th floor land about 10 feet away from me head first. I had to throw away my pants because apparently brain matter stains never come out.

Razarex
• 13y ago

That thread in the another similar post about 'shadow people'.

It's basically a random hallucination that can happen to anyone when your somewhere (inside I think) with little lighting. You see a shadowy human-ish outline that will stare at you and then run at you or something similarly scary.

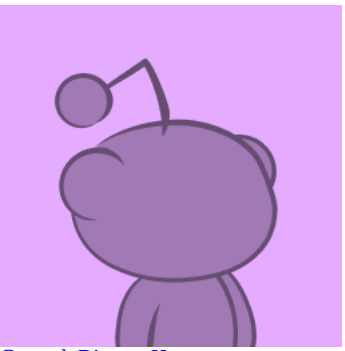


agentfortyfour
• 13y ago

I was about ten, and outside of my second floor bedroom was the wood shed that had a tin roof. My cousin the weekend before had told me a scary story that on a rainy night, a skeleton would climb on the tin roof, walk to my window scraping his bones on the tin roof, open my window, step onto my bed which was underneath the window, and kill me in my sleep... We laughed it off, cause it was a pretty stupid story. Well on this one night a week later, I'm almost asleep and I hear this scraping noise outside on the tin roof, and yes it's raining buckets. I assume it's one of our cats, or a raccoon, and don't make much of it, but about ten minutes later my window slides open, and at this point of FREAKING out and I freeze under my covers. I'm literally paralyzed with fear, and then the end of my bed depresses, and something steps down onto the corner of my bed, and at this time I react, I scream at the top of my lungs and throw back my covers and jump out of bed..... My dad screams back, I scared the crap out of him. He had noticed we had a small chimney fire, and had thrown the hose ontop of the wood shed, then opened my window and stepped on my bed to climb out the window to put out the fire since the chimney was outside of my room. I never sleep the rest of the night....

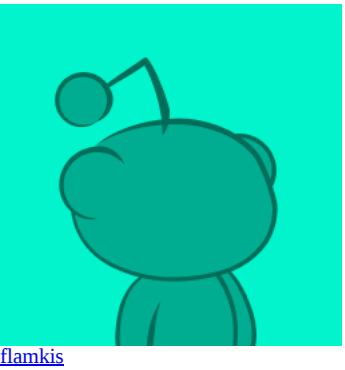
Crapiforgotmypasswrd
• 13y ago

I was a little kid and I had this night mare in which I was standing in my living room in the middle of the day and my little sisters toy stroller started flipping around and a deep voice said "a dead man rises, a dead man falls". The next day I'm standing in my living room and the stroller was in the same place and the light was coming in the window the exact same way. I noped the fuck out and walked around my yard til my mom came home. I was always convinced that house was haunted. The only time I actually saw anything was once in the middle of the night I was walking down the hall to the bathroom and a tall grey figure was coming towards me. At first I thought it was just my dad in the dark but then the shape melted away before my eyes.



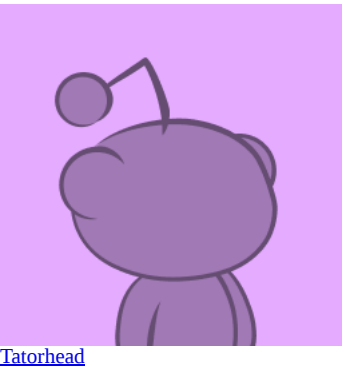
General_DisarrayHoot
• 13y ago

So I heard this story from a friend awhile back. It would happen sporadically at night they would hear from the kitchen the sounds of glass dishes being shattered, like being thrown around and when they went to check there was nothing there. Just creeps me out cuz I've heads bumps n shit in the night at my old house, but the attic was cluttered with crap and I just assumed it was stuff falling from being unstable.



flamkis
• 13y ago

grifter.avi



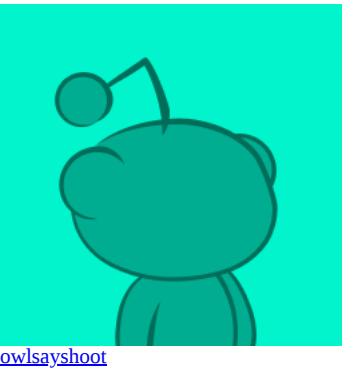
Tatorhead
• 13y ago

My family and I used to live out in the country. My house was on top of a hill surrounded by forests and corn fields, so there were a lot of wild animals that would go through our yard. However, there were these two wild dogs that would always freak my family. They were HUGe completely white German shepherd dogs. One night my mom and dad were on the porch swing just chatting when my mom looked over and saw both of the dogs 20 feet away slowly crawling towards them like they were lions hunting a gazelle. My mom freaked out and they ran away. Apparently those two dogs wouldn't let our neighbor out of his house and they got shot by the evironmental protection agency.

Nalenthi
• 13y ago

One night I was at school around 8pm doing coursework in the Resistant Materials workshops. The rest of the school was empty, it was only the RM students who were there. We all had our earphones in and were listening to music as we worked, so the only sounds were the loud machinery and the thunder and rain outside. Now the two workshops are on either side of a corridor, that is eternally covered in distinct sawdust shoeprints from people walking between them. I was working as usual, hammering some nails into wood or whatever, when we heard the loudest clap of thunder of the night. Then the lights went out, only for a couple of seconds and there were light, scratchy footsteps out in the corridor. There were wet footprints. Not shoeprints, footprints, going along the corridor.

We all gave a collective "NOPE" and went back into the workshops to continue working.



owlsayshoot
• 13y ago

A baby crying in the theater during the movie 8mm. It was a far worse moment than anything suggested or done in the movie itself.

triplep85
• 13y ago

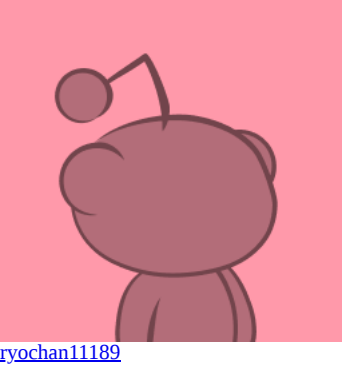
I think we are jumping to conclusions here, some people might just be really happy.....

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

seriousbusines
• 13y ago

Went to a summer camp years back with my brother. One of the events during the week is camping outside. So we go up to the 'overlook' which is a massive fire pit with the road up on one side and a cliff on the other. My brother and I slept in our sleeping bags under a picnic tabel because it was raining a little bit. Woke up with a dire sense of urgency in the middle of the night and started feeling around. My brother was no longer laying next to me under the table. Freaked out and started searching for him. Look at the cliff and see the top of his sleeping bag. He had moved a bunch in his sleep and started to slip off the edge down the cliff side.



ryochan11189
• 13y ago

When I was middle school, I used to sleep with my younger brother in a bunk bed. I would sleep in the top bunk, and he would sleep in the bottom bunk.

One night, we had just gone to bed, and I was trying to fall asleep. I hear my little brother moving around in the bunk below, so I open my eyes to see what he was doing. I see my brother's eyes peering over the edge of my top bunk, with his hands on the edge to support himself. I too shocked to say anything for a good 5 seconds, during which time my brother just stared at me.

I finally ask him, "Wh-what are you doing...?" He replies, "...Where is it?" Having no idea what the fuck he was talking about I ask him, "Where's what...?" He continues to stare at me, with half of his face hidden by the bed, "I can't find it. Where is it?" Starting to get really scared, I tell him, "I don't know what you're talking about..."

He stares at me for 10 more seconds before suddenly turning around and leaving the room. I was too shocked to follow him, and just heard him running down the stairs to the living room, where my parents were watching TV. I hear my mother talking with my brother, and after a few moments she comes into our room with my brother and takes him back to bed. He was quiet for the rest of the night.

The next morning, I asked him what he was looking for last night, and he responded with a very confused face. Turns out, he had absolutely no memory of the whole exchange and had probably been sleepwalking/talking. I still remember those eyes peering over the edge...

Jmac0585
• 13y ago

I had a gun pointed at my head. The kid holding it puled the hammer back. Loudest/scariest "click" ever heard. The only thing close to it was the "click" the *same gun* had made a few seconds before when I had pulled the trigger pointing it at the same kid.

Liv-Julia
• 13y ago

When I was a hospice nurse, I had an elderly patient who insisted his poker buddy came and talked to him at night, getting him ready to go to the next world (or oblivion, for the atheist element). It is very common for the dying to see, hear and talk to people who have died, saying the dead have come to prepare them and will be back for them in a few days/hours. However, his poker buddy was 3 towns over, presumably living it up. The patient was so insistent and agitated at our disbelief his wife called the poker buddy to tell him the funny story that he must be astral projecting at night. For you see, he couldn't have been a dying visitation since he was living.

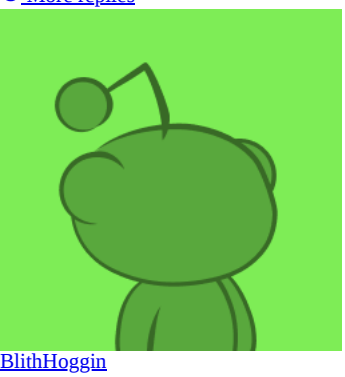
They hadn't seen this guy for ~6 months due to the pressures of the patient's illness and treatment. I watched her phone and chat briefly with poker buddy's wife and her face fell and the blood drained out of it. She said she was sorry and put the phone down. The poker buddy had died suddenly about 5 weeks before this. PB's wife hadn't called, figuring the patient and family had enough on their hands.

I saw a lot of other weird stuff as a hospice nurse: an infant's face glowed right before he took his last breath, a nun looked right through me to someone I couldn't see standing behind me and broke into a big smile, saying "Oh wonderful! You're here." and then keeled over, hearing someone breathe when there was only me and the dead woman in the room and so on.

TL;DR: weird shit goes on when people die.

4 more replies
4 more replies

More replies

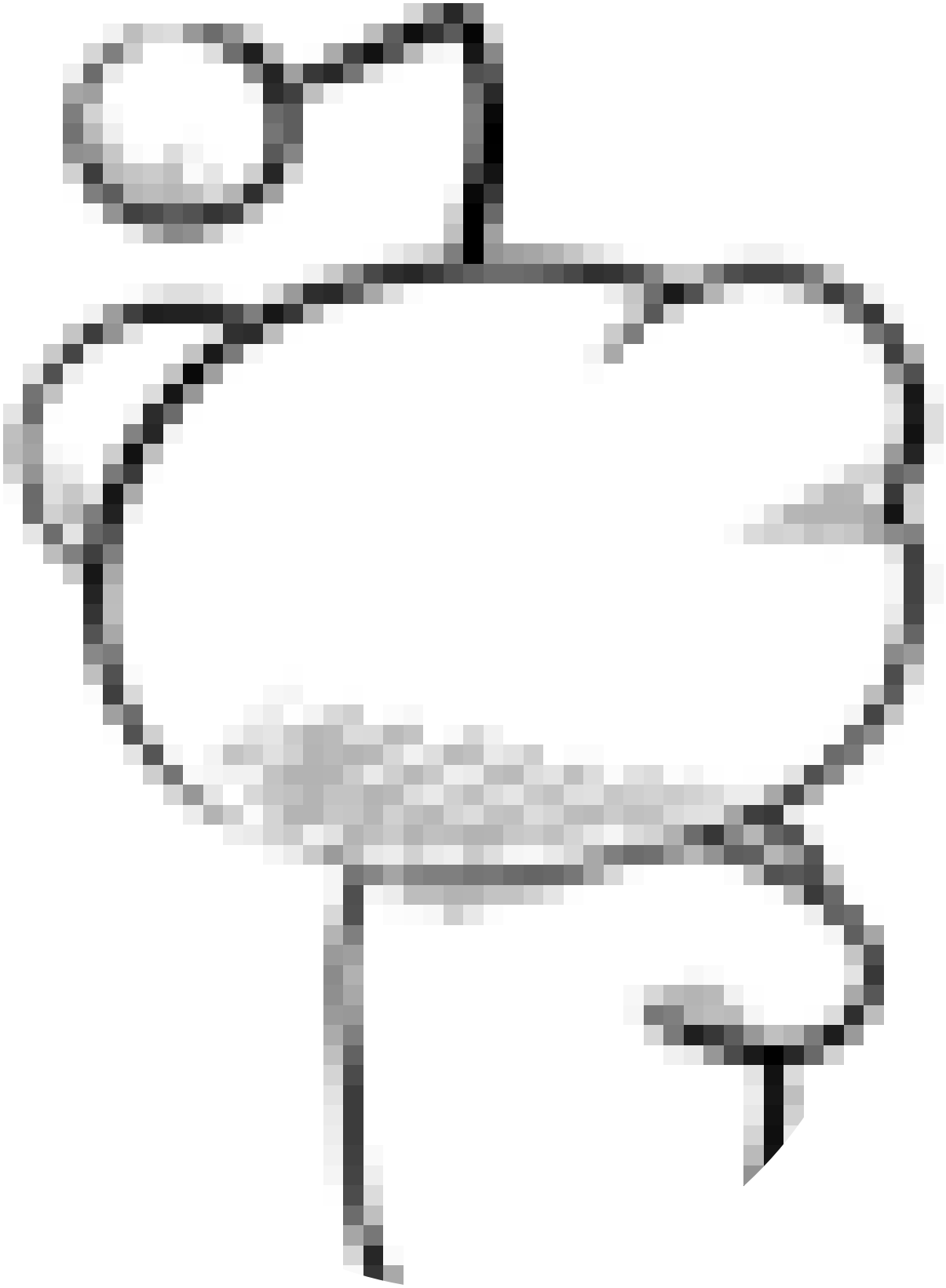


BlithHoggin
• 13y ago

If you like creepypasta, but creepier, check out The Little Fears youtube channel. It's full of genuinely creepy stuff. Sorry if it's already been posted, I just figure it's good enough that I need to be sure it's seen.

Killm360
• 13y ago

I was sleeping in my living room once,i had a nightmare where is a very white face was staring at me face to face with his pupils so tiny and smiling i can't even move but i struggled until i broke free from the nightmare i can't forget that face ever again



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• 13y ago

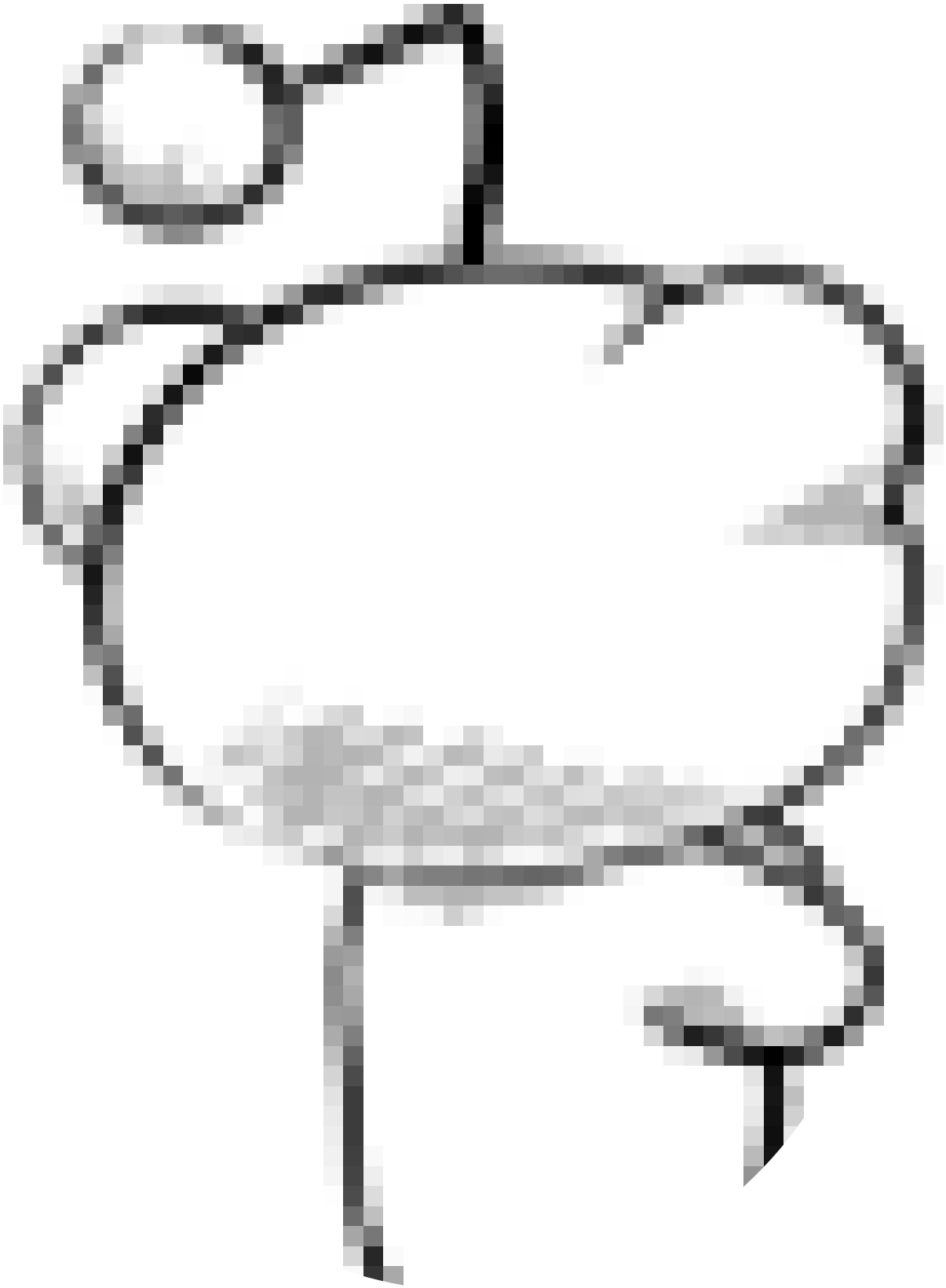
A couple years back there was a 5 or 6 day span where I had the same type of recurring dream, or rather a slightly different dream with the same haunting figure. I was always in a dark room or on a dark street with the only visible light stretching down the length of a wall with strange writings. I remember vividly in my dream trying to interpret the words but could never quite make them out. The dream always ended with a small figure in the shape of what can only be described as a Russian Matryoshka doll with very tiny wiry limbs and stringy hair that covered the face. It didn't necessarily look evil or scary but as it slowly limped side to side waddling towards me I would get a sense of sheer terror that would consume me... then I would wake up. I never had that type of recurring dream either before or after. I don't even know how my brain formed that crazy shit.

bagelpirate
• 13y ago

I don't have a story, I just want to say this post made me discover 3 new awesome subs. Thanks!

puffinbluntz
• 13y ago

I was probably about 16, I spent the night at a friend of mine's house and we snuck out after dark to go smoke at the park. We enjoyed a joint at the playground before we got paranoid and started walking further down the trails. It was about 2 AM and we crossed a bridge, a little farther walk and we crossed another. We came up on another one, and my friend suddenly starts saying that we should turn around and go home. I didn't understand what the big deal was, he said that the 3rd bridge is like crossing into the hood, and it's just not a good idea to go into that part of town this late. Me, being 16 and hard headed said... FUCK IT LET'S GO! and skipped across. The path is noticeabley narrower and darker once we turned the corner on the other side of the bridge, there's a pretty dense area of trees and bushes and other wildlife to our left, and on the right fences. My friend is following me like he's trying to make sure there's nothing behind us which is making me kinda nervous, we come around a bend in the sidewalk and there's a streetlight on the side next to someones fence, we hadn't seen any lights for a while now so we kept walking towards it. As we came closer I looked at my friend, he looked at me and we both looked back at the light to now see a man standing directly under the light. He had on a plain grey sweatshirt, and black sweat pants with running shoes as he looked down at the ground. We stared and ddint' move we didn't know what to do, this dude just kinda appeared. Was he a ghost, was he a rapist, or just a late night jogger we didnt' hear approaching from around the bend? he looked up at us and his face was still dark, I couldn't identify a feature at all it was just black, so we started kind of backing away slowly, keeping our eyes on him and he stayed in place, not moving an inch. We made it around the corner and started running. I looked behind me and he was walking behind us like super slow. We kept running, and next time I turned my head he was closer, and again closer. No matter how far away we got, or how fast we ran, or how slow he was going, he always seemed to be close enough just to be seen until we got to the end of the path back to the 3rd bridge where we started, I looked back and he was right behind me, I lifted my leg up like I was about to kick him, but I guess I missed. We got to the other side of the bridge and looked back, he stood there, his face still empty. We didn't spend much more time waiting around after that, we just ran home. We still have no idea what happened that night, but I'm scarred for life.



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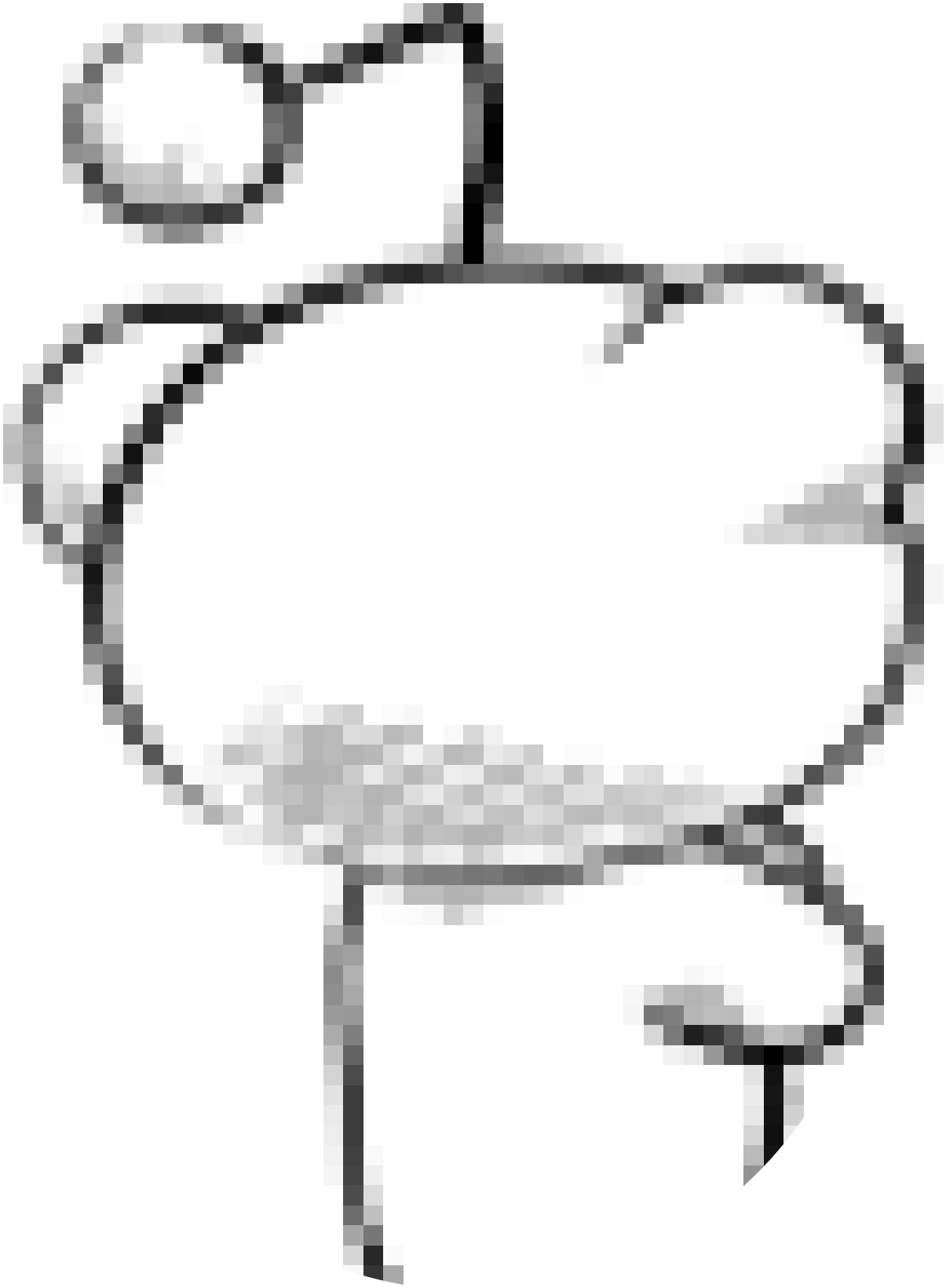
• 13y ago

I opened a sliding glass door to my porch and saw a big-ass spider hanging in front of my face. A few moments later, an egg nest exploded above my head. I was covered in baby spiders, mostly in my hair. I jumped into the shower with my clothes on.

yumcax
• 13y ago

This 911 call as a woman watches her chimp eat her friend.



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• 13y ago

Here are some comics that have kept me up at night, some NSFW:

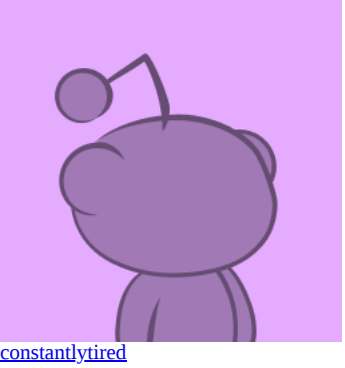
https://www.box.com/shared/bg9erz5nic

http://redmuseum.net/comics/cut/?id=1

Liv-Julia
• 13y ago

Another-I was staying in a shitty hotel to take a certification exam the next day. Watching TV, I was perplexed to see bright pink type crawl across the top of the screen like a text. It typed out letter by letter "I can see you". I shot off the bed, turned it off and closed all the blinds. Creeped the shit out of me.

I called my husband who told me it was impossible to do that and I was seeing things. I know I saw it.

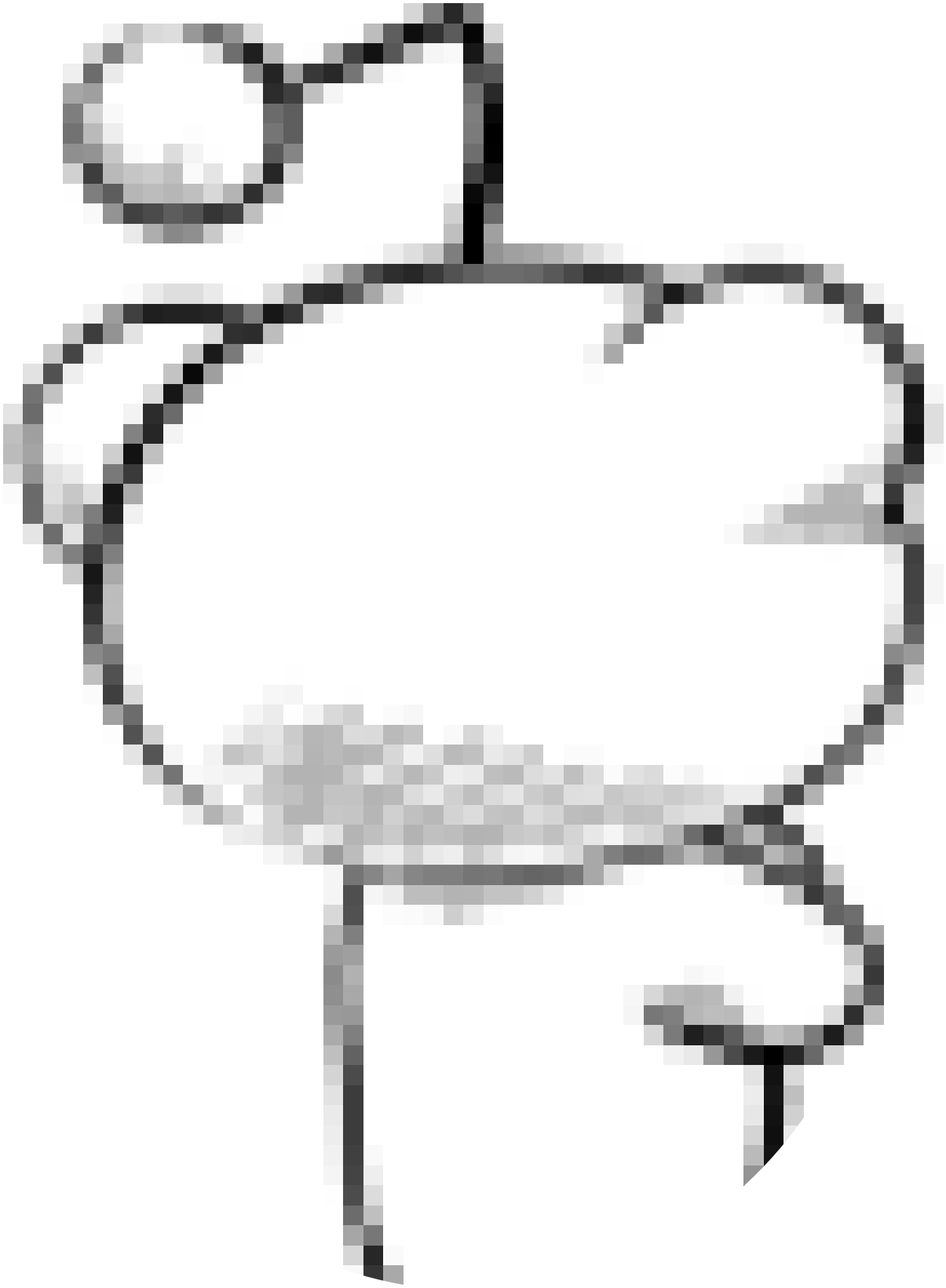


constantlytired
• 13y ago

This isn't nearly as creepy as a lot of the stories on here but it was pretty scary at the time. My best friend and I were out night hunting for raccoons in some woods near his house. It was pitch black as it was overcast and the nearest town was on the other side of a mountain so we couldn't see anything. We set up in a group of trees maybe 30 feet from the road we sat there for about an hour before we decided to move to another spot to try our luck and about 30 seconds after we got up we heard branches snapping and a loud crash. We looked back with our spotlights and a very large tree had fallen right where we were sitting. The crash scared us initially but thinking if we had sat there just a little bit longer it would have fallen on us and possibly killed us both. After that we decided to call it a night.

TLDR. Your own mortality is pretty scary sometimes.

Edit. Phone formating is annoying.



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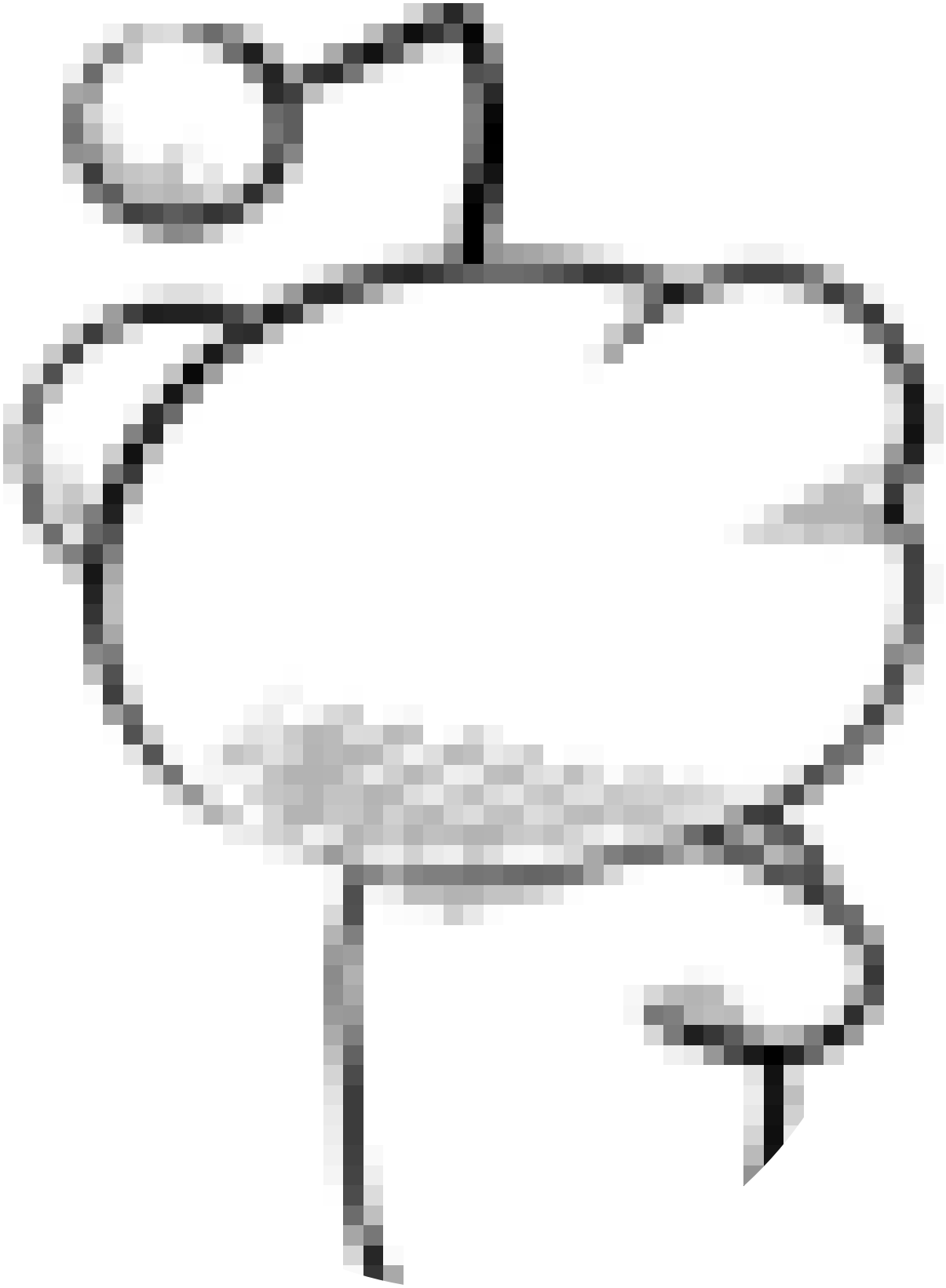
• 13y ago

I was in like 4th grade and had just watched some Alien movie. All of a sudden certain things turned off in our house and then this giant ass noise filled my whole house. From every room and direction. My heart raced and I grabbed my baseball bat and a kitchen knife. It was only me and my brother. He said it was aliens and not to go outside and he was acting scared too. I shat bricks till the noise stopped running around the whole house looking out of every window.

Eventually I found out my asshole brother set off our fire alarm. I beat his ass once when older and I swear this crossed into my mind. Good memory though.

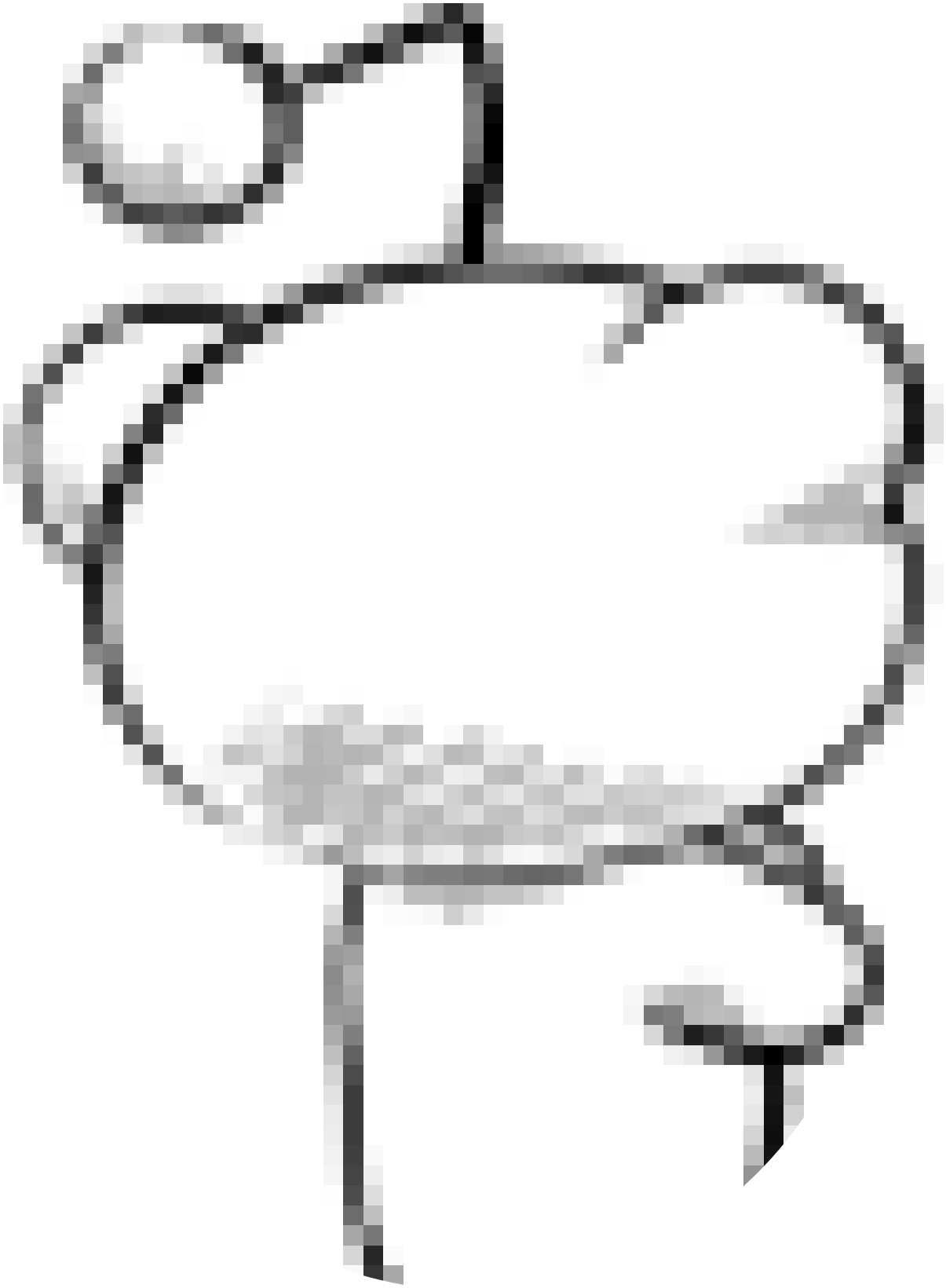
ejiv
• 13y ago

One nighy me and a group of friends were walking around Georgetown DC looking at all the graffiti. We stopped to take a break and this guy who looks like a ninja wearing a bandana over his mouth and sunglasses passes us along the sidewalk. I said something and he quickly turns around and does the sign of the cross. We were all kind of in shock at how weird that was.



namedan
• 13y ago

Reading this just past midnight is really not a good idea. Not entirely sure if the shadows on the corner of my eyes is my head trying to shut itself off or from an unrecognized entity finally getting acknowledgement of my belief.



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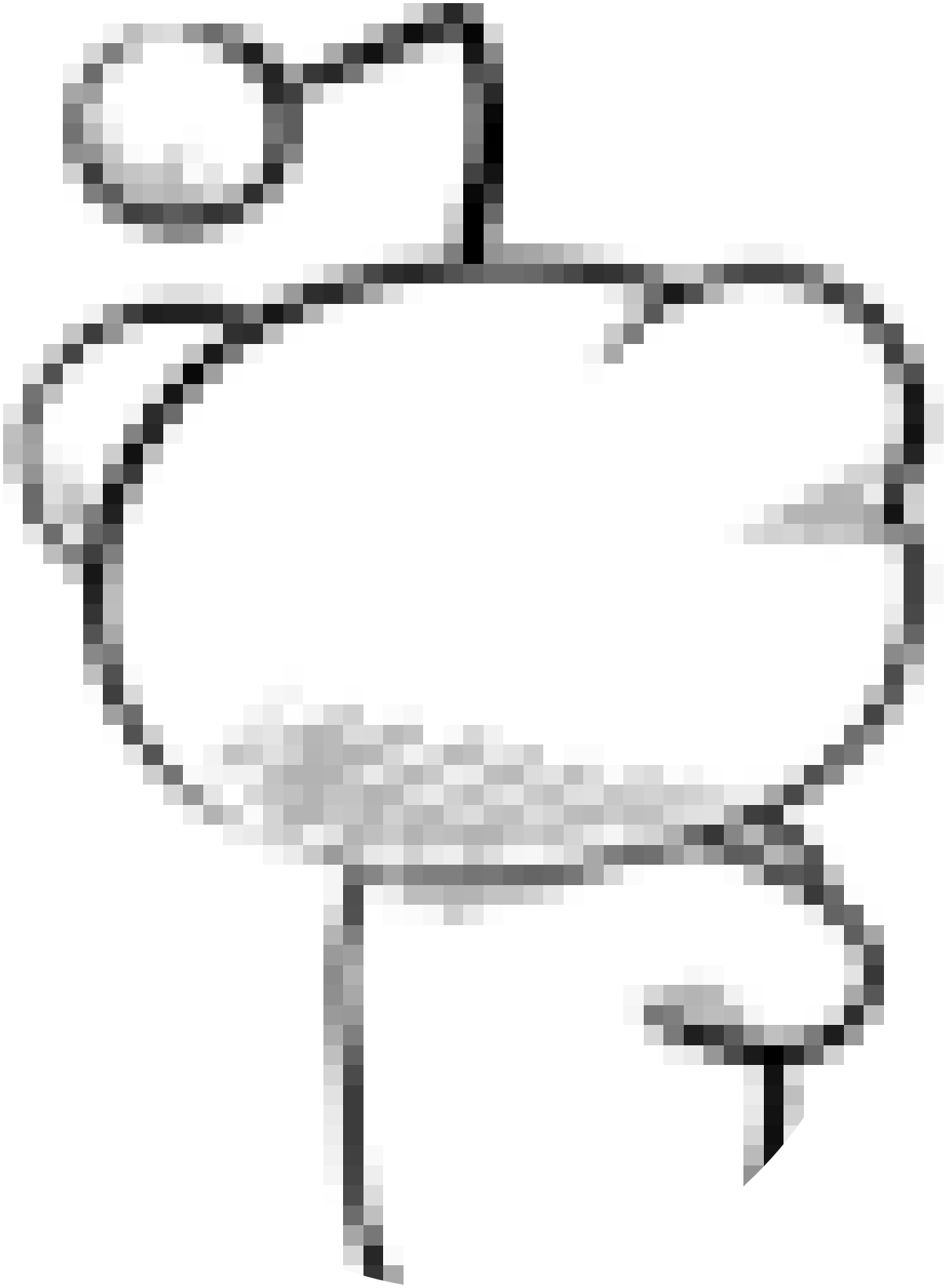
• 13y ago

Some old dude came to me when I was around 15 and walking in a park, and asked me whether I wanted to join him in his hotel room. As we walked (or : as he walked next to me) he looked at two big dogs that were here and said something like "beautiful dogs, big, beautiful dogs".

I called the police after that



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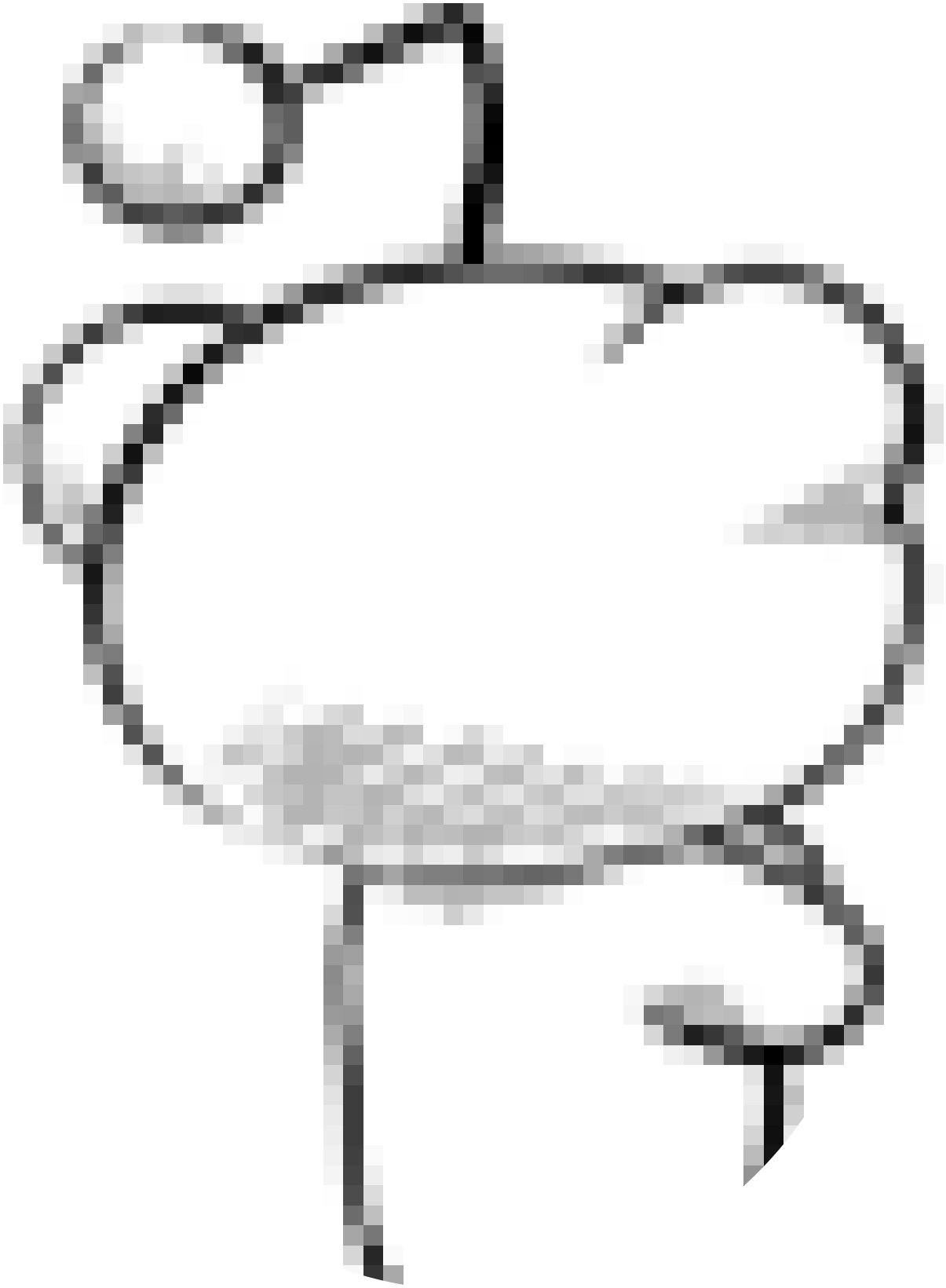
• 13y ago

I was trick or treating one Halloween and while I was walking toward the next house, someone grabbed me by the neck and started rubbing a knife against it. I found out that it was just my friend pranking me but at the time I was scared shitless.



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• 13y ago

I had a very awful, evil grandmother who I refused to allow into my life. She was dying of numerous diseases topped with cancer and my family forced me to go and visit her at the hospital before she passed. I went into the room to see her, or what was left of her (she weighed about 80lbs at that point), crawling on the floor, blind and crying for help. I asked the nurses why the hell they let her crawl around and they said no matter what they did, she somehow wound up back on the floor. She died two days after I saw her...I still remember that smell of disease in the room.

Robo-Connery
• 13y ago

A friend of mine moved into this old tenement flat and there was an access hatch to the attic in the ceiling of a cupboard, we were a bit drunk and decided to find out what was in it.

Getting to this thing wasn't easy the ceilings were about 12ft high and we had no ladder, what we did have though was a CCTV system (that we had been playing with) that he had taken when his work discarded it. It was basically just a camera attached to a small monitor by a wire.

The masterplan was hatched, the camera was attached along with a headlamp and some torches to the top of a broom with tape. Getting a view of the hatch was still a challenge though, had to straddle between the walls halfway up whilst holding up this broom.

I think we were already creeped out a little by the darkness, the way the torchlight looked and the black and white grainy video monitor. The initial view was just some boxes but as the camera panned around, in the corner of the loft was a single mattress with an open book and a ragged doll sitting ontop.

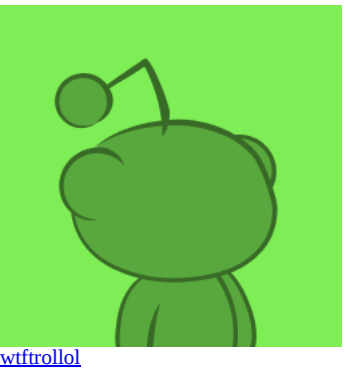
I fell off the wall and we noped our way to never looking again.

robman1123
• 13y ago

An infant dying due to malnutrition and neglect. Sickened me to my very core.

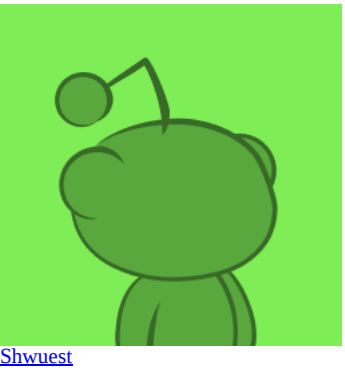
bousinou
• 13y ago

I live in a house with three guys that I have been playing in a band with for the last 4 years. I've come to know them all very well. Joseph in particular is a pretty stand up guy when it comes to putting your trust in his word. He doesn't exaggerate and as far as I know he has never lied to me. About anything. About a year and a half ago one of my mates, Ryan, and I had gone down to Atlanta for a music festival. Joseph was at home alone in our house for a couple of nights with just his dog, Tux. On the night that we had returned from the music festival we didn't go straight home. We went to hang with some friends on the other side of town when round about midnight I received a call from Joe. He was calm, as his phone demeanor usually is. He asked where we were, and if I wouldn't mind coming home. I hung up and asked Ryan if he was ready to leave, but he wanted to stay a bit longer. So I took off for home by myself. When I pulled in the driveway Joe and Tux were sitting on the front porch. The usual. As I walked up he stood up slowly and i noticed an odd a wide-eyed look on his face. He immediately started telling me something odd that he had experienced while we were gone. The night previous, while watching movies on his laptop in bed, he had seen out of the corner of his vision something pass his door. Several times. With Tux in bed with him, and no one at home. After witnessing this a few times he got up and shut the door and went to bed. The next night (tonight) before he had called me, he was making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in our kitchen. The kitchen connects to a dining room which we use for listening to records. Again, seeing something pass the doorway out of his peripheral, he turned around butter knife in hand. An elderly woman had found her way into the house. She was standing in the 'vinyl' room about 10ft away from him. Dark hair and light clothing. She looked startled and lost. Joe then explained to me how he had been sitting on the porch and had come in to make a sandwich leaving the front door wide open. This is common practice for us as our neighborhood is quite safe. He was stunned. Second after second went by as he scrambled to figure out why this woman had come inside without knocking. Perhaps there had been a wreck and she was looking for a telephone? Maybe she was senile and had been out for a walk and gotten confused. Before he could say anything he realized the knife in his hand couldn't be making the situation any better. He turned back to the counter to set it down. Finally, catching his breath to speak, he turned back around and she was nowhere to be found. Confused, he called me to come home. Joe had never seen a ghost, angel, spirit or whatever else could be considered a supernatural occurrence. He was very shaken up. Months later it became a story we would tell at parties and to our friends when they would come over. Reenacting Joe's encounter to sort of freak out our guests. The goosebumps faded as nothing else like it happened and the woman wasn't seen again. Through a chance meeting with our landlord Joe had decided to start a conversation with what he had experienced moths prior. Starting off with prefacing that he, "just had to tell her what he had seen in the house..." Our landlord, frightened of any such scary story interrupted him and said "It better not be some ghost story! The previous tenants had tried to freak her out with mentioning odd noises in the house constantly." Before he could tell her anything that he had seen, she explained to him how the wife of the man who had built the home had suffered a heart attack and passed in the dinning room. OUR VINYL ROOM. Since then we have found an old photo of the couple in our basement. Mr. and Mrs, Young. Joe confirmed that from his memory of that night, it was a very similar looking visitor. The photo now is always on display in the vinyl room out of respect for the Youngs...she hasn't been seen again.



wtftrollol
• 13y ago

I was a child when my Aunt told me this. My grandmother was very religious and had prayer groups and stuff at the house. My aunt was always skeptical and kept her distance when they held stuff like that. -- My family and visitors were telling us of the noises and overall bad vibes they would get in the down stairs bathroom(not poop vibes). I was young and found myself scared to go anywhere near it. A lot was going on with our family, mostly bad and its stories fell to the way side. Until one of the younger kids got locked in this bathroom. It has two doors and only one locks, so needless to say it should be impossible to get "locked" in. My cousin was now screaming at this point and no one knew why, but it came down to my family breaking down the door with force. My cousin was fine and no one ever figured out what had happened. My grandma was convinced something was wrong with there house or bathroom and decided to invite many of her friends and pastor to come pray at the house. My aunt wasn't participating and was walking through the house as they prayed. She was walking by the bathroom when she suddenly stopped and was met by a set of devilish eyes, and she froze. She told me she watched this figure slowly rise with a face so angry and evil, flipping her off as he rose out of sight. Needless to say she became much more involved in the church and still is today. Scared the shit out of me to ever go into that bathroom.



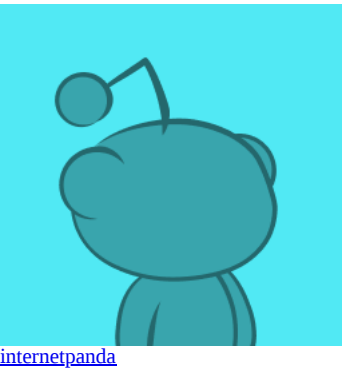
Shwuest
• 13y ago

When my neighbors used to go out of town I would dog sit/ watch their house while they were gone. I went over every day multiple times and always locked the door while I was inside and when I left. One day I went over with my mom and I noticed the pantry door slightly open. I told my mom I thought I had closed it before but she told me I had probably just forgotten and left it open. I made sure to close that door before we left that day. Well the next night I went over to my neighbors alone. It was pretty late and I made sure to lock the front door while I was

inside. I was there for awhile before I noticed the pantry door was open again.. I closed it and checked around the house but found nothing. While I was in another room feeding the dogs I hear a noise in the front room. Just as I'm walking into the room I see the front door handle turn and the door slowly open. The door I had locked. I couldn't move or say anything so I just stood there and a second later a woman I had never seen before steps into the kitchen. We both stare at each other for what seemed like forever and it was the scariest money of my life not being able to even move. But then of course I find out that this woman is a friend of my neighbors who happened to have a spare key and was told to occasionally check on the house as well. Still, scared the crap out of me.

ermahgerdertsmer
• 13y ago

My nightmares/night terrors/sleepwalking provide the majority of creepy/scary things in my life. I have watched people die, tried to save them from accidents. Tried to pull people that were burning in a crashed plane, its normally a mother and child and the look of horror and the smell of their flesh burning is awful. I've been in violent accidents myself, sometimes I die, sometimes I don't. I've been kidnapped and repeatedly raped over a month long period in my dreams. But for some reason the ones that really get to me are the ones where I think someone is in my room. Lately its been a boy with curly blonde hair. I've been waking up and I see him standing there in the dark, so clearly, and then when I turn the light on he's not their anymore. There used to be an older man in a blue suit, but he has stopped coming. I have to get up and look everywhere to make sure there isn't someone there.
When I was a kid I went through a phase where I refused to go to sleep because I kept getting murdered in a canyon every night. Sleeping is pretty horrifying.

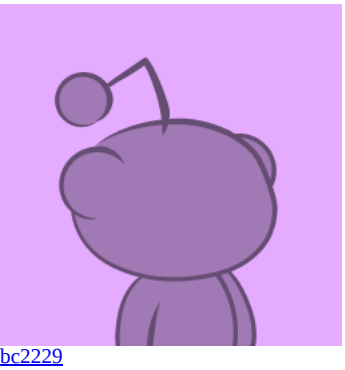


internetpanda
• 13y ago

I'm pretty sure my house is somewhat haunted. The day we moved in,I was in the backyard sitting on a picnic table that came with the home. Out of the corner of my eye,I swore I saw something moving,but figured it was a squirrel or something. And then shit started happening. I heard my name being called,by a voice completely unfamiliar to me,asking for help. I finally turned around to look,and a little girl,around 9 or so,was standing there in a torn up white night gown with a matching headdress thing (a bonnet?) and long black hair. She looked like she was from the 1800's. I nope'd and ran inside and never spoke of it. 8 years later I still live here,and my mom brought up the girl after seeing her and asked if I saw her before. I spilled everything and we both freaked out. I still see her sometimes. We think the house was built over burial grounds.

sm41
• 13y ago

I was working under my Mustang when I heard my dad gasp loudly, followed by a bang. He had slipped, dropping a heavy crate five or six feet off a shelf. Scared the shit out of me because I thought the car was coming down on me.



bc2229

• 13y ago

I have two that are very different.

First was just scary, and something no one should have to see. I was driving down an interestate near where I live, a person tried to dash across the high way, only to be met by a Lincoln Navigator at full tilt(I was doing 70, she had passed me). Three cars ahead, less than a second in real time/distance... he was reduced to a red cloud, and mostly chunks of human meat. His shoe hit my windshield. I was obviously in shock, as I don't recall much after that, but a friend and her boyfriend came to pick me up because I got off the highway, and was just too shaken to drive.

Now, moving on from scary to creepy...

One of the houses I grew up in was very very old in US terms. Mid-1700s. At the time it was built, it was the only house on the road, and only two others in the next 150 years would pop up around it. The only other thing in the area was a small produce farm, and a Civil War era graveyard(still takes new "residents" to this day, but I digress...).

Now, the house was somewhat creepy in it's own right. But nothing strange or anything like that, just old, and to my 6-9 year old self, the creeks and groans could have been any number of monstrosities hiding in the rafters. But there were none, just an old, settling house.

No... the creepiness came from that mother fuckin' graveyard. For the entire time we lived there, it wasn't uncommon to hear two noises. Day or night, didn't matter. They were simple. 1)Drums. As in muster rolls. and 2)the distinct noise of horses. Whinnys, clomping/stamping, etc. And not one horse, or two.. but many. There was not, and still isn't, a single horse farm, barn or stable within 4mi of that area.

I didn't find out until I was much older that the cemetery was created to bury those civil war dead, and that the muster area was not far from the house, either. I used to think I was hearing things, or just being a scardy cat kid. But no, my entire family heard this. My old lady neighbor, who lived in the house nextdoor her entire life(at the time, 70 something years, her father and uncle built the house)said it was normal. To the point that she didn't even notice it much anymore. It was a nearly nightly occurrence.

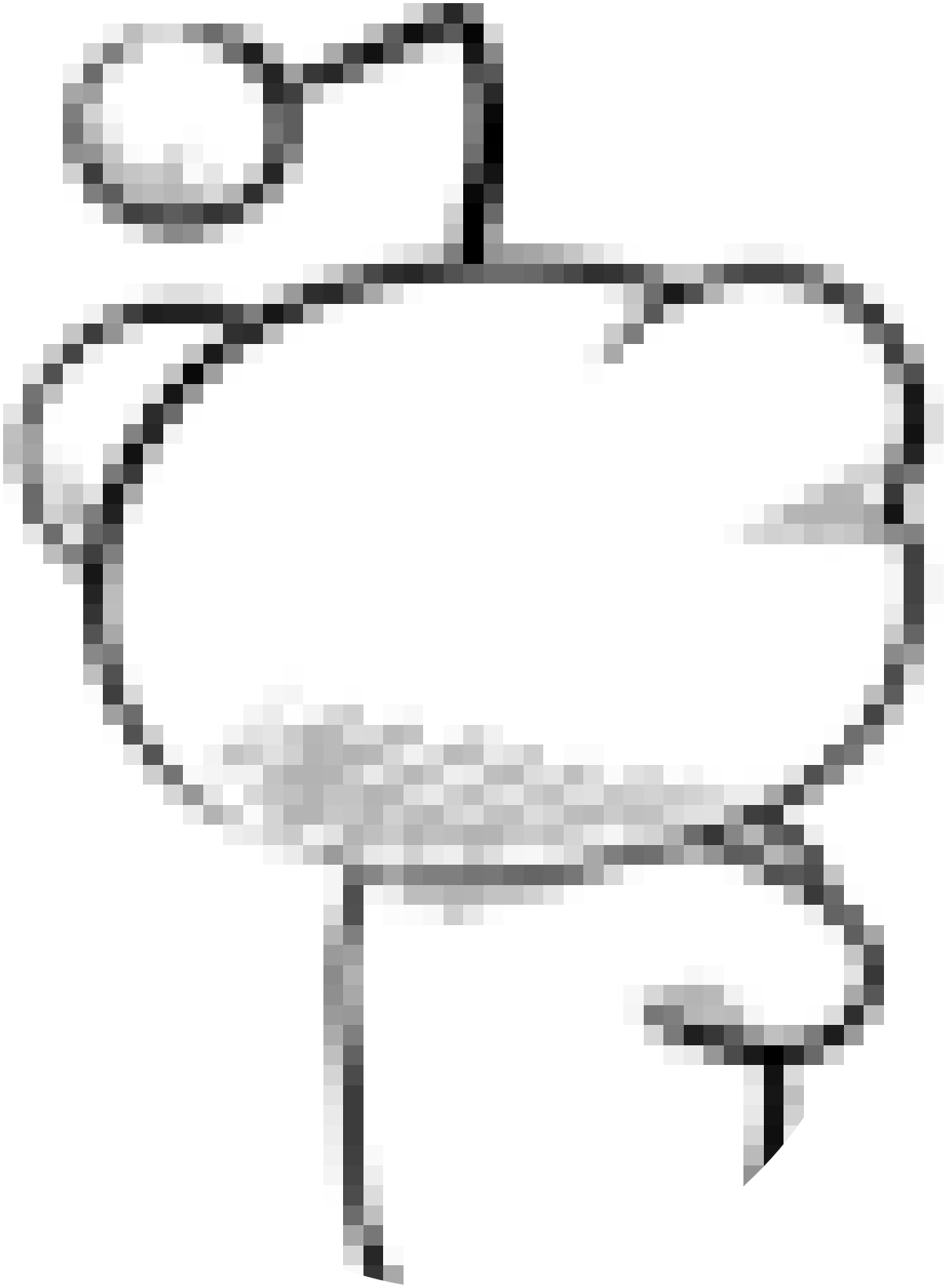
So yeah. I don't really buy into all of it now, at the age of 32. But it's very difficult to consign what I, my family, and neighbors have heard for years and years. Still strikes me as very creepy to this day. I love cemeteries for a variety of reasons(peaceful, etc), but I tend to still stay away from that one in particular.

Reply Share

aj305
• 13y ago

hearing Foxes doing it. i was like 13 at a sleep over and me and my mate were just about to fall sleep then we heard screams from the bottom of the garden. We almost called the police it sounded like a girl being raped or murdered

Reply Share



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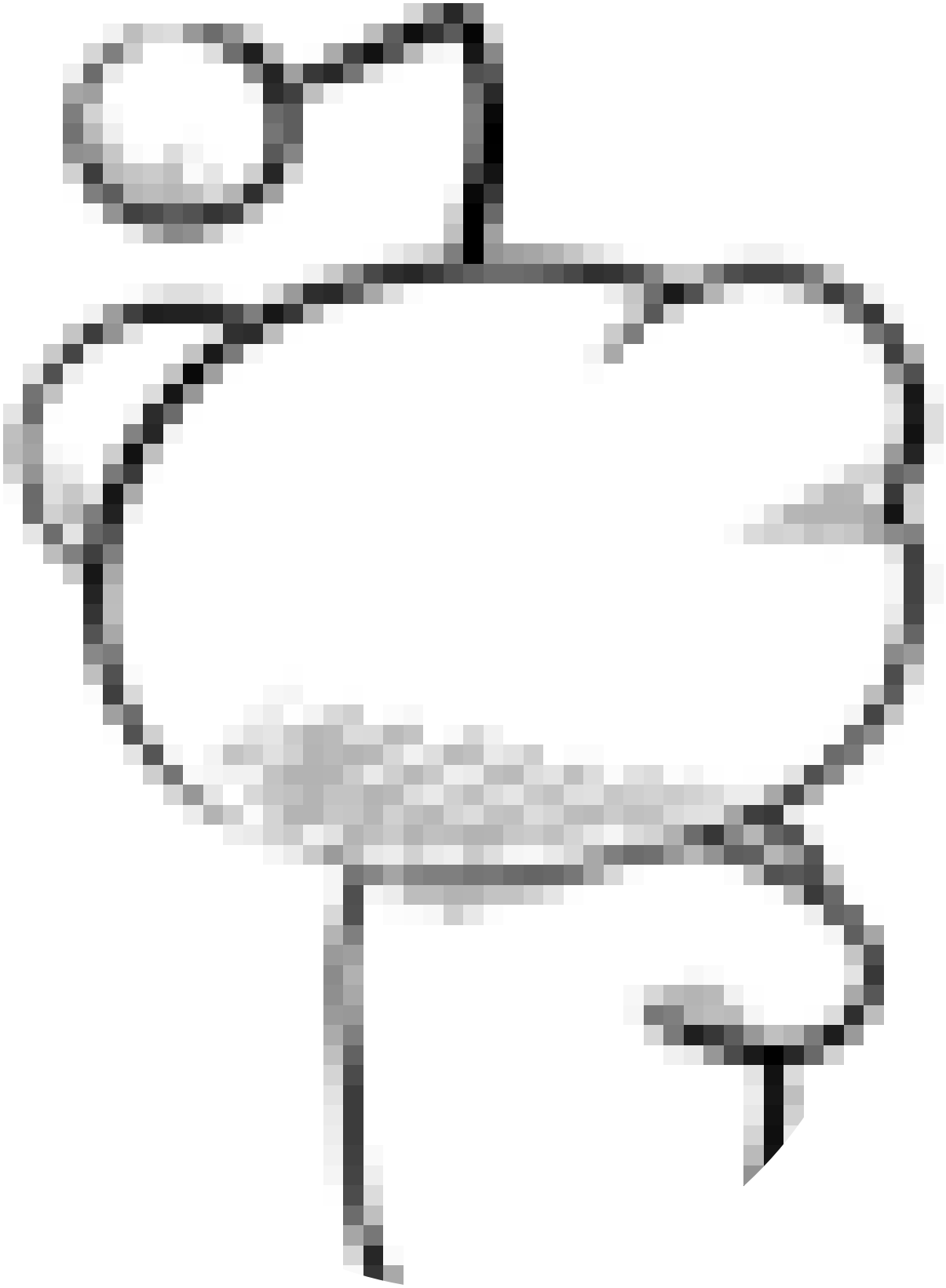
• 13y ago

Just recently (October) my friend was involved in a fatal car accident and, looking for closure, i went to visit the wreck site. The first creepy part was that it was just down the road from where i was, the worst part was when i got there however, the road was stained with blood and glass, the whole place wreaked of iron (from the blood i assume), but the worst part was the i saw bits of bone and brain laying on the ground.

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

Does anyone remember the "static people" stories another thread was all about?

A bunch of people had stories about seeing a similar humanoid type figure, apparently made out of jagged staticy darkness. They seemed to "absorb" any light that was around them.

Reply Share

the_cox
• 13y ago

Creepiest thing that ever happened to me: I had a dream in third person. I was 5 or 6, and for the first time ever I had a room to myself. I had a bunk bed, and I was a little worried about rolling over the edge, but not enough to keep me from sleeping there. One night, I dreamt in third person, watching myself sleep from the top corner of my room. That was it, for 15 minutes, I watched myself sleeping, rolling around on my bed. Then, I rolled over the edge. I watched myself roll over the edge, and then the dream ended. I woke up the next morning on the floor.

Never understood it, but I always thought that it was a little creepy.

Reply Share

Twagstir
• 13y ago

On the phone right now so no link. Youtube search "Don't Hug Me Im Scared" ... Yea

Reply Share

Lilstewbeans
• 13y ago

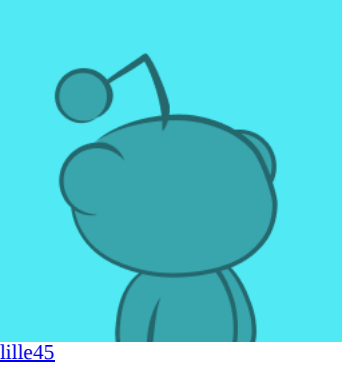
Well when I was about 12 years old I was watching a movie with the family on a Friday night. Typical night nothing out of the ordinary. We're about half way through the movie when I glimpse a ghost of a man walk from my front door down my hallway toward the bedrooms. Needless to say this scared the shit out of me and I instantly began crying.

I decided to sleep on my parents floor that night with my little brother who was also scared. I finally fall asleep and a little after 2 A.M. I wake up from a dead sleep screaming bloody murder. I don't exactly know what caused the screaming or even why I woke up. I only know after I woke up I just experience pitch black darkness. But not the kind of darkness where you just can't see but the kind where you can feel it smothering you. I felt as if I was fighting something off of me. My step dad grabbed me and yanked me on the bed and I somehow got to sleep. I found out a few years later that my step dad told my mom he had seen shapes swirling around me.

After that night I have never been the same. There have been other experiences I've had such as whispers in the ear, or movement from the corner of my eye. My mom and brother had seen things in the house as well The thing that still haunts me the most is the night terrors I have. Sometimes it's spiders or snakes in the bed but then every now and then there's nights where I feel someone holding me down strangling me. Most people blew my story off until I slept over at a buddies house. It had been a perfectly in eventful night again until I woke up screaming bloody murder that someone needed to get off of me and to stop. Since I have had these experiences before I fell back asleep about a half hour later. My buddy wasn't so lucky. He told me in the morning that after that had happened his speakers started making static noises although they were unplugged and the master power was off. He ended up clipping the wire with toenail clippers.

I'm not sure why this happens to me but I hate it more than anything. I'm deathly terrified of ghosts yet for some reason I'm constantly having experiences. Well there's my story. Scared the shit out of me and I will probably be traumatized forever.

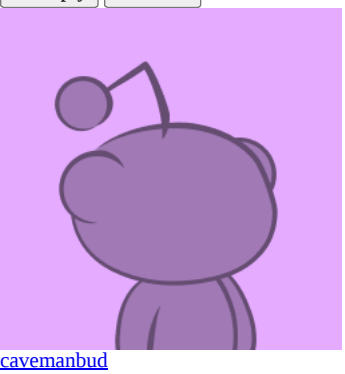
Reply Share



lille45
• 13y ago

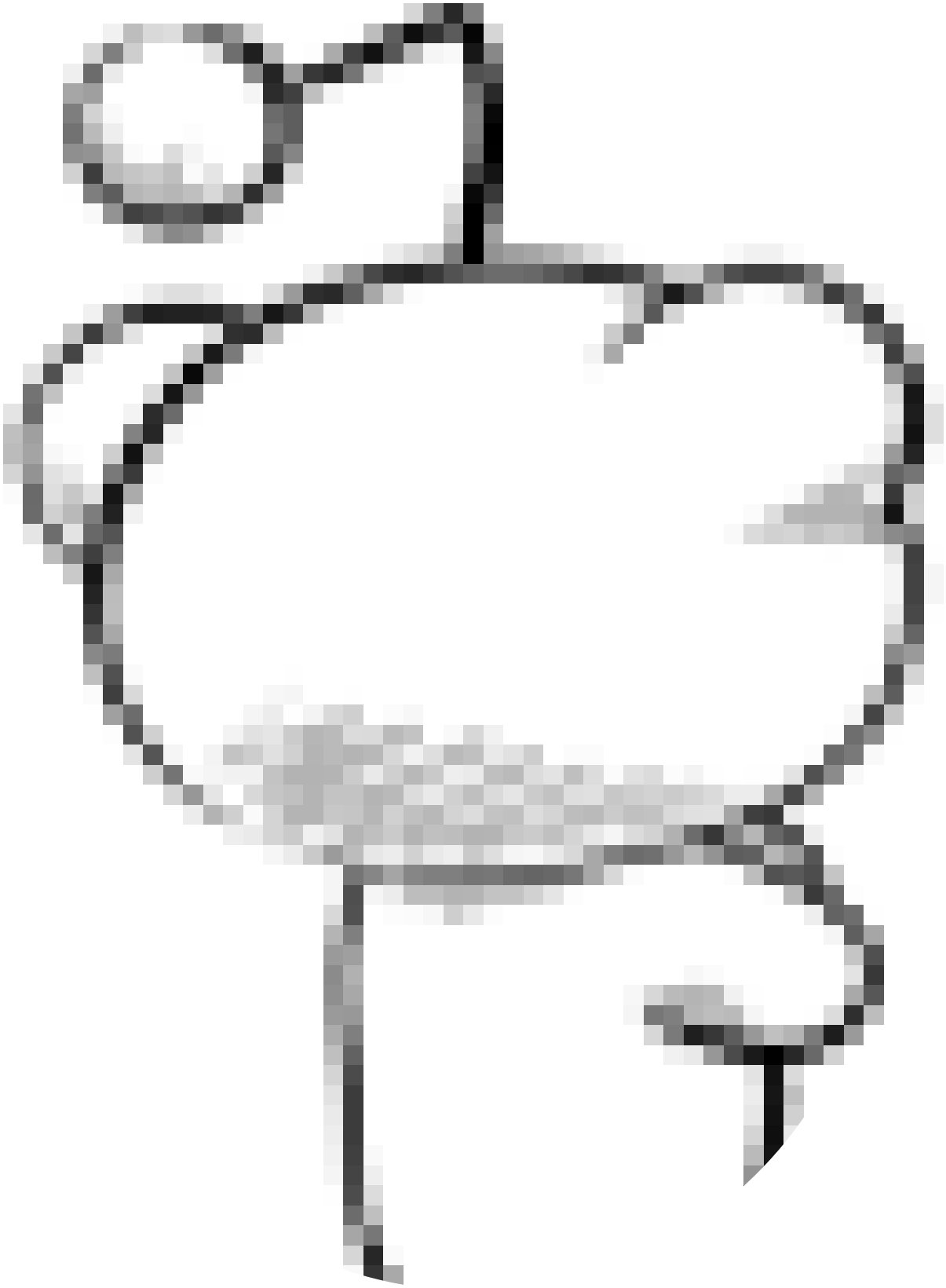
one night, i heard a noise outside my window and turned on the ligts (not so smart if it was a murderer when i think about it now). then, when i had turned on the light it stopped, after a few seconds i turned it off again, and the noise returned. i did this a couple of times and i was sure i was going to die all alone in a cold room in the middle of the night. then it turned out it was just a moth that was stuck behind my curtain - i dont think i have ever been more relieved to have bugs in my house

Reply Share



cavemanbud
• 13y ago

My own intestines.



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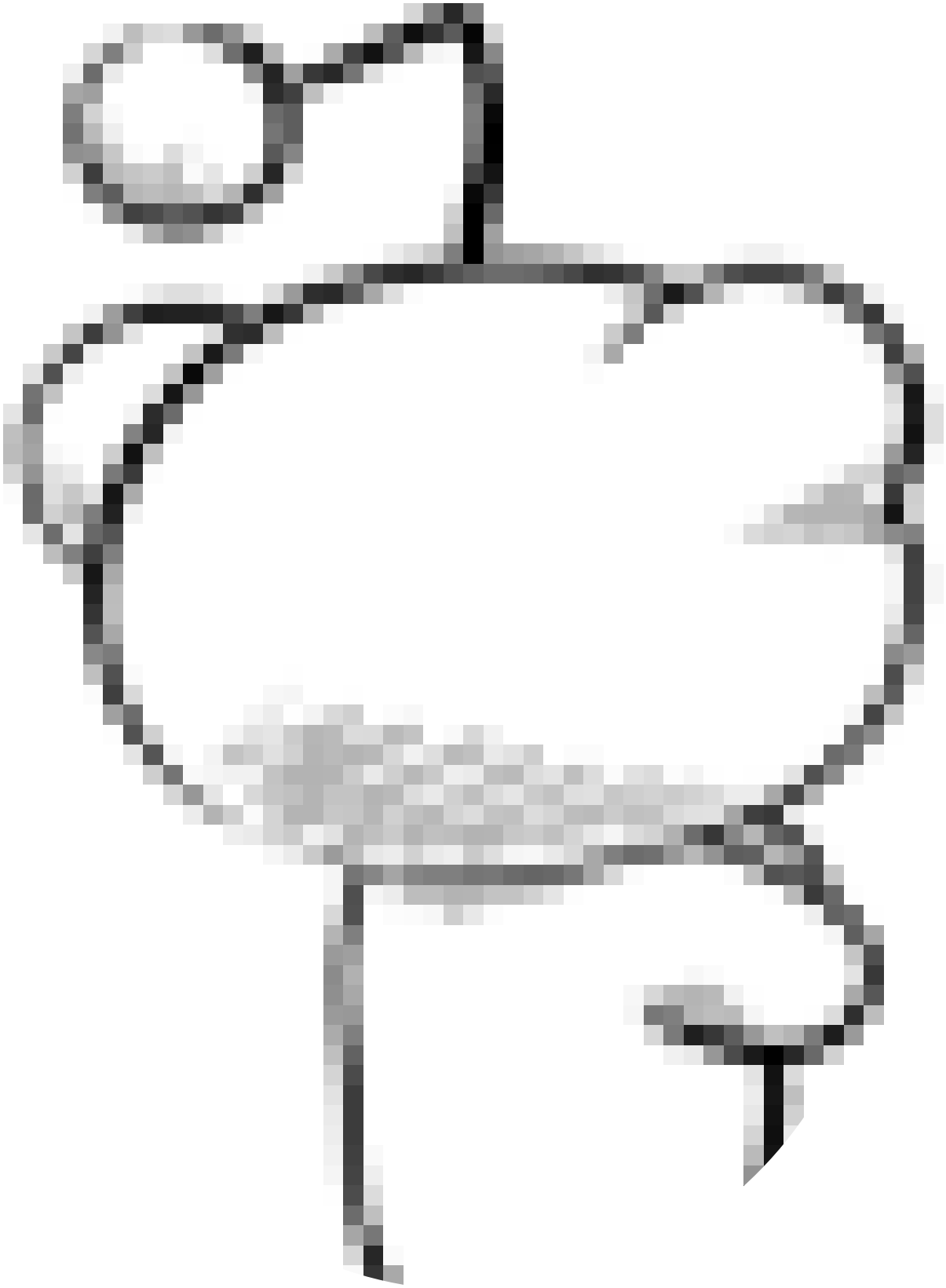
• 13y ago

Well I'm not sleeping tonight now.

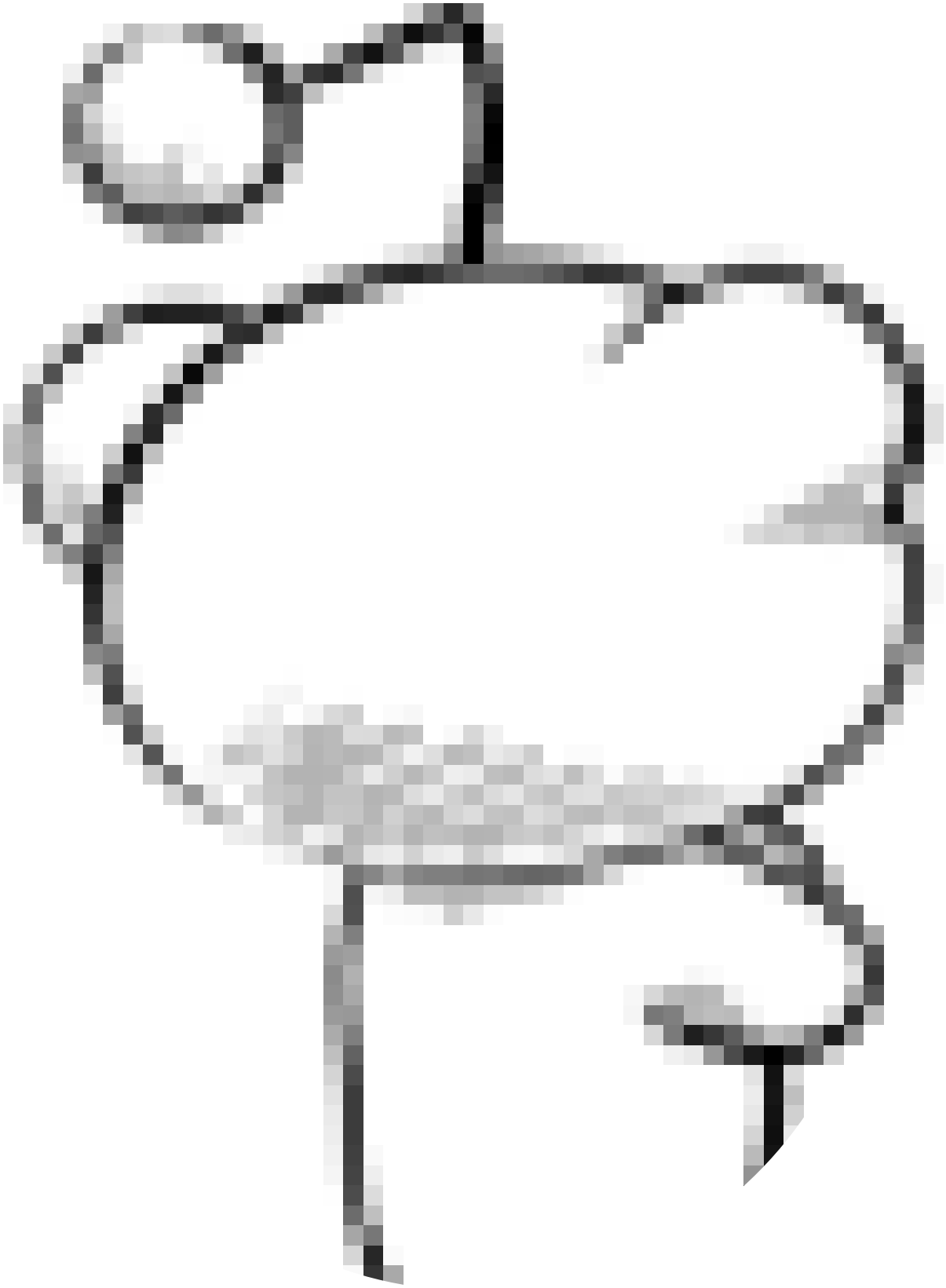


M0nsterRain
• 13y ago

Growing up in the country we'd get animals that would come pretty close to our house, especially at night. Deer were the biggest offenders. They would walk right up to the house in the middle of the night and start eating flowers, shrubs, etc...

This really isn't a problem, except that you could hear them breathing somtimes. Imagine waking up from a dead sleep to hear heavy breathing right outside the window that is right beside your bed. Because you are still half asleep your mind is unable to connect the sound to the fact that it's a deer outside. Creepy as fuck.

We also had a neighbor that had a couple of peacocks. If you've ever heard them cry they sound just like children screaming. Imagine waking up in the middle of the night to that noise...

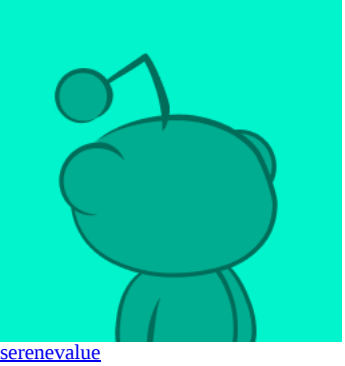


sammyhere
• 13y ago

r/spacedicks

EdgHG
• 13y ago

I know what I will be doing during my lunch break.



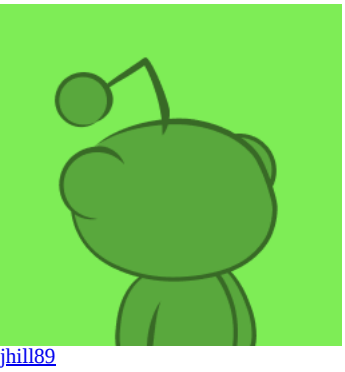
serenevalue
• 13y ago

The night we stumbled upon an albino village in NJ... Not really scary, but definitely very creepy.

One year around Halloween when I was much younger, a family friend offered to take my brother and I to a Halloween hayride down in Jackson, NJ. After driving 40 minutes south to Jackson, we wound up getting lost trying to find this place. Our family friend had been there before, but that was years earlier, and took a random dirt road that led deep into the woods. As we drove deeper into the woods, we could see lights in the distance. Thinking this must be the place, we continued to drive toward the lights. Up ahead there was a run down gate house with a woman standing outside of it. She waved at us, gesturing to continue forward. At this point we are all thinking, "this must be it!" But as we passed through the gate, we realized how wrong we were.

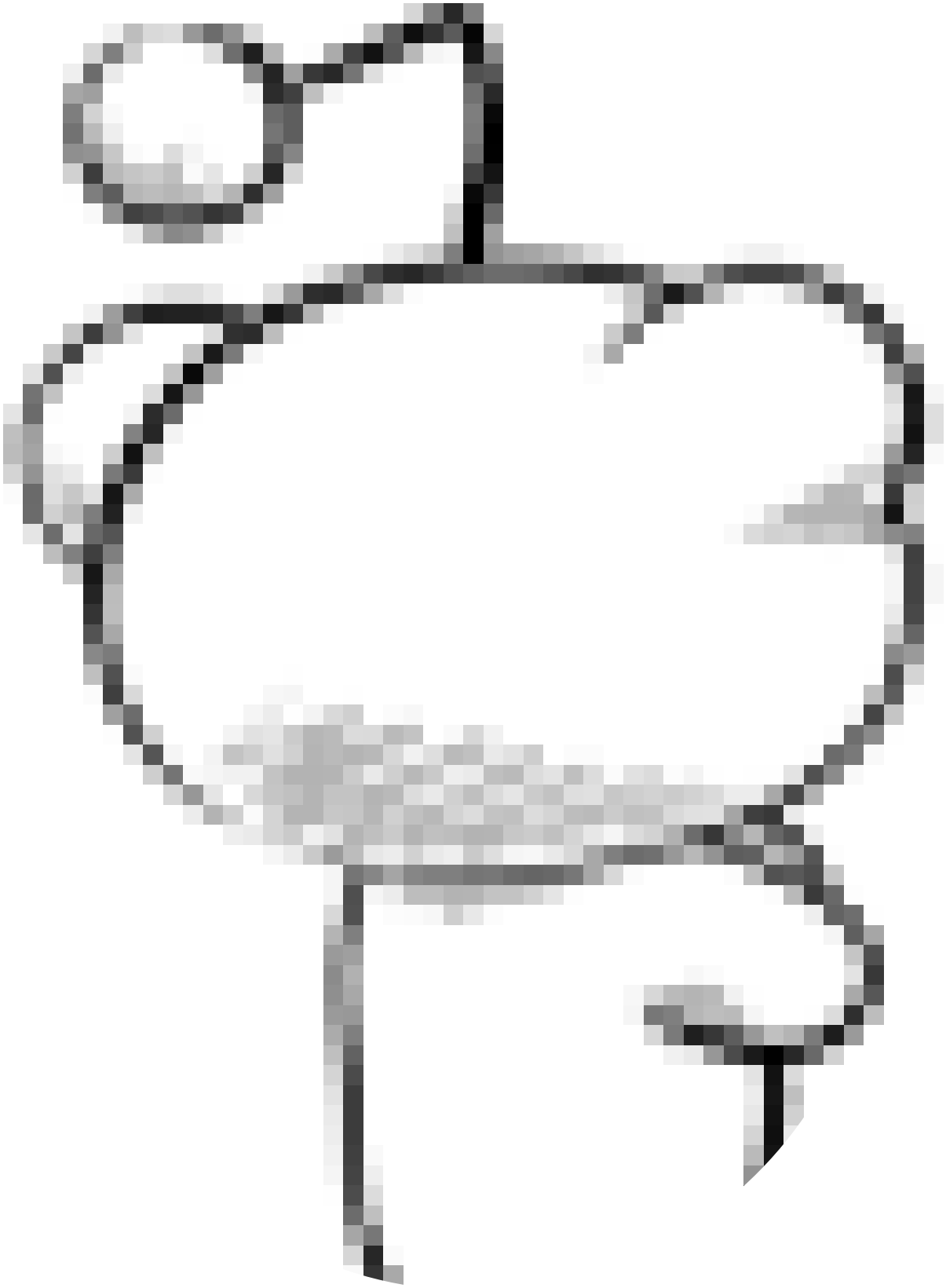
We had ventured into some sort of settlement. There were shacks and beaten up trailers sprawled throughout the woods with fires burning and people scattered throughout the shadows. They were all watching us, some of them stood up and started to walk toward the car. At this point we realized we were definitely NOT at the hay ride. Furthermore, these people didn't look... right. After reading Weird NJ for years, I speculated that we must have come across one of NJ's infamous albino villages. Looping around the campsite, we sped out of there and didn't look back.

They didn't try to stop us, and I don't think we were in danger really, but it was pretty creepy regardless... There's lots of eerie things to stumble upon in NJ forests...



jhill89
• 13y ago

there used to be this kids TV show in the UK in the early 90's or late 80's that freaked me out. I can't remember what is was called but I think puppets were used and a lot of the backdrop was yellow, memory is hazy but if anyone remembers it then please comment!



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• 13y ago

Uzumaki by Junji Ito, read the whole series in a day, so disturbing >_>

Here's the whole series for free

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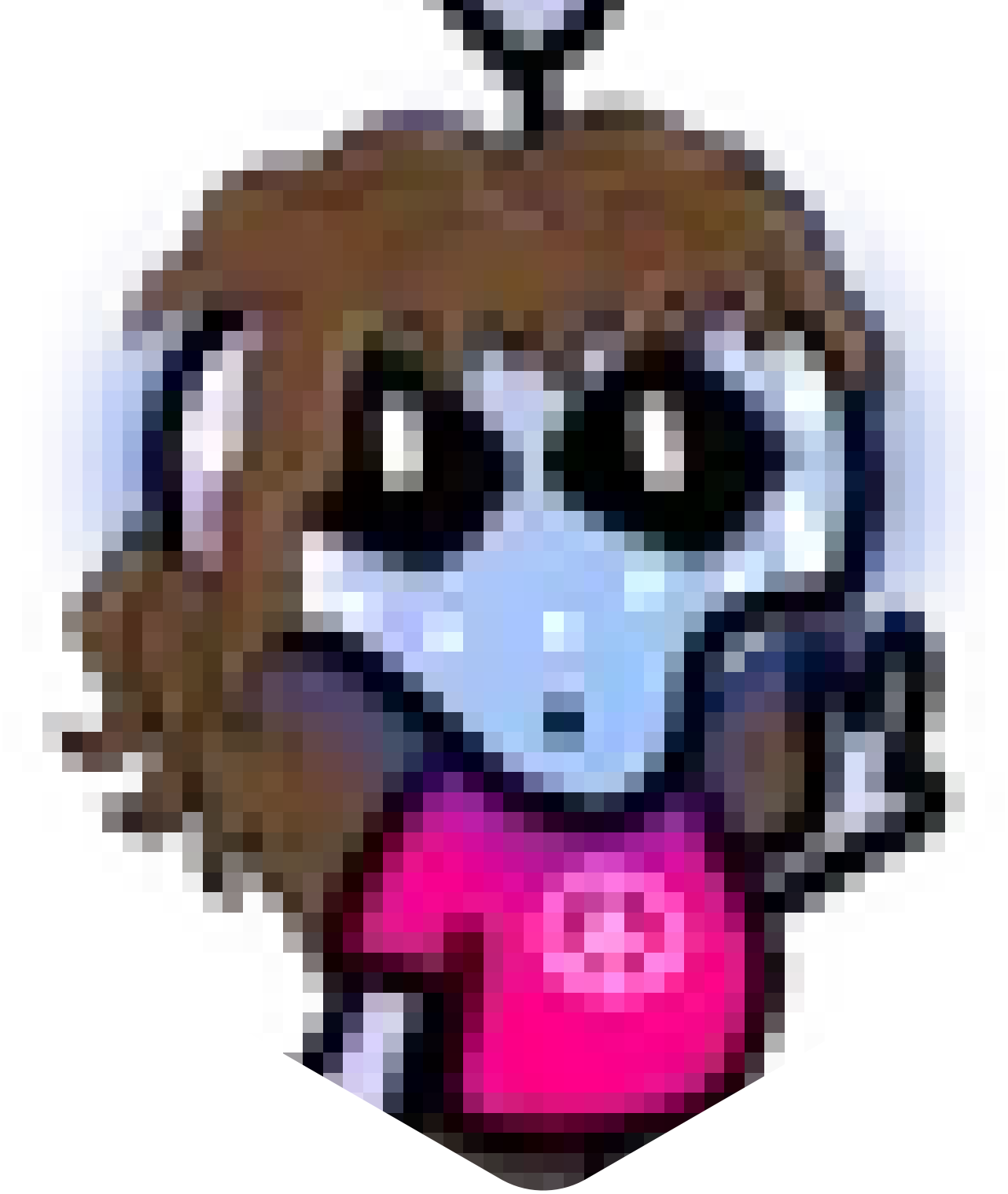
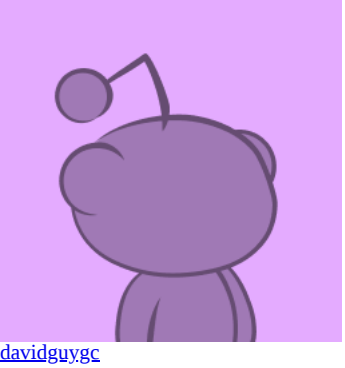


127001y
• 13y ago

I witnessed a man getting hit by a passing car doing 70 mph. A car that was in front of me hit the guy while he was changing his tire on side of the 170 in N.Hollywood,CA. Brutal. Chopped in half and rolling on the freeway. That still sticks with me. Poor guy stumbled backwards into traffic while getting up from taking the tire off..

Reply Share



davidguygc
• 13y ago

One night when I was sleeping, I woke up and saw a couple of kids with pale white faces from the storage shelf in my closet staring at me and screaming without making any sound. Just a vacuous black hole of a mouth. I saw The Grudge later and the kid in it looked a lot like what I saw that night

I have night terrors like that pretty frequently so I finally got used to dealing with that shit.

The worst part is my bedside light is an old fluorescent that takes about five seconds to turn on. Hellish five seconds. I need to get around to getting a new one

Reply Share

rachel_soup
• 13y ago

My dad is from Spain and we went back to visit my family there when I was about 13 (I'm 22 now). My grandpa played professional jai alai in Spain before coming to the United States and playing here, so they were very wealthy when they lived there. They bought a house that had originally been a hospital. The first floor was the kitchen, living rooms, sun room, etc. The second floor had been converted to bedrooms and the third floor was still hospital rooms. There was nothing on the third floor at all, just empty rooms. The bedrooms on the second floor were quite large, as they had knocked down walls to make more space per bedroom. My cousins and I had picked rooms next to each other, closest to the staircase so we could play our video games downstairs and then have the closest accessible rooms. While we were sleeping I woke up to a dragging sound that sounded like someone pulling a heavy table across the floor. It went all the way from one side of my room to the other. I turned on my light and opened my door and went to my cousins room and opened his door. He was sitting up in his bed looking up at the ceiling. We went upstairs to the third floor, but there was nothing up there. No furniture or anything. Still to this day gives me chills thinking about the fact that nonexistent furniture traveled through walls.

TL;DR: Creepy ass hospital house in BFE Spain, ghosts. Ghosts everywhere.

Reply Share

GingerYorkieBar
• 13y ago

When I was about 7 I was on a carousel in the centre of my city. Then I heard a sickening moan and turned my head. As it happened it was and old lady who had got too close to the carousel and it had sliced her knee open so you could see the bone. That sickening sight and the joyful music of the carousel still creeps me out to this day.

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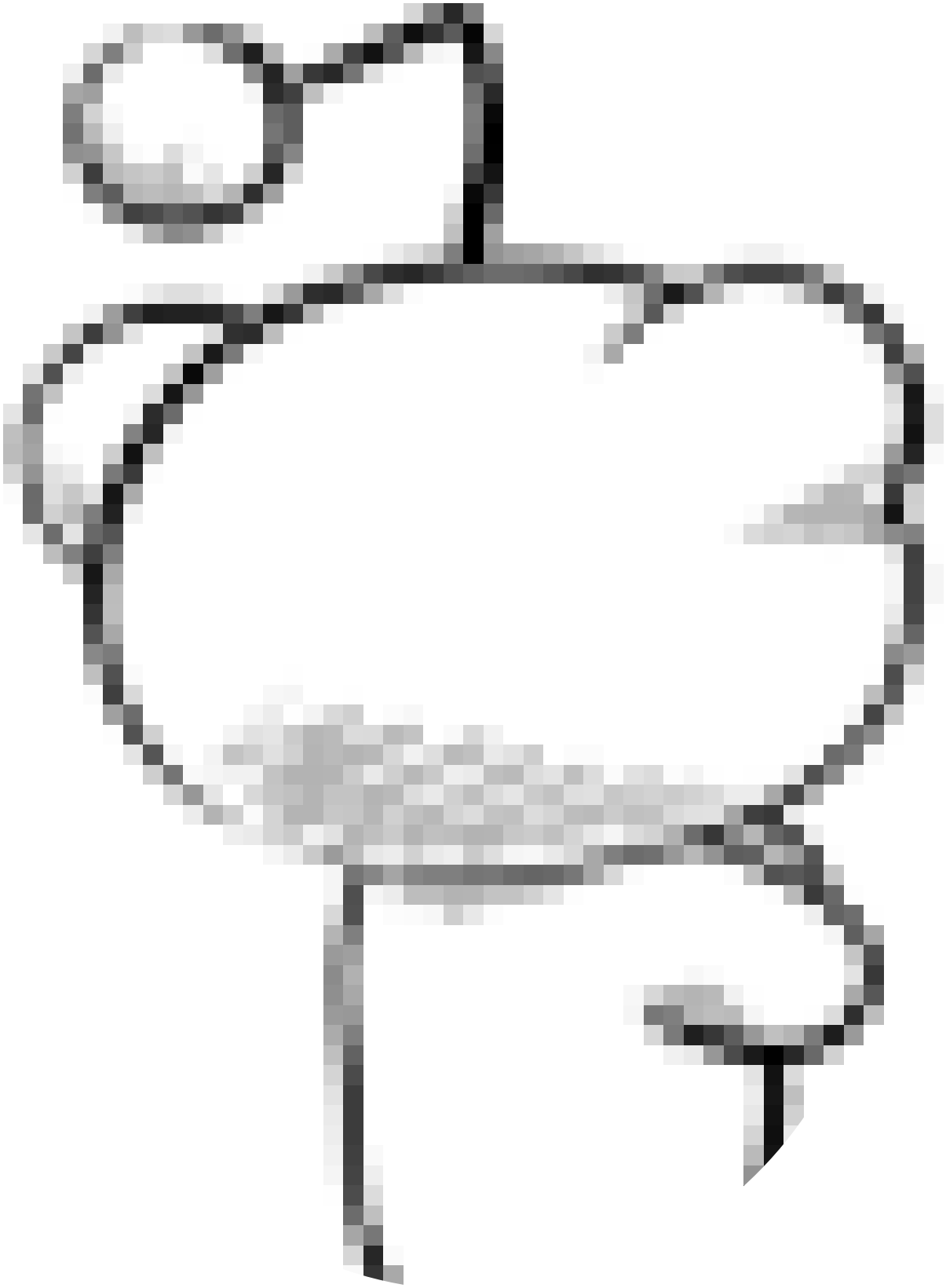

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• 13y ago

I've only got a few massively G-rated things in comparison to the grue that you grizzled old bastards have seen.

When I was 8, I saw this kid in my 3rd grade class have a seizure. All the kids were freaking out and no one knew what to do. Same thing happened when I was 11 and a kid in my Boy Scout Troop's dad had a seizure and fell over when we were selling Christmas trees. Both of 'em turned out fine, but when you're a youngster that kind of stuff sticks with you.

When I was a sophomore in College I saw a dog get hit by a car. It ran off, but as a dog lover, that's something really unsettling. The fact that we were in a horribly impoverished part of West Virginia filled with pretty shitty people (I saw some folks on the side of the road laughing and the driver just drove off like nothing happened) made it feel so much worse.

Yeas, I'm a puss.

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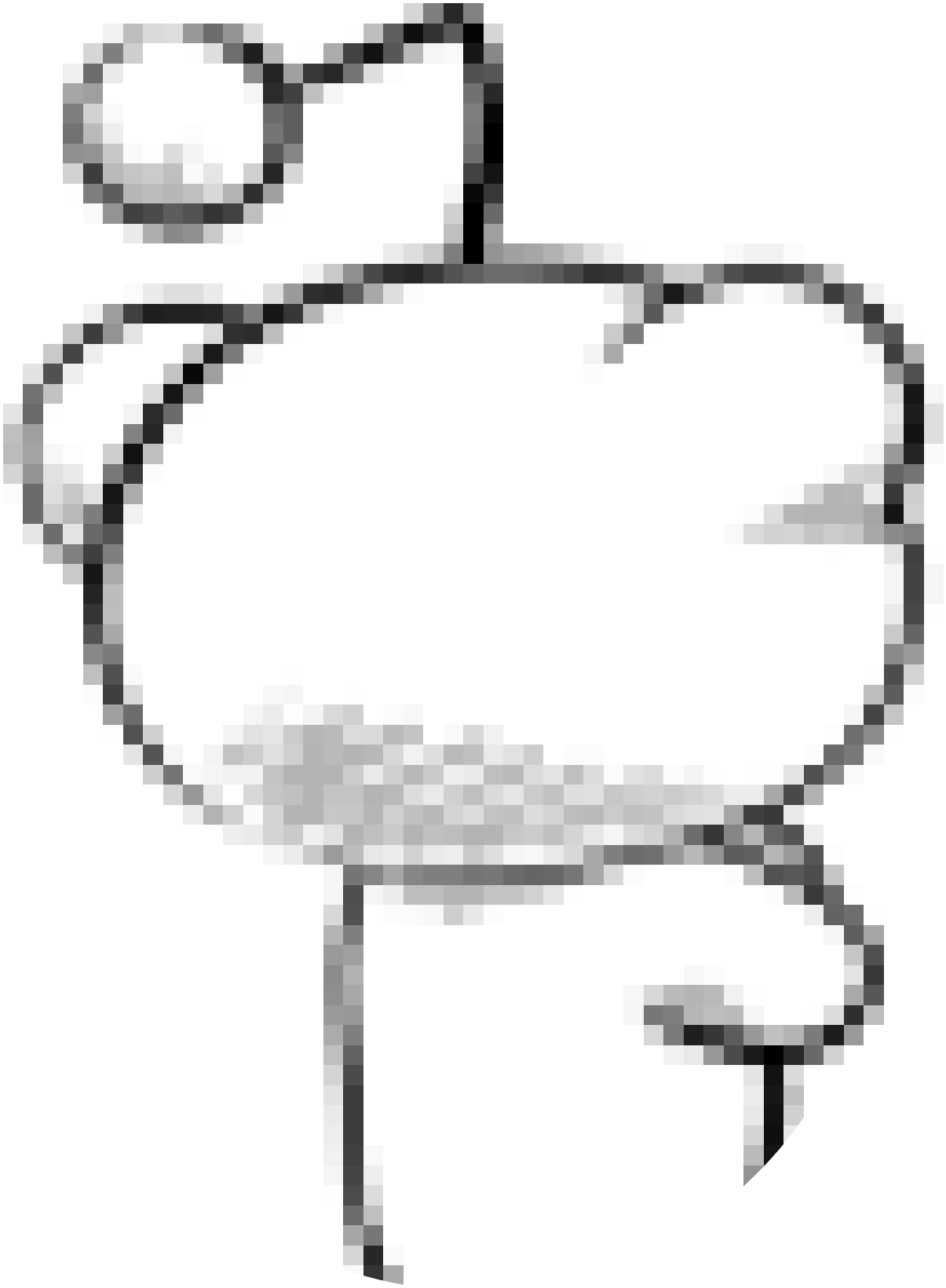

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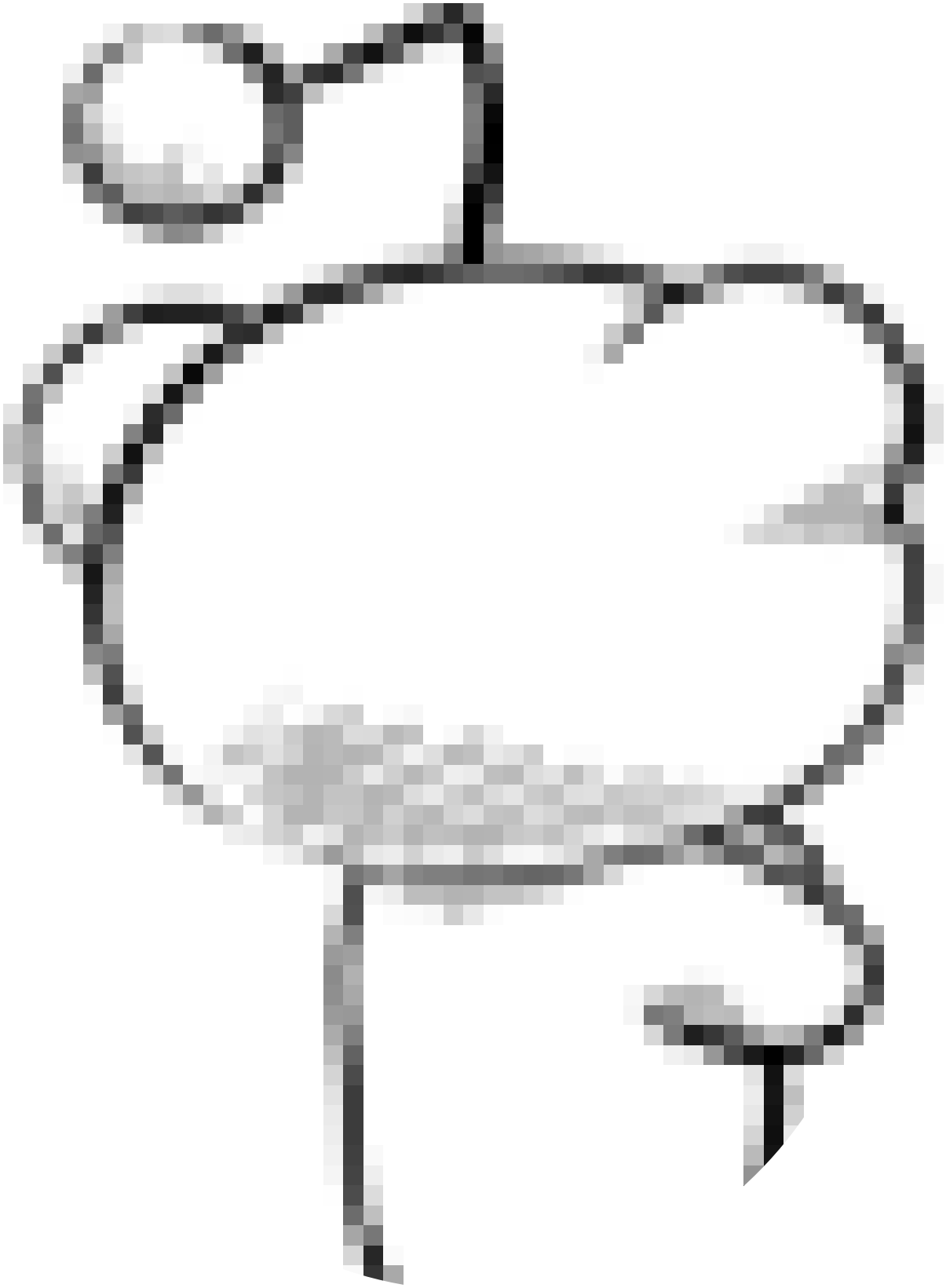
• 13y ago

http://www.reddit.com/r/india/comments/1f9dpu/at_the_station_the_inspector_forced_my_penis_into/

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

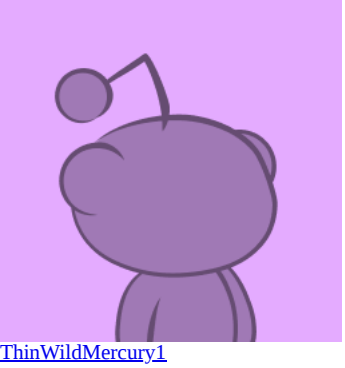
One night I was woken out of a dead sleep by a mountain lion screaming in my window.

When I was 12 and home alone at night there was someone running around outside with a chainsaw. I'm sure it was some neighborhood boys, but it scared me to death.

One unexplainable thing was a red light that I would see in the same place in the sky every few nights. I'm not sure what it was. It looked like a lightning flash, but red. Had several people see it.

monkey804
• 13y ago

My friends and I just came back from a rave one morning and they decided to put on Donny Darko movie. I was high off of my ass and all I remember is it was tripping out when the scene with some guy looking like he has a donkey head. My friends were telling me it was a rabbit mask. To this day whenever I hear the "It's a mad mad world" song, it sends chills down my spine.



ThinWildMercury1
• 13y ago

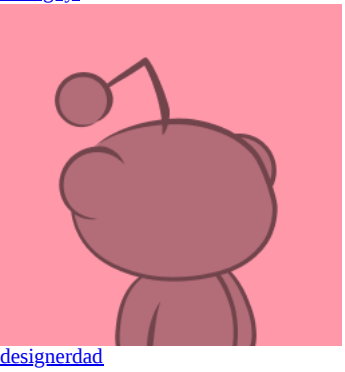
I was walking back from a friends house in Manchester, UK a few years back at around 1am. Unfortunately no one else at my friends house lived near me so I had to walk back alone. The area I was in was residential and it given the time I was pretty much the only guy on the streets, that is until I saw a figure on the other side of the road walking in my direction. As he (I'm pretty sure it was a he) got closer to me he crossed the road and came into the light of a street light, at which point I could see his face. Only I couldn't see his face as he was wearing a WW2 gas mask and had his hood up. He walked towards me and stopped and just stared at me in the face, at which point I was pretty sure this was the end. I just kept on walking so only briefly caught his eye and just went on past him at which point he continued to walk on down the street in the opposite direction. I have no idea what the guys deal was but it scared the crap out of me.
TL;DR a guy wearing a gas WW2 mask walked up to me and stared at me whilst I was walking home late at night.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies

phreakanimal
• 13y ago

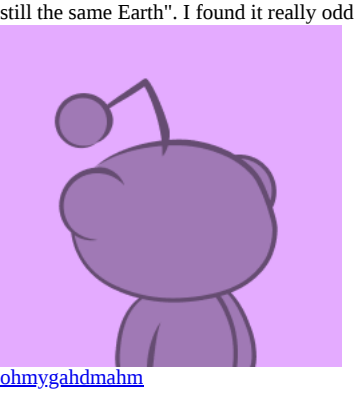
This guy.



designerdad

• 13y ago

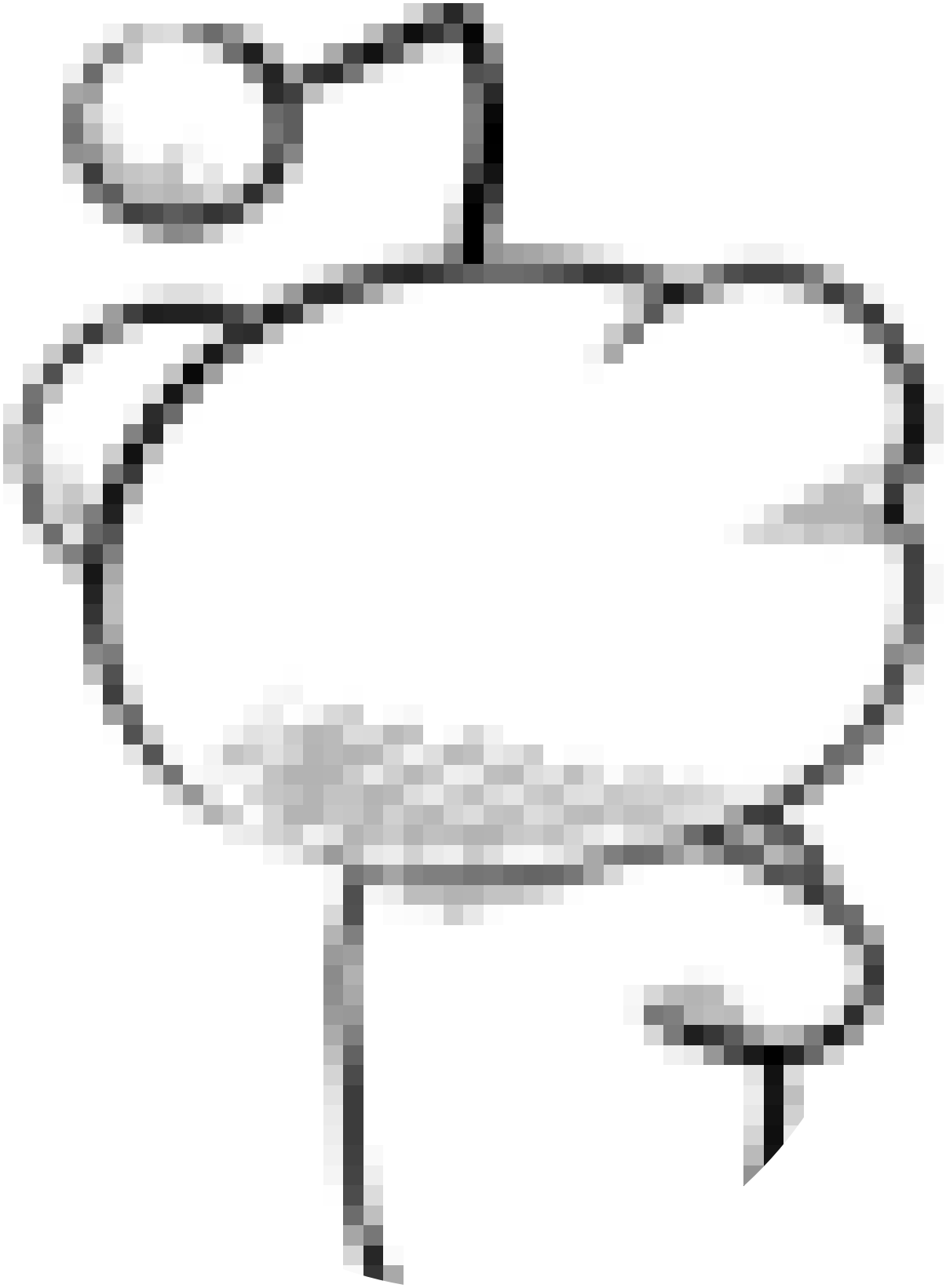
A lot of crazy life changing events were happening to me and I really felt like I fell into another dimension. I took my daughter(3) to breakfast one day and as we were eating she ask, "Is this still the same Earth". I found it really odd thing for her to say but it made me wonder.



ohmygahdmahm
• 13y ago

Early this morning I fell asleep listening to the podcast Mysterious Universe. I woke up to this (no video, audio only, so there was no context): http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QeIgu3BQS7w&feature=player_embedded

His laugh made my skin crawl and also woke my six year old who proceeded to freak out. I was honestly scared.



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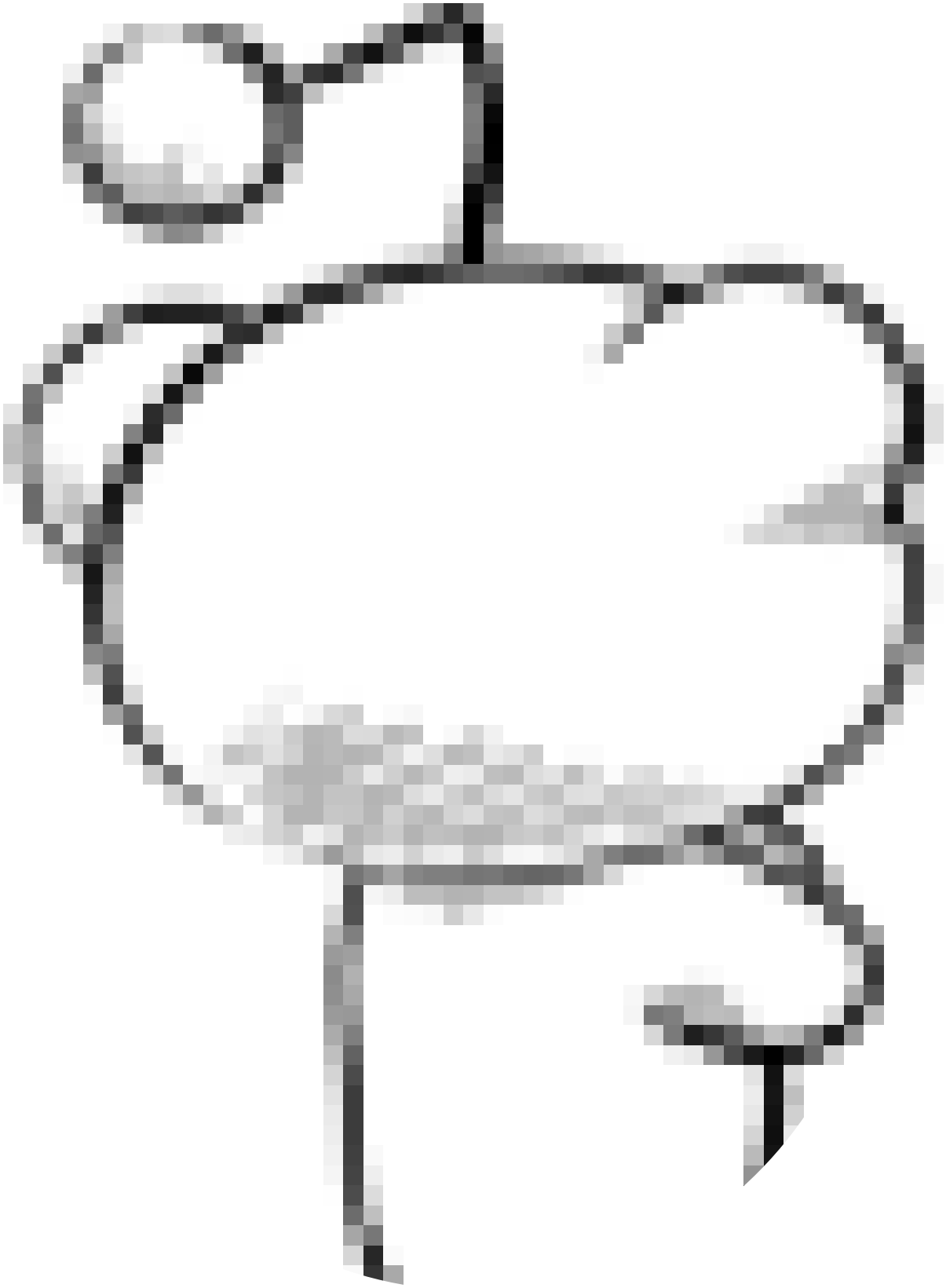
• 13y ago

My friend telling me how he's seen "shadow people" and what they looked like. The fact I was hanging out with him in his room where he's seen them freaked me out. I don't know if I believe in ghosts or spirits but every since I was a kid I've always been terrified of seeing one or something.

My friend explained the shadow people in extremely vivid detail like how they moved and what they would do. I almost pissed myself literally because I was too scared to use his bathroom and I had to pee since before I got to his house.



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• 13y ago

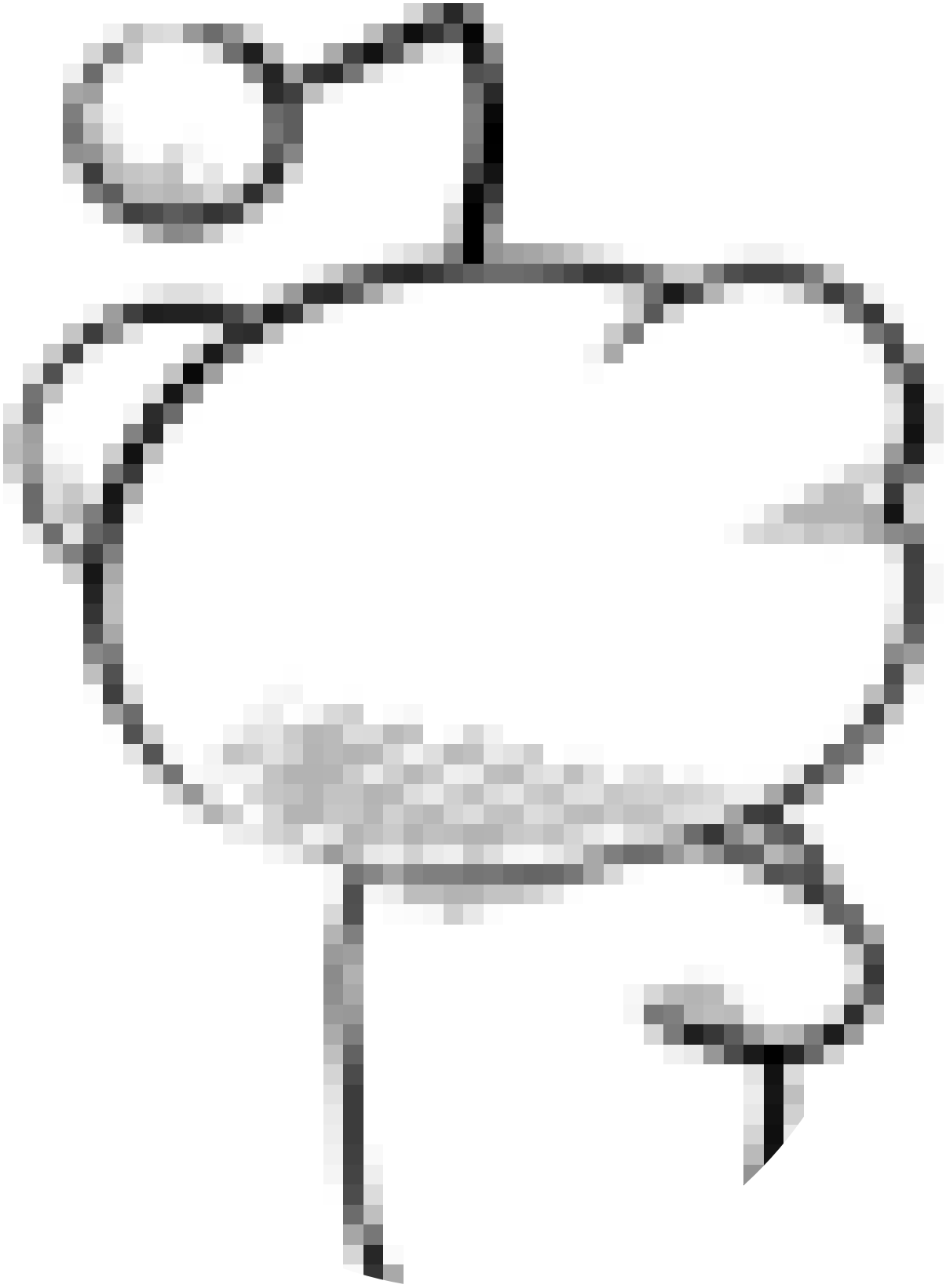
Just got out of yoga at the gym (im a guy). About to walk down the stairs and this guy walks past me. Under his breath he whispers "...gorgeous" in my ear and keeps walking. Chills radiated down my spine as I cringed in my horrified flattery.

beat_juice
• 13y ago

There was this one time when my brother and I were watching tv in my room around midnight. We had the tv really low so our parents didn't know we were up watching tv because (we weren't supposed to be awake that late). Anyways, a commercial was on and I put it on mute. Then it got really cold and I heard a little girl muttering and singing. I turned to my brother and his face was pale as hell and he looked scared out of his mind. I asked if he heard the singing, and he said he had. We then ran full speed to our parents room and slept on their floor. It was the creepiest thing that's ever happened to me.

cRaZyDaVe23
• 13y ago

The other possibilities are: 1) a lower budget movie, designed to win over people who liked Fast & Furious 6. 2) (in reference of what they might do with the next startrek movie)



StripRip
• 13y ago

I live in a relatively rural area, but I have people around. Last night I was in bed, about to fall asleep, when I heard a red fox start screaming. Scariest wake-up call I've had in awhile.

speaminti
• 13y ago

Mine isn't that great compared to these but I'll tell y'all anyway.

Towards the end of last summer, I was lying in bed trying to get to sleep. It was really hot and humid so I was having trouble drifting off. I was lying on my side with my eyes closed when I feel the heat of something next to the side of my face - you know that feeling you get when someone's almost touching you? Being in a sort of semi-conscious state I didn't think much of it until I heard, literally right next to my ear, what sounded like somebody whispering 'spearminti'.

I bolted upright, on the verge of filling my bed with my own excrement, to see that there were two small dents on the bottom half of my bed like the ones left by someone kneeling.

Didn't sleep for a while.

Blake_I_Is
• 13y ago

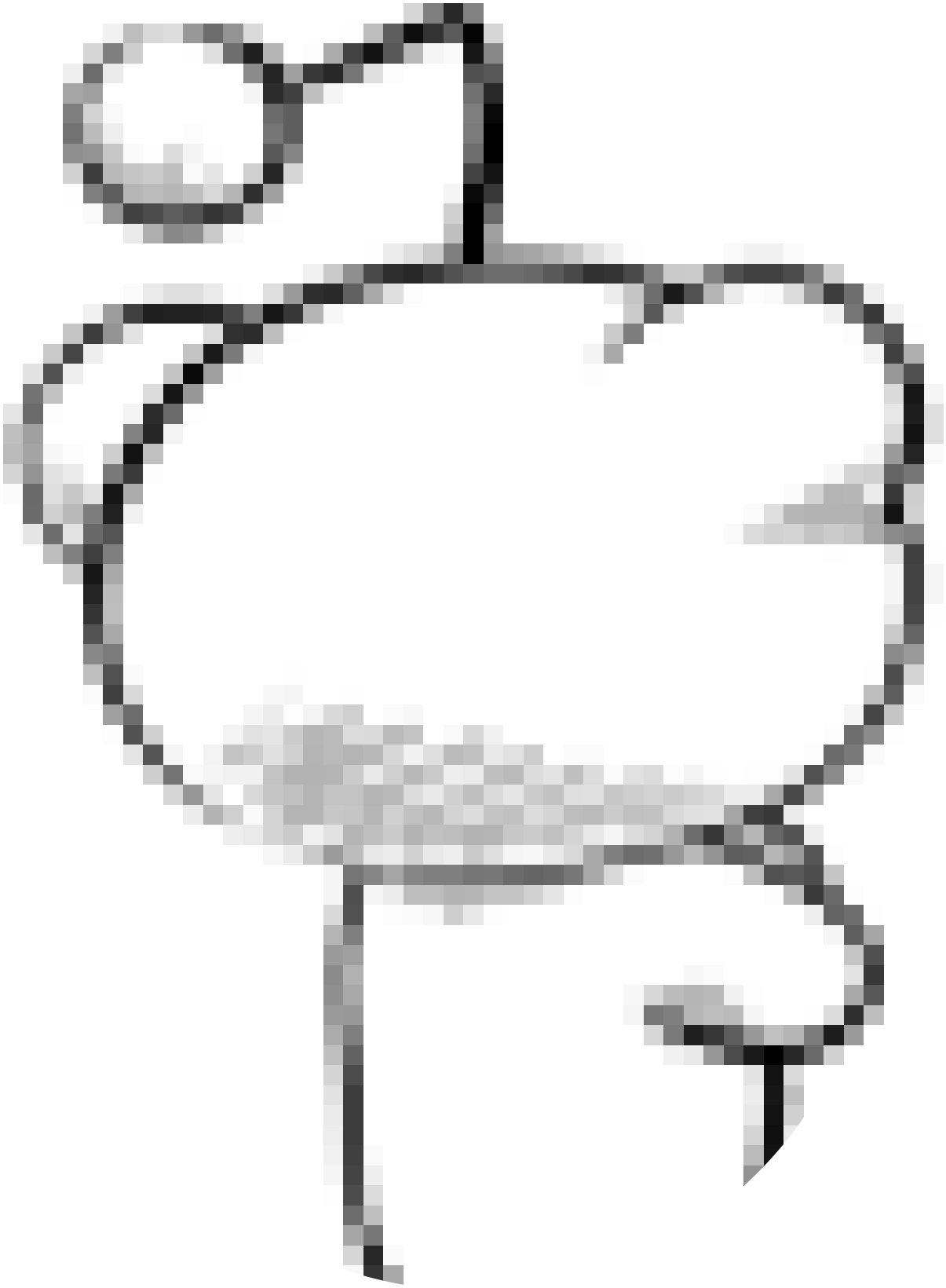
r/nosleep

Byleland
• 13y ago

Anytime there's an American election

eggsgrainey
• 13y ago

backpacking in the sierras, we had been hearing wolves all night. they were far away at first, maybe 5 miles away. We set up camp for the night, and just as we were about to doze off we hear them, maybe 300 yards from our camp. wolf howls are LOUD. you could hear them panting and yipping. we were far away from any one, no cell service, just my buddy and i. i don't remember how we got to sleep, but maybe dozed off sometime in the early morning. damn nature, you scary.



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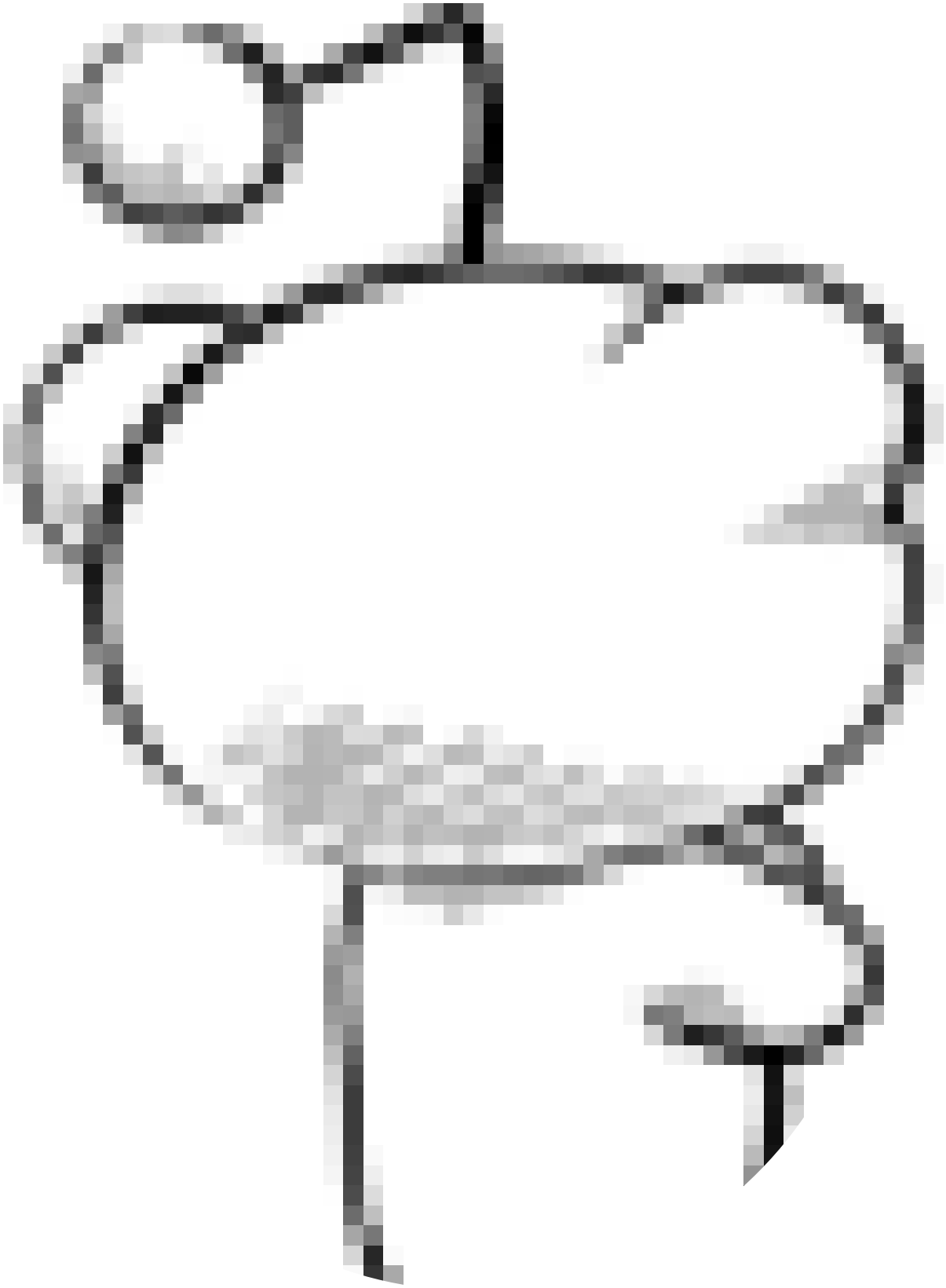
• 13y ago

When I was a kid, we used to stop round our nans old house during the summer holidays. The bottom floor I felt absolutely comfortable on and at total ease. If I was on the middle floor, I always used to feel like I was being watched by something or hear little creeks, but that was to be expected it's a old house. But the top floor man,that top fucking floor, scared the shit out of me and my mum always used to make me sleep in the room with the creepiest fucking dolls I've ever seen, I used to turn them around so they wouldn't look at me. Anyway, this one time I was on the top floor, I was playing in a room above the opening to the attic, when all of a sudden, I heard banging on the wood panel covering, I have never ran so fast in my life. I'm getting creeped out thinking about it ;(



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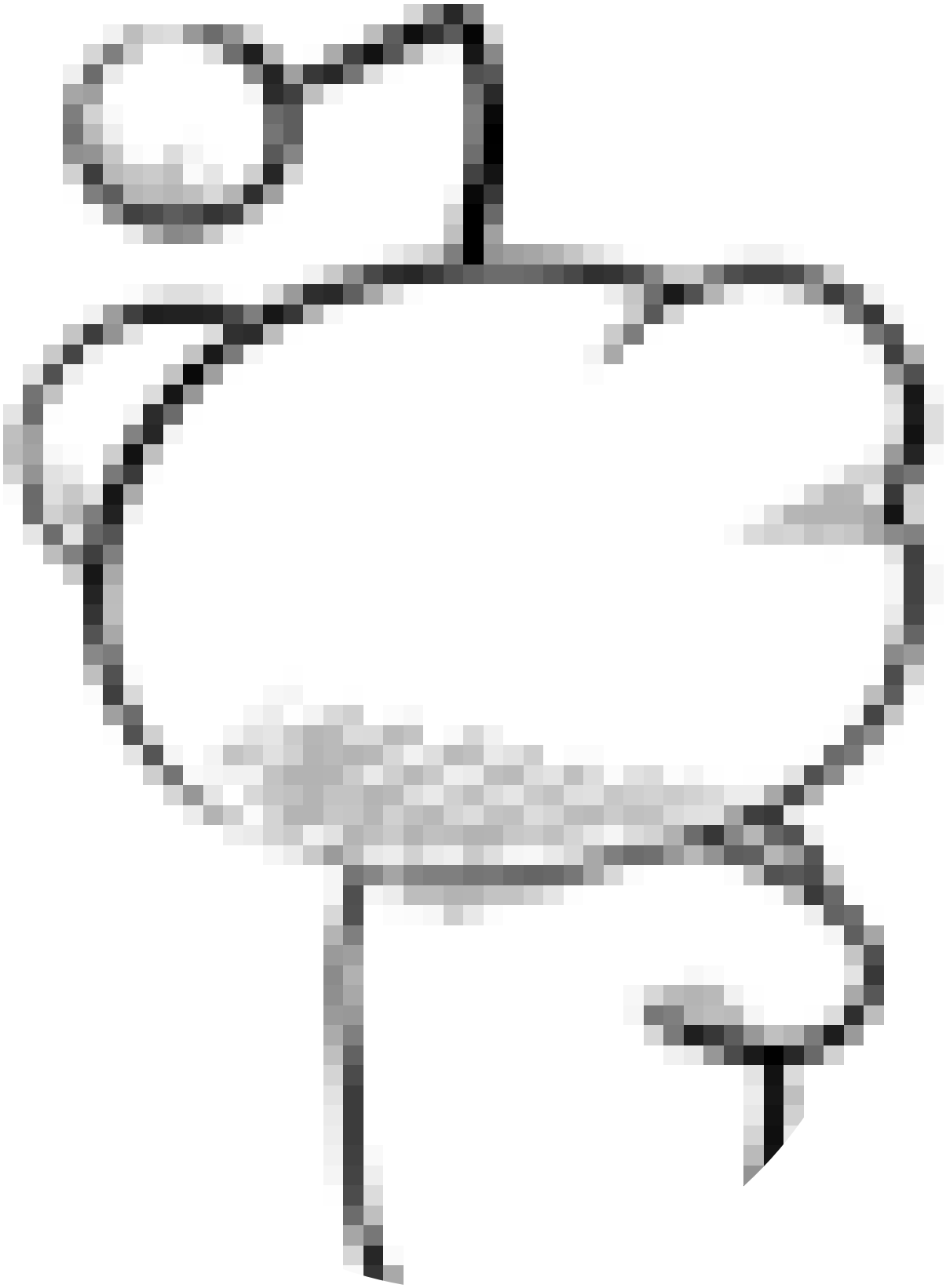
• 13y ago

I posted this on r/thetruthishere awhile ago:

> This happened my senior year of college, Christmas break 2006. I worked for a professor that asked me to house/dog sit for him while he was outta town to see the bowl game that we were in. He was gone for three days and had a huge piece of land in the middle of nowhere. I invited my gf at the time. He had horses and fishing and a gator to ride around on, etc etc.
>
> so the first two nights went down with no incident, but the last night, his little foofy dog is having a fit. She keeps barking at the back door. At first we blow it off, but decide to lock the dog inside in case of a coyote or something. After awhile we start to get a little creeped out. I keep saying it's probably an animal and we'll be fine. My gf (not too bright) wants to go investigate to see what's outside, so I lock the door behind her (hehe, just kidding). She goes outside and says she saw something small and grey (probably a coyote) and it ran off. So, just an animal, no worries. but by this time, we're pretty spooked.
>
> The dog now starts barking at the window on the other side of the house, we're still trying to ignore it, but a little worried. We decide to get into bed... awkward silence... then i hear it..... it sounds like a young girl singing a soft, eerie lullaby. I don't say anything, hoping that my mind is playing tricks on me. My gf says, "Let's get the fuck outta here." I say "Why?" she says, "You didn't hear that little girl singing?" "Ok, let's get the fuck out." and we got the fuck out. I even called someone to talk to me while we walked out to my car. Next morning, went to clean up the house and such.

Most scared i've ever been. Ever.



Philivory
• 13y ago

Off the top of my head there was this one night a few months ago that really creeped me out.

Now, i'm not really a night person, sometimes when I try to sleep I swear I'm not able to stop my mind from filling what i can't see in the darkness with abominations, silly i know.

Well one night I went to be and for no reason at all, i just wake up at about 3 AM. I don't remember having a vivid dream or anything im just up for some inexplicable reason. I decide to just get up and take a piss and when i come back i notice there's headlights in my driveway. At first I thought they were just using my driveway to get turned around but the car stayed like that for a good long while. This is where my mind just starts becoming filled with horrid and scary explanations for why the car is there, like "Is my house about to be broken into?", Eventually i see 2 figures get out of the car and walk a short ways behind the car and i cant see what they're doing because of the darkness. The whole time this is happening the question that kept sticking to my brain was, "Why did I wake up as soon as this began to happen?". Eventually the people gt back in the car and drive off and i still have no idea what they were doing. This probably isn't the scariest story, it's just at the time my mind hyped it up to be something more terrifying than it actually was.

croissantella
• 13y ago

Obviously all this happened at nighttime :

Hearing the "boum boum boum" of some party going on the neighborhood without knowing there is a party, after watching Jumanji.

Hearing some cats in the garden during their "intimidation mode" before they fight, and thinking it is a baby.

Hearing a noise in my closet before seeing light from the inside of it. The flashlight inside it felt in the switch.

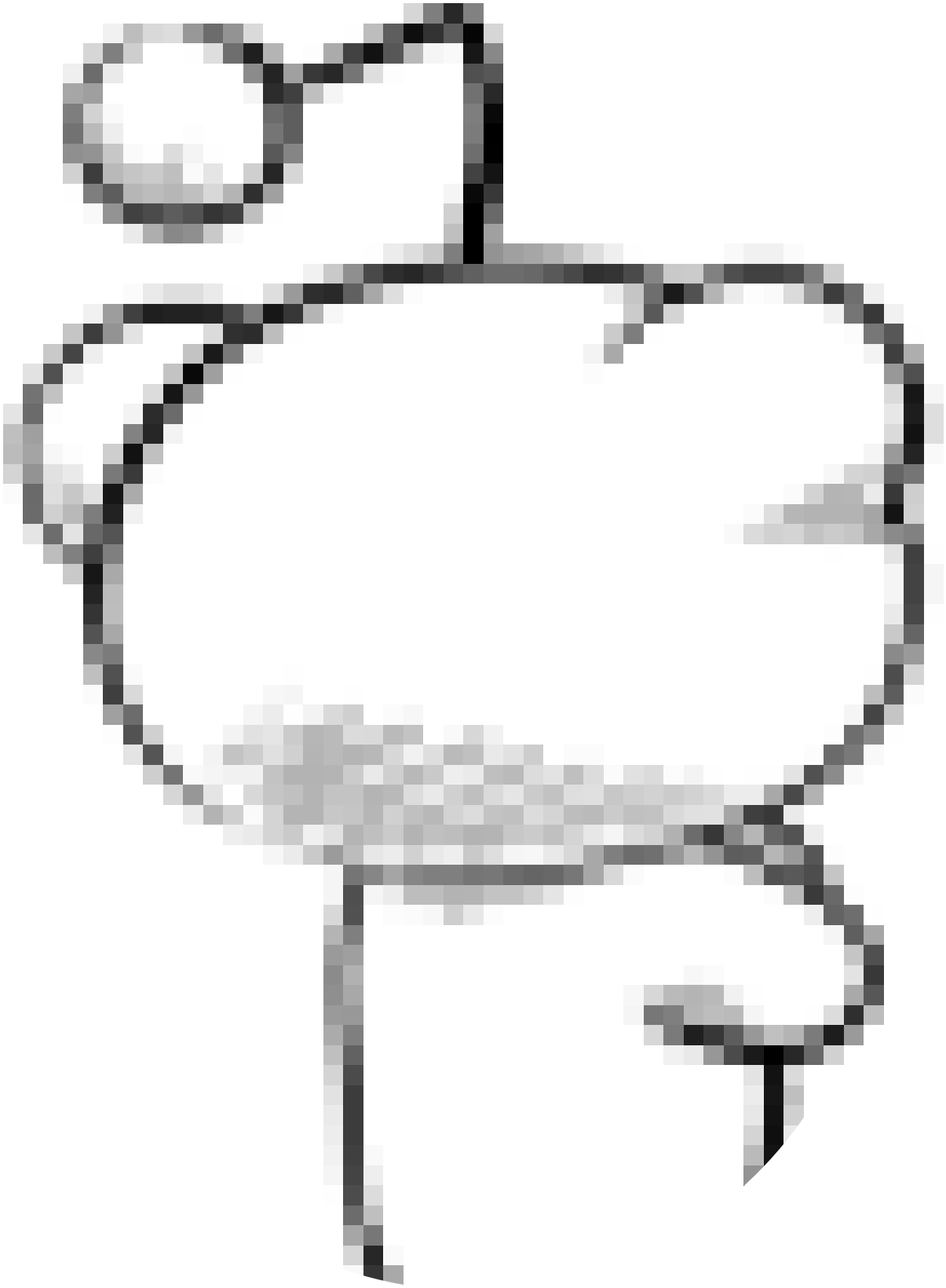
Kexintechex
• 13y ago

I went jogging about a year ago, when i came around a bend, i noticed something lying on the ground. It was a ski mask and a rag.

I quickly turned back and ran the other way.

Truck_Thunders
• 13y ago

When I was 8 I had a bedroom in the basement, it wasn't gross or anything, it was a nice basement, but basements are still scary when you're 8. Anyways, one night I hear my mom doing laundry outside my bedroom, the laundry room was right outside. I can't remember what I wanted, it was probably water or some shit, but I do remember asking for her, I just said "Mooooooooooooom?" in that loud little kid voice to see if it was her or my dad, and of course she says "yeeeeeeeeeeeees?" in an equally loud sarcastically mocking me voice (I come from a sarcastic family) so I go out and this is where it gets freaky, NO ONE'S OUT THERE, NO ONE'S DOING LAUNDRY, so I lose my shit and sprint upstairs and think maybe she was in the kitchen? Nope. I continue running up to the second floor and she's reading in her room, I ask if she heard me call for her and she says no. Turns out I just suffer from auditory hallucinations stemming from depression, because apparently that's a thing, who knew?



theivingbullet
• 13y ago

I had a black light in my room as teen. During some private time with my girlfriend at the time, we got the idea to turn the black light on. We flipped it on and where having fun.

I moved the sheet on my bed and underneath was a large hand print in a bloodstain color. It even had a slight drag to it.

Immediately we jumped off the bed;flipped the black light off. There was no trace of the print but whenever I flipped the switch it came back.

This happened around the time where I would see steam-like shapes appear suddenly in font of me when walking down my hallway.

TLDR

I think my house was haunted at some point.

WamZz
• 13y ago

The movie VHS. Watch it. Now.

Skoll-Hati
• 13y ago

I was working with a chaplain one summer when I was in college. He woke me up and took me along on a middle of the night call to the scene of an auto accident. A van had been totally smashed by an 18 wheeler. We were looking for the body somewhere in the van. I saw the victim's hand. I took hold of it, yelling for the chaplain to join me. I pulled on it, lightly, but the entire hand came off and I was holding the hand with about half the forearm still attached. I spent the rest of that chaplain-call puking my guts out.

Pch666
• 13y ago

BooBahs

fool-of-a-took
• 13y ago

Ok, to lighten the mood, this was terrifying to me, but funny in hindsight.

Back before I had a roku and I had to watch hulu on my laptop like a chump, I was watching the movie "Wise Blood." I was in my office and my wife was in the living room. It was night. I fall asleep during movies, so I drifted off. But suddenly I'm awakened by blood-curling screams. My laptop is off, and in my half asleep state I think that someone has broken into the house and is attacking my wife.

So I go fully into fight-or-flight mode and rush out to the living room. My wife is reading and blithely looks up in a bemused sort of way. I have no idea what I said, but I could still hear the screams. So I figured it was coming from outside. She just kept looking at me quizzically. I finally asked...where is that screaming coming from??!!! She casually says...sounds like your laptop.

Yep. The screen went to sleep and the movie kept playing. If you ever watch that movie, enjoy the screaming at the end and remember my moment of terror.

It wasn't funny that night though, I literally sat down and wept because I was so worked up and ready for anything. Had a little bit of post-tramatic stress to get out.

kryonik
• 13y ago

The "Footsteps" stories over at /r/nosleep.

The Dionaea House.

The Noend House.

The Candle Cove story.

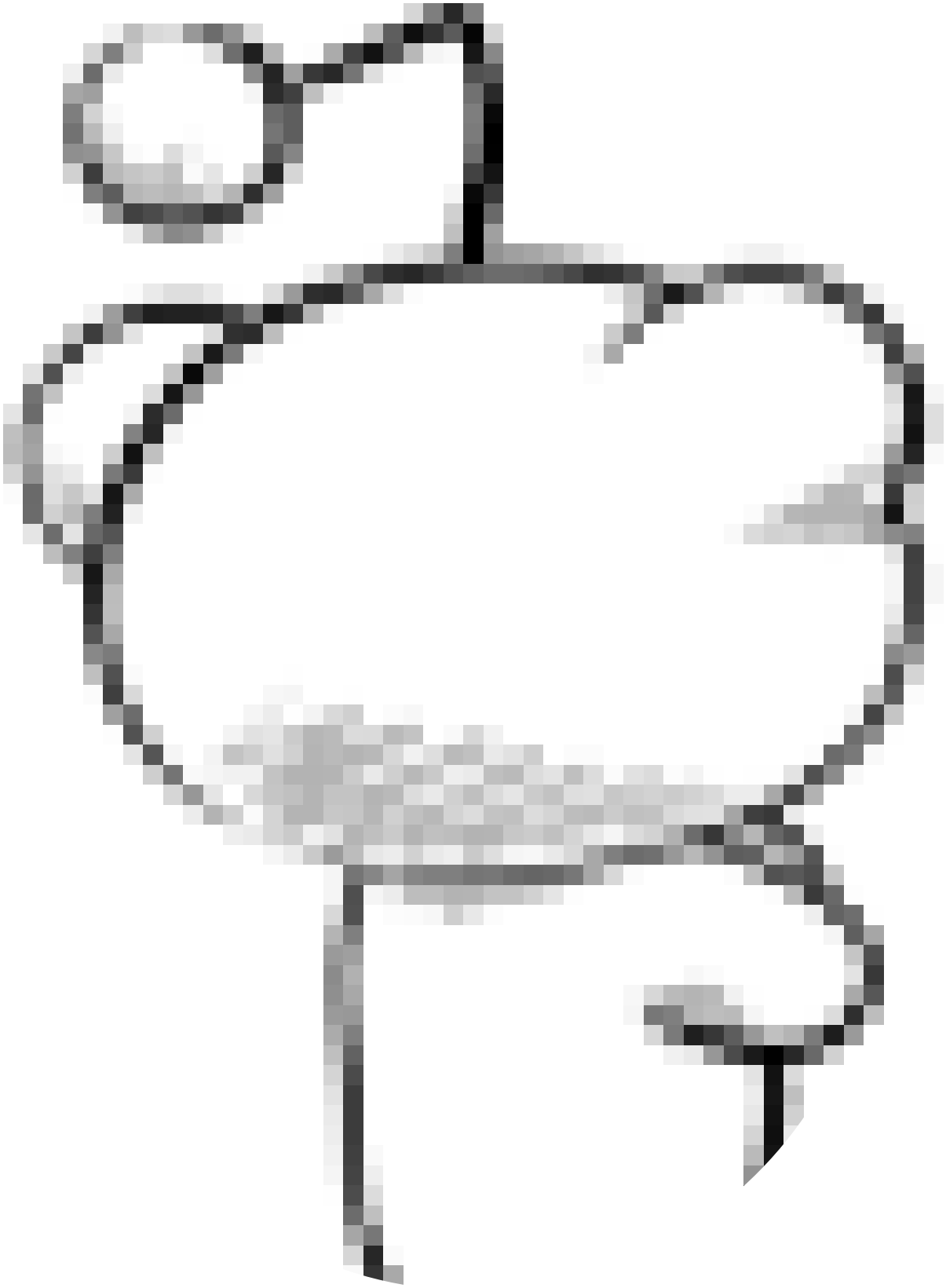
I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream.

captainxenu
• 13y ago

From another similar thread:

> I stayed over at my friends house one night, drinking and playing his Playstation in the lounge room. We heard a large thud sound and metal hitting the ground in the kitchen. Go out and find a knife that had been sitting in the sink, on the ground, spinning around.
>
> Shortly after, the back door starts shaking and sounds like someone is starting to knock on it. Faster and faster. We get up the nerve to go check and as it is still banging and knocking and shaking, we open it, and there is nothing there. It's not even windy.
>
> We freaked out, went back to the lounge room and tried to keep drinking. Couldn't and decided to go to bed. My friend put me in the spare bedroom they had, and I went to sleep after trying for about 2 hours.
>
> My friend later told me that he never ever went into that room because it always felt like someone was watching him in there. And to be honest, it really did. It was really unsettling.
>
> Freaky ass house.

http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/uluh1/what_is_the_creepiest_most_inexplicable_thing/c4wiai2



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

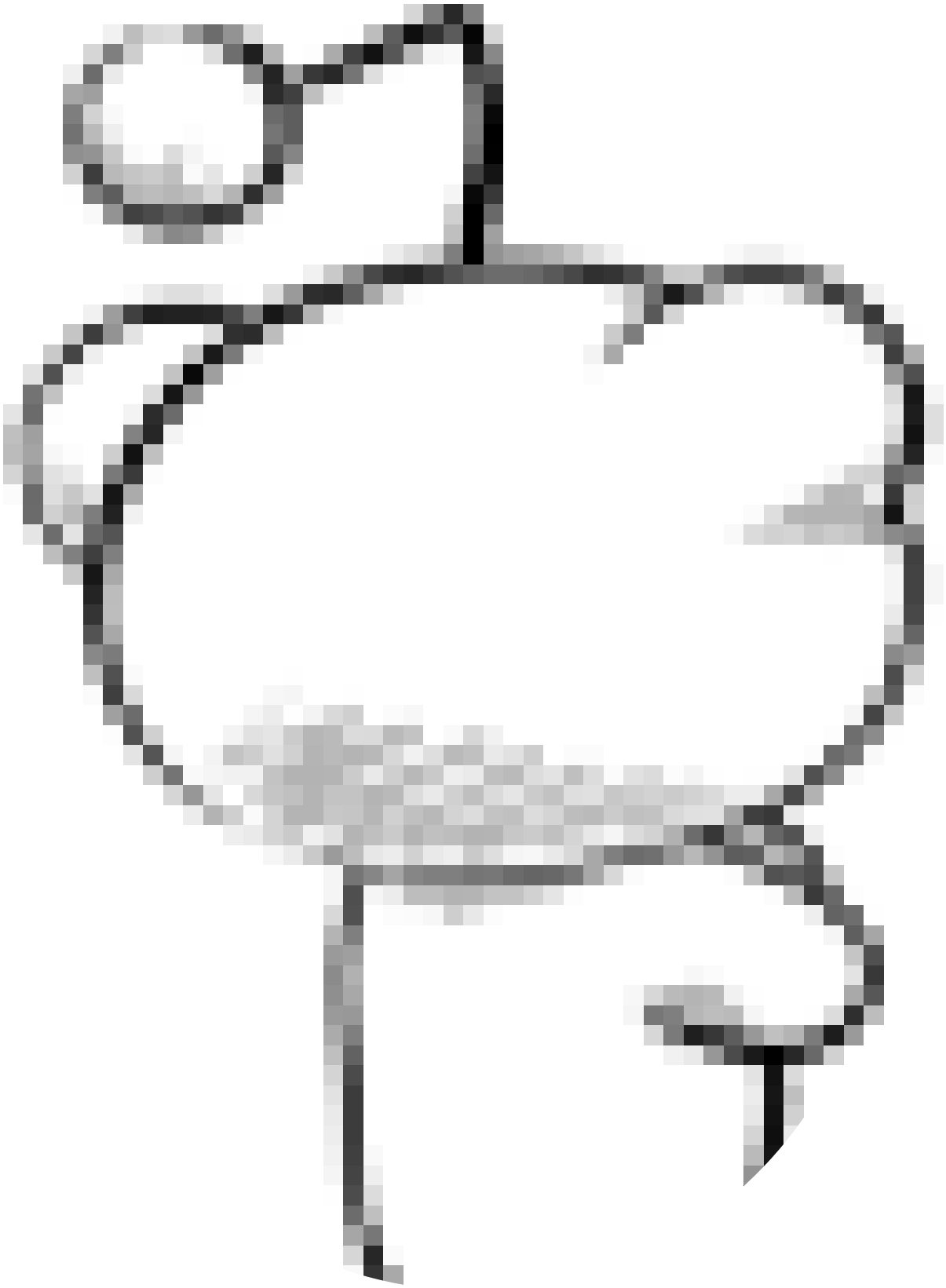
Randomly my parents decided to buy a chicken farm when I was 8 and brother was 6. We were there for 10 years. The farm had 4 barns roughly 50' wide by 300' long. Basically the length of a football field. Each barn had 15,000 birds in them from being hours old when they were delivered to 45 days old when they were picked up for processing.

Anyways as they got to the end of 45 days old the chickens filled the 4 barns and you had to shuffle your feet to get them to move. My brother and I would split up and do chores in separate barns as we grew up to make them go faster. No matter what time of day or year this always happened where I would make it all the way back to the end of the barn and work my way back to the front either picking up dead birds or other maintenance in the barns. I would hear my name being called from the front of the barn. It was distinct but faint. I would either stand up or turn around and look to see who was calling and there was never anyone there. Even when in the barns with no birds and the front doors open so you could see all the way down through it I would hear the calling. And again never see anyone.t wasn't a happy calling it was a very faint serious type of help me calling. I even remember once when the barn was empty I heard it and I ignored it and it kept calling. I never saw anyone. So it kept up and finally I ran to the front expecting to see anyone who was calling me. No one was there so I ran to the house and my mom was there while my dad was in a different barn and brother in a seperate barn.

Turns out my dad, aunt, and mom also said they heard people calling them and no one ever there.

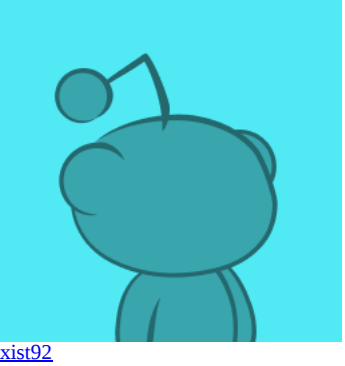
Also I now live on the east coast in NE in an old old house. We use an iPad mini to play music to get our son to sleep. His crib is on one side of the m and the iPad is on his changing table plugged in charging on the opposite side of the room. One night t he wasn't going to sleep I walked in rather frustrated he was standing up in his crib. I walked through the door and got to arms length to him and heard a loud thud behind me. I turned and the iPad was on the floor. The next week my wife were in his room fixing the curtains when we noticed the pins we had in

the bottom of the curtains to keep off the baseboard heaters during the winter were missing in the curtains. (yes we know it wasn't smart or safe and the curtains are now sewn). My son was sitting in his crib and playing with his bunny blanket. Basically a small silk blankly with a bunny head. He started mentioning with his thumb and pointer like he was pinching. I turned the bunny over to face me and there was 4 pins in each goddamn eye. they were pushed in Wll the way and we're very hard to take out. It was keeper as shit. e got a new bunny as fast as we could.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

In Highschool (1998 and 1999) I had a friend that had alot of woods behind his house. He and his dad were walking around exploring back there and found an abandoned house. There was an indoor pool, a seven story tower that had scaffolding as if it were going to be built higher, and master bedroom had to be 1500 sq feet on its own. We found evidence of Horses and toys from the early 90s. There were lots of toys and it seemed like it had been left in a hurry but by the time we found it it had been abandoned for at least 8 years. The main power still worked as well. Its creepy to think why would you abandon a house so quickly that you put so much money and personal work into. I just new some family tragedy had happened and this was the last echos of their life.



xist92
• 13y ago

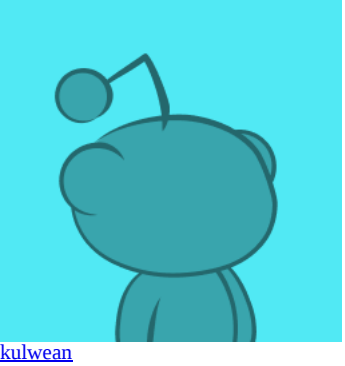
Barbershop Haircut.

Listen with headphones and wait for the end.

KimmyKAOS
• 13y ago

when i was younger, my parents left me home alone for a couple hours while they went grocery shopping with my younger sister. so i did what most normal children did, i was watching tv to pass the time. so i was in the basement, watching tv and slowly the sun was setting from late afternoon to early evening and i was wondering where my parents were. it was as if they heard my thoughts, i heard one of the chairs in the dining room scrape back from upstairs (the basement was directly under it). so i ran upstairs to see if they needed help putting stuff away. just as i got upstairs i noticed there were no bags in the kitchen, no shoes at the front door, the door was locked, even the chairs in the dining room were all perfectly tucked away. i was confused. i could have sworn i heard the chair move back. so i go back downstairs, confused out of my little 10 year old mind. After about 10 minutes, again i hear what sounded like a chair from the dining room scrape out on the hardwood floor beneath it. i went back upstairs and once again, everything was as it was before. no one was home yet, nothing had been moved. By now i'm actually getting creeped out so i went back downstairs and kept the cordless with me, just in case. i literally just get back into watching my show when suddenly hear 3 footsteps and the heavy front door to my house slamming shut. Now i jumped up and ran upstairs so i could witness if someone was trying to freak me out, but once again there was no sign of life in my house besides me. Part of me wanted to run out of the house and wait till my parent got home, but i decided to stop being stupid and i went to investigate the house, and sure enough, no one was home.

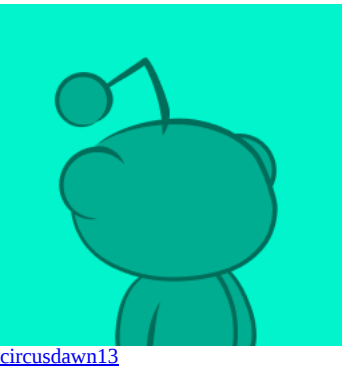
when my parents came home, i told them about it and they just laughed in my face. i'm still terrified of being home alone and that was over 10 years ago.



kulwean
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

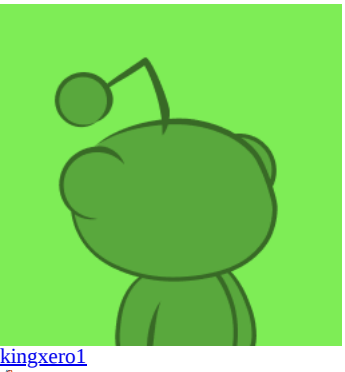
About almost ten years ago a (now) Ex and I were living with my grandmother, one night while laying in bed watching tv we heard the door to our room start randomly shaking, we shrugged it off thinking it was either the train running (there are tracks about a quarter mile from the house) or the dryer or maybe we were that stoned that we "thought" we heard it. Anyways a couple nights later it happened again I jokingly said something to the ex like "that ghost is fucking with our door again" we both laughed about it and went on with whatever the hell we were doing. This goes on for a couple more nights but one night, and here's where shit starts to get weird, door starts shaking like usual but about half way through the ex yells "we can hear you, cut it out" and it instantly stopped. We're both freaked the fuck out at this point so the next morning I say something to my grandmother about it, thinking she's going to say I'm crazy or something, but she just looks at me and says shes going to talk to one of the girls (this chick calmed she was a psychic or some shit) at work about it. So she comes home and said she discussed it with the chick and she said we have a spirit in the house and its trying to get to either the ex and I or the room so we have to do an exorcism, lol ok cool whatever Im high and bored this could be fun. So she tells us what we got to do, open both the front and back doors, open the window in our room, and say a "prayer". Keep in mind the ex and I both are atheist/agnostic so we're both doing this thinking its going to be bullshit. So I go up stairs, open the window and pry a flat head screwdriver in between the stile and the channel (grandma's house is older with those wooden windows that wouldn't stay open by themselves, this was the only way to keep it open). I go back down stairs and we start the prayer/exorcism grandma reads the prayer and says something like 'you may now leave, your not welcomed here' or something along those lines, right after she said that our window slams shut, all three of us are setting there looking at each other shocked and finally I say Ill go check it out. I go in our room and the first thing I notice is the screwdriver I had used to jam the window is all the way on the other side of the room (it couldn't have fell and rolled, there was a love seat and a bed in between where it was setting and the window). I go down stairs to tell them about the screwdriver and when I get to the living room a fucking random cat walks into the house and jets straight to our room (we still had the doors open at this point). We're all like this shit is too weird by now and decide to just leave this shit alone for the night, the ex and I go to our room smoke a joint, play everquest, and chill with our new buddy that just barged into our room. The next morning we let the cat out and he just runs off, we never saw him again and the door never shook after that night.

TL;DR: got stoned, did an exorcism with my grandmother, some weird shit happens, gained a random cat for a night and a totally unbelievable story.



circusdawn13
• 13y ago

Ok this isn't really scary when you know the whole story but as a kid it scared the shit out of me. So I was about seven or eight and had seen Jaws and other such scary movies. So my family took a vacation to Sarasota, Florida and go to the beach. I took a boogie board and started swimming. On accident I drifted pretty far out from the shore and only realized when I was out by one of those buoys, you know the ones that you can barely see from the shore. Well first I see that and look back at the shore and realize how far out I am, next I do the natural little kid thing I looked down. I looked down into the water and I could see pretty far down when I noticed a very dark oval shaped thing floating up towards me. I could tell pretty quickly that it was bigger than me and it was alive. I froze up thinking naturally that this thing was a shark and I was about to die. I kept watching as it rose up and up...coming closer and closer until it emerged just to the right of me. It was big gray and wrinkly, that's right it was just a manatee. So I unfroze and swam as fast as I fucking could back to shore.



kingxero1
• 13y ago

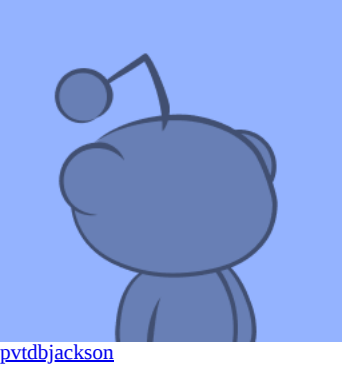
I've been on a train while someone has been run over. You feel the mass under the car. I was stuck in the car as people in the station were in all sorts of chaos (crying, freaking out, some in shock). They let us out after 15 minutes of staff/police tried to bring order to the thing.

Mr_Murdoc
• 13y ago

My grandmother died and she used to live with my dad in his spare room. After she passed I stayed the night at my dads and he let me stay in the spare room, but I could not sleep knowing this was the room my dead nan stayed in.

I eventually fell asleep but was eruptly awoken by the voice of a woman saying my name in a very gentle fashion, as I turned in the bed I saw my grandmother standing their but she was glowing blue? The next thing I remembered was waking up drenched in sweat.

I am a strong atheist and usually laugh at these type of things but every since that night I haven't been to sure...



pvtdbjackson
• 13y ago

When I was in school, I played the cello. Since you need to sit down to play it and I shared a small room with my brother, I always practiced in my parents bedroom. One time near the end of my practice, I finished playing a song but heard something strange. The faucet in the bathroom attached to my parents bedroom was turned on. The only door connects directly to their bedroom and was in sight the entire time. It wasn't on when I started practicing.

Years later I mentioned this to my family. My dad said that he always had an uneasy feeling there (we no longer live there).

TheManRJB
• 13y ago

The movie Shrooms on Netflix is fucking disturbing, weak acting but if you can get past that it's a pretty decent horror movie. At one point a dude is shoving his dick in a demons mouth recieving a blowjob before the demon bites that shit off. And the end is also a trip, don't want to reveal too much. But it's pretty disturbing and weird.

RobFword
• 13y ago

A story I heard when I was in elementary school.

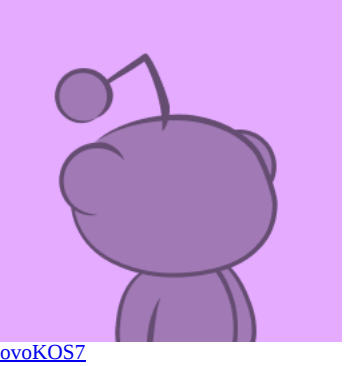
A lady licked an envelope and apparently there was a cockroach egg on it and the egg went in her throat. Later the egg hatched and the cockroach was in her throat and every time she talked the cockroach tried to escape.

Now I realized it was just bullshit. But when your 8 or 9 you believe anything. Still 10 or 11 years later I still think of that story every time I lick an envelope.

Krandallsfury
• 13y ago

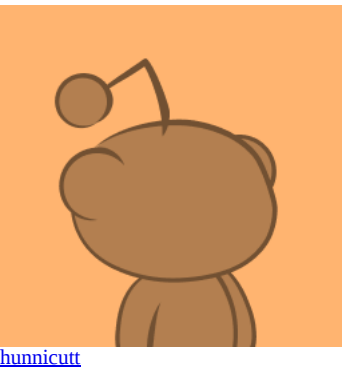
Scariest thing ever for me was...

12 y ears ago. I was a sophomore in high school. I was on my way into school bright and early. (First car. 85' Plymouth Gran Fury monster sound system in it). I had the radio blaring limp bizkit. fyea. I was coming up to a set of train tracks I have to cross. At this time there was no crossing guard arms. In front of the tracks, there was a gravel frontage road that ran parallel with the tracks. coming up to the tracks, you could 99% of the time see if a train was coming up. There were dump trucks hauling and kicking up dust so I couldn't see. I crossed the tracks, heard a train whistle, I looked back, and the train was already across the crossing. My stomach sunk, won't ever forget that. Scarriest thing Ive had happen to me.



ovoKOS7
• 13y ago

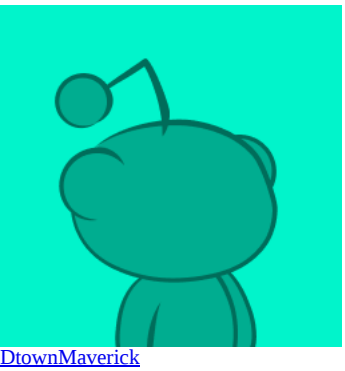
I missed school one day, was alone home. I went to the shower, then right when I got out, my kitchen cabinets were all opened, fridge door too



hunnicutt
• 13y ago

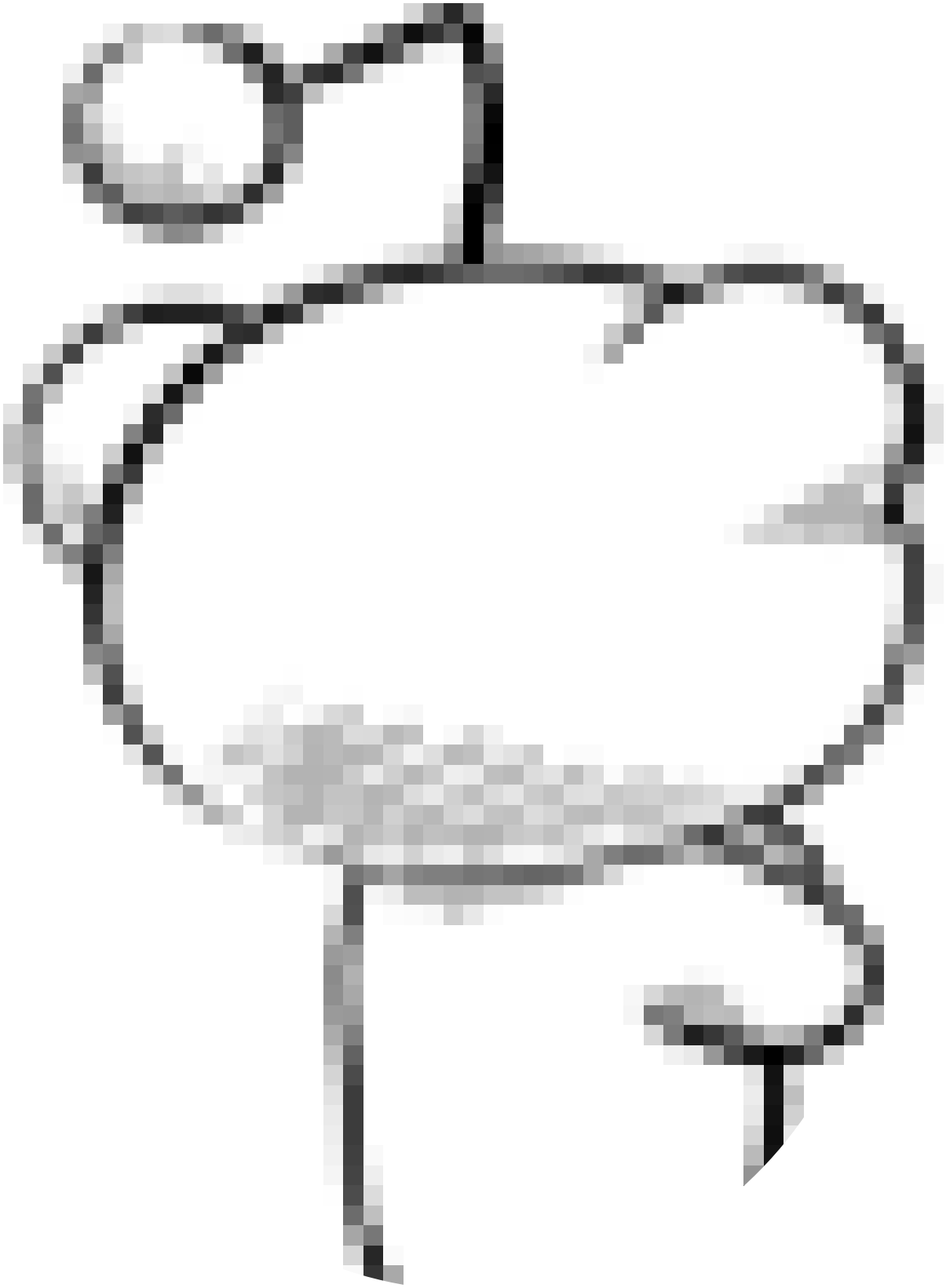
"I'm really bad at taking my birth control."

Ahhh, so a few weeks ago, when you said "I take birth control," you actually forgot to end the sentence with "sometimes?" Good to know.



DtownMaverick
• 13y ago

Taken in Hollywood



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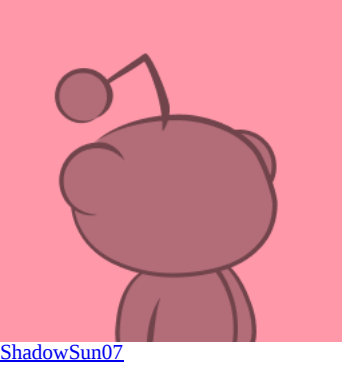
• 13y ago

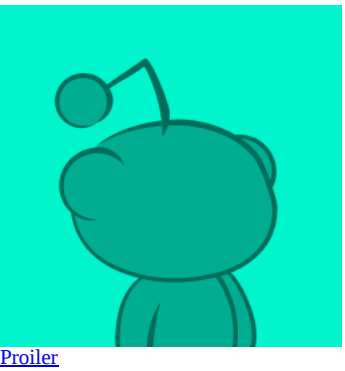
Oh I should have added this to my previous comment, but I just remembered it. I've slept with the TV on ever since I was 14. I'm 24 now, and still terrified of the dark from this one incident.

The condo I grew up in had a couple of silly paranormal things happen. Lights turning off and on, water turning off and on. Playful things that never scared me much. This is the one thing that scared the living piss out of me. I was watching TV late with the lights on in my room. At that moment every light shut off, TV shut off. I hear this thing breathing in my ear loudly and really heavily. Deep heavy rapid breaths right in my ear. I freaked out and hid under the covers like any other rational person and started to pray. I grew up really religious. Once I felt like it was safe to get out of bed and try to turn the lights on from the circuit breaker, I got up. The breaker was in my room behind my door and sometimes when the power was out I'd go jiggle the controls and the lights would work. When I got up I noticed no one elses condo's had the lights out, just ours. As I'm walking towards the breaker all the lights turn back on by themselves. Mind you I'm the only one awake. My grandfather was the only person in the house and he was passed the fuck out. I've been scared of the dark ever since. Fuck that.



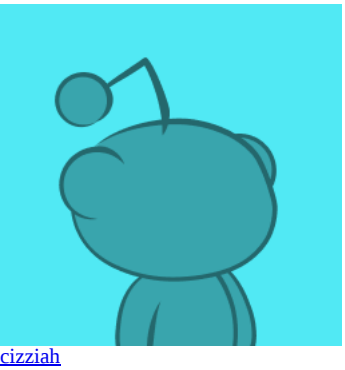
ShadowSun07
• 13y ago

I was running through the night saw something in some reeds. Turned out it was a creeper scary as man....



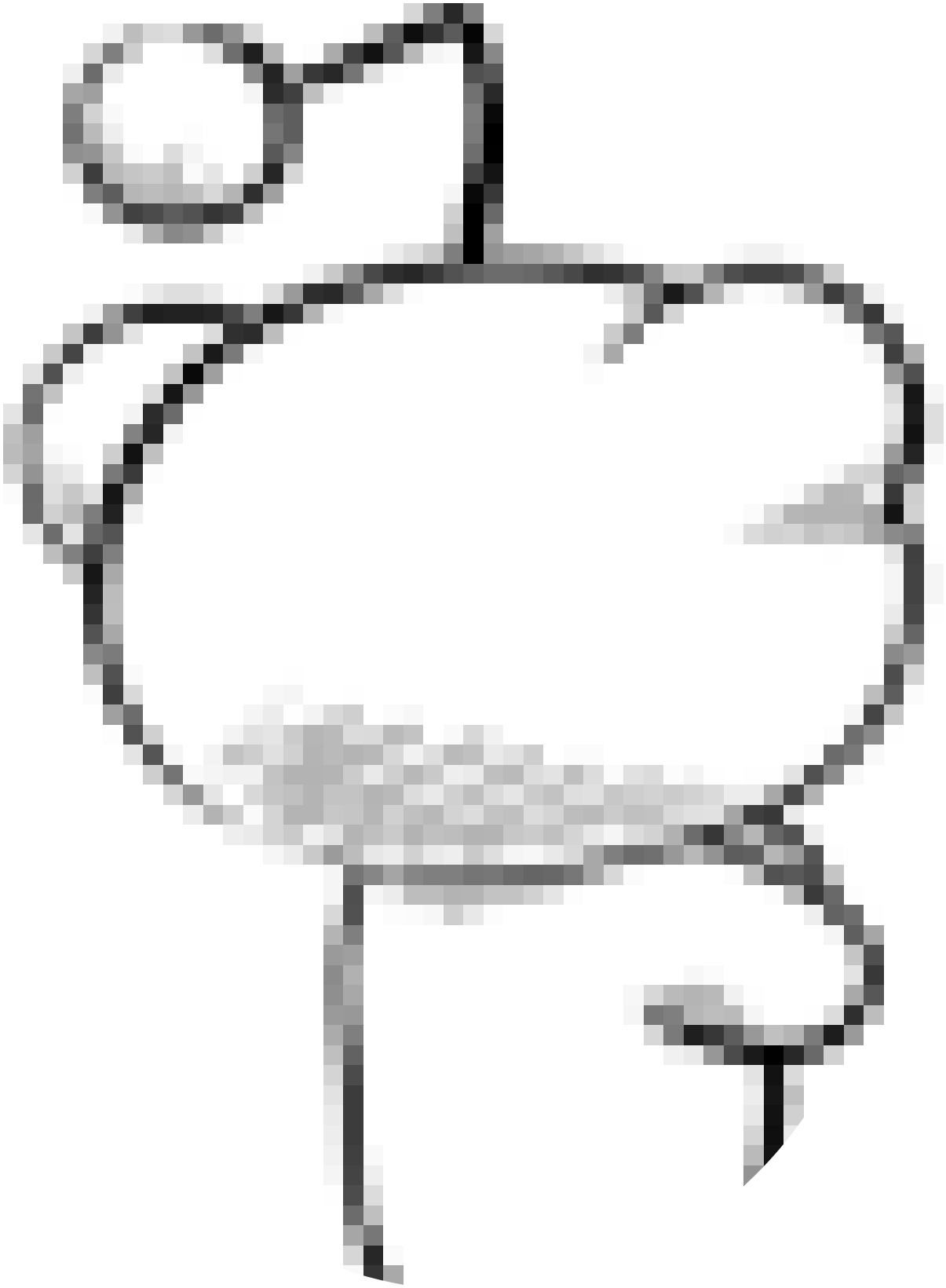
Proiler
• 13y ago

Scariest moment- when my mom walks up behind me when i have headphones on and a shadow casts over me.



cizziah
• 13y ago

Once I was sitting in my room at like ten o'clock about to go to bed when I heard this bloodcurdling scream that sounded like It was coming from right out my window. I ran into my brothers room right beside mine and woke him up. We were both sitting there and we heard it again right outside his window this time. The scream sounded like a women who was being attacked. After a while we went back to bed, but that was so nerve racking for me. In the morning I asked my stepdad about it and he said it was probably a coyote.



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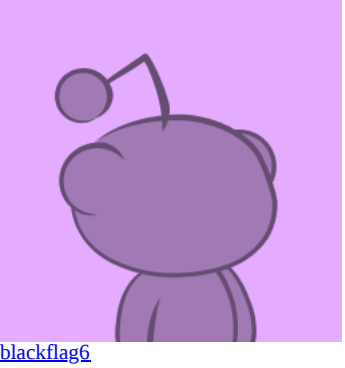
• 13y ago

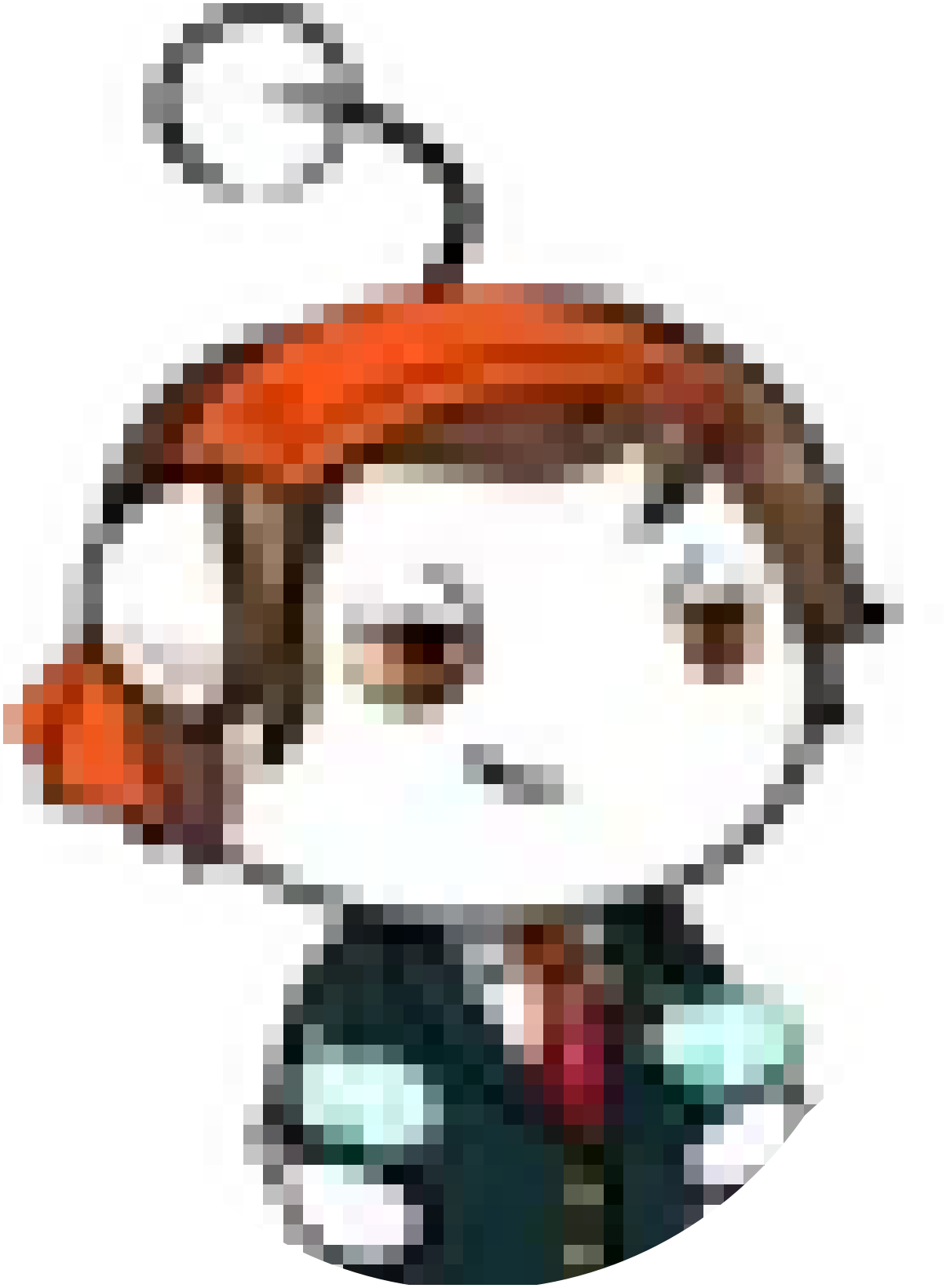
I sleep in the basement of my house, one night I woke up in the middle of the night for no reason and glanced at my door. Standing there was a grayish white figure, I layed back down for a second and bolted back up as soon as what I saw registered in my brain. It was gone. Not sure if my mind was just fucking with me or what, but I didn't sleep much after that. Another time after this I heard a loud whisper saying my name, I was the only one in the house so I ran up the stairs.



blackflag6
• 13y ago

I heard a lot of screaming and shouting in the night when I was eight, I thought it was just random drunken activities. In the morning, there were news crews all over our estate, and there'd been a stabbing.

I think I should find this creepy and disturbing, but I honesty never get scared by the thought.



ProffesorBongsworth
• 13y ago

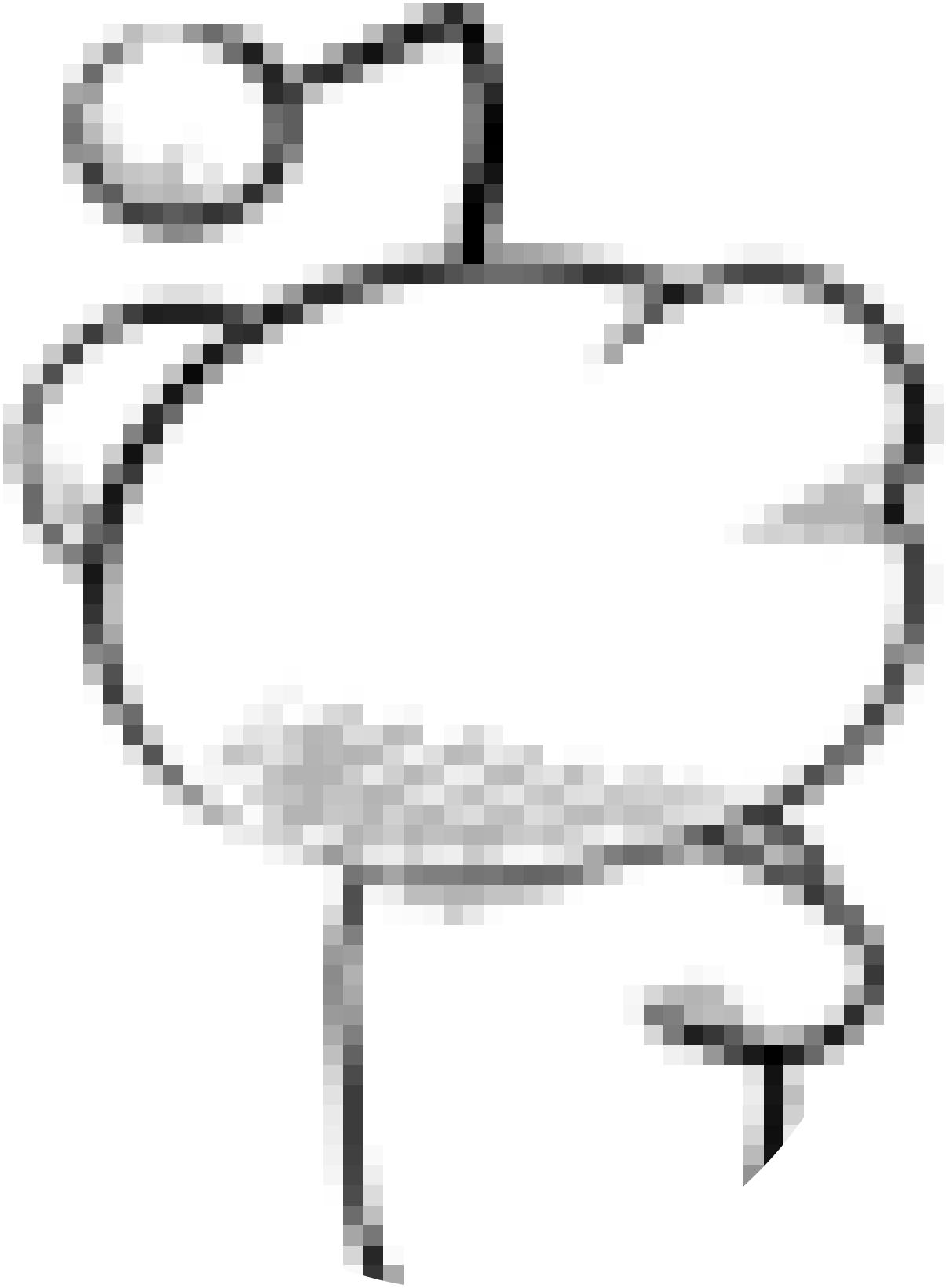
I have a scary one which I've told before. My friends and I were driving in the mountains in Colorado one summer and it was super late, like 3 am. The windy road we were on was dark as hell and we were basically in the middle of nowhere going up and down the winding mountain rd. At *least* 20 miles to the nearest town. Anyways, as we're driving we see some people on the side of the road wearing long robed clothes, quite a distance in front of us. We were amazed, especially 3 ppl were out. So We get closer and slow down and we all simultaneously get the goosebumps,my hair on my neck stood... We slow down slightly to get a better look at the People/figures and their wearing their robes AND THEY HAD NO FACES. they had heads but no eyes, noses or mouths. There was 3 of them and they were walking super sllw We literally all start screaming, and freaking the hell out (all guys, all 25+). One of friends starting crying it was soooo scary and crazy. We sped the fuck away and never looked back. Still get nightmares about that today. We have no idea what they were, maybe they were demons? Idk still freaks us all out

kristianwithak
• 13y ago

My older sister is a year older than me and about 4 or 5 wierd things have happened to her...3 of them being unexplainable in my opinion. So ill share the one that gets be the best.

I was in grade 2 and my sister was in grade 3 when we first flew to newfoundland during summer break to meet my fathers dad and his side of the family. My sister immediately grew close to my grandpa and he became her favourite grandpa. Hed let her and my younger sister give him make overs and paint his nails. He never came to our place in Pickering (1 town east of Toronto) and he promised my sister hed come down for her birthday in February. Months passed and she had spoken to him once or twice over the phone. One night during the winter my sister came out of her room anywhere between 2-4am and she was crying. My dad asked her what was wrong and she said grandpas not coming for my birthday. My dad asked if she was talking to him on the phone and she said "hes going to die before my birthday". My dad never had a great relationship with his dad so this made him mad and he sent her back to bed. I woke up and went to school and I was told my dad was already at work and my sister went out with my aunt instead of school. Later that night after hockey practice, my mom told me that my great grandma called around 5 in the morning to tell my dad that his father died early that morning. My dad and my sister flew down there that morning after they found out. For a few years after that id hear my sister talking at night and when I questioned her about it shed tell me grandpa comes and sits on her bed and talks to her. Surprisingly she wasnt comfortable with it, instead it terrified her. Some nights id hear her run out of her room and down the stairs and her answer to that would be "grandpa was acting weird."

Reply Share



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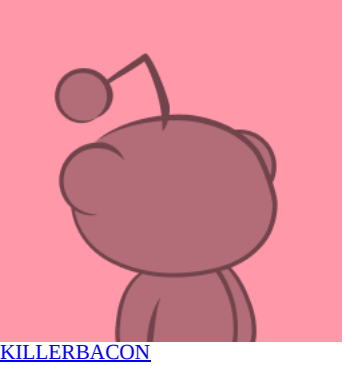
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Not creepy but def one of my scariest moments. Back in 2002 when I was living in South Bay (Torrance). At 4am my neighbors house blew up. Nothing was left besides the chimney. Heres a picture.

Reply Share



KILLERBACON
• 13y ago

One word...

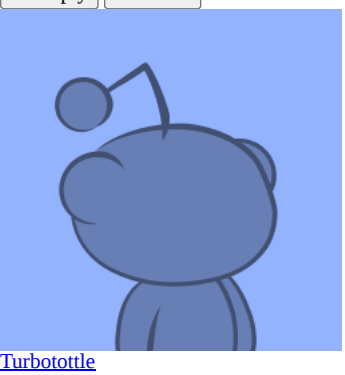
r/WTF

Reply Share

Wilgus_Says_What
• 13y ago

Comment to save

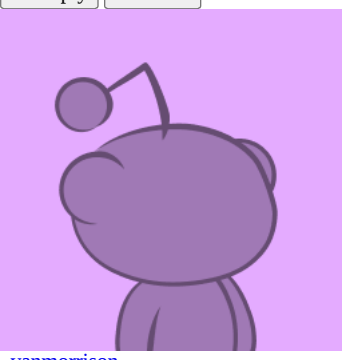
Reply Share



Turbotottle
• 13y ago

I was sitting in the car at a gas station (9:00 am in a fairly populated area) my mom was putting gas in the car, look to my left towards the road, see a car pull into the turning lane and stop, man gets out of his car and opens the trunk, looks like he threw a wrench or a knife in the trunk as if somebody was in it. Nobody saw the plate number, now I know that a murderer might live in my area.

Reply Share



_vanmorrison
• 13y ago

I saw a shark in the water about 40 yards from my friends and I at Daytona Beach during the 2012 spring break. Full figured, riding the wave and all.

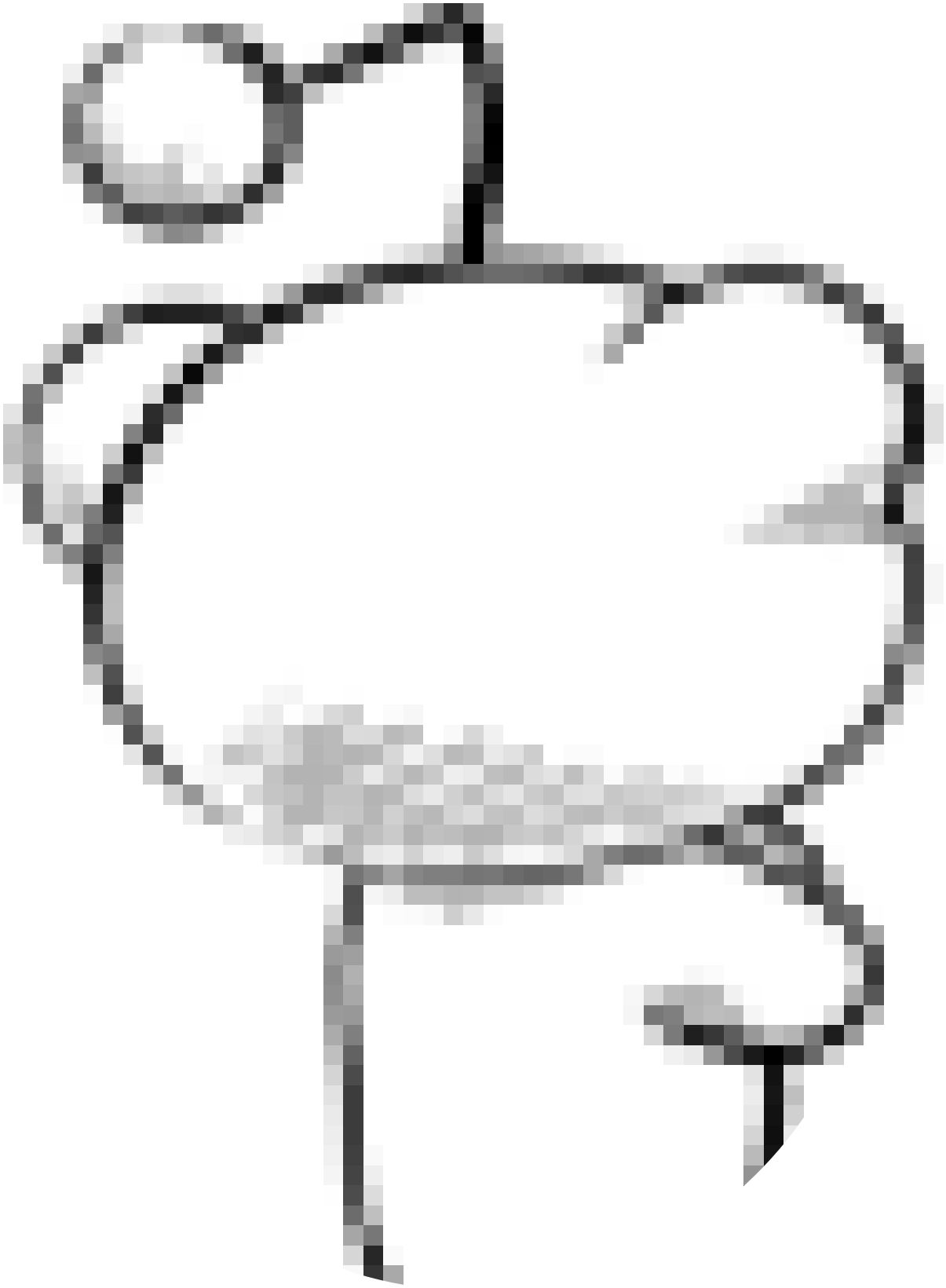
When we got back home, I look online and apparently Daytona is one of the top shark attack sites in the world.

Reply Share

Zombies_hate_ninjas
• 13y ago

Police in Canada, and I believe in America, are more likely to contract AIDs or Hep B or C than they are likely to get shot. This is due to interacting with drug users and dealers.

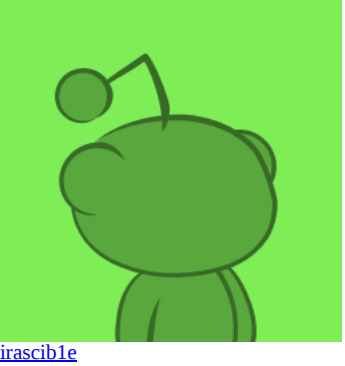
Reply Share



ViralBlender
• 13y ago

- A fight between some people
- One guy shot another to death in front of my eyes
- I was watching all of this from my balcony
- Came down, locked all the doors of my house
- Couldn't mutter a word for a while
- I was 14 then and couldn't sleep properly for a long long time!

Reply Share



irascib1e
• 13y ago

This one's not mine but a friend's. One time when he was six he was playing in the front yard with a plastic dinosaur. He threw it in the air and it never came back down.

Reply Share

dulcislol
• 13y ago

That creepypasta with the turning head.. ugh, just thinking about it gives me shivers :(

Reply Share

WHAT_DEAD_BODY
• 13y ago

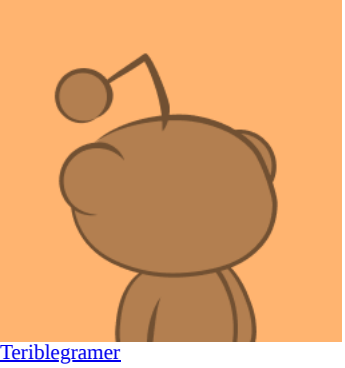
3 am and this is what I decide to click on :l

Reply Share

Melotonius
• 13y ago

I was reading a book by William Gibson in the Borders bookstore in Provo, Utah. There was a motorcycle chase scene in the book. As I read it, I heard a loud thump that shook the building. I found out a girl had gotten on her boyfriend's motorcycle and lost control, slamming into the building. A guy ran inside the women's bathroom to get sanitary napkins to stop the bleeding.

Reply Share



Teriblegramer
• 13y ago

Everyone is going to die.

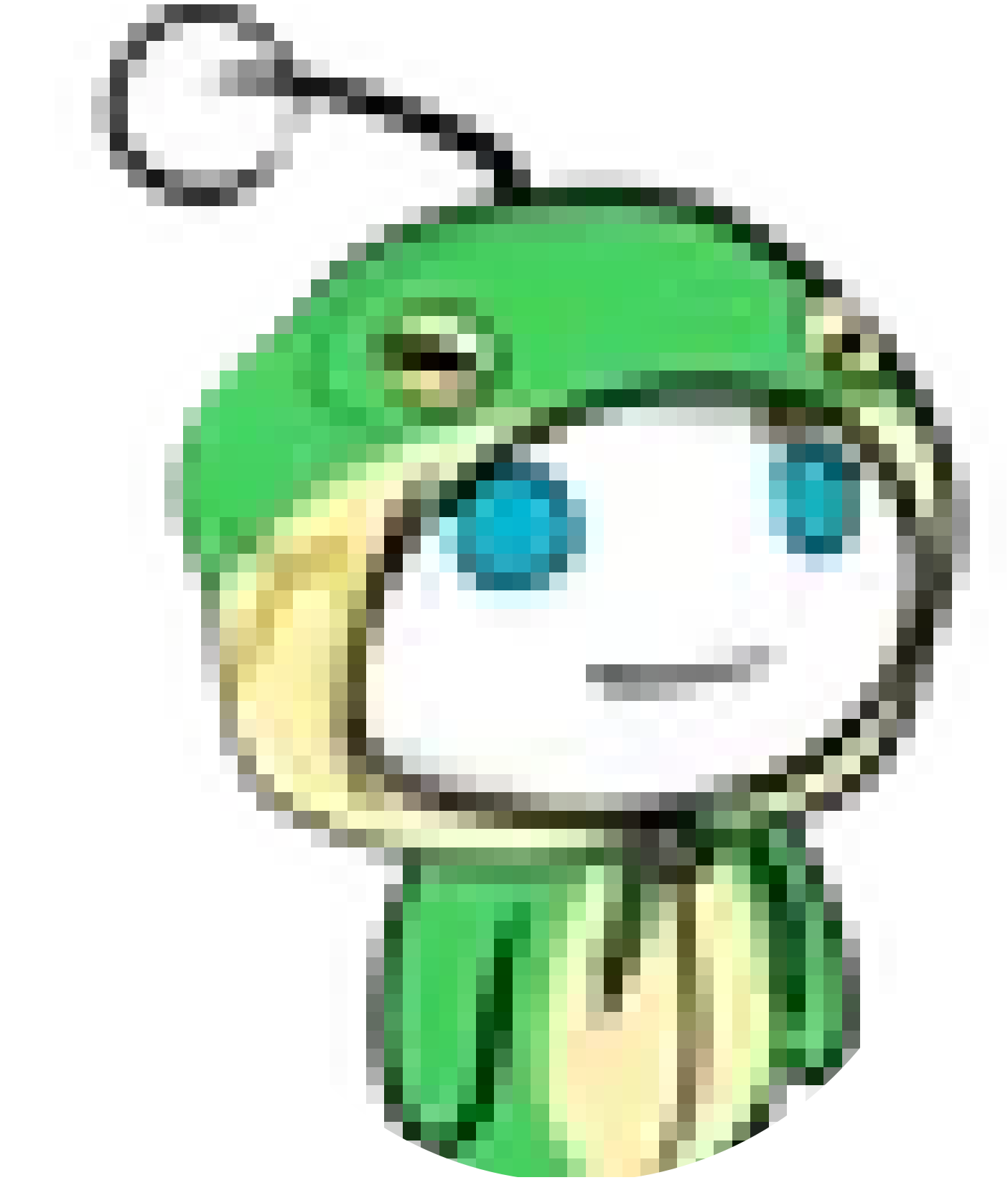
Reply Share

bleedingheartsurgery
• 13y ago

this dude

http://i.imgur.com/iDLvAYr.jpg

Reply Share



Adamcanfield
• 13y ago

The scariest sound is the sound of a man trying to be silent

Reply Share

kinguzumaki
• 13y ago

ITT

Thatdamage
• 13y ago

I'm kinda late to the party but my Junior year of HS, I had just gotten a Computer for my room and as soon as we hooked up the Internet I started the usual browsing. espn, pop cap games, normal stuff like that. This was 2005 so I remember there was always TONS of pop up ad games and one was this game that essentially these Middle eastern men would pop up and throw rocks at you and you had to use your mouse as a cross hair and shoot them and once you hit 3 of them you "Win". For whatever reason I found this amusing and would habitually play it whenever I saw it until one day after shooting my 3rd and final assailant rather than the typical "Congratulations you just won blah blah blah" there was a video that popped up that was indeed without a doubt an ACTUAL jihadist propaganda film where in 5 men beheaded a man with a knife. I still see the images in my mind and can remember the screams and gurgles.... Makes me sick.

Edit: I still have no idea how this happened

Reply Share

bluntedaffect
• 13y ago

Unit 731

Reply Share

redwendigo
• 13y ago

This is probably old news to Reddit but if you are unfamiliar, Google search "wire therapy" and see if you don't say what the fuck.

Reply Share

SKEETLE5
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I used to live in a ridiculously big house (think rich asshole Florida big). When we had it built, we put in two HUGE decorative iron-barred doors put in (the type you can see and reach through), one at the entrance to the area where my parents' room was, and one next to our secluded "computer room." When I say huge, I mean it. It would've probably taken 3 people to slide

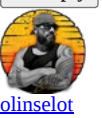
one across the doorways that they were to the left and right of, respectively.

The doors looked like this, but taller and thicker. These doors were NEVER slid shut, as they were just there for decoration, albeit creepy decoration. One day while I was home alone in this fortress of a house, I began to hear a sound like someone stomping every few minutes as I was sitting in the computer room, coming from upstairs. I dismissed it at first as being creaks due to the new house (if you've seen Talladega Nights, you know what I mean). This continued for about 10 minutes, at which point I decided to creep up the stairs, scared as hell, to confirm it was just the house. Once I got up there, there was nothing. As I begin to walk back down the stairs, I hear rapid stamping coming down the hallway upstairs behind me. Scared shitless, I leap down the stairs, and run back towards the computer room.

As I turn the corner leading to the computer room, I come face to face with the iron door, shut across the doorway, for the first time ever. At this point, I'm in overdrive, flipping the fuck out. I turn to run a different route towards the front door, which I couldn't see from this area, and as I'm running this way, I hear a terrible, metal-on-wood sound (we had wooden floors), and as I'm still sprinting to the front door, I notice that my parents' iron door has been shut across their doorway as well (presumably just before I got there, judging by the sound I heard). At this point I'm just about to the front door, and the stamping comes back, but this time down the wooden stairs, which I can't see from the front door.

At this point, I'm sprinting down the front porch steps to the lawn, and down the road to my buddys house. There was never any explanation to what the hell happened, my parents got back in town that night, at which point I returned home, and wasn't taken very seriously.

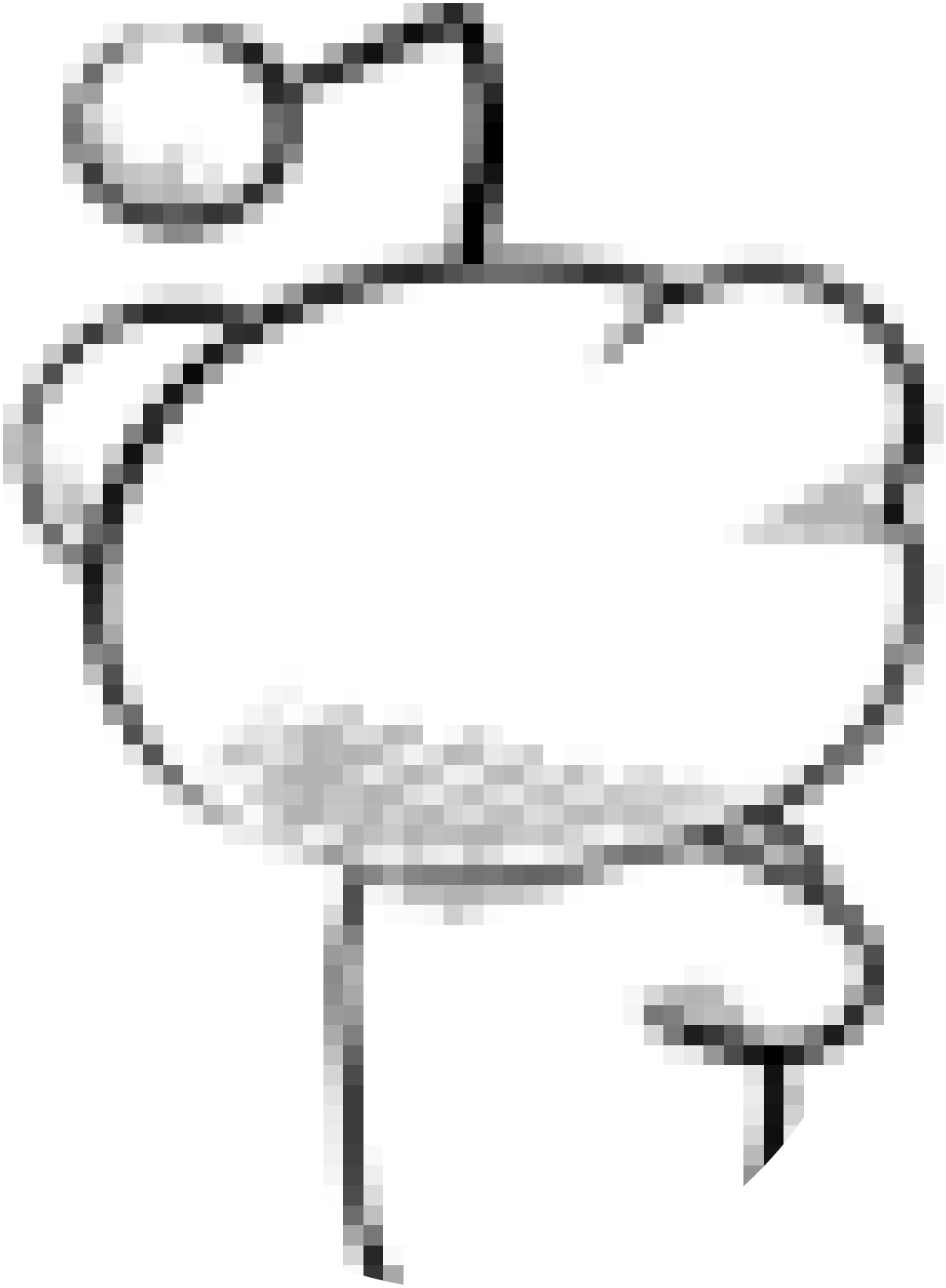
Reply Share



olinselot
• 13y ago

Watching and hearing a suicidal guy rip the veins and tendons out of his wrist with his own teeth trying to end his life. We stopped him, but that sight is burned in my head.

Reply Share



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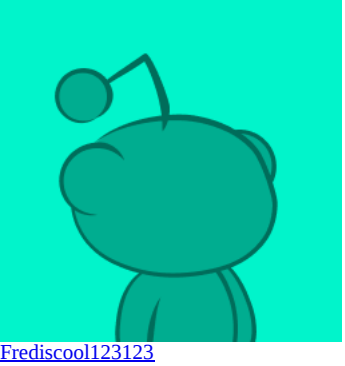
• 13y ago

My roommate and I were sleeping on our respective beds. We talk a bit before we both dose off. Anyways, I was about to dose off when I heard this weird pitched scream that seemed to come from the room. Thing is, it sounded eerily human - at the same time, the sound cut off immediately when I snapped out of my dosing off. I immediately said 'what the fuck dude' thinking my roommate was fucking with me. He then just said, "dude... did you hear that too?". It wasn't coming from outside but in our room and sounded human, but cut off too suddenly to be real.

Reply Share



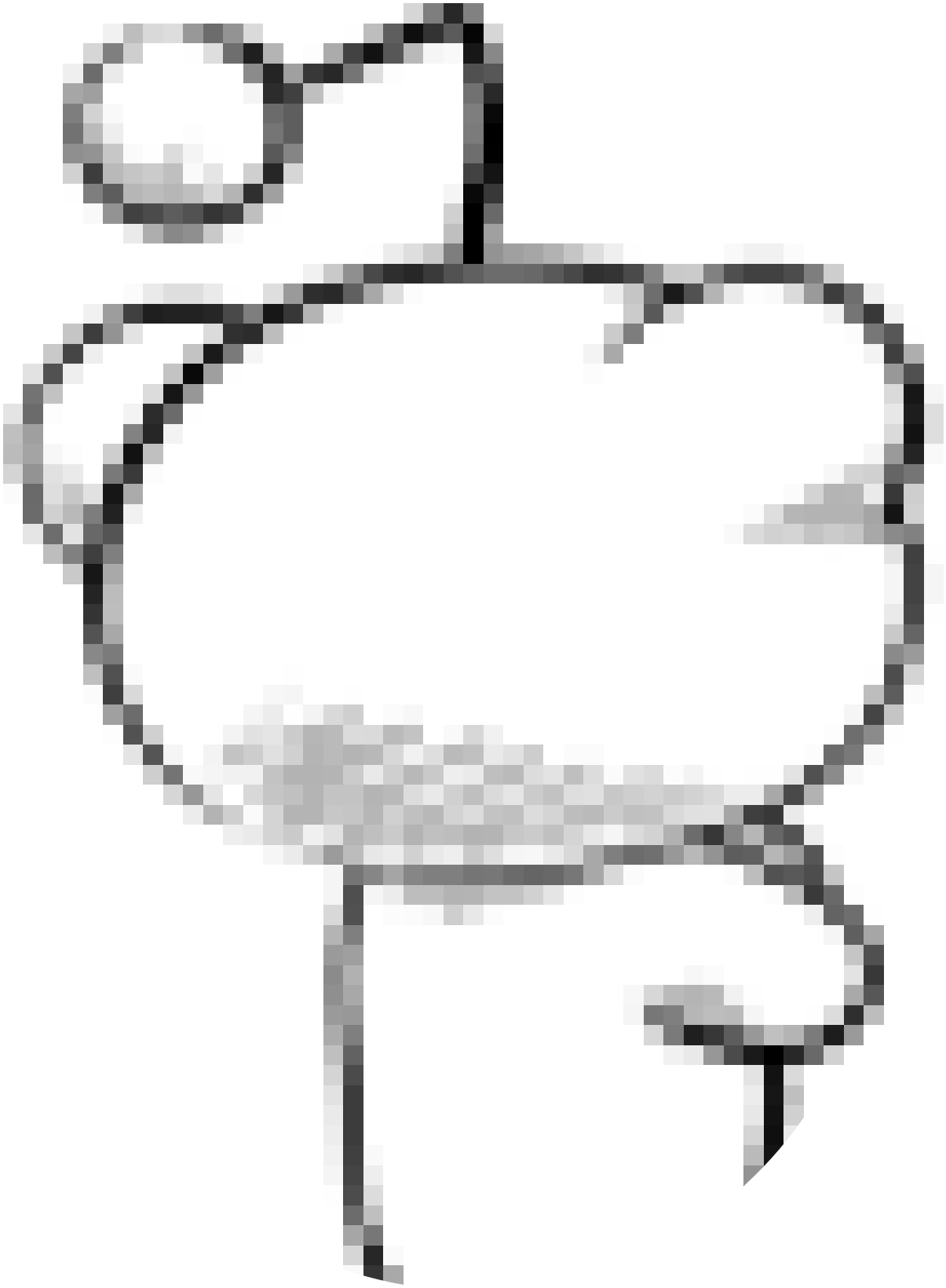
Frediscool123123
• 13y ago

TIL my life lacks scares

Reply Share

badjoedude
• 13y ago

This thread.

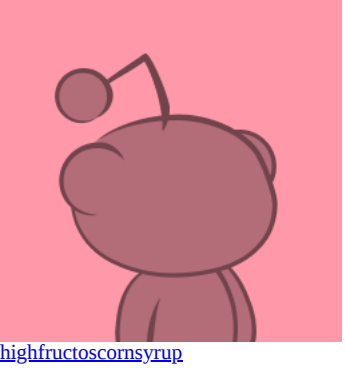


[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

1 more reply

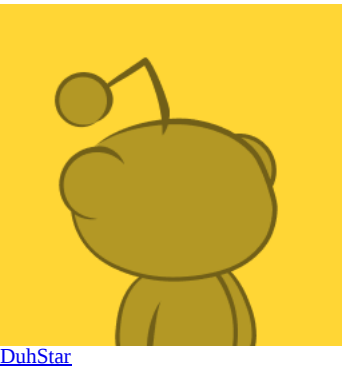
1 more reply



highfructoscornsyrup
• 13y ago

i was on a hike when i stumbled across a pile of deer bones. They were clearly old and bleached, so I took some time examining them. Then I heard the weird hissing/growling/puffing sound a cougar makes.

Scary.



DuhStar
• 13y ago

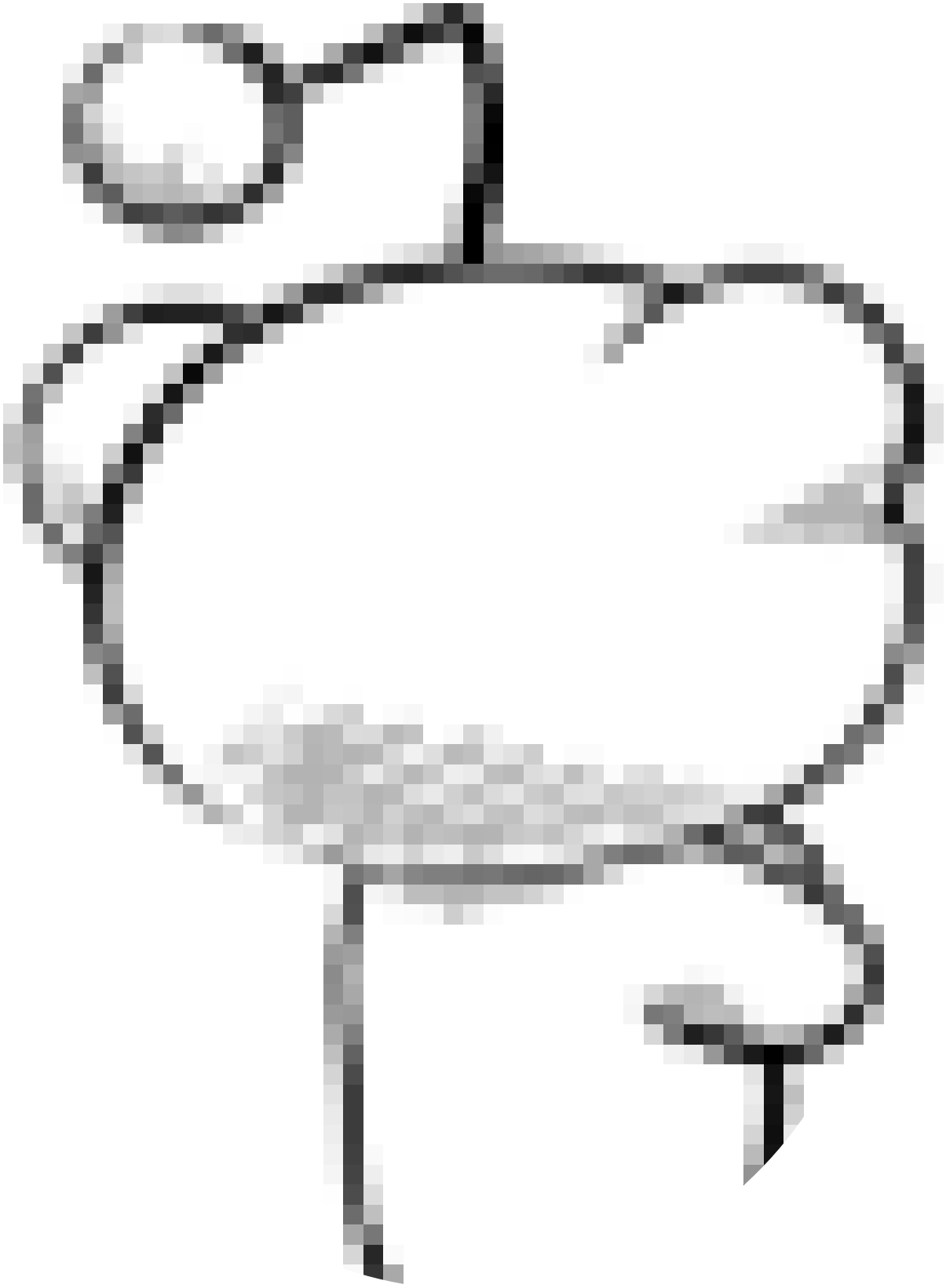
One day, me and my mom were home alone. We were sitting inside my office, looking over some stuff on her computer. She was sitting on the big comfy computer chair and I was sitting on the edge of the guest bed we have in that room. On the table where our computer was my mom had left a cup there. Suddenly, that cup moved about a foot--it slid accross the table slowly. My first reaction was to stand up and squeal. My mom was rather calm, she believes in ghosts. I don't. I lifted up the cup to check for magnets, strings, anything...The cup had a flat bottom and it was completely empty. No water, no nothing. I even went as far to check the table's angle...It was completely flat.

Still to this day I have no idea what it was, but I hope one day someone will explain to me how that happened. with science. Tl;dr I saw a cup move by itself.

cacaman8
• 13y ago

I watched a cat be ran over. I know, not really "scary" per say, but it was incredibly shocking and depressing.

I was 12, walking home from eating taco bell with my friend, and as we walked by a bush, a cat came sprinting out and darted across the road. It wasn't fast enough though, as a car ran it over and you could hear its bones breaking. I can't help but feel bad; we probably scared it and unintentionally led it to its death.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I always hear voices of people calling me and when I investigate, no one is there. I also see shadow people but only occasionally. Spikes when I'm scared. Nope.

marcusr2013
• 13y ago

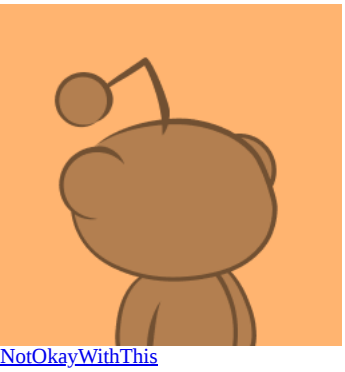
Scariest thing I have ever heard is "what if I told you..." o_O

mantisinmypantis
• 13y ago

[This.] (http://m.youtube.com/#/watch?feature=youtu.be&v=5uqqbwLEvXU&desktop_uri=%2Fwatch%3Fv%3D5uqqbwLEvXU%26feature%3Dyoutu.be)

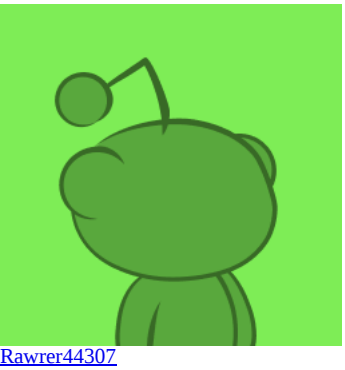
chrispankey
• 13y ago

around the beltway in d.c. especially by bases there are microphones, and on the signs over head that mark exits there are microphones, everything you say is being recorded/heard/listened to.



NotOkayWithThis
• 13y ago

Simple, but terrifying.



Rawrer44307
• 13y ago

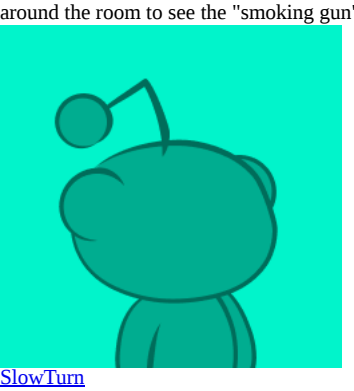
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IlB1EpEhj4s The Rite of Spring: Nijinksy choreography

Smurfy-Its-You
• 13y ago

This past Christmas Eve I was visiting my parents when this happened. A little back story here is that the prior owner of their house died in what is now their guest bedroom, but which was the master bedroom prior to and addition they've since added to the house. They moved into this house about 10 years or so ago. My mother told me in the first year they lived there that the old man visited her twice, seemingly upset about simple renovations they were making like painting and such. One night she awoke to him standing on the side of the bed and she told him to go away and that he didn't live there anymore, and he did. The other time she was in the bathroom and he passed by the doorway. Now, I'm a skeptic but I do believe people have these mysterious experiences, I'm just not quick to reach conclusions based on them.

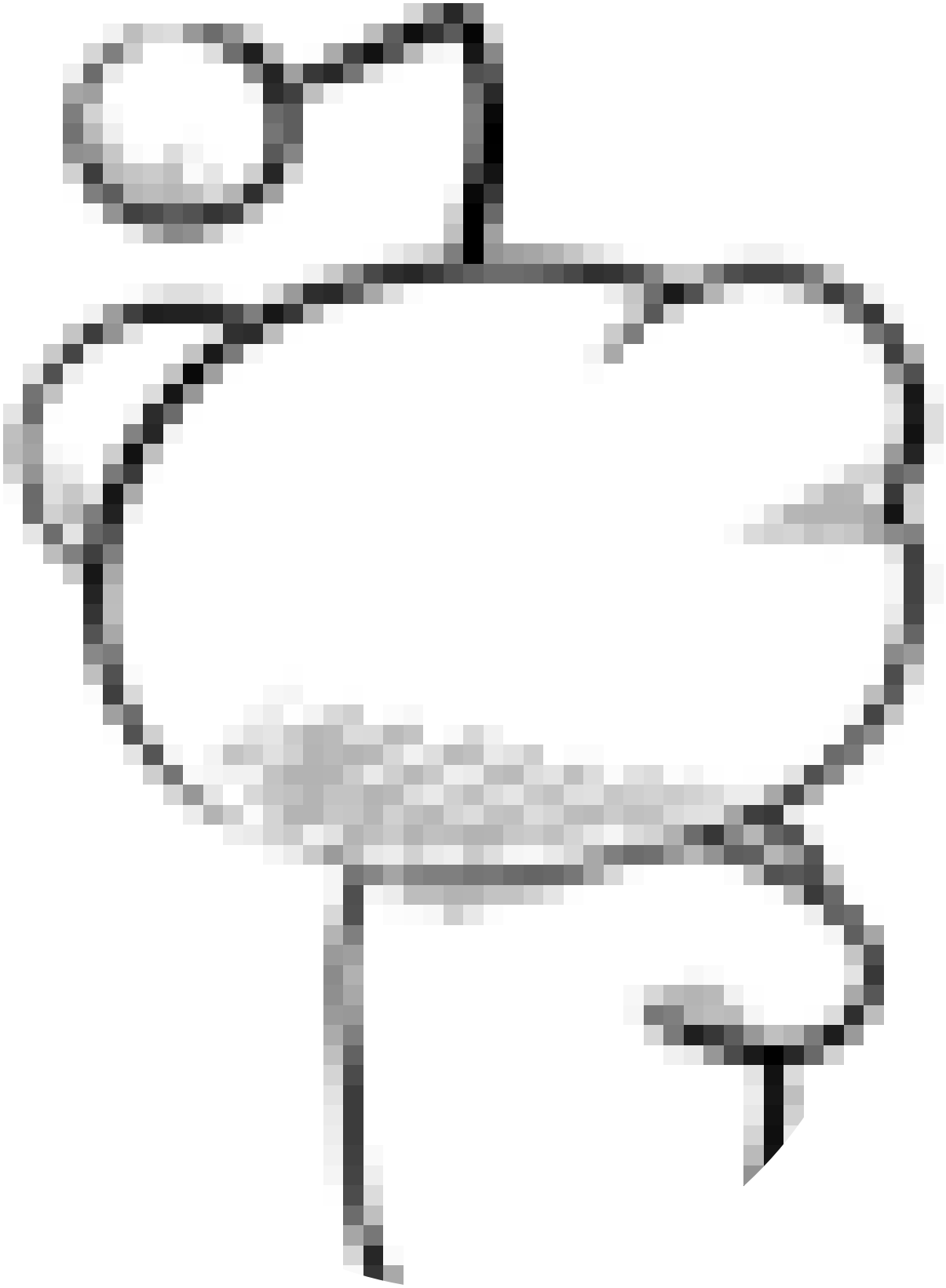
So, back to this past Christmas Eve. We all went to bed around midnight or 1am and I was sleeping in what is now the guest bedroom. I was lying there on my stomach, for what felt like about an hour when I was startled by a very loud bang beneath me, as if something struck the box spring directly below me. It was so powerful considering that there's only about a foot between the floor and the bottom of the box spring. Almost immediately the bed started to gently rock as if someone was standing at the foot of the bed pushing on it and I no longer felt alone.

I was very curious and thought, "this is it, I'm about to actually see an apparition" and believe it or not I wasn't scared, I was excited. I felt lucky. So, I decided to prop myself up and look around the room to see the "smoking gun" but nothing was there. The bed stopped shaking after about 15 seconds and all was calm.



SlowTurn
• 13y ago

I'm late to this party but the story involving the Peeping Tom in a porta potty.



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• 13y ago

I grew up in a house that was AT LEAST 150 years old, no one really knows how old it is. It stood on the top of a hill surrounded by thick forests, and with that comes the warnings of panthers and cougars that people still claim live in the area (near Cassopolis MI). Beyond that though, the house was pure white except for the cracking of the outside paint, with a big bell over the garage that still works to this day. The house was supposedly part of the Underground Railroad, with many hidden walls and cubbyholes throughout the attic and basement.

Anyways, no matter where you went inside that house it felt like you were being watched. Doors would close, floors would creak, and the while place simply seemed dark and filled with hatred. After my dad died and we were getting ready to sell the house we found out that apparently a long time ago a Native American woman was scalped on the property. It was very creepy to realize that the place I'd called home for long long had such a dark past, but it certainly explained a lot about the place. I miss the house, but I don't miss the feelings that came with it. There was not a lot of happiness there, despite good memories with my family.

faleboat
• 13y ago

r/nosleep

Pretty much anything in there.

DethsMistress
• 13y ago

I was staying at the Banff Springs Hotel with my mom a couple years ago, she had gone to bed early and I was pretty bored. It was after midnight and I decided to go wander the hotel since it is super old and I love how it feels and looks like a castle. The place was a ghost town since it was so late and I only saw 3 other people, all of whom employees, on my whole wander. After exploring all the main areas I made it back to the second floor above the main lobby and was trying to decide where to go next. I decided to check out the floor I had seen in the elevator with the little gold plaque saying VIP or something like that to see what was so special, if I could even get there without a key-card. I press the button, the elevator comes up from the lobby where it has been sitting waiting the whole time I've been deciding and I get and go to press the button for the floor. It is already lit up. There is literally no one else around other than the desk agent behind the desk and I had been standing in front of the elevator for a good few minutes, there is no way someone could have pressed the button. The doors closed immediately after I got in and went up to the floor. I'm pretty freaked out at this point but decide to see the floor anyway.. I make it almost all the way to the bend in the hallway when I hear footsteps coming towards me. Terrified I turn around and book it back to the elevator, return to my room and hide under the covers the rest of the night.

Sebzor15
• 13y ago

So I was at a friend's house once, and he asked me if I believe in ghosts. I've never believed in ghosts, but I've always kept an open mind toward the idea of them.

His house is a little odd; their heater would suddenly turn off and on, their dog would suddenly get creeped out by something, et cetera. He's really open minded toward pretty much everything, so he is sure that their house is haunted.

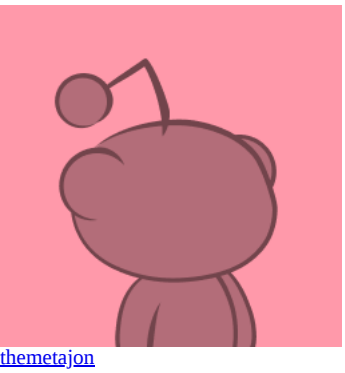
He asked me if I wanted to see something in their basement. I went down to the basement with him, and he told me to look into the room to the right from the stairs. I went into the room, he shut off the lights in the basement and closed the door to the basement so no light would shine in. As darkness crept in, I started to see something; a weak light, really just a flicker of light. Like a newly-lit candle just barely starting to consume oxygen. Barely noticable. But it got brighter and brighter, on this very same spot he had previously described to me.

There really was no way for light to shine in; no windows, basement door is faced the other way and is in the other room. In no concievable way could light ever shine or reflect into that room. Yet there was light in there.

Personally, I'm not scared of the dark, nor have I ever believed in ghosts or any of the like, but the memory of that shit still creeps me out. Seriously can't figure out what it was.

thoughtsaresad
• 13y ago

http://regretfulmorning.com/wp-content/gallery/scarys-gifs/creepy-8.gif



themetajon
• 13y ago

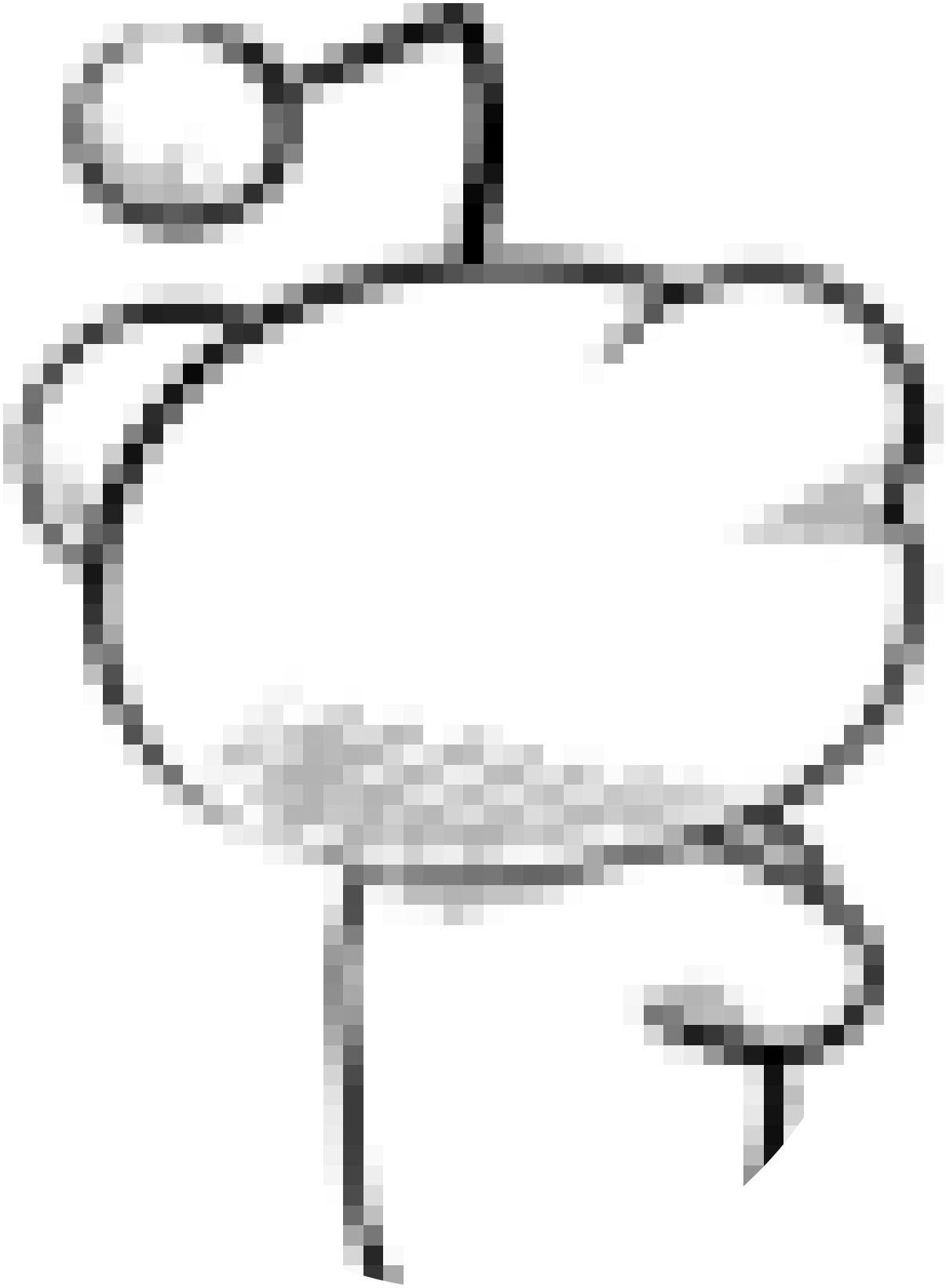
My parents old house. It used to be the homestead of an apple orchard on top of a hill, one of the oldest homes in my valley. At night, I would dream of a female presence, not human, old and cold, who would grab me in my bed and try to pull me into the darkness.

Every time I had the dream, she would get more and more aggressive. She eventually managed to pull me, kicking and screaming, off the bed, through the door, and into the hall. The last time it happened, I fought back hard, kicking her and screaming at her to let me go. Never had those dreams again. Never felt unsettled in that room again.

Then I started exercising in the basement. Had a treadmill that faced the far wall. The basement was unfinished, but not necessarily creepy, and the ceiling was so thin I could here everyone above me, so I didn't feel alone. But I did feel her again. Glaring at my back when I ran. Hate masking fear. It always radiated from the same corner, and I would stare back at it for long periods of time, just *knowing* something was staring back.

Feeling hated in my own house was making me nervous. So I had my Shaman friend over and we saged the *shit* out of the joint. It didn't go away, but it definitely calmed down. Like it finally agreed to leave me alone. The skeptic in me attributes the whole ordeal to paranoia or a gas leak or some kind of temporary anxiety disorder.

But it wasn't any of those.



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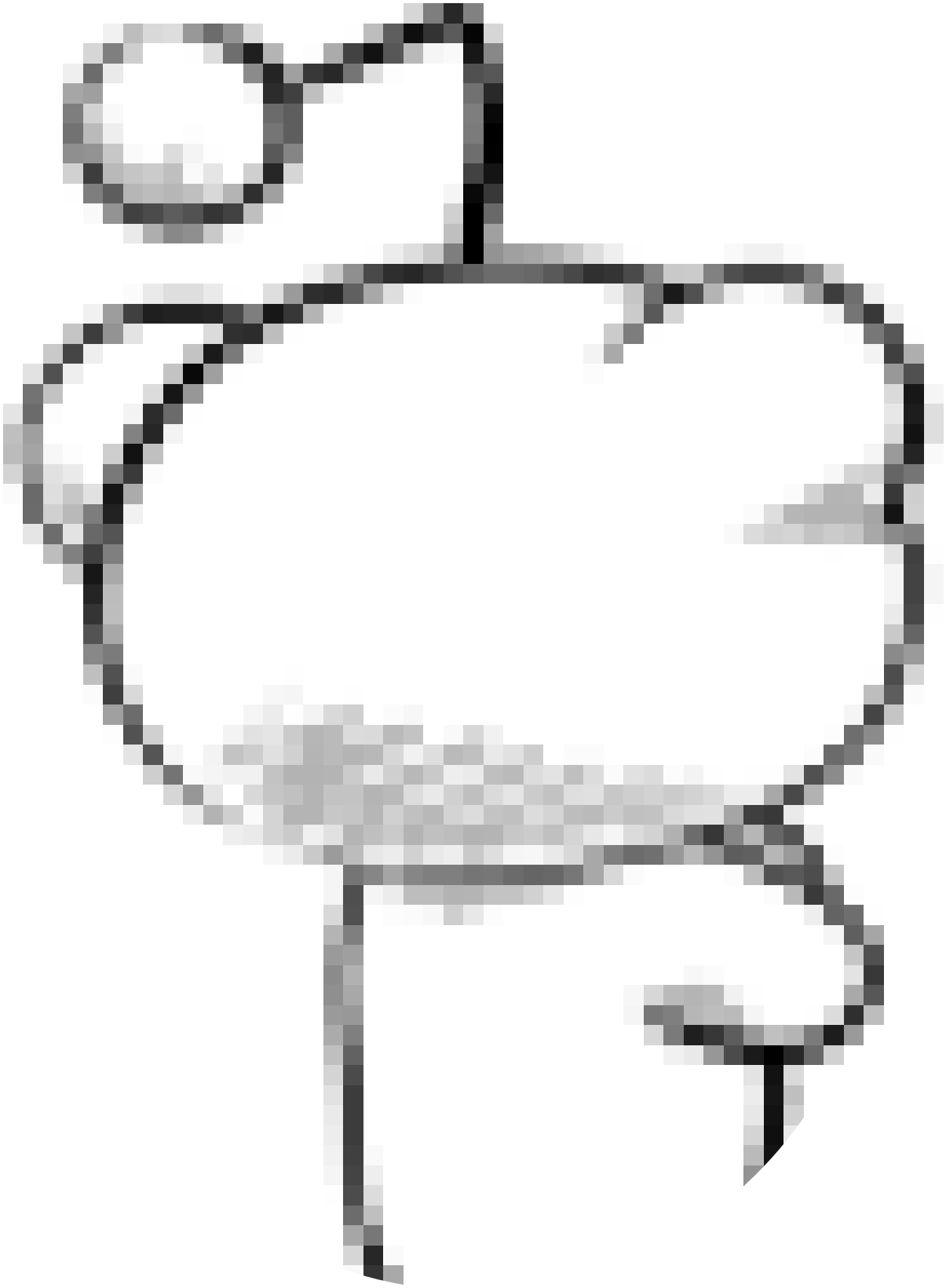
• 13y ago

Friends were moving out of their old house. They had some stuff in the basement.

Went down there with them to discover bloody handprints on the walls, weird writings, and symbols in one part in the back. They knew it was there, but didn't think anything of it.

I didn't go to my friends house anymore.



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My dad, mom, and their two friends verify this story.

My parents, 25-35 yo at the time, traveled upstate NY with a few friends to stay for a weekend at a family vacation house . It was autumn. The house is located in a very secluded area which is a mix of dense woods and farmland (if you know what upstate NY is like).

It was getting late, around dusk, and my parents and two of their friends decided to go for a stroll. They were following a main unpaved road, but for whatever reason decided to take a detour down a small wooded dirt road.

After walking for a bit, with no houses or the appearance anyone around, they walk past a very small/old cemetery nestled in the woods. A single goat is in the cemetery "baaaing" as they past. They found this odd, but kept walking anyway. Not to much further up the way, they hear a voice calling out a name. At first they were unsure where it was coming from, but upon looking they can see a person in the woods around 30 ft off the trail. They moved closer. It is a fragile looking pale old woman wearing a white dress. She is sitting on a rock, alone in the cold. She asks them if they've seen her cat, and my father says they haven't. They immediately turned around, quite shaken, and walked away. The goat was no longer in the cemetery.

Whatever that was, it scared all four of them shitless. They are intelligent and well educated people, but to this day it gives them the creeps. Later on, my father heard of a well known ghost story from this area called "The White Lady".

CursedCalifornian
• 13y ago

Moral of these stories: Trains fuck people up

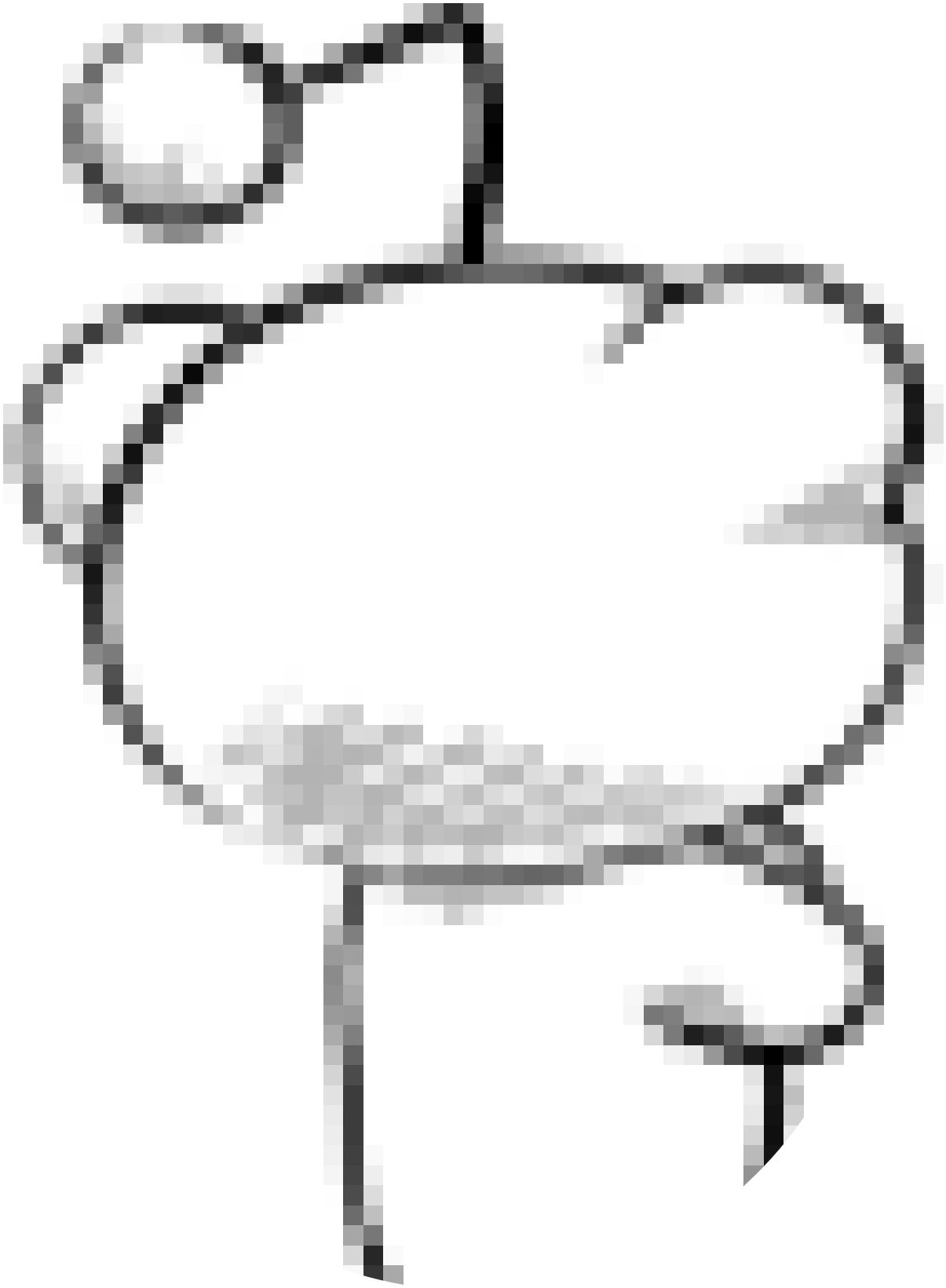
hobbycollector
• 13y ago

My brother-in-law died kind of young, like forties. It was a few weeks before Christmas. We all got together for Christmas, and for some reason everyone kept dropping glass and breaking it, and spilling things which happened to spill in the direction of or on his grown daughter (my neice). It was very weird.

roses269
• 13y ago

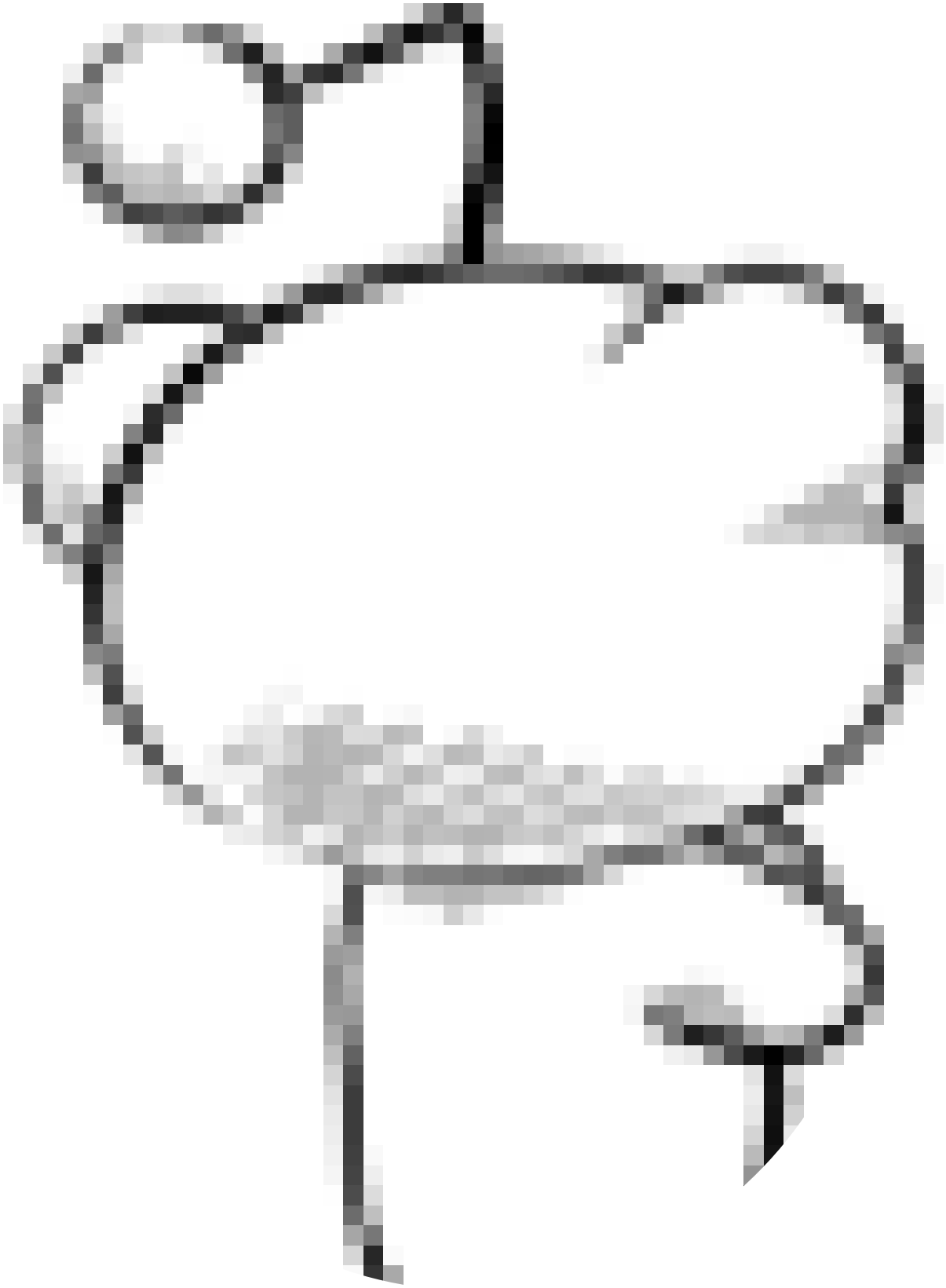
A story from a website full of similar stories. Warning the story includes some gore and super creepy teddy bears.

http://www.scp-wiki.net/scp-1048



jb69029
• 13y ago

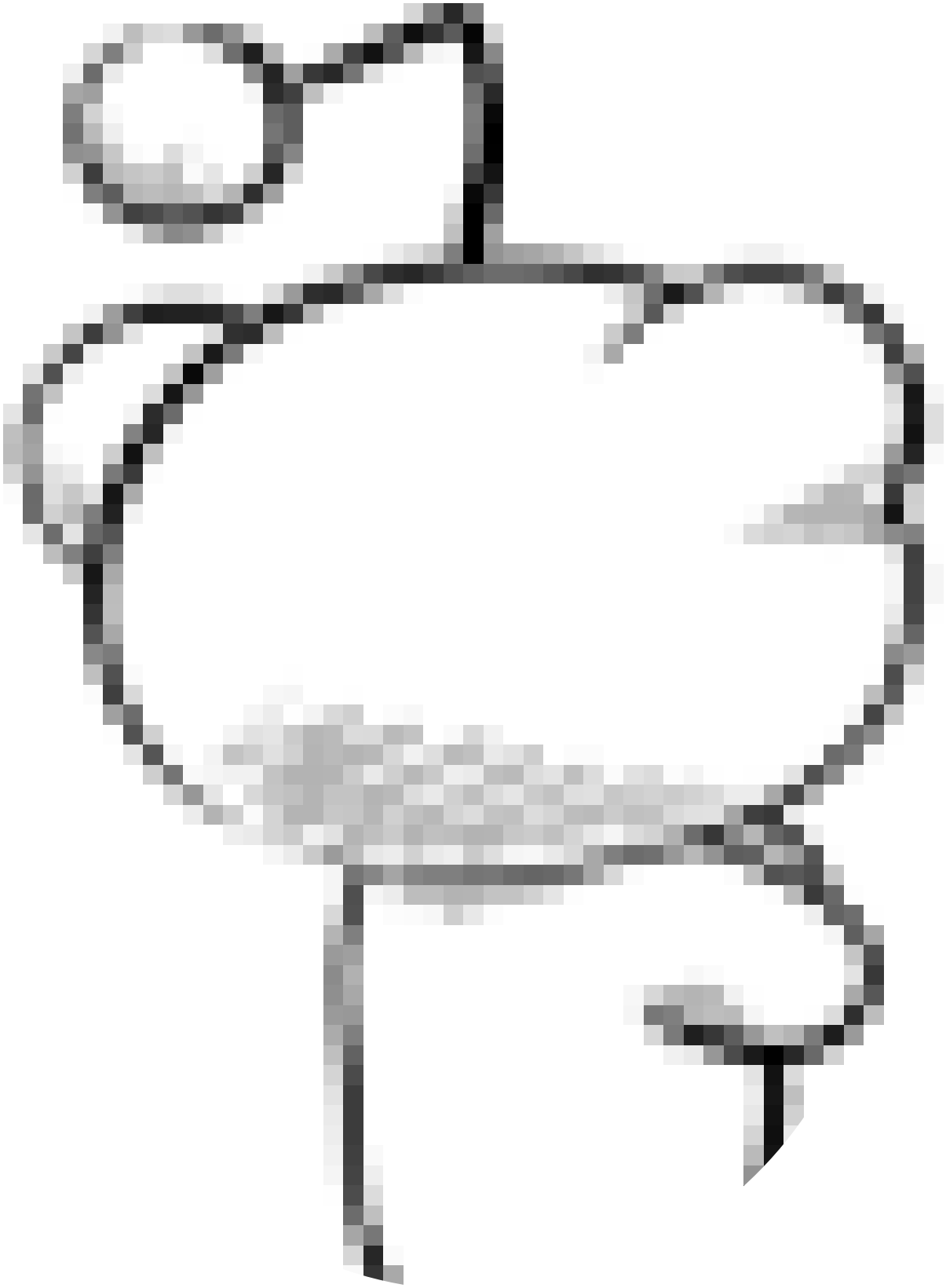
I'll throw this story into the mix. It's a long read but the Ted the Caver Story creeped me out.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I read something on here about a guy that was cycling at night, but he had to get off whilst going through this forrest, because the ground was too sandy or something. Anyway, it was pitch black and the guy had been walking for 20 minutes or so when he finally saw someone just sitting there on a wooden bench, but it was so dark he couldn't make out anything about him. I think he walked past him without saying anything, but decided to turn around to ask him if everything was alright. After he asked him the guy sprang to life and started sprinting towards him...

His story is written much better than mine, so I hope someone can post it.



350mck
• 13y ago

Its probably to late for this story to get any attention, but I'll share it anyways.

I was living at my brothers house while I worked through school. My patents lived 30 miles away. My brother had a dog. Okay scene is set.

My brother and I each worked odd hours and we hardly saw each other at his house. I would take care of the dog when he wasn't home. One night, he was gone, I was going to bed. The dog sleeps on the end of my bed and is usually very good about staying there. I laid down and was only just beginning to fall asleep. I was at that point where any little noise would wake me up, but still pretty out of it. I had just gotten off 48 hour shift, so I was physically exhausted.

As I am dozing off I begin to have one of those really odd dreams. At this time I am not sure I'm asleep, so maybe I'm still awake. Either way the dream begins that I am lying in bed, the dog is asleep at the end just like normal. The dream is literally just like what is happening in real life. That is, until my mother walks in the room (remember she lives 30 miles away). My mother is holding a handful of snakes. My mind begins to think, "But mom, you're afraid of snakes.

She smiles and throws the snakes on me.

Remember at this point I'm still only halfway asleep. And this dream is as vivid as anything I've ever seen. It is so vivid I can actually feel the snakes crawling in my face. I freak out. I fly out of bed.

Next I find my self now fully awake. What just happened?

I am now awake standing next to my bed. I don't remember how I got out of bed, but clearly I did. My mind rushes to recreate the events and try to piece together what just happened. Logically I know my mom is nowhere near me. Even if she were here there is zero chance she would be within 20 feet of a snake to begin with. My logic argues with my senses because I know I really felt the snake on my face.

As I become more and more lucid I look around. My heart is pounding. Mom is nowhere near. I see no snakes. But the dog had moved up to the head of the bed. His butt is right by where my head was. I must have felt his tail across my face after he moved.

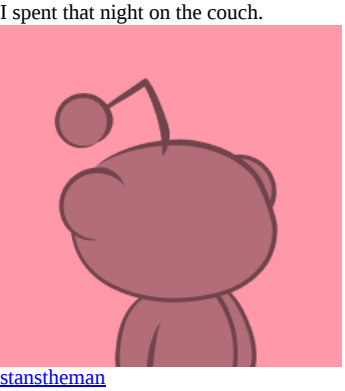
Now it all makes sense. My dog's tail brushed across my face and that's what I felt. Surely my mind just created the dream of my mother and the snakes to fill in the gaps in some messed up way. Yes. That is exactly what happened. To this day I know that.

But the memories were so real and so vivid. I spent probably an hour that night standing by my bed. Frozen in fear. My mind was racing trying to deny my fears, but to no avail. Even though I logically had it explained 100%, I still could not move. I knew that if I laid down I would find snakes again.

I flipped the sheets off the bed. My dog looked at me confused. Behind every pillow I checked, still sure that there was a real snake there. I lifted the mattress and box spring off the bed frame after my search behind the pillows and sheets turned up empty. No snakes here.

My mind an my imagination have never fought so hard in my life. Logic explained the situation to me clearly. But my imagination just kept pushing me back over the edge.

I spent that night on the couch.



stanstheman
• 13y ago

most things on thatsphucked.com. some will haunt your soul!

Bdragonsky
• 13y ago

Creepiest thing I've heard was from my friend who lived in the Bronx in New York, one day he was walking down the street to go to a restaurant and he passes this guy and they had a short conversation and they decided they were going the same way. As soon as my friend gets to the restaurant the guy he was talking to disappears and so my friend believes that the guy has probably just gone to the bathroom or something. Cut to a few hours later he finishes his meal and leaves to walk home. A few steps out the door he hears screaming and the sound of something falling behind him. Turns out it was the guy he was talking to earlier and he barely just missed him in his suicide jump.

Sorry for spelling and grammar.

thats-how-I-120roll
• 13y ago

I work part time in a group home for developmentally challenged adults, and had picked up a graveyard shift one night.

All the residents in the how are immobile and unable to get out of bed on their own. One of the girls called out in the middle of the night for assistance - not uncommon. I go into her room and she is sitting up in bed (VERY rare for her), and pointing off into the darkness saying "boy" over and over again. She had NEVER done that before (she has a very limited vocabulary), however one of the residents who used to live her and had since passed away used to do it all the time, claiming to see a little boy.

This creeped me on, but I am a big skeptic when it comes to anything paranormal so I wrote it off as a fluke, gave her a glass of water and tucked her back into bed. I then returned to the living room where I had been busy folding laundry.

About 15 minutes later I suddenly hear an incredibly loud noise coming from the other end of the house - I run to investigate and find the bathtub faucet was on FULL BLAST... it was literally impossible for this to happen on it's own, not only are these special accesible bathtubs and the faucet handles are very complicated to turn on, but it was also on full blast - eliminating any possibility that it could have been left on slightly and still "trickling".

Clearly someone was in the house - again it was impossible for any of the 5 residents to get out of bed on there own, let alone make it into the bathroom. The ghost thing didn't even cross my skeptical mind - the only logical explanation was that there was an intruder.

The intruder thing is very unlikely on the other hand, because being a group home, there are routine checks that all the doors and windows are locked at each shift change. I had personally gone around with the staff I relieved and checked everything not 3 hours earlier... either way though it was still the only logical explanation and there is no way whoever had turned on the tap had left the house, I had responded way to quickly and there was only one hallway.

I then proceeded to check every last room in the house, each room i entered I was expecting to find whoever i was looking for. It was the most suspensful time of my life but I cared a lot for the residents and I thought they were in danger, so I did not hesitate to check EVERYWHERE.

Nothing. I was convinced someone had to have been there so I did not give up for well over 2 hrs. I'd even called the manager and woken her up and asked if I should call the police regardless of the fact I dident find anyone. Here response was: "Oh, that's just ____" -and named the late resident who used to claim she saw a boy all the time. Apparently it was a well known fact that she haunted the home, and things like this had happened many times before.

I may not have fully believed her - but it definitely sent chills down my spine and made me a hell of a lot less of a skeptic. Last night shift I worked in that house.

Despite scaring the crap out of me though - I still remained generally skeptical of paranormal activity - until this happened:

a few years later on my birthday, I was in the washroom brushing my teeth. My grandma had just passed a way a week earlier. I can't remember exactly how it came to be but I suddenly had the thought of my grandma wishing me a happy birthday. It was unusual for me to do anything like this, but whatever thought I had prompted me to say "thank you Grandma" out loud. I wrote it off as just a part of coping with loss.

I finished brushing my teeth and forgot about the weird grandma thought - a few minutes later the doorbell rang.

It was my Grandpa, who had never been to my apartment before - nore had I seen him since the day my Grandma had died (naturally the poor guy was taking it pretty rough). He had shown up to give me a card - which I could tell for whatever reason was very difficult for him to do. He shook my hand and left as quickly as he came.

On the outside of the card there was my first initial and the number 24 (the age I was turning). I opened it up and got crazy amounts of chills, then cried.

"Happy 24th birthday Thats-how-I-120roll,

Love, Grandma"

Apparently my Grandma had pre purchased cards in advance for each of her grandkids birthdays. She marked the envelopes with our first intial and the age she intended to give it to us.

Every since then, I am convinced there is something very real about peoples energy carrying on after they pass - first the group home thing and then that grandma thing really did it for me. Every since then I've had various weird occurrences, some a lot more unexplainable than others but it all seems to happen more when my mind is open to those kinds of things.

Creeps me the fuck out.

Sledger721
• 13y ago

The movie "Philosophy of a Knife". It has scarred me more than one can comprehend ...

gewill
• 13y ago

My friend and I were walking through an alley near my house. The alley started smelling bead, real bad, like dead animal. Then we heard a bunch of dogs barking so we looked into this yard and there was a dog's head handing from a coat-hanger. There were flies all over it and some veins/tubes/meat dangling out the neck. The head was hung high from a tree and there were three other dogs in the yard beneath it barking like crazy. It was disturbing

Toxikepo
• 13y ago

Grew up in Northern New Jersey and I remember one night hearing a mountain lion tearing up my neighbor's dog. I don't know if you have ever heard a mountain lion but it sounds like a child being tortured. As a little kid I think I shit myself.

KillerJupe
• 13y ago

It was winter vacation of 2nd grade, and I thought I broke my spine.

I was skiing with family friends at Big Bear, it was the last run of the day and we went down the black diamond run.

There was one narrow spot right near the base of the hill where two trails merged around 3 small pine trees.
I could go on the low side and get stuck in the slush or take the high side and go through smoothly. I took the high side for the first time that weekend.

I vividly remember seeing a guy on an orange snowboard coming full speed at me.
I can still feel his hands on my back and head as he pushed me out of the way and right into the trees.

The scariest thing was after I hit the tree, I woke up in the snow and immediately tried to move my toes... I couldn't move anything below my shoulders.

For about 3mi I lay there totally unable to move or do anything; I thought I was paralyzed and wanted to die.

About this time I started shivering and then feeling came back to my toes, I moved them and lay perfectly still worried about being hurt further.

I was so relieved and remember crying the whole helicopter ride, not because it hurt but cause I felt like it was a reprieve from death.

Apparently the accident caused some trauma to my neck and I was pinching something.

The guy never stopped and no one ever found out who it was.

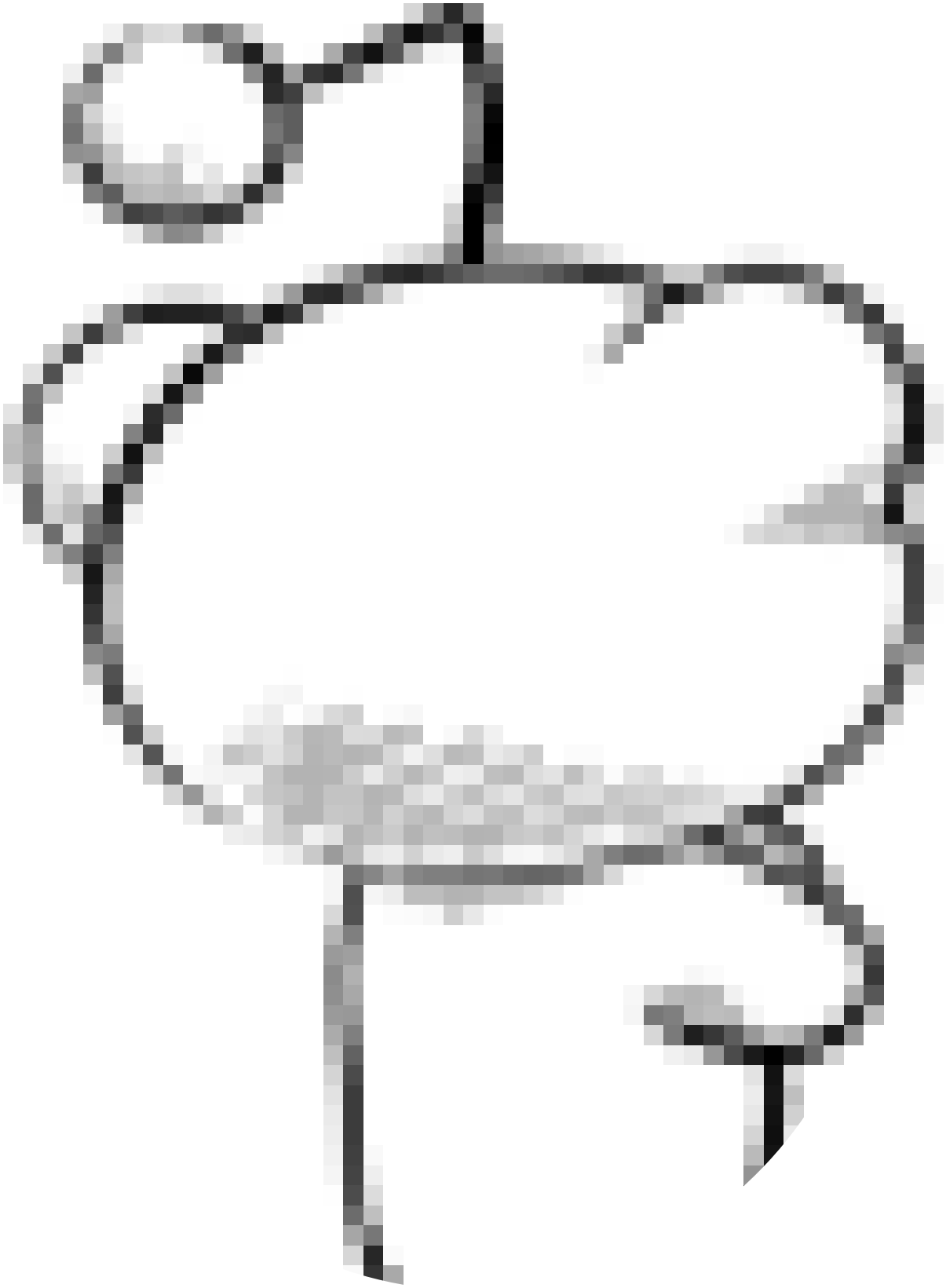
Typing this out now, I realize what a fatalistic few on life I had. People who survive and flourish after life altering injuries are amazing to me... I don't think I have it in me, but honestly I never want to find out.

SonicFlare21
• 13y ago

It's around 3am and I'm downstairs eating yogurt and watching infomercials. So I turn off the tv, begin to wash the spoon, and hear footsteps walking towards me. I look up and see no one there. Needless to say I was only down there for a few more seconds.

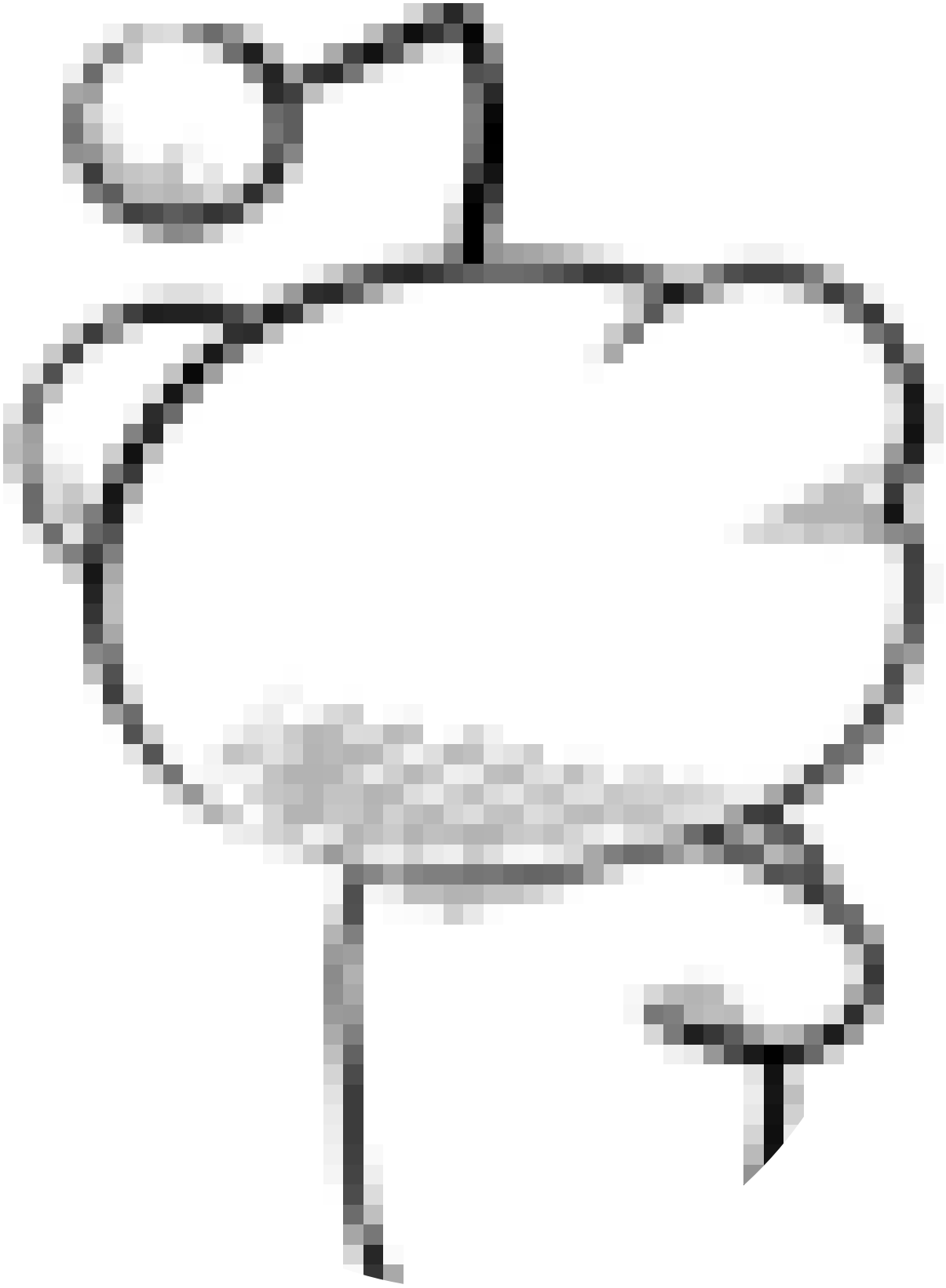
Miwanik
• 13y ago

One time when my mum picked me up from school n we got home I went up to open the front door, when I did I heard a door continuously banging coming from upstairs. I knew something was wrong cause my mum is a freak with perfection, she wouldn't leave a window open that can cause a draft and a door banging. I asked my mum if she left a window open , and she sad no way. I go upstairs to check it out with my mum, we notice a broken balcony door , and then we hear footsteps downstairs and the front door open and slam shut. We realize we were robbed, nothing major stolen , but could have been worse if th burglar got desperate. We now have a German shepherd, and I've learned self defnense, I pray to meet th coward that ran away now



Decyde
• 13y ago

The hands down most creepiest thing I've ever "saw" was taking a piss in the restroom at the park in my town. I went into the last stall to take a piss and some guy came in shortly after I started to pee. He went into the stall next to me and just pooped all over the floor. Once I saw what he was doing, the smell made me gag and I almost threw up so I just left. It sucked to pinch it and leave also having to finish up in the bushes down the track but that was both disgusting and creepy as fuck.



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• 13y ago

Having a hard time deciding whether or not read this now or at morning.

Catnip_Pyromaniac
• 13y ago

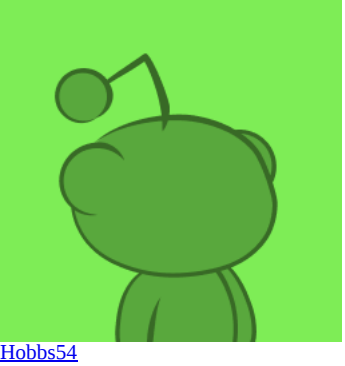
r/fearme I havent clicked a link because the page creeps me out enough

wow_trees
• 13y ago

This video scares the crap out of me. I refuse to watch it now because I know I'll freak out

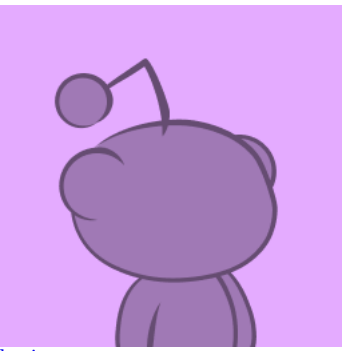
hobbycollector
• 13y ago

The first time I watched the exorcist, which was only five or six years ago, I don't remember all the details, but there was a possum or cat or something in the attic, which we started to hear scratching. Someone turned off the movie and the sound was still there, so we let it out. It was very weird timing.



Hobbs54
• 13y ago

FTFY: seen/heard/done?



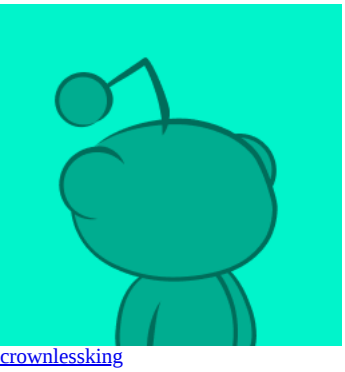
heyjennyy
• 13y ago

When I was around 10, I was walking my moms best friends dog. Even at this age, I was in love with lifetime and knew not to trust any strangers ever, run away, etc. So this man in one of those huge vans (some people call them "rape vans") comes up to me and starts talking to me about the dog. It's not a busy street at all, so no cars or people were around. I start to back away and he's asking me to come with him so I can meet his dogs. As I'm backing away, he starts to get out of the car, trying to convince me to go with him. One of my friends who lived on the street I was on happened out of her house and started absolutely SCREAMING "STRANGER DANGER! STRANGER DANGER!" Her huge 6 foot something dad comes running out of the house, and they give me and the 60 pound dog a ride home, to the next street over.

firststatejake
• 13y ago

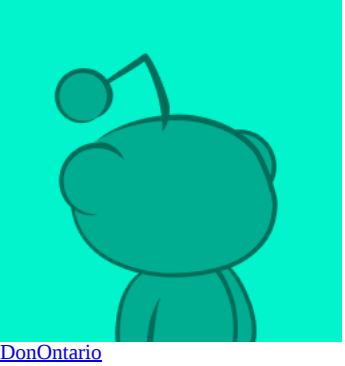
I used to have recurring lucid dreams as a child (that would have horrific elements that would turn the lucid dreams into night terrors). There were a couple that stood out, but one was terrifying. I would "awake" in my bed (false awakenings), and everything is normal. It's exactly as it would be had I actually woken up. Then I hear a very faint noise. I can barely hear it, as if it were a mile away. Then it starts getting closer, very slowly. Eventually I realize that it's screaming. Like a woman getting stabbed screaming. It keeps getting closer and closer (btw it's continuous, not someone like taking breaths and repeating the scream). And then I hear the front door burst open, and the screaming is so fucking loud it makes my head hurt. Then I hear footsteps coming up the stairs. This is the part where I would always shut my eyes as hard as I could. The screaming hurts so bad. Then whatever is making that noise is in my room. It gets so close to my face, that I can feel the breath coming out of its mouth and hitting my face. The screaming is the loudest thing I've ever heard. And then, instantly, everything just stops, and I'm awake.

This would happen sporadically as a child and sometimes it would last for what felt like anywhere from 5 minutes - an hour. An hour of that fucking voice. I used to be terrified of going to bed when I was younger.



crownlessking
• 13y ago

My blood surrounding me after waking up in an alley, about 10 minutes after I was stabbed.

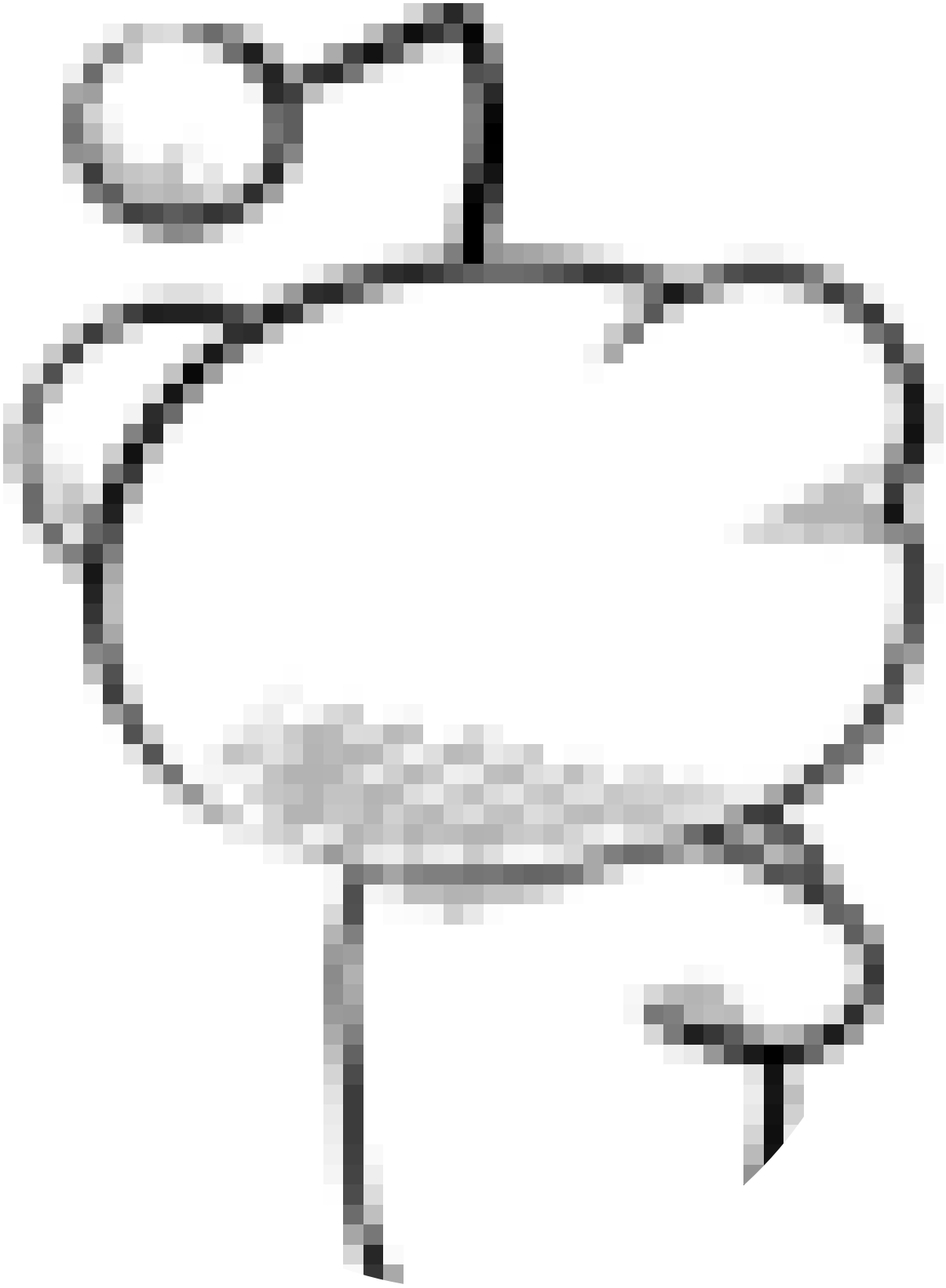


DonOntario
• 13y ago

Candle Cove

ShortBus_Magee
• 13y ago

I used to live in an old house that had tons of paranormal stuff goin on in it. My mom was changing my little brother's (who was a baby at the time) diaper and put the powder on him. He was wearing a white shirt and in black cursive letters, the name Anne was spelled out on his shirt from the white powder. A few months later I woke up to piss and when I opened my door there was a lady standing in my hall way wearing a black dress from the 1800s or something. I held my piss that night and my mom said she saw the same lady a few months later. There's not really much of an ending here but we moved away and everything's fine now.



x1expert1x
• 13y ago

Uhm, yeah, reddit, if you can go ahead and stop replacing every fucking URL with your own bullshit, that'd be great.

ChetRipley
• 13y ago

Walking down the street in downtown Chicago pretty late at night when a man in a suit walks up to me and says..... "If I give you say...40 dollars say....would you let me say... lay down on the street here and smell your feet with your shoes off??" I went full sprint while laughing so hard I couldn't see from the tears.

JesusListensToSlayer
• 13y ago

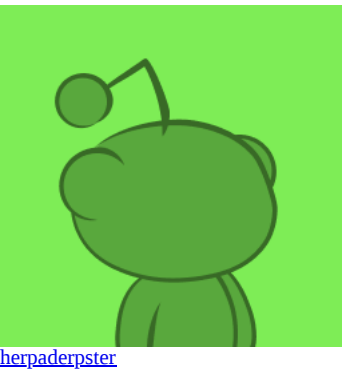
Didn't have to look far

Darknezz19
• 13y ago

fuck this im outa here. fuckkkkkkkk now damnit. wtf these chills.

NickSet
• 13y ago

i regret going here...



herpaderpster
• 13y ago

just a few months ago, i was woken up half an hour earlier than i shouldve been. "get up. your mother needs you." whoever was entering my room looked like my aunt. she spoke like my aunt. but my aunt was in korea. i am in texas. i freak right the fuck out.

i knew that wasnt my aunt.

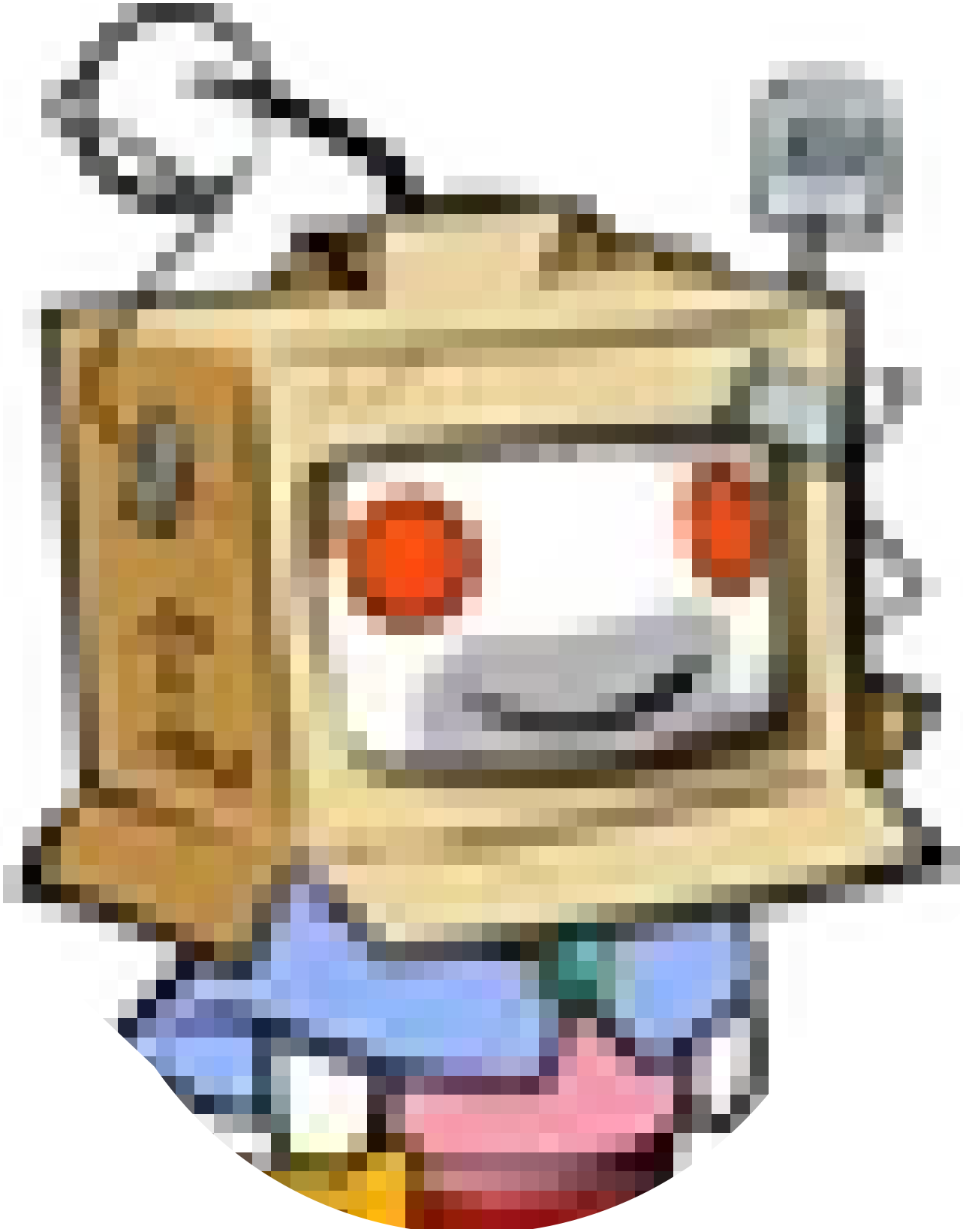
now im slurring out a "what are you doing" "what is happening"

but it was just our neighbor. my ma called them over because we had caught colds and she had such a horrible fever she couldnt get out of bed. nobody has the decency to give me context for anything in this apartment complex.

tl;dr nyquil: not even once.

zidmon
• 13y ago

r/letsnotmeet - I discovered this subreddit last night after hitting the random subreddit button numerous times. Creepy encounters.



Angsty_Sentry-25
• 13y ago

This one happened when I was about nine years old. It was during the summer and for some ungodly reason I could not sleep at night. I think it might have been due to the fact that it was humid and my brother, who I shared the room with, never put in the air conditioner.

One night as I laid on the top bunk, sweating to death, I felt the hairs on my neck shoot up. My stomach felt sour. I thought maybe if I opened the window more and pulled back the curtains that I'd feel better. So, I had gotten up, slide off the top bunk (it had no bars) and walked over to the window in the room. My room is on the second story of the house and it faces the trees next to my house. What happens next still confounds me to this day whenever I look back.

I walked over to the window and I opened the damn curtains to see a flash of bright light. Everything after that, in my memory, is just light and a feeling of being afraid. I remember waking up standing in the middle of the hallway in front of my room and my cousin's room (He rented out the room next to mine). I came to when he turned the light on in his room. He was freaked out, scared shitless asking me 'How the fuck I got there?' I asked him if he knew what just happened outside.

I was told that he saw some bright light outside and then I appeared in the hallway an hour later without him noticing. Something had woken him up, when he was trying to turn on his light he just saw me in the hallway and started to freak out since I just appeared out of nowhere.

That was ten years ago, when I saw him last I asked him about what happened and his face goes a bit flushed and he recalls the whole thing but hasn't a fucking clue what happened to me that night.

When I told this all to my brother the next morning, he told me that he did recall seeing me getting out of bed and a flash of light but nothing much after that. This whole thing kind of haunts me, I've told my girlfriend and my friends about it and they've told me that I was dreaming or that I was abducted by aliens or I was taken by a ghost. I honestly feel like it was something entirely different.

savilles_secrets
• 13y ago

My family moved into this really creaky old house about 6 years ago, im talking like 15/1600's. Its a gorgeous house, which is quite big and has wood beams everywhere, very british. Anyway, it was real mess when we first moved in, as a blind senial lady had been living here which only added to the creepyness.

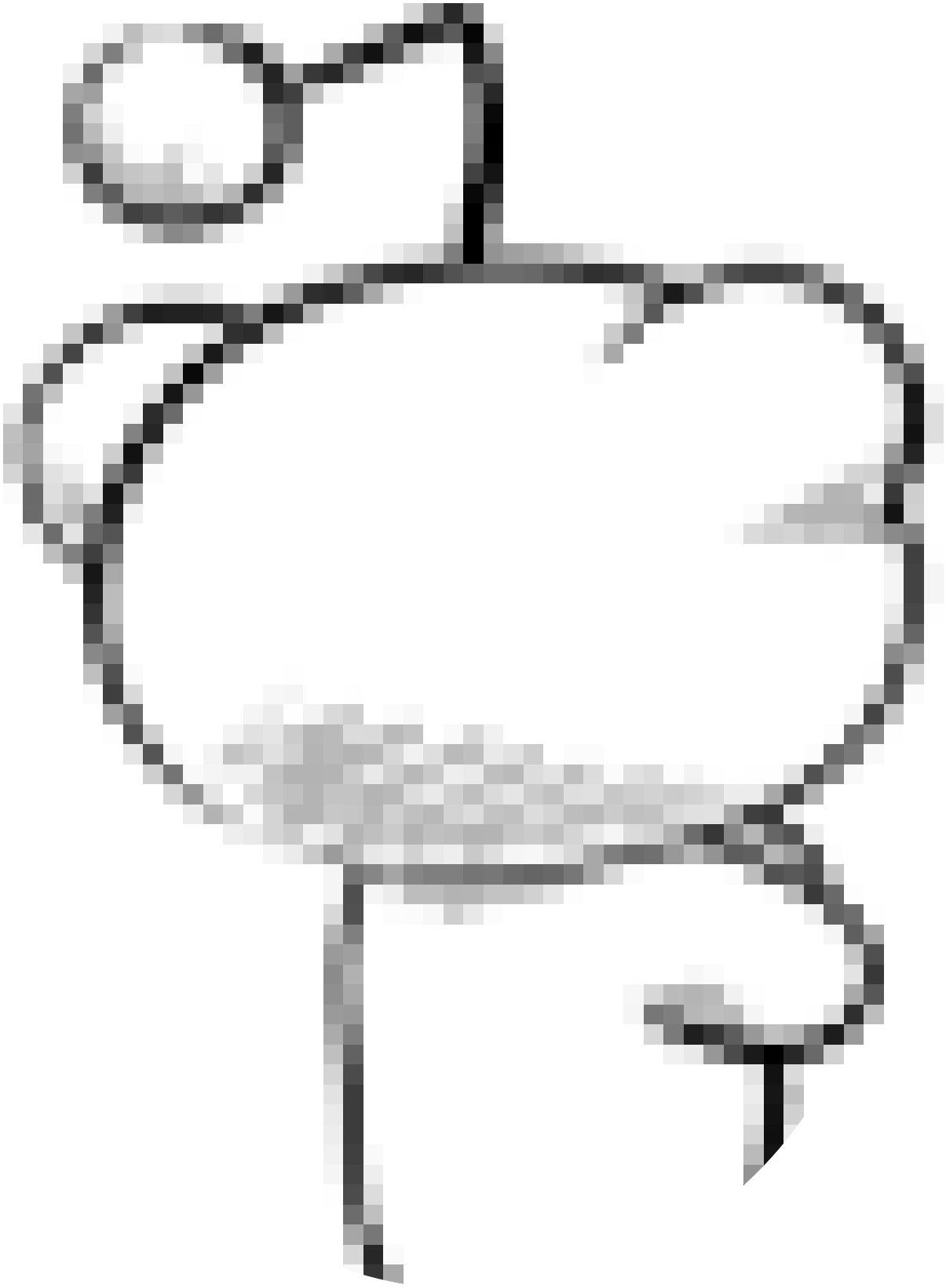
Over the next year we would consistently find things hidden in the walls when we renovated it. In one instance my dad finds this weird wooden scythe looking thing and put it on the desk in his work shop. He goes back in a few days later and finds it hanging high up, out of reach, on one of the wooden beams.

This was just the start, and each member of my family claimed to see something besides me. Although one night I was sat watching tv with my dad when the dog starts growling and we hear a big solid knock on the door. I get up to look, a bit weirded out as its late, and find no one there. This goes on for a few nights. A few months pass and im alone at home watching TV with my dog. My parents are in London and I hear someone come through the front door, walk upstairs and walk around. All the while the dog is growling so I know im not just hearing things. I turn the tv off and cant hear anything and go to explore to find no one. I get into my room and find all my cupboards open.

We stayed in contact with the family of the old lady who lived before, as they were interested in our renovations. Anyway, one letter we recieve they ask if we have seen the ghost of an old lady. Turns out they had been seeing the same things we had. Both my mum and gran have claimed to have seen her, particularly lingering around my room.

Im still a skeptic though, I like to go down the avenue that all these things are very easy to explain, especially in such an old house.

TL;DR An old lady is still in the house we moved in.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

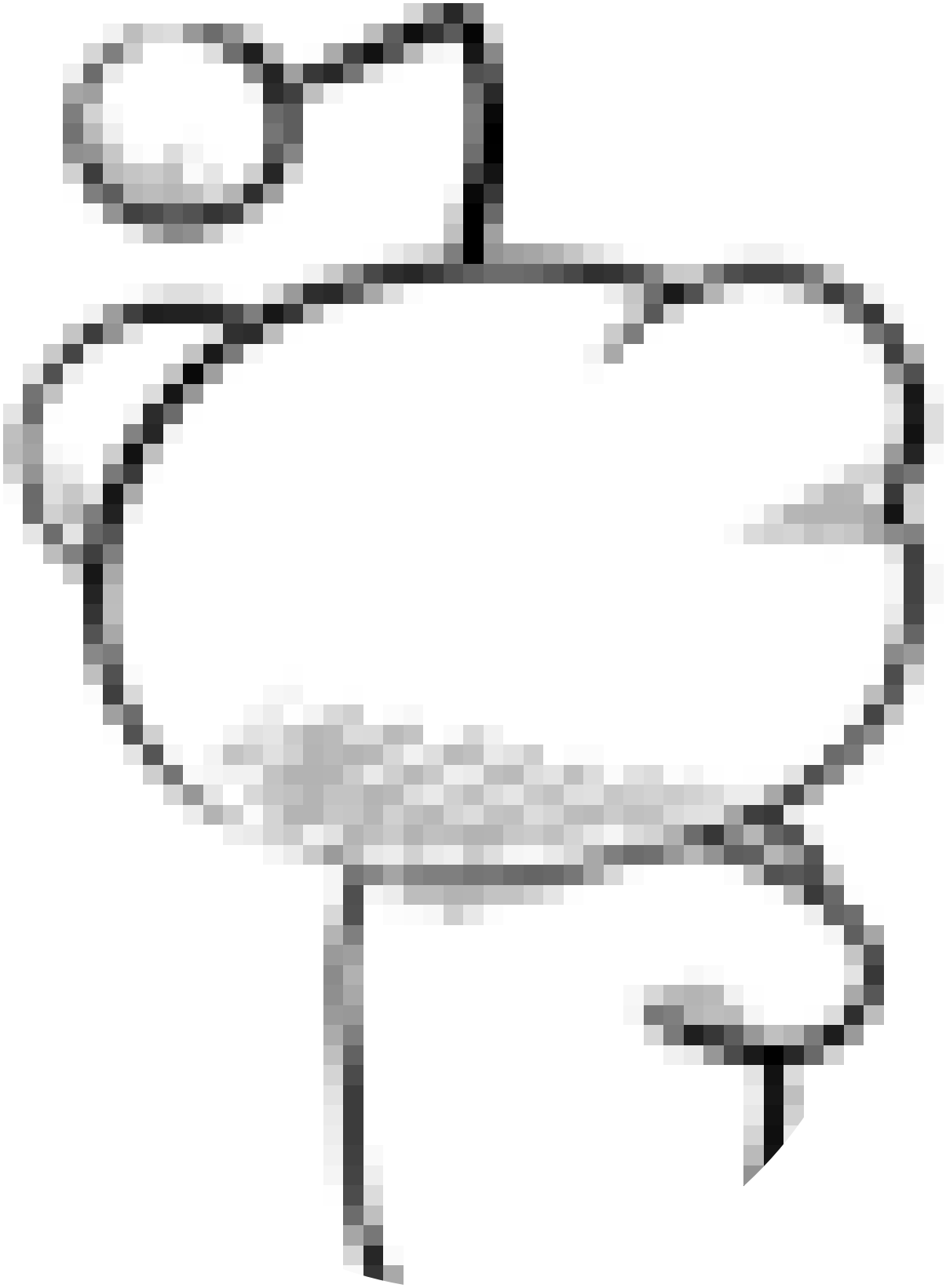
Creepiest thing is that a Chinese woman would flush her newborn baby down the toilet.

ProtrudingEdifice
• 13y ago

Symmetry

mhmiller
• 13y ago

Today's post about a gif of a 60 year old man biting a teacher in China. Damn



[deleted]
• 13y ago

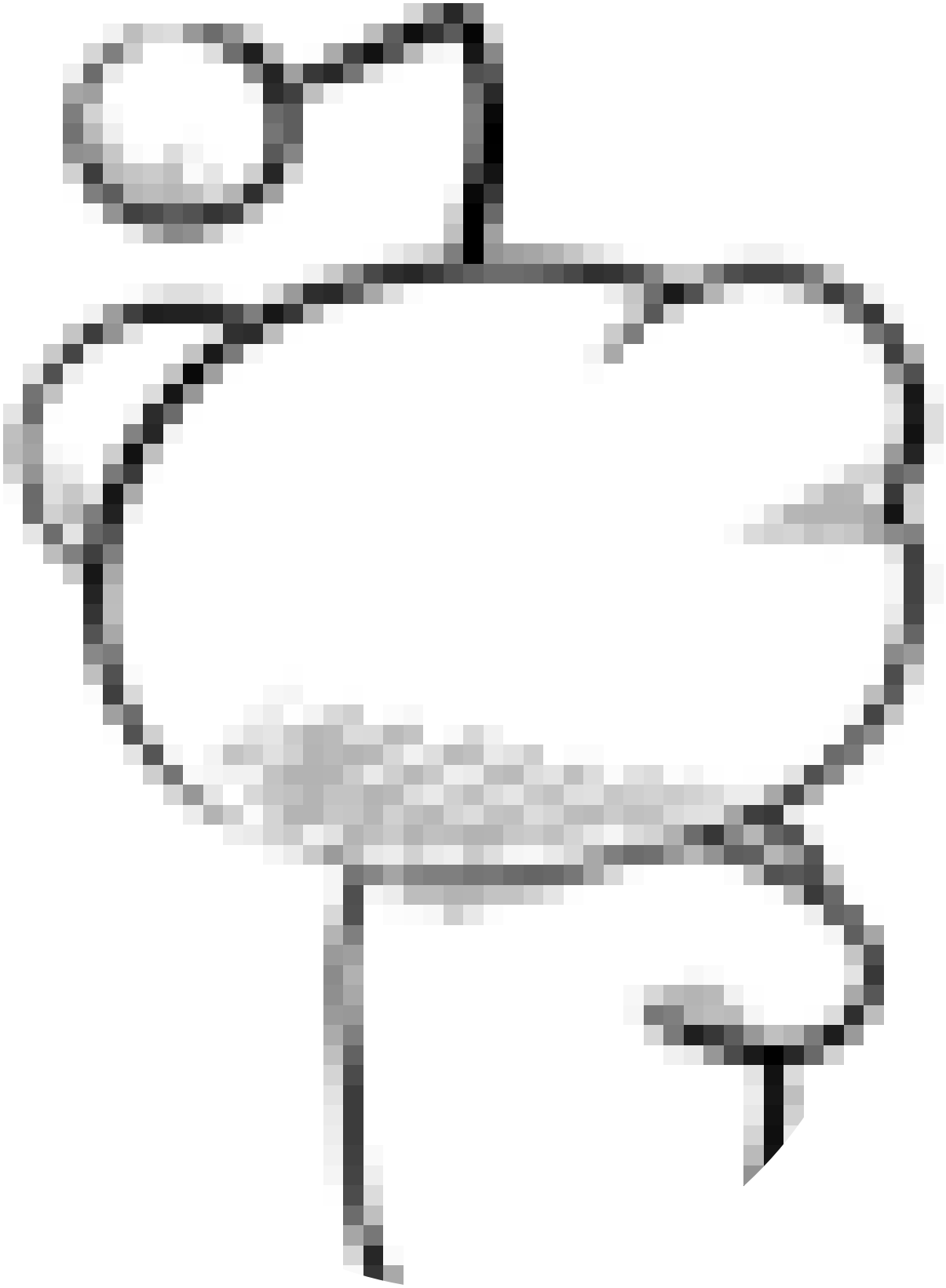
Saw a 1foot green fluorescent alien looking man walking along a wall for a few seconds and it disappeared. My best friend saw it too. We tried to look for it to no avail.

Reply Share

veggiter
• 13y ago

This shit about 5 seconds ago in r/WTF...

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

Third Bridge in Aurora, CO

My roommate, Fiancé and I all went to a local "Haunted" spot. Here is the story. Everything was fine and then I started to have a panic attack which I get a lot and went to wait in the car. While I was in the car my roommate and fiancé went under the bridge and took some pictures. They caught something on one of the pictures that still creeps us out every time we look at it. This is the picture they took. They weren't smoking at the time and there was no fog anywhere.

Reply Share

freddiepow
• 13y ago

Back when I was a little kid around the age of like 14/15 I used to go to sleep in my room that I just stopped sharing with my brother who had gone to University, and at night when I used to go to sleep just before I fell asleep I'd hear people talking really faintly, but it only ever happened certain nights, I used to get really scared and tell myself it was my parents or someone in the house having a chat, at one point I thought I was schizophrenic, but finally got up to confront it and found that the speakers from my computer were still on but at a low sound and picking up radio signals and it was some kind of talk show that was speaking, I didn't even know that shit could happen.. maybe it can't.

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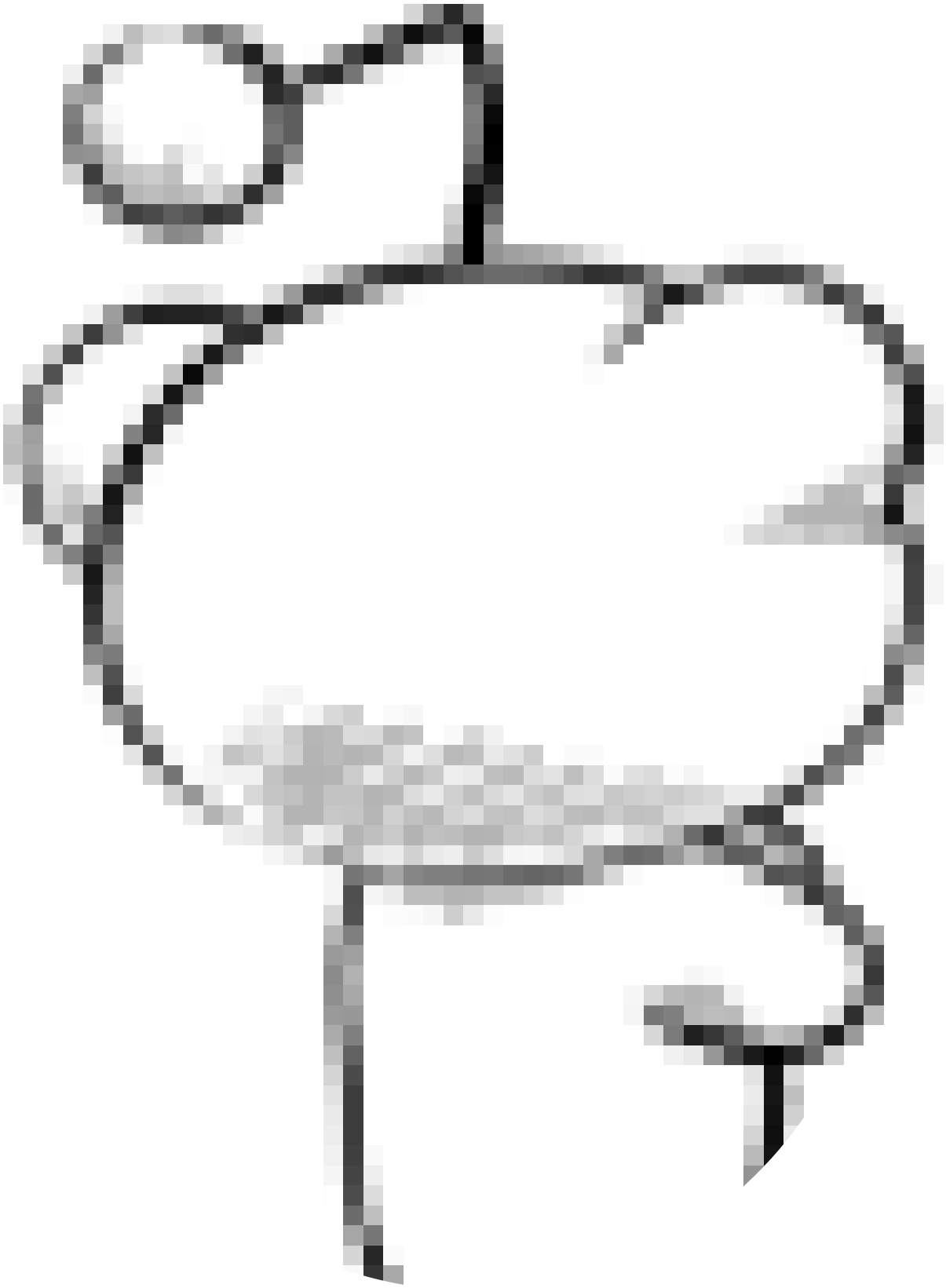

jayisforjelly
• 13y ago

I went to school in Prague for a semester and the hostel I stayed at was actually an old Nazi Aryan breeding facility.

The rooms themselves weren't that creepy but the basement was were all of the actual births took place. This area had been converted to a huge kitchen /dinning area. We had breakfast here every morning and was also the only place that you could get an internet connection.

So a couple weeks into staying there everything was cool, but one night I had an awful night terror. It was the worst I have ever experienced. I hadn't had anything like it since I was a kid. In the dream my family was traveling and attacked by a group of people, then graphically and brutally murdered in front of me. WTF brain!?

I woke up a little after 3 in the morning in a cold sweat and decided to call my family in the US to make sure they were okay (I think there was like an 8 hour time difference)

I went downstairs to connect to the internet to make the call. All the lights were off and only one light was on in the kitchen. The second I stepped on the dinning hall floor some old WWII era music started playing in the kitchen..

I thought I was still asleep and I was having a scary 2-part dream thing. I have never been that freaked out before! I don't believe in ghost or anything like that either. But I was like "fuck this" and went back to my room and tried to go back to sleep.

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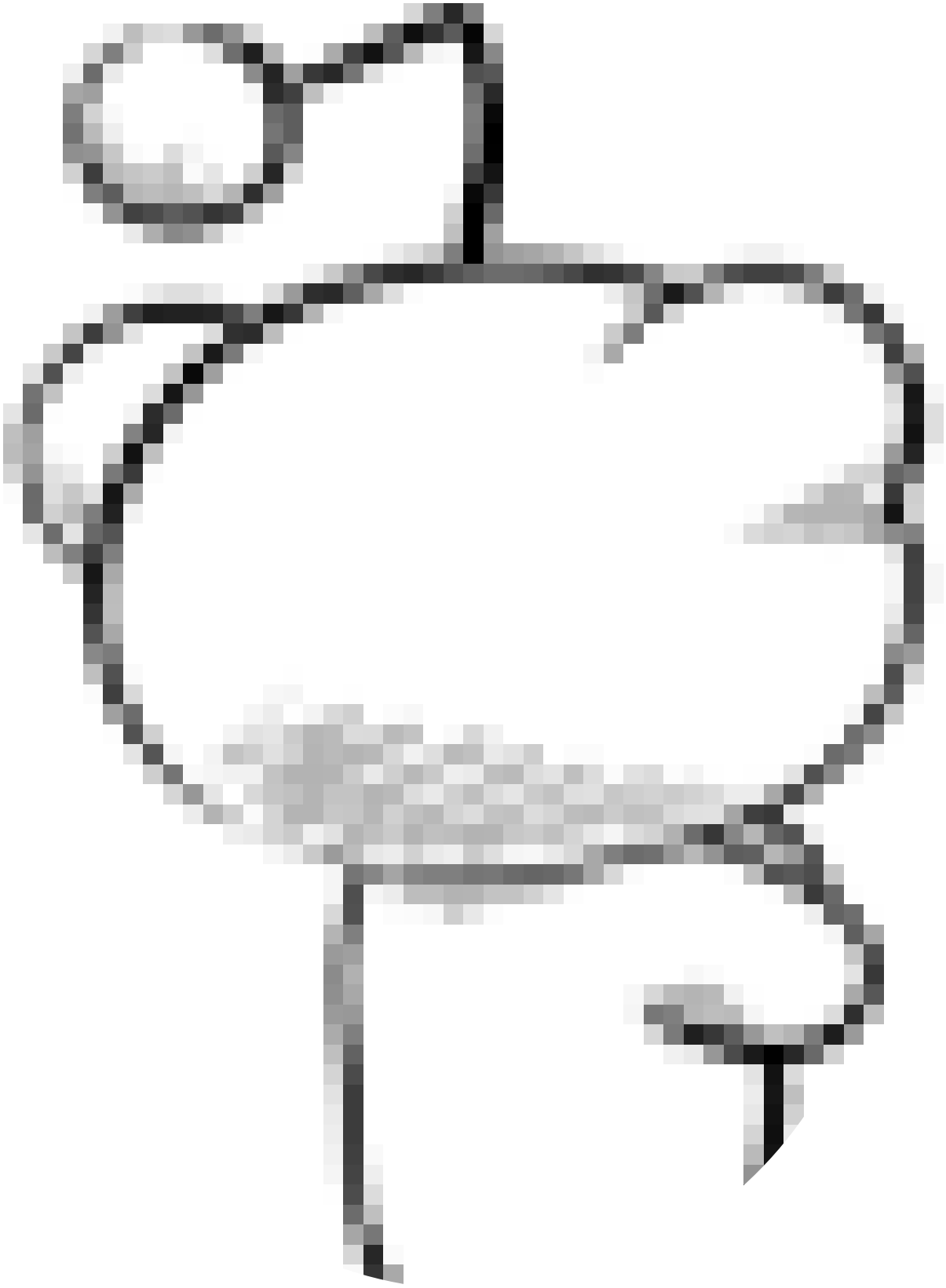

[deleted]
• 13y ago

morey eels

its the eyes

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coroner74
• 13y ago

Went into a dead hoarder's house. There was an aquarium with black water in it and bare wires sticking out. We later found a manual on how to make bombs and booby-traps. I walked down some stairs to the basement and when my foot hit the floor something started buzzing loudly. We cleared right after that.

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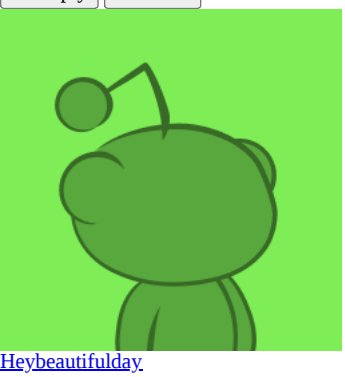

Heybeautifulday
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I was house sitting for a friend for the weekend. Her home was in a small and heavily wooded private community called Sudden Valley - 10 minutes from the nearest city. I was in bed reading a book in the basement when heard a "SLAM" noise from upstairs. I sat up confused, held my breath and listened. Another "SLAM" that I recognized as the front door.

What the fuckidy FUCK? Did I not lock the front door? Nobody else has a key and my friend was out of town for 2 more days. The bedside clock read 1:30 am. FUCK, my cell phone is upstairs.

Then I heard the footsteps and practically shit my brain pants. Clear, slow, heavy footsteps upstairs. Her house was down a 300 ft. private driveway and she had no next door neighbors. This isn't right. Was she expecting someone? It's 1:30 and I'm in the middle of fucking nowhere.

To the right of the bed was a sliding door and a small back porch. I could leap off the porch - a 10 foot drop into bushes, but the sliding door was old and made a loud scraping noise as it opened.

I chose to hide in the room to my right with a baseball bat and wait for the fucker to creep down there, then SURPRISE CONCUSSION like in the movies right?

Floating through a haze of adrenaline, I quickly and quietly grabbed the bat by the TV, crept to the dark room and leaned against the wall in the closet, holding my breath and listening. The footsteps were so fucking creepy. A few heavy steps were taken, then they'd stop, then more shuffling steps, then stop. Did a bear learn how to use fucking doorknobs?

Suddenly, irrational anger bubbled up and I decided: "Fuck this, this asshole can't scare me like this. I'm going upstairs to tell him/her/it what's up." Famous last words?

After sitting silently for another 5 minutes - seemed like a lifetime - I heard no more movement upstairs, then "SLAM." Door again. Goddamnit.

After 30 minutes of silent froggy, solid-snakey-like creeping upstairs I slowly raised my head above the top stair and surveyed the upper floor - Bat in striking position the whole time. The front door was open a few inches. After another hour of searching. I found nothing.

I locked every door and window in the house, and by the time I investigated every possible hiding place, it was dawn and I passed out and slept until 5pm.

TL,DR: Possible home intruder upstairs, I did the stupid horror movie thing and went up with a bat to investigate. Intruder/Ghost/Bear had already vacated the premises.

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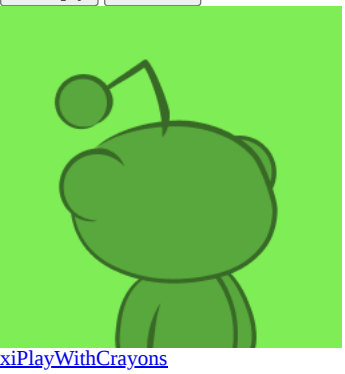


xiPlayWithCrayons
• 13y ago

Last year I stayed home from school one day because I was sick. My dad left for work and I decided to take a nap. It was too hot in my room, so I moved to the living room. I lay down, my cat comes and curls up on my chest like she always does and I start to fall asleep. Just as I'm falling asleep, I hear something come from my hallway. I jump, my eyes shoot open. My cat freaks out and hisses. The only way I could describe the sound is to compare it to rain, but instead of water droplets, it was glass. It sounded exactly like it fucking raining glass in my house. I groaned, thinking one of my other cats must have broken something. I put my cat to the side and go to investigate. I check my dad's room, the bathroom, the closet, and my room and find

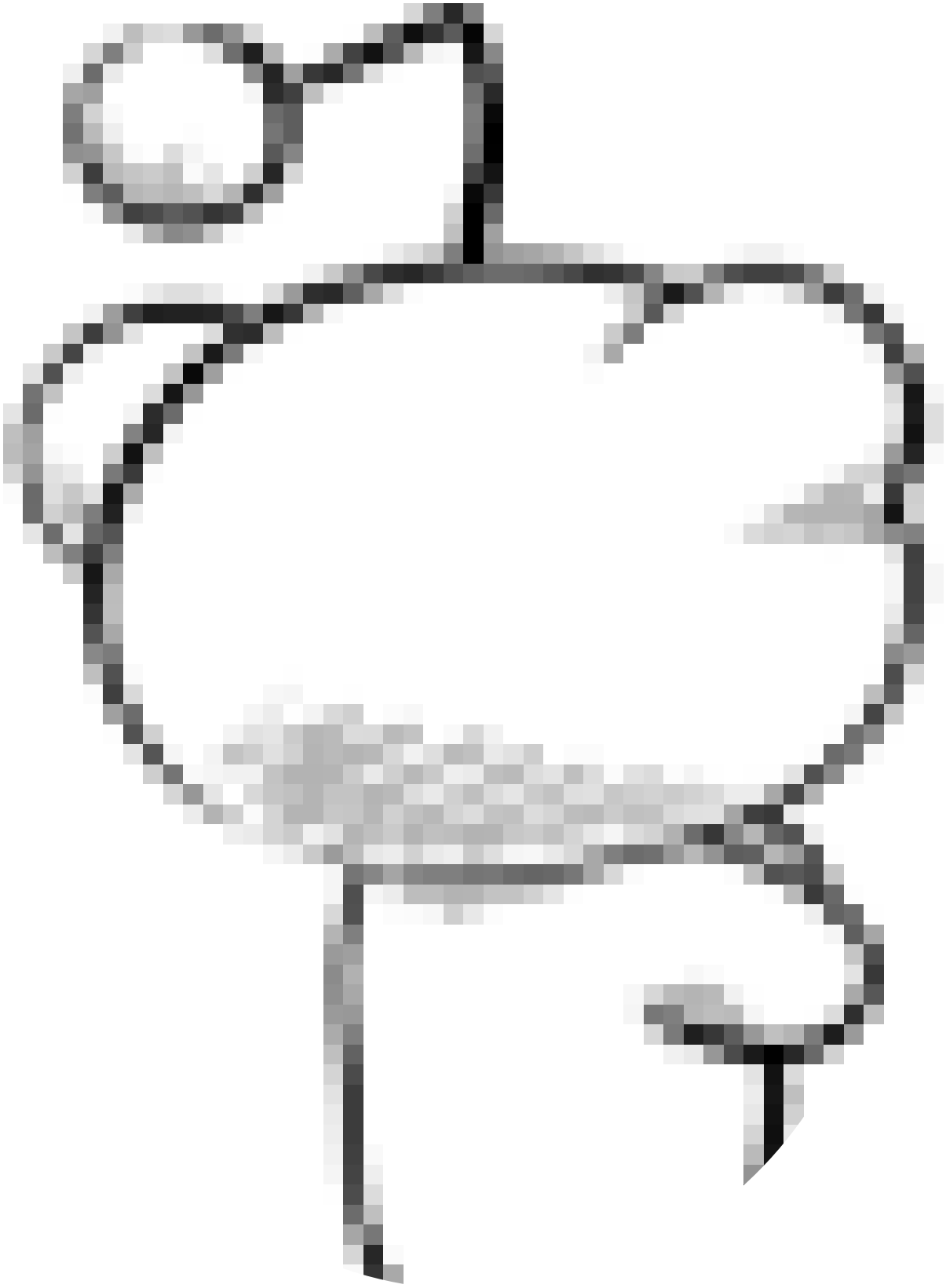
nothing. Confused, I walk back into the living room and into the kitchen. Nothing broken. I head to the den, but to no avail. I search the laundry room and the second bathroom, but I didn't find any glass. Now I'm really freaked out. I sit back down in the living room and pet my cat, trying to calm her down. I call my dad and tell him about it and he said I was probably just dreaming. I KNOW I wasn't dreaming, because it scared my cat more than it scared me.

If my typing is weird, sorry. I'm on my phone.

0to60in2minutes
• 13y ago

Every now and then going up i75 into Michigan and through Detroit, you can hear where "blow job bob" is parked and looking to "wet your whistle" in his van.

Can't say I've ever met blow job bob, but with a name like that, he's gotta be good

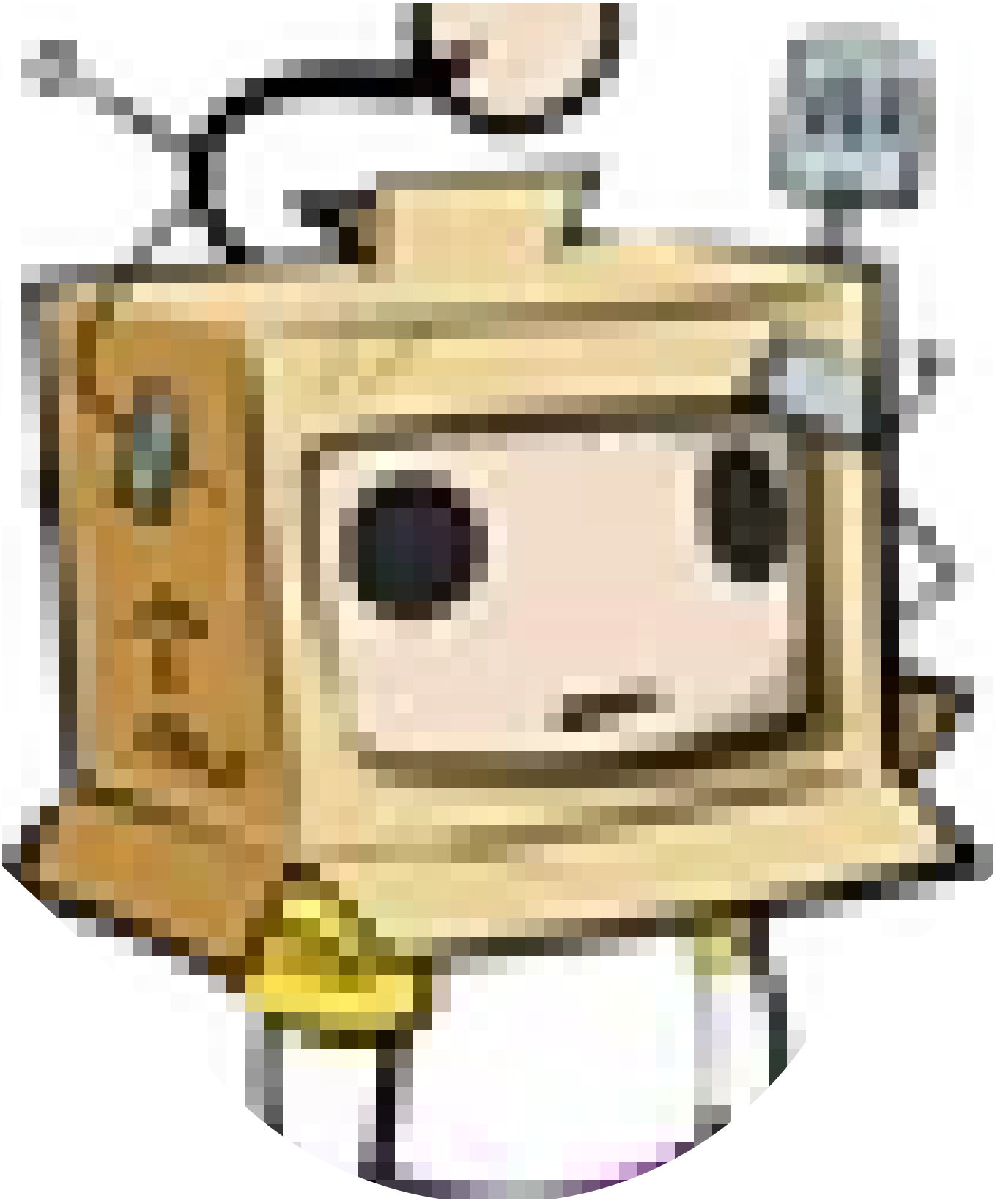


[deleted]
• 13y ago

As a scaredy-cat, should I go thru these comments or not?

ochristi
• 13y ago

The creepiest thing I have ever heard is the sound of a rabbit screaming. When I was in my teens a raccoon got into our rabbit cages and started killing the rabbits. We came out when we heard the rabbits and saved most of them, but the screaming was so creepy. Still gives me chills.



emtemtemtemt
• 13y ago

while im still on my lunch break at work, ill just take a second and present my creepy story.

soo, it begins with me getting ready to go to bed on a hot summer night about 3-4 years ago. we don't have an a/c, so i would usually get my computer chair and set up an electric fan on it. so i did that, and aimed at my bed. i made sure it wasn't on the setting that made it turn cause i want the fresh constant stream of electric fan goodness. mmmmmmmmmm

so i did that, turned off the lights, climbed into bed, and fell asleep.

what happened in the middle of the night freaked the fuck out of me... and it still gave me the shivers/goosebumps now.

i had one of those wide awake but paralyzed body things. i can feel the fan blowing, i can look around and see/hear everything. butttt... couldn't move.

well.

for some reason, it stared to get hot. like i was in a damn microwave.

couldnt scream, wanted to scream. couldnt move, still.

then it got weirder. the sleep paralysis was fucking scary, then i felt the fan swaying. like the air flow wasn't a constant stream hitting me, it was going back and forth like the lock came off.

well. freaked out even more, i closed my eyes and just prayed. prayed like a little bitch.

i don't know how long that lasted, but i remember getting up, turning on the lights, my tv, and running to the kitchen for some water and turning every light on the way.

then i went back to my room and found my fan on the floor aimed at my bed and the computer chair pushed into my desk.

fucking mind boggling and fucking scary shit.

i didn't give a shit at that point and i just played COD til i had to "get up" for work.

zzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Reply Share

sirlolsalot
• 13y ago

At my grandparent's house, and I'm up late one night and go to the kitchen to get a cookie or something. They have a glass sliding door (with no curtains or blinds) that leads to a porch which leads to the woods and it's pitch black out. Well I go in there, and I see a figure on the porch out of the corner of my eye. I freak the fuck out of there, and 5 seconds later realize it was my reflection. Scariest 5 seconds of my life.

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Statikkk
• 13y ago

This is some weird shit that happened to me about 15 years ago, when I was about 20 years old and living with my parents.

My parents and sister were going on a trip to Seattle, leaving me alone in the house for 3 weeks. Since I had just started university at the time I was usually out of the house, so my parents suggested I set up our answering machine. My parents had an answering machine, but they never used it so it had been stored in the basement for a couple of years. This was one of those old-style machines where everything was recorded to an actual audio tape, which you would record over after the tape filled.

Before they left, I brought the answering machine up to my room and left it on the floor, unplugged, power cord still wrapped around it. I figured I'd set it up later that day, or possibly and more likely procrastinate for 3 weeks and set it up on the last day just to say I did it. I had never used it before, so I wasn't familiar at all with how it worked, but obviously I knew it was a relatively simple process.

That night was the first night I was alone in the house as they had flown out that evening. I went to sleep with the machine still wrapped up in a pile next to my bed.

In the middle of the night, I am woken up by a whirring sound... the sound of an audio tape rewinding and then stopping. I hear the same noise, 2 or 3 times. I turn over and look at the machine and see a green light turning on intermittently with the sound of the whirring. Then it stops. I am freaked the fuck out so I don't get out of bed. I lie there awake, wondering if I was dreaming for a few minutes and then eventually fall asleep.

The next morning I wake up and go about my business, unsure of whether the night's events were real or if I dreamed them. Then the phone rings. I pick it up, and it's my sister:

Sister: Hey! I tried calling you last night to let you know we landed, but I got the machine.

Me: That's impossible, I didn't plug it in, and there's no battery-powered option. The phone line wasn't even plugged into it.

Sister: Huh? But I called twice - both times the answering machine picked up, and it was your voice saying to leave a message.

Me: W. T. F.

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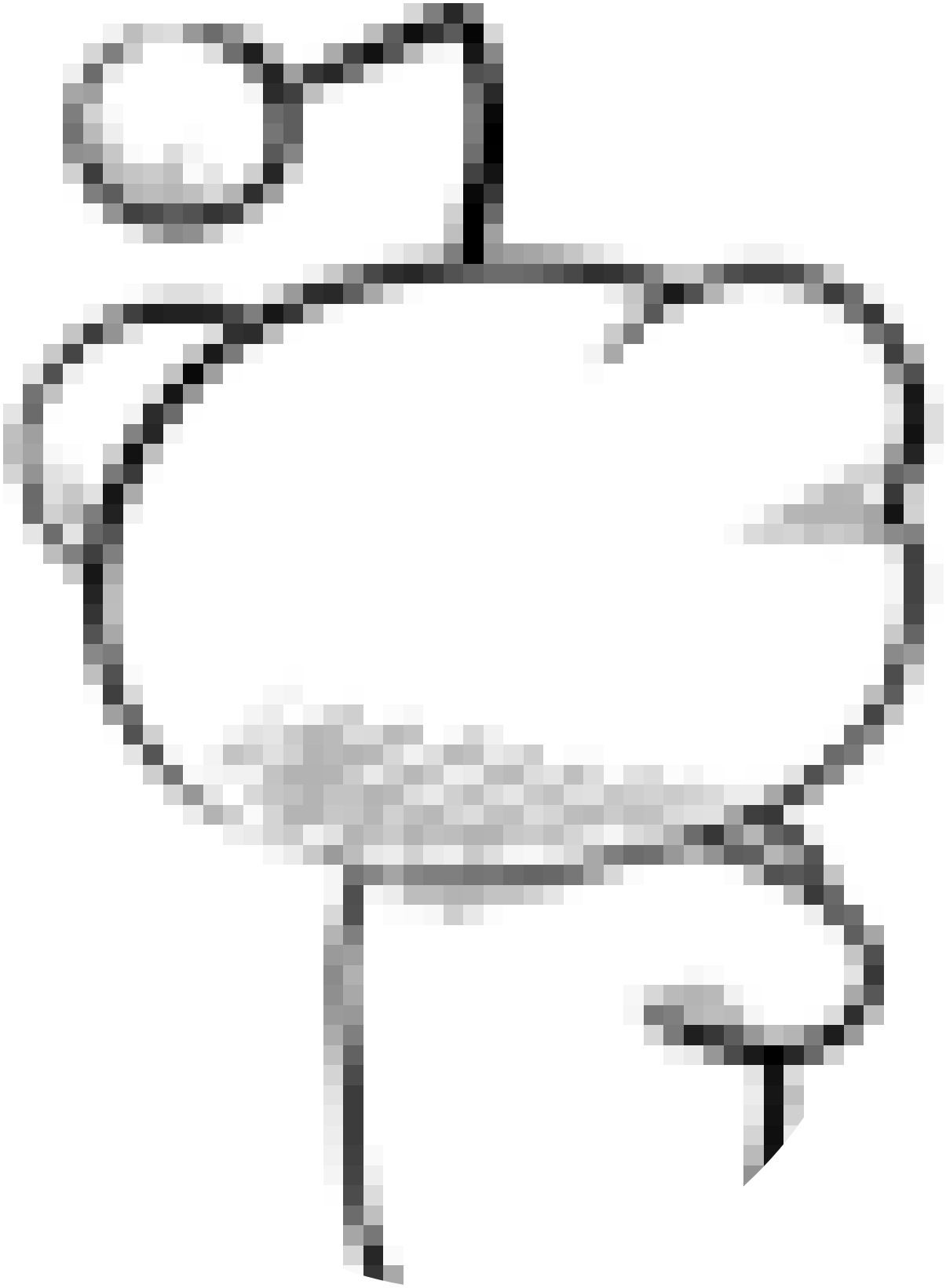
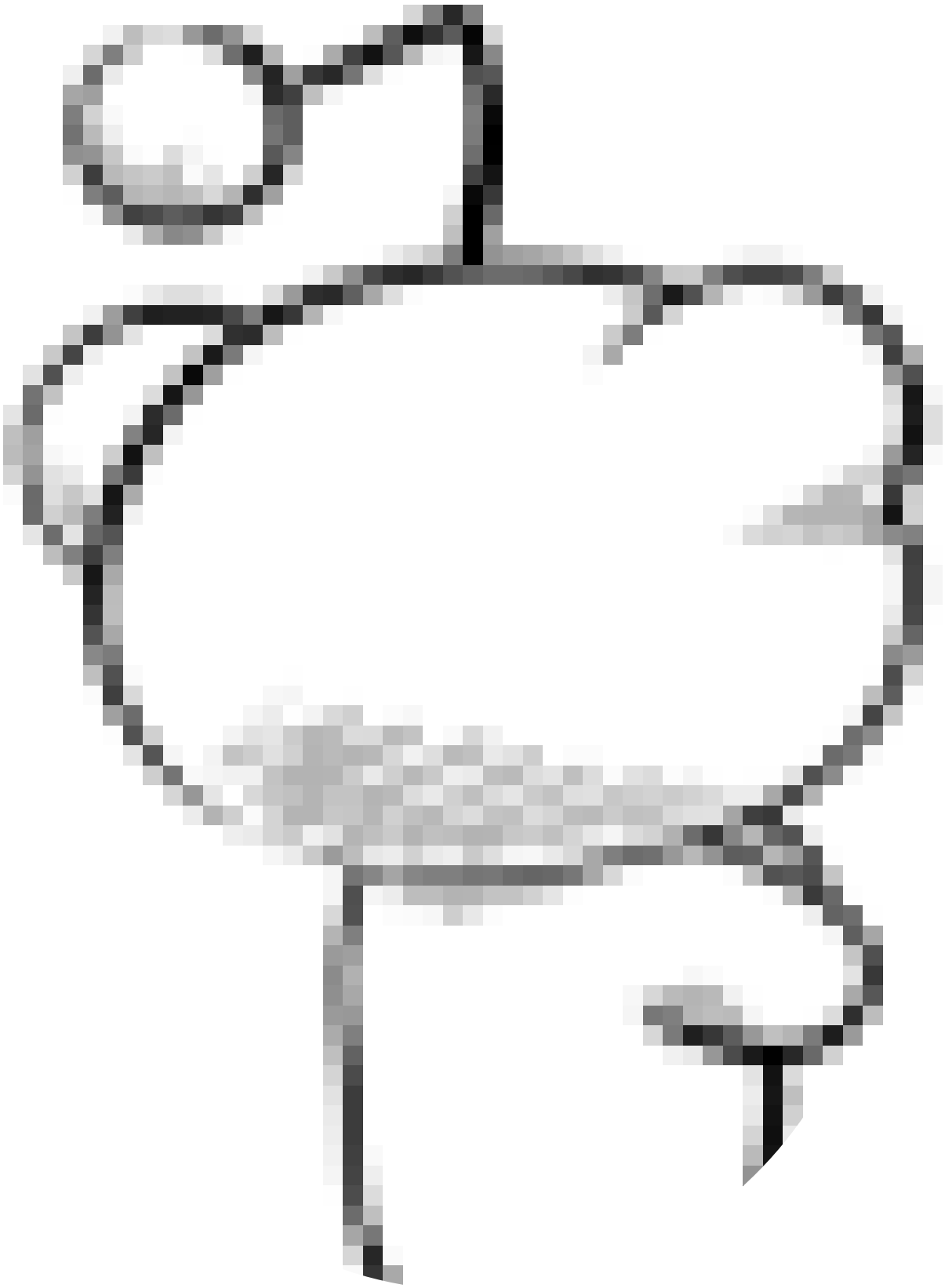


boinaguaxy
• 13y ago

I was alone at home and it was 10 pm and it was already dark outside. I went on a website with scary things and I clicked on a video. In the video, you could see a guy in front of a webcam and after 30 seconds he pulled out a gun, put it in his mouth and pressed the trigger. After he blew up his brains on tape, a message popped up. The message was something along this lines : " Now that you've seen this video, the light will turn off and I will come after you ". I was thinking : "Sure, this is bullshit". Then every light in my house turned off suddenly. I was terrified. Nothing happened, I managed my way to the fuse box and turned them on again. How convenient, right?

Shreiking_Madness
• 13y ago

bookmarking



EatThyCorn
• 13y ago

About seven years ago our family moved into our current house, which was built in (I think) the 1730's. It is a large old rectory at the edge of the village opposite the village church (graveyard is about as close to us as our nearest neighbour), and as such has had dozens of rectors (village priests) live and die in it over the years, as recently as about 20 years ago. There is even an old underground secret passage running from one of the cellars that ends up in the church across the lane, although this is now partially blocked and rendered unusable. The house is built on the site of an ancient priory that was violently destroyed in the year 1010, and still has remnants of a moat encircling some of the grounds (though two sides are now shallow and stagnant, one is just a giant ditch, and the other side is filled in). Very interesting place to live, with 'excavations' in the garden revealing the head of a throwing axe, gigantic door hinges (thought to be from a previous structure), and roman coins (at some point we're going to dredge what's left of the moat to see what we can find) - so basically it's a seriously old house with a creepy history and in a pretty creepy location. A LOT of stuff has happened there, most of which I just try to explain away. The following all happened on the first day that we moved into the house.

- on the day that we moved in (the first people to do so since it was renovated by the previous owner), I remember it being stormy (dat pathetic fallacy). As we walked up to the front door, a white dove came out of ****ing nowhere and fell dead on the doorsteps in front of us. Pretty odd, but there was a dovecot in the garden and I put it down to chance.

- later that same day we went into the drawing room to sit around a fire, since we had yet to figure the heating out. We lit the fire in the bigass fireplace and settled down, but quickly realised that the room was filling with smoke. So we're like "it's an old house, sometimes chimneys get blocked" and go to open the door to let the smoke out of the room since by this time we were starting to choke. We hadn't properly closed it when we came in, but for some reason it was shut tight. Bear in mind this is a huge door, probably about eight feet high, and solid oak.

It was locked.

None of us had even seen a key for this door (many of the old doors within the house have locks with long-lost keys). We managed to put the fire out by spreading it around the grate, and my dad had to call a locksmith to get us out of the room (we didn't want to try and break the door down as we had only just moved in and they are very hard to replace...). Locksmith was baffled as to how it has happened - we assume the lock had just been shaken out. We later found out that the last serving rector to live in the house became incredibly reclusive in his old age and lived entirely in this room. It was also where he died. A bit odd, but probably explainable.

- There was a door across the landing from my bedroom. When we opened it, we discovered another set of narrow stairs plunging down into pitch blackness. There was no plaster or anything, and the stairs looked original. There was no light, but we grabbed a torch and looked down. The stairs literally ended in a wall - nothing else. Just spider webs and crumbling stone.

- After that first day, it just kept getting stranger. The house has a cellar level, a ground floor level, a first floor where most of the bedrooms and bathrooms are, and a second floor with a couple of small rooms where servants apparently used to live. I would be in my room and hear someone walking heavily up the narrow twisting staircase leading to the servants' room (on the landing next to the downward-leading 'horror stairs'). Thing is, nobody ever came back down, and nobody was up there if I investigated.

- There are some loose tiles on the ground floor level, at the top of the cellar stairs. When someone steps on them they make a very distinctive and loud clacking sound. You can hear them from upstairs - more than once I've heard the sound when nobody else has been in the house and tried to rationalise that it was probably a mouse before remembering that they are vast flagstones that don't move if a small child stands on them.

- Immense old doors slamming really hard when nobody is near them. No wind.

- Hearing breathing from dark and locked cellars which stops as soon as you open the door

- I've had the hair on my neck stand up and get the creeps when walking through a dark room, only to have to have the bulb flash and explode as soon as I try to turn the light on. This has happened at least three times.

- Have heard a man's voice calmly and flatly say things (sometimes in another room, sometimes right behind me), despite nobody being there and the nearest neighbour being quite far away. Always attributed it to daydreaming since we didn't have a TV for about 5-6 months after moving in and there was nowhere else it could have come from.

These are just some of the things I can remember. My mum eventually got pretty freaked out and the current priest came in and blessed the house. Nothing sinister since then - we love the old place.

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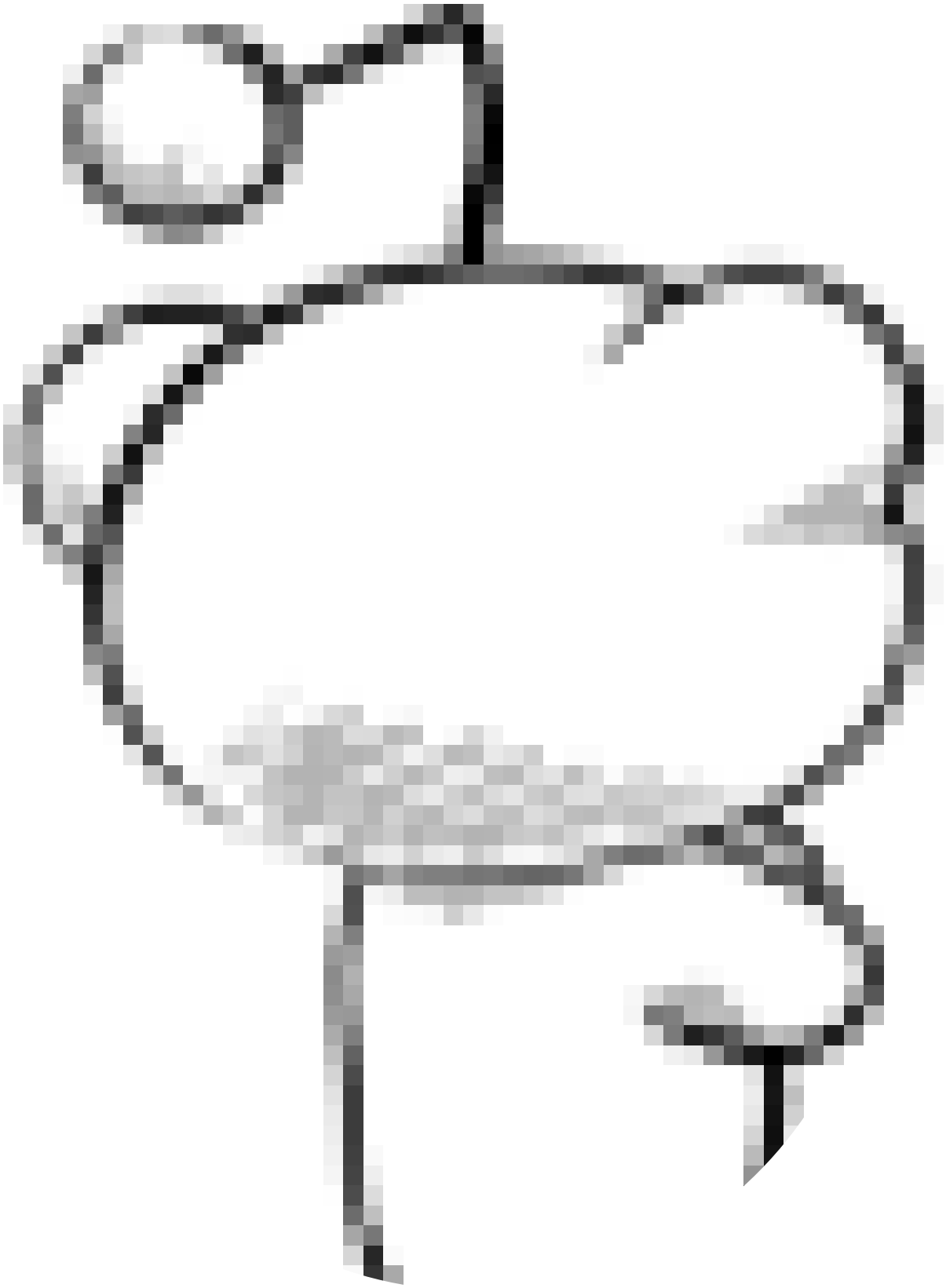

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• 13y ago

My grandmother tells a story:

She was in town, wanting to go to a dress shop, which was in a 5-6 floor building (this is the late 70's-mid 80's). She goes into said building, walks into the elevator. Now she couldn't remember whether or not the shop was on the 5th floor or the 6th floor, so she just hit 6. She was on the ground floor, so it was quite a shock when the elevator moved downwards. When the doors opened, there was a small room with a steel door on the opposite side. Two huge, burly men in suits stood either side of this door, and immediately one of them stepped into the elevator, hit the ground floor, and walked out. Lift goes up, stops at ground. At that point in time she realised that the shop was on the 5th floor.

simcity18
• 13y ago

I.was 9 and it was around 11 pm. IM TRYINg to fall asleep but cant. I keep thinking I see something in the closet. Finally I go in it and check. Nothing. I turn off my fan thinking maybe its blowing papers. I go back to bed. Suddenly I jolt up. I feel a cold air current going over my face. It les away after maybe 30 seconds. No windows kp n. No fan. Closed door.

callmenoone
• 13y ago

Dumb little story, but I met this one creepy kid while helping at an elementary school in a self-contained special education classroom. There were only six kids, all about 8 years old. The teacher told the kids to pull out their reading books and it was pretty much what you'd expect. The girl with Down syndrome had a picture book about animals, the boy with autism had a book on trains, two girls read Hannah Montana books, one boy had a comic book. Then the last girl pulls out a young adult chapter book with shambling zombies on the cover. She was this quiet, awkward child, easily distracted, laughed at odd times, could barely form a coherent sentence when she spoke. From her speech and behavior, I had assumed she was mildly mentally retarded, so I was surprised that she was reading a book for an older audience. But I love horror, so I ask her if she likes scary books and movies. She looks at me and says "Yes. My favorite TV show is The Walking Dead." Then she stops and stares off into space. A huge smile grows on her face and she whispers "I love the blood. So much blood." Creepiest thing I've ever heard a kid say.

JohhnyDamage
• 13y ago

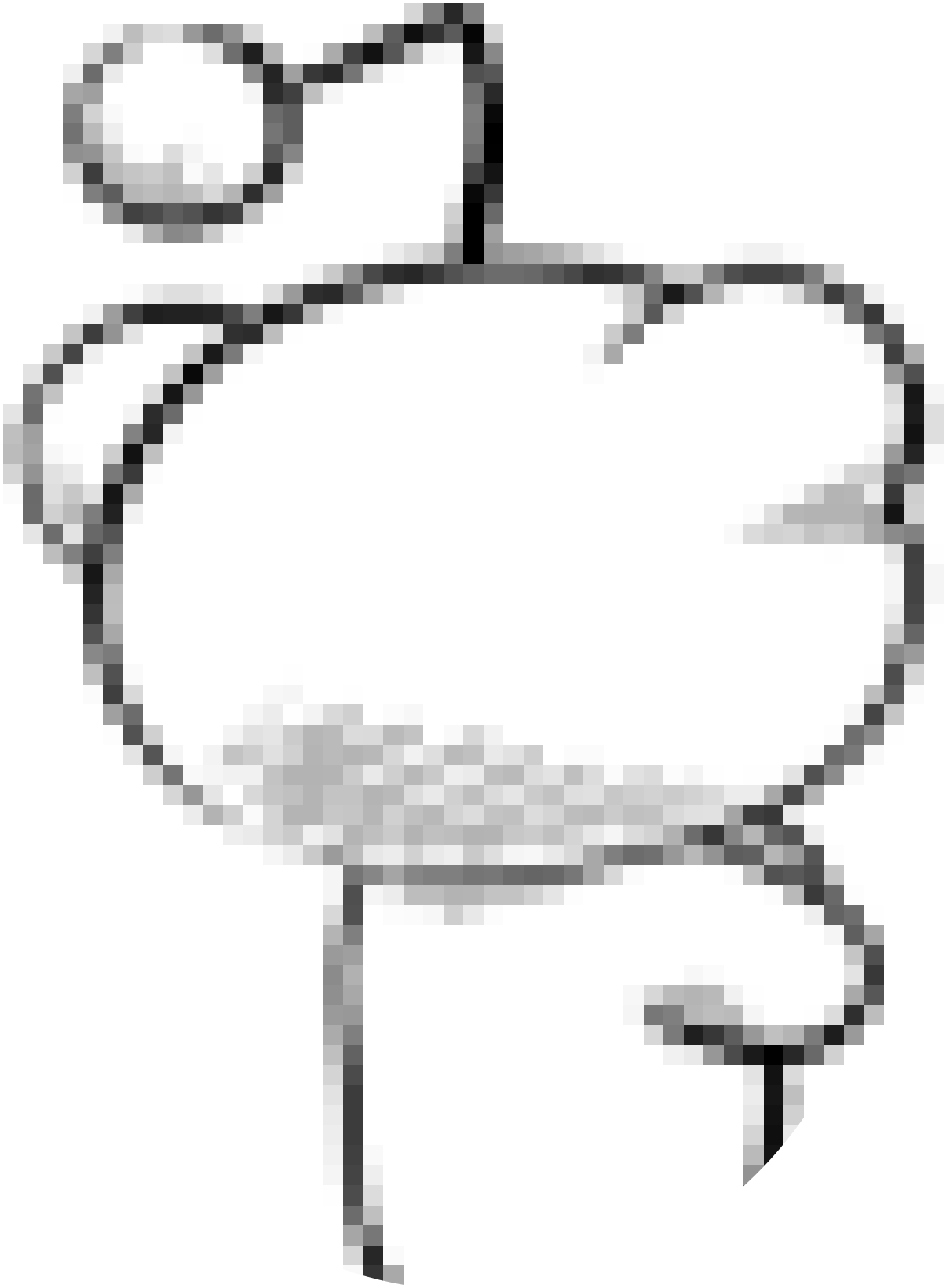
My room had a walk in closet. Inside the closet was a room that led to a boarded up attic.

One day something sounded like it punched the door in the tiny room. I was freaked.

Dad came upstairs and yelled at me for yelling over nothing. Midsentence the door makes another bang sound and the knob rattles.

He stopped and walked away.

Two years later they opened the attic and found some old Native American item he sold.



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• 13y ago

One day i left the key of my bedroom door in the keyhole and that night i didn't sleep in my room and the next day the door was locked from the inside and there wasn't another way to get in my room. so we had to break the door open. Still don't know why the door was locked.

lukegjpotter
• 13y ago

I have three experiences to share.

1. When I was 17, one night I was dreaming of flames, then the house phone rang, it was my aunt with news that my granddad and other aunt had died in a house fire.

2. When I was 13, I was playing a football match, then had a first person vision of someone going into my gear bag and robbing my phone. After the match, we discovered that our dressing room had been robbed.

3. When I was 15 (I think), I was really into F1, a big Kimi fan. He had flat spotted his tyre and he was leading the race (the European GP in Nuremberg). In the middle of watching the race, my dad asked me to help him on the farm. When I was out in the field herding cows, I got a sinking feeling in my entire body, then just all my organs pushing forward. I discovered later that Kimi had crashed out cause his flat spotted tyre had caused his suspension to snap.

I haven't had any other experiences like those since. But my cousin was renting a house in Foster Court, in Galway, Ireland. There was a poltergeist in the house, but it was fine. One night her sister stayed on her couch and was awoken in the night by thuds, books were being dropped onto the floor one at a time.

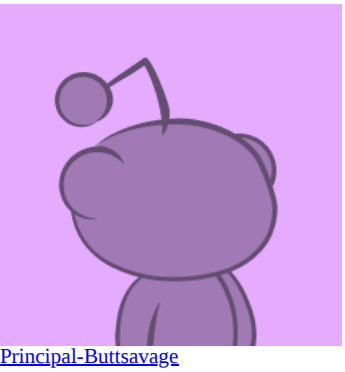
Carpathicus
• 13y ago

I never really thought about it but I realized the most scariest thing I've ever witnessed were my parents arguing and my mother lying on the floor crying after my father tried to stop her from leaving the apartment. I was six or seven I guess. Never realized that until now.

Bahamutalee
• 13y ago

I've never cringed so much than when looking at this skull. Some type of cancer I all I know.

http://static.fjcdn.com/pictures/Bone+Cancer+Skull.+I+thought+it+was+kinda+cool_dd4c26_3636844.jpg



Principal-Buttsavage
• 13y ago

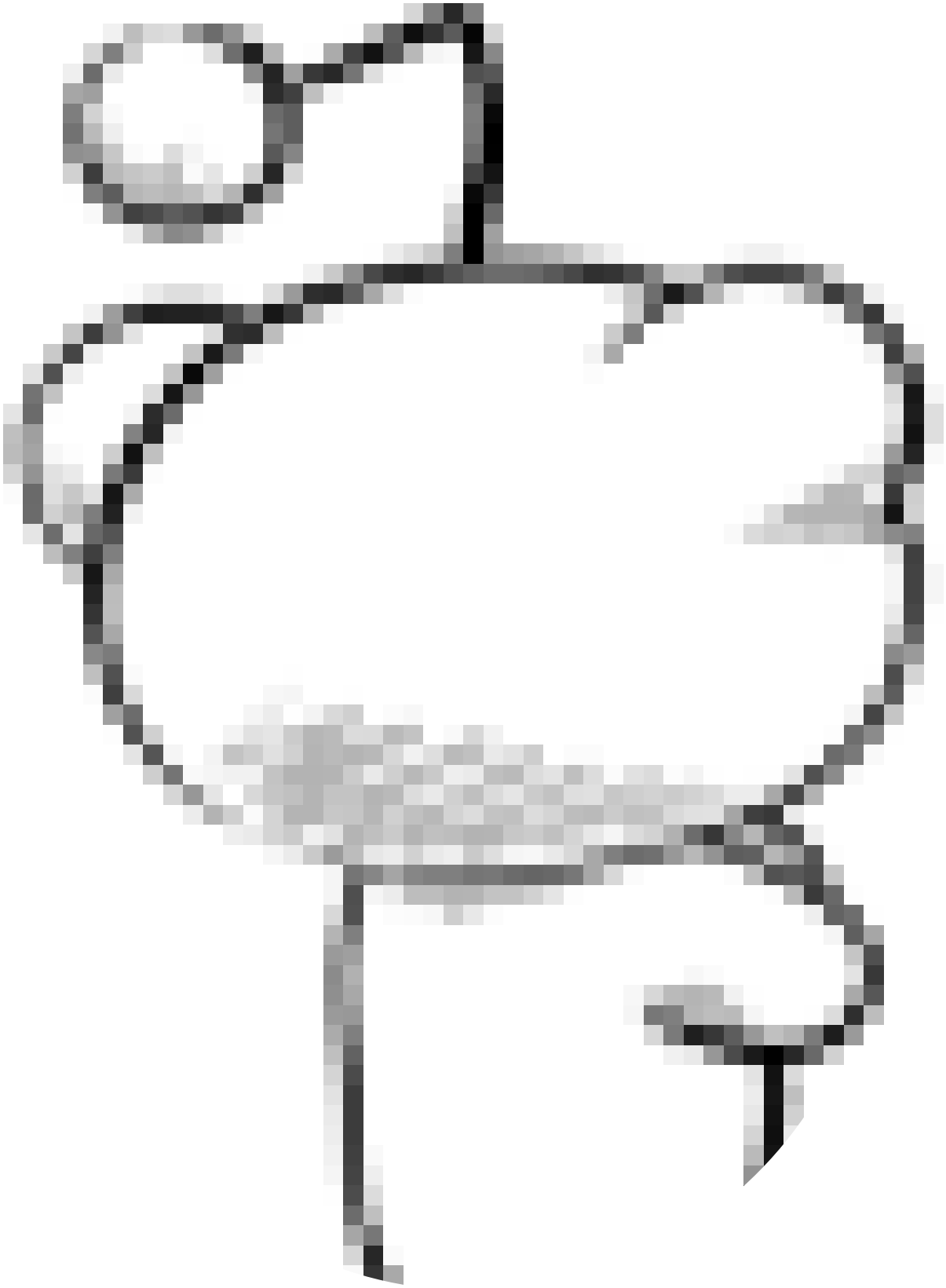
This isn't the creepiest, but it was the first thing to come to mind:

When I was 13, my uncle started his own contracting business. Sometimes real estate companies would hire him to tear down old buildings in order to make room for new developments. Seeing as how I was too young to have a real job, I would frequently ask if I could ever help out with some easy jobs for a little cash in hand. One day, he called and asked if I wanted to help him demolish a place in Napoleonville, LA. I jumped at the opportunity because what 13 year old boy wouldn't want to swing a sledgehammer at a wall, right? Anyway, after he checked out the building to make sure there were no hazards inside, we began the process. As soon as we walked in, I was creeped out. The place had been totally abandoned for decades, but all of the contents were just left to rot. Picture a three story building from the early 20th century, except Silent Hill style, complete with discolored walls, covered furniture, odd trinkets, etc.

At first it was fun, and my cousins and I had a great time exploring and tearing down walls. All of a sudden, out of the ordinary things started popping up.

The first odd happening occurred in the first few days of the job. We had decided to pull some wood from the side of the house because it wasn't as stuffy outside (Louisiana summers can sometimes make you feel like you are breathing more water than air). As we started yanking at the boards and nails, there was this faint humming sound that was getting louder, but in a very subtle way. I guess we all just assumed that it was the nearby transformer reacting to the summer heat (They always seem to be louder in the summer for some reason.) After a while, the buzzing got very loud, and it sounded like bees. We stopped pulling the boards out, and decided to find out where the nest was. It didn't take long to realize that the buzzing was coming from inside the huge wall that we were currently pulling apart. Instead of doing the smart thing and alerting the adults (Remember, 13 years old), we decided to throw rocks at the wall from a distance. Cue the biggest wasp swarm I have ever seen and probably ever will see. I guess the best description would be a black, cartoonish cloud of pure terror. Now, the guys working on this site looked like some of the toughest people I had ever met. The moment that cloud erupted from that wall, the buzzing was immediately overtaken by the sound of a bunch of muscular sweaty guys screaming in high pitch. Luckily no one was hurt (We all made it back to the cars and booked it), but that intense humming coupled with the cloud forming in front of me was one of the most terrifying things I've seen.

That was the first scary/creepy/terrifying thing that happened, but it wasn't the last.



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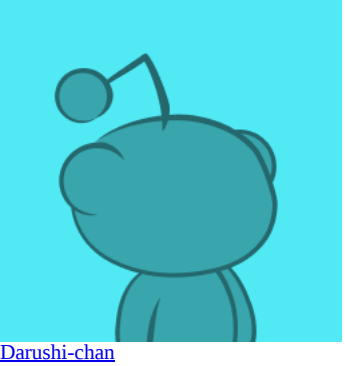
• 13y ago

I work in an outdoor mall and had to pick up my co-worker boyfriend one day when I was off with his brother. We're in the parking lot listening to music when we heard a child laughing near my window. We looked around and the parking lot was empty.

We turned the music up and heard it again. Still no one was there. My boyfriend finally gets off work and we tell him what happened. We go to the houlihans in the mall for dinner and as we're finished ordering the salt and pepper shakers fly (and I mean full speed) off the table. We were all looking at our phones and not touching the table at all. Dinner has never been the same.



Darushi-chan
• 13y ago

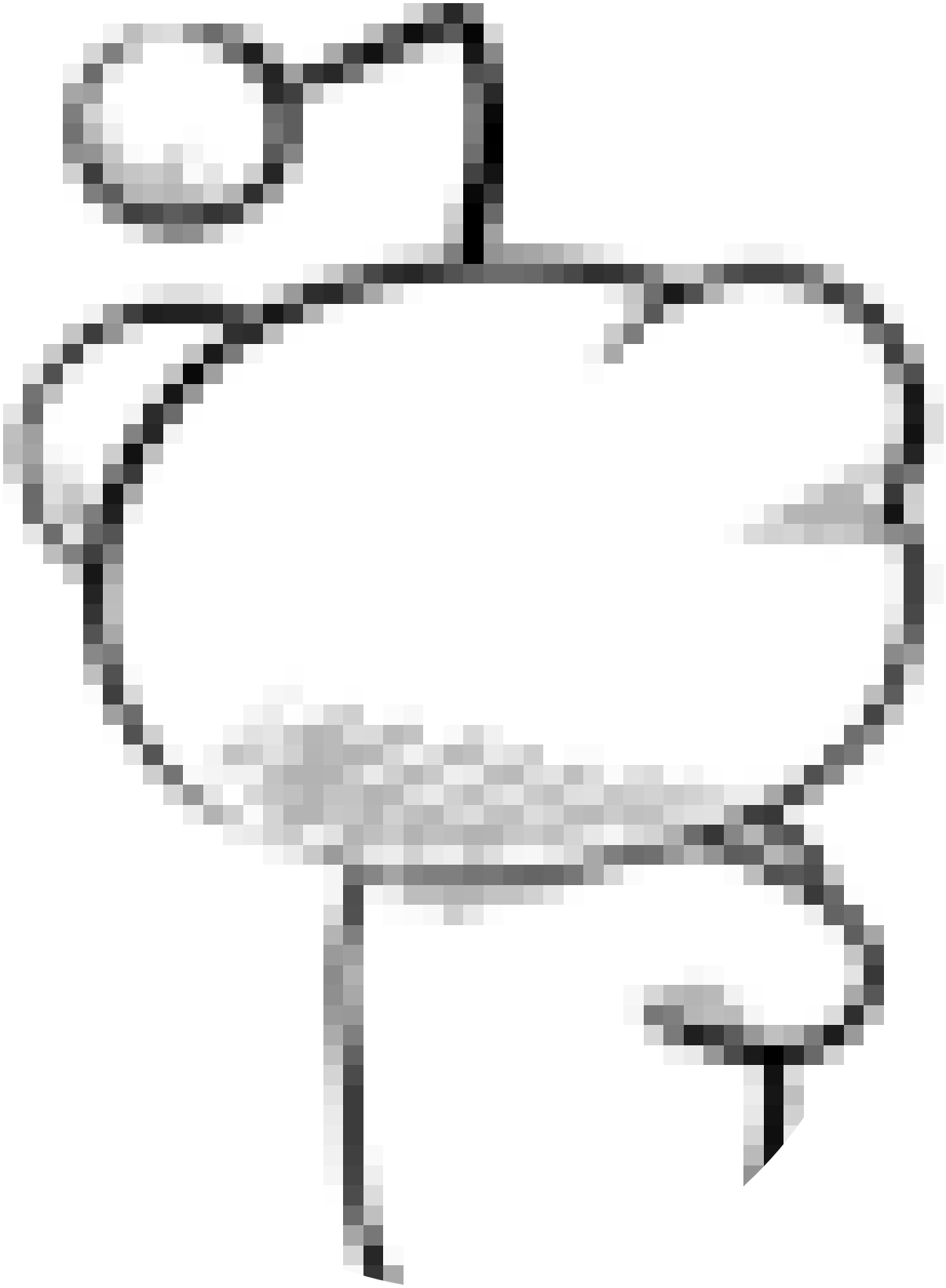
A couple of months ago I had just woken up in the middle of the night needing to use the bathroom, when my bedroom door rattles. A moment latter it rattles like crazy, like someone on the other side of it is pounding on it to get in. It freaked me out so badly as that afternoon I was watching the movie Sinister on DVD and in the bonus features, there was a house that was the scene of a real-life family murder and was supposedly haunted. In the feature, the caretaker is being interviewed about weird stuff happening in the house when an open door on the side of the man starts to slowly close on its own. I couldn't help but remember that scene.

Of course, I trying to be rational and tell myself it's just the wind, because if the window in the bathroom is open, then the wind will sometimes rattle my door, though it has never done it so violently before to my knowledge.

Still needing to use the bathroom, I get up and open my door (and look around, though I don't really know what I was expecting to see) and go to the bathroom. Of course after I'm done, I have to check if the window is open so I pull back the shower curtain and, nope, the window is shut tight.

Well shit.

So I hightail it back to my room, shut my door, jump in bed and pull my comforter back over me and just remind myself that when my roommate and I moved in, my roommate splashed Holy Water all over the place.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

My great-grandparents (long dead) lived on an inherited southern plantation that was active before/during the civil war. There is even a spot in their barn that a cannonball passed through. I remember being a child and visiting there. Every time I went I saw a number of entities. Most of which were blacks that I now assume were slaves. They all seemed to be very benevolent considering their situation back then. There was one other entity though, and I knew he was a bad,bad man. he was white and dressed in a suit with a "Colonel Sanders" tie. I assume he was the original plantation owner and I would always see him when I went down the long hallway to the bathroom. It was such a dark energy and I felt so much dread when I saw him. It was horrible. They lived just a couple miles from Bentonville Battleground (NC) if anyone is interested in looking it up. I shudder thinking about that man... his glare... just awful.

ChrisFromDetroit
• 13y ago

My fiance and I unexpectedly became parents when we were twenty. Her mother moved in with her partner and kindly let us live in her house not long afterward.

This was the house my fiance had grown up in. She had a history there, and that history included several instances of "ghosts" and "orbs" and all matter of other things that I had always seen as silly bullshit. A few stories she was adamant had happened were times when her old dog, Buddy, (who was a monster in size and had a bad temperament to boot) had begun barking and viciously growling at unoccupied spaces in the house. A corner in her bedroom, the basement stairs, the kitchen, etc. Apparently some of the spots recurred more often than others.

Anyway, I had just sat down to feed my infant son one Saturday evening. It was the middle of winter, so despite it being 6:30-7pm, it was already dark outside. My fiance had to work, so it was just me, my son, and our dog (newer dog, Buddy died several years earlier) home that night.

There was something on TV that I wanted to watch, so I pulled the baby's high chair into the den with me. I sat on the couch while he sat in his chair, facing me.

The couch I was sitting on has its back to a half wall/kitchen counter that separated our kitchen and den; this is somewhat important later in the story.

Someone had called at some point and I muted the TV, so the house fell silent. With the dog sitting next to me on the couch, I carried on with feeding my son after the call ended.

That's when I heard a loud creak in the floor boards in the hallway. At the time, I told myself that it was an old house and all that, but to be honest, it really wasn't. I knew the creak as well; it was a squeaky spot in the floor just outside mine and my fiance's bedroom. I looked over the counter to the other side of the kitchen, where the hallway to the bedrooms began, and it was

pitch black.

Sure, the only light on in the house was a lamp in the den, but there didn't even appear to be anything shining through the windows from the streetlights outside; just absolute darkness beyond the threshold of the doorway.

I was a bit spooked, but shrugged it off and turned back around. No sooner had I picked up the spoon to give my son another bite when I heard another creak in the floor, this time closer; I estimated it was near the doorway to the hallway, right where I had just been looking.

I gave it a glance and tried to ignore it, but that's when a feeling of paranoia set in. I felt like I was being watched. It was all in my mind, I told myself, but I could pinpoint where it felt like it was coming from: left shoulder, back toward the corner of the house where the sounds were coming from.

It suddenly got cold. My arms formed goosebumps and I began to shiver. Over the following few minutes, that feeling grew stronger and stronger, to the point where I felt like there was something standing over the kitchen counter behind me, just burning a hole through me. The feeling changed a bit though, that direction I felt I was being watched from; it was alternating now, almost as if there was someone pacing back and forth behind me.

This is where I lost it: I looked up at my son, and he was staring at me, a huge smile on his face. But he wasn't starring at me, he was looking past me. I stared back at him, and then his gaze began to drift back and forth, consistent with the paranoid sensation I was feeling.

Another creak in the floor, this time in the kitchen, much closer than before.

My's son's behavior lasted for a minute or two before he finally fixed his gaze on a specific corner. (Over my right shoulder, opposite of the open side of the step down from the kitchen into the den.)

And then the dog, who I had forgotten about by this point, got up and creeped to the edge of the room and peeked around the counter. The fur on her back was on edge, and she seemed very cautious.

The sensation I was feeling had stopped alternating as well, and again fixed itself to what felt like one side: same corner.

At this point I threw my hands up and said "fuck it!"

I grabbed my son and switched couches so I'd be facing the entire room, turned the remaining lights in the den on, and unmuted the TV.

I grabbed the phone and gave my fiance a ring. It went to voicemail, but she called back moments later. Trying to play it cool, I did a little small talk before working toward her supposed supernatural encounters she had experienced in the house.

I recalled the incidents with her old dog barking and growling at empty corners in the house, citing that she said there were a few spots in particular that he seemed to..."favor."

Sure enough, the corner where everyone's attention had been drawn to, that was the most common spot.

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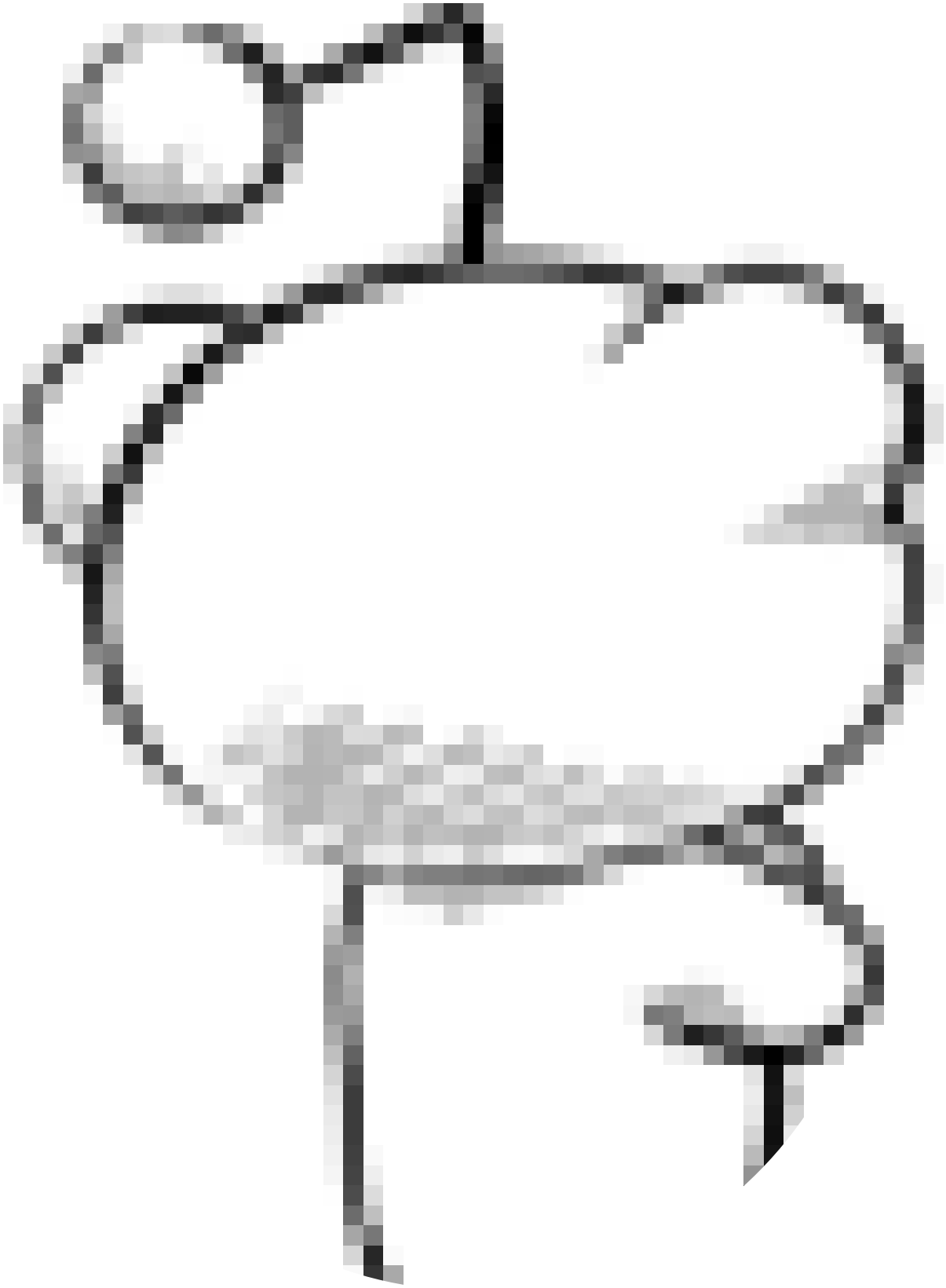

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• 13y ago

Probably a little late for this, but I used to live in a smallish house, and on the second floor right up the stairs there was a bathroom. I never really used it, even though it was right by my room, just mainly because the downstairs one was closer, but on to my point.

I remember the first day I heard it. I had gone in right before bed to brush my teeth, and I hear what sounds like slow, heavy footsteps in the ceiling above me, like very deliberate walking. They come from the hallway, up above me almost into the mirror then stop. I was home alone and 13 at the time and it freaked me the fuck out. I finished in there and quickly left, when I heard the steps leave the fucking bathroom behind me and follow me to my room at the end of the hall. This continued as long as we were still in the house, for about 4 months.

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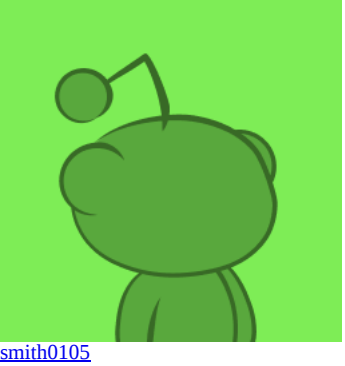

smith0105
• 13y ago

When I was in fourth grade, we moved from the house we lived in into a rental while our new house was still being built. The rental was well over a hundred years old, in a tiny town in upstate New York. From the outside it didn't look too bad, and the inside of it was pretty nice considering the house's age. The first night we moved in, Mom was tucking us into bed, and Dad was unpacking things in a room just off the main hallway downstairs. He noticed a woman wearing a nightgown come down the main staircase just off that room and cross the hallway into the living room. Thinking one of us kids was missing something upstairs, he followed her into the living room, which he found totally empty. He called out Mom's name, and she answered from upstairs. Little odd things would keep happening throughout the course of the year that we spent there. Pictures would occasionally come to rest on the floor, leaned up against the wall right below the place they had been hanging. My older sister's homework would disappear and then reappear randomly two days later. Our cats would all simultaneously follow something crossing the room which none of the rest of us could see, and our dog would occasionally freak out barking and chasing something around the house which, again, none of us could see. We chalked up these oddities to "Agnes," the name of our resident ghost. The TV set in the living room worked fine, as long as everyone in the room was attentive to watching it. But as soon as a commercial came on and people left the room to grab food, or use the bathroom, it would shut off. And when it shut off, it was impossible to turn on, as though a breaker had blown, but it was an affliction characteristic only of the TV set. You could plug a different device into the same outlet, or the TV into a different one, and that outlet would work, but the TV still wouldn't. Mom and Dad, on an entirely different night, walked back to their bedroom after tucking us in for the night. As they walked down the hallway, they passed through a sheet of icy air, as if walking through a waterfall. Both of them immediately stopped, turned toward each other, and then went to find the source of what they assumed was a draft, but had no luck despite a ten-minute search. After moving out, Dad got in contact with previous tenants, who told similar stories of things moving around on them, pictures refusing to stay on the walls, etc. The creepiest story was that of an older couple who turned into the driveway on their way home one day to see two young boys staring at them out of the uppermost window in the attic, but were nowhere to be found when they opened it up and looked. While we never felt unsafe or threatened, it was still among the most surreal experiences of my childhood looking back now. TL;DR living with ghosts in one of my childhood homes

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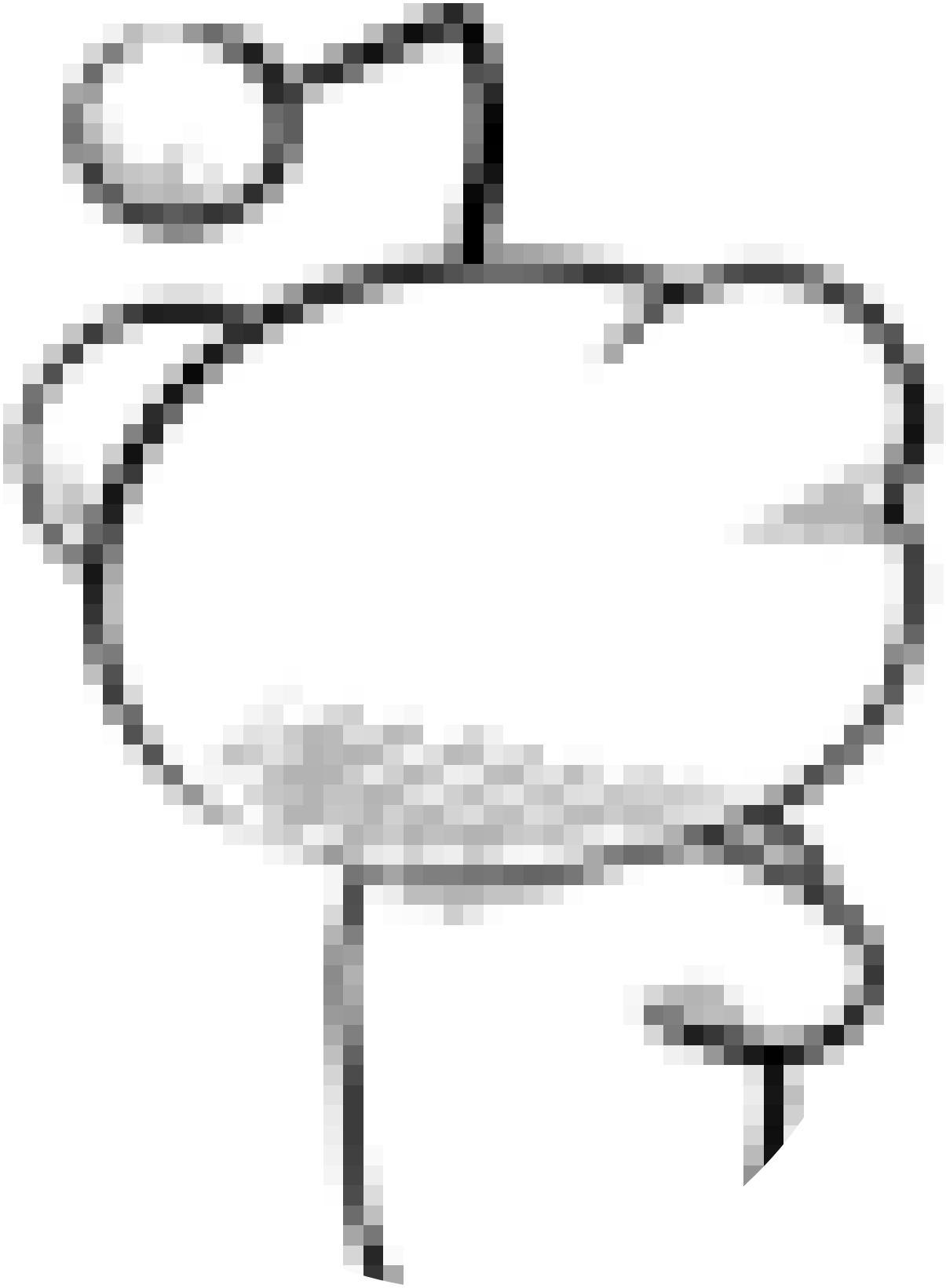

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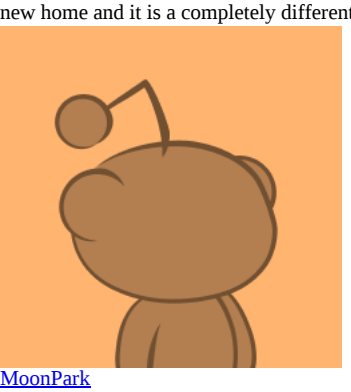
• 13y ago

I'll repost my story from another similar thread.

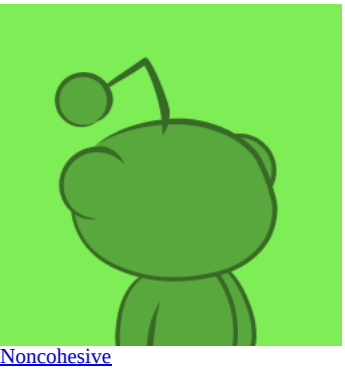
My wife and I recently moved out of a home that I can only describe as FUCKED UP. The house caused so much anger and hatred. Whatever entity resides in the home is either menacing or pure evil. Even as soon as my wife moved into the home when she was a child. She told me a story of when her and her little brother were playing one night in his room. They were playing with a leapfrog type device. She described in detail about how she was showing her brother how to use it and it began to act strange. Strange sounds came out of it. And then a mans voice began screaming from it. She said it was saying something about a list, something about making mistakes. Screaming and cursing until she turned it off. So let's fast forward some. I met my wife a few years ago and needless to say..she got knocked up. Ha-ha...wear a condom kids. Anyway. We decided that since it was the logical thing to do, I would move in with her. Sweet, no problem. At the time I worked the night shift (10pm-7am). This will come up later. After a few weeks of moving in I noticed something strange about the house. The upstairs where we lived seemed menacing in a way. Like someone was in the other room waiting for you. At first I brushed it off as just being nervous. New house, new life kinda thing. I also thought it was from the pretty much steady insomnia work was causing me. As time went on I began noticing more and more. Whenever the house should have been dead silent, things would happen. Foot steps up and down the hallways, knocks on doors, and sometimes I would swear I heard whispers. Being a avid believer in spirits, I wasn't particularly afraid. Until things started getting dark. One morning as I was lying in bed, watching Netflix and hoping to fall asleep, I heard a rustling from the closet. It was just light enough in the room that you could make everything out, I saw nothing and thought maybe it was just the fan. Something moved out of the corner of my eye and as I looked at the closet, a dark ball moved from the closet to the bedroom door. It was about the size of a softball and moved about as fast as a person could to the door. Later into the week my wife had gotten into the bad habit of sleeping with the closet light on. I blame myself for that one. Should have kept my mouth shut. So were lying there talking about baby stuff...women..and I notice the curtain that covered the closet opening move. My wife was curled into me facing my chest and I was staring at the closet. As I kept watching I saw what I can only describe as a tiny mist like figure, not like WHITE mist but...slightly darker then the rest of the

background, move out from the closet. It was MAYBE 3 feet tall and vanished as quick as it appeared. As soon as I began telling my wife what had happened, she had a sharp pinch on her back. She didn't cry out or scream, she calmly turned around and shouted "GET THE FUCK OUT AND LEAVE US THE FUCK ALONE!" To bad it didn't work. Now, let's fast forward. Your probably wondering, what else happened! Well small stuff here and there for awhile. Footsteps were regular. And I know some of you are probably saying "ITS THE HOUSE SETTLING JACKASS!". I would agree, but not only did the footsteps stretch out the entire length of the 20 foot hallway, they sometimes were fast. And the knocks on the doors were very rhythmic, you know, like when you knock on a friends door when their home or something. So lets get to scary stuff. After this recent Christmas things began to spark up to a new level. One day I was sitting on my computer and my wife came into the room asking me what I needed from the store. The computer room was directly across from the bathroom, our daughters door was to the immediate left of that, and the stairs were to the right. I began telling my wife what I wanted when she looked out the door and turned...well...ghost white. Her eyes got big and her mouth dropped. She slowly turned toward me "I...Just saw a man walk into Ellaina's room". She begins describing what it looked like. It was about 6 feet tall, black and only slightly translucent. While shes describing this I walk out into the hallway and go into my daughters room. Have you ever walked into a freezer, like the ones Walmart stocks Ice Cream in? That immediate chill is what I felt when I walked in there. There was nothing of course, but as soon as we began walking out a set of metal bed frames we had laying against the wall (for over a year I might add) slid down and fell to the floor. My wife turned back into the room and told whatever it was to "Get the fuck out of our home!" But it didn't of course. Come January things really picked up before we moved out. The power got knocked out during a sudden storm and we were left in the dark for a night. My wife at this point wanted NOTHING to do with the home at this point and wanted to stay at her dads. So we began packing her things for the night. I went down stairs and got my daughter loaded up in the car and as I started walking back in my wife shot out of the door nearly in tears. I asked her what was wrong and she only said simply "I dont want to talk, close the door, lets go!" The upstairs to the home is PITCH FUCKING BLACK even on the brightest day due to the lay out. So when the powers off during a overcast, you might as well be underground. My wife was in our room gathering her make up and things with only a flashlight. As she was loading things into her bag she heard someone walk from the stairs, down the hallway and right up against her back. She assumed it was me but when she turned around she saw nothing but black. Not like darkness black. Imagine someone holding a black sheet in front of you. Something like that. Even on our moving out day things were happening upstairs. It was the worst I've personally ever felt it. Just dread and sorrow. My wife once again had something walk up on her, and heard knocks on the bedroom door while she was packing. We've gone back a few times to get a thing or two since we left in February. Every time its terrifying walking up the stairs. But I feel as if I should end this on a high note. We moved into a brand new home and it is a completely different experience here. It has helped our relationship and has taken a huge burden off of us.



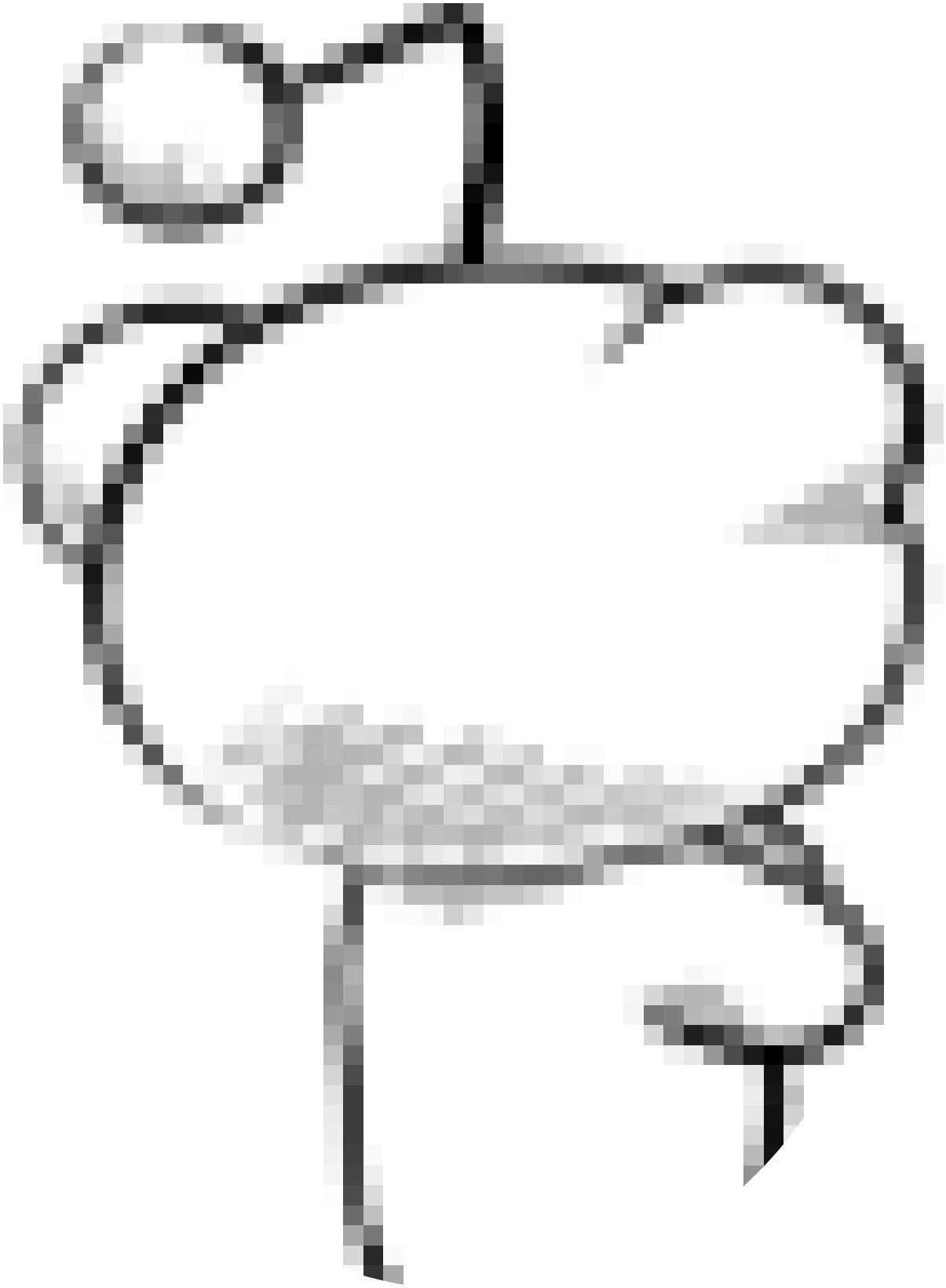
MoonPark
• 13y ago

Not my scariest but still a good creepout moment: was doing washing up in the kitchen of my previous house. Turned round and there was an old man standing to the side of me, wearing a black funeral suit and white shirt, smiling. Then there was nothing there. Things like that happened *all the time* in that bloody house.



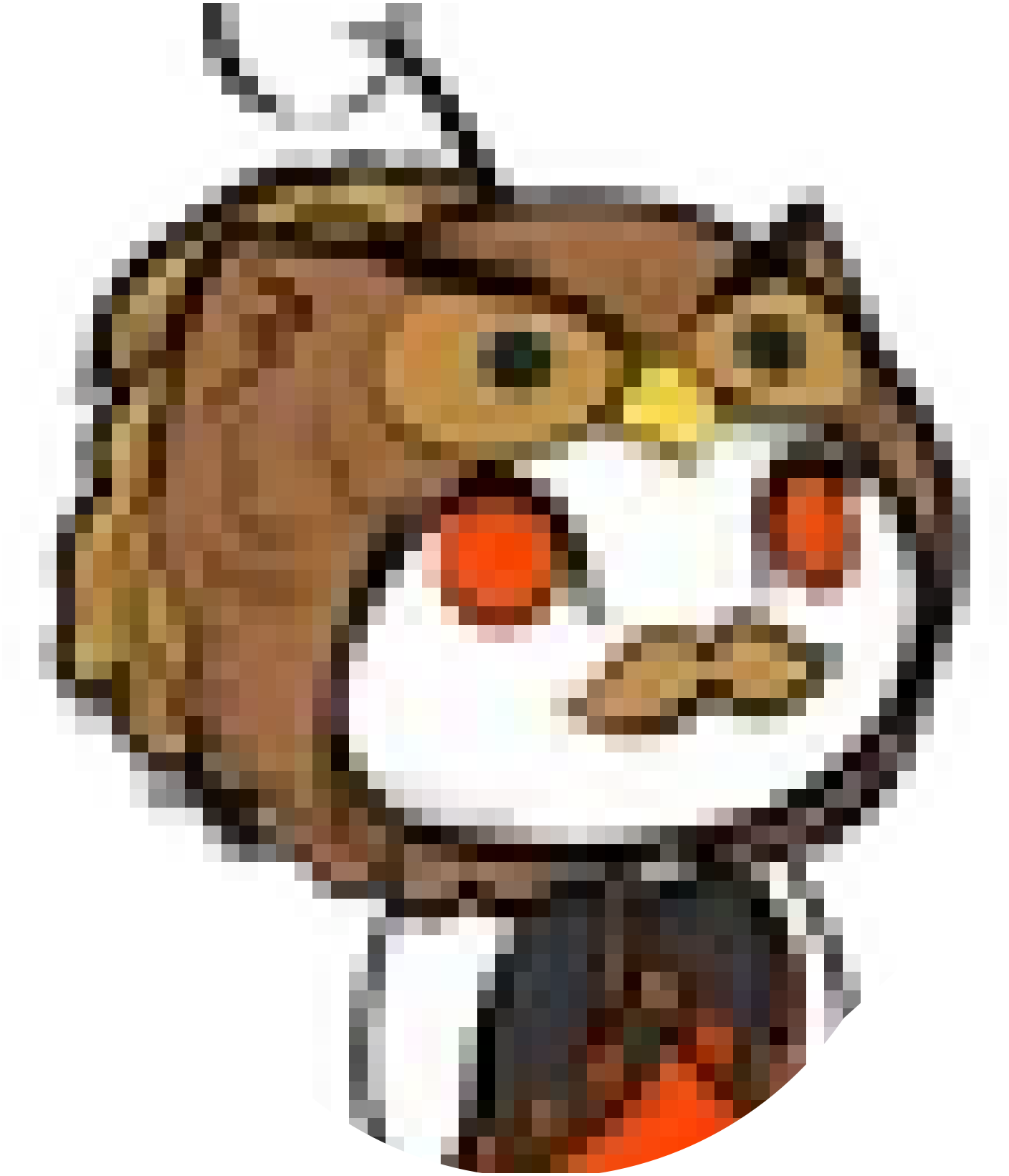
Noncohesive
• 13y ago

A few nights ago at a party, after I left, a guy fell backwards 3 stories to the ground, apparently he fell on bikes which saved him from dying.



Ubikk
• 13y ago

Creepiest: When I was younger I would have horrible night terrors and wake up screaming my head off, so I would often end up sleeping on the floor in my parents room. Well one night at about 2 or 3am, I'm in my parents room and everyone is asleep, my younger brother (who never had sleep-walked before) walks through the hallway, opens the door, and just stands there laughing hysterically. This continues for a minute of two before he makes his way over to the foot of the bed, stands there still in hysterics. At this point my parents are awake scared shitless. I'm awake scared shitless. Eventually my brother made his way to the side of the bed where my mom was, laughed for a couple minutes, stops laughing, and just walks out of the room. Needless to say I never slept on the floor of my parents room again.



SofaKing65
• 13y ago

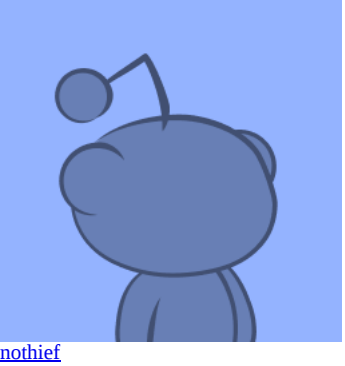
When I was 18, my girlfriend and I had just finished up dinner with my parents and decided to go for a ride. As we were tooling along some back country roads, I decided to take a ride through the grounds of Linden Hall, a grand tudor mansion that years ago was converted into a golf course and resort, and sits on a secluded bluff overlooking the Youghigheny River. Since it was late March, the resort had not opened for the season and we arrived to find it entirely devoid of life, human or otherwise. The grand house silhoutted against the brightly moonlit sky was an image torn from the moodiest of daydreams. We continued past the house and looped back to the front of the hotel, and soon noticed that we were no longer alone. An older model Buick Skylark sat at the intersection in front of us, its white paint casting an odd, irridescent glow in the moonlight. As we approached the intersection, we noticed that the fender was dented and, at the wheel, sat a being with hair as black as pitch that hung lifelessly, utterly obscuring the driver's facial features. I flashed my highbeams to give them permission to proceed. A few seconds passed, and a gaunt, white arm waved us forward. I pressed down on the gas and honked the horn in gratitude, and my girlfriend faced the driver with a wide grin and a cheerful wave. Suddenly, the formerly motionless driver turned toward us, her face a pallid, unhumanly white that shined with the same eerie luminsescence of her car. Her eyes, wild and bulging, were encircled in the blackest of voids, and her mouth opened and contorted into a horrific scream. She raised both hands to the side of her now trembling head, stringy black hair still hauntingly motionless, and began waving them about, as if pleading for help or issuing a fierce warning of an impending terror. Startled, my girlfriend sunk down into her seat and shouted "Drive!" I slammed my foot down on the accelerator and as we sped away, I checked my rearview mirror to find the car a couple of hundred feet behind...following us. In a matter of moments, I watched as the headlights dimmed and slowly faded into nothing.

I'm not sure who or what the mystery woman was, or what she was doing on those dark, desolate country roads that night, but she sure gave us one hell of a scare.

Epidemilk
• 13y ago

I got a call once from an unsaved number; usually I disregard these but I was at work and bored so I picked up. Couldn't understand all of what was being said because it's a noisy place, but the voice on the other end was freaking out saying things like "please help me, please don't hang up"

I had to hang up because I couldn't really hear so well, but it HAUNTED me..



nothief
• 13y ago

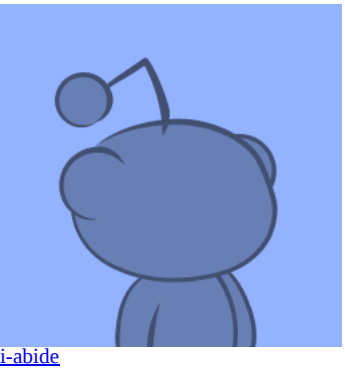
I was hiking in the Transkei (Eastern Cape in South Africa) I was in a valley when I heard the sound of a rock breaking loose and falling down towards my head. The rock missed me but I never forgave that fucking goat. That was scary.

RoKTXn
• 13y ago

I just learned this story about my brother when my mother was telling stories about us as kids at a family gathering. Apparently we were in South Korea visiting some of her family there, and we went to a beach on the East Coast of the peninsula. We were hanging out on these black rocks while the surf was rolling in and out and just being kids and looking around for seashells. Me and my mother were standing up on the rocks while my brother jumps down 1 or 2 feet on to the beach to search around.

The surf is still coming up to the rocks at this point but I guess there was a larger than normal wave that comes up and then sweeps way back out to the ocean. My mom is looking down at my brother while I'm tinkering around on the rocks behind here when she sees the surf pull out and suddenly THOUSANDS of black spider/crab looking bugs emerge from the sand all around my brother. He is so in shock he can't even scream and just stares at my mom as they surge all around his feet. She realizes he's frozen with fear and grabs him and pulls him back up to the rocks.

Yea my brother doesn't like bugs now.



i-abide
• 13y ago

I once lived in an apartment complex that used to be a hospital. It was old, and whenever I was standing at the door to my apartment rummaging around for my keys, I would look down the hall and be reminded of the Shining.

At the other end of the hall a few doors away from my apartment was a large chapel area. It had a large platform in the front and a balcony area above it along with tall windows of colored glass depicting the life of Christ. There were no pews inside, instead it had been converted into a local hang out room with some couches, tables, books, board games, and a foosball table. There was also a piano.

I play the piano and jumped at the chance to have somewhere to practice. I was also incredibly depressed at the time and chose very melancholy songs to play. At first I was jumpy being alone in this old chapel, but eventually I got used to it. Sometimes a few of the residents would come in to listen, and they would always clap appreciatively after I finished a song.

I remember I was working through the song "Hallelujah" and it was close to Christmas. As I focused on positioning my hands over the higher octaves, I noticed a figure sitting on the couch out of the corner of my eye. I didn't want to stop playing, so I continued to finish the rest of the song. When I looked over to see who had been watching me, no one was there. I was already on the last stanza, it had only taken a few seconds to reach the end of the song. I would've heard them if they had left, because the couches were right next to the piano and the door was twenty feet away.

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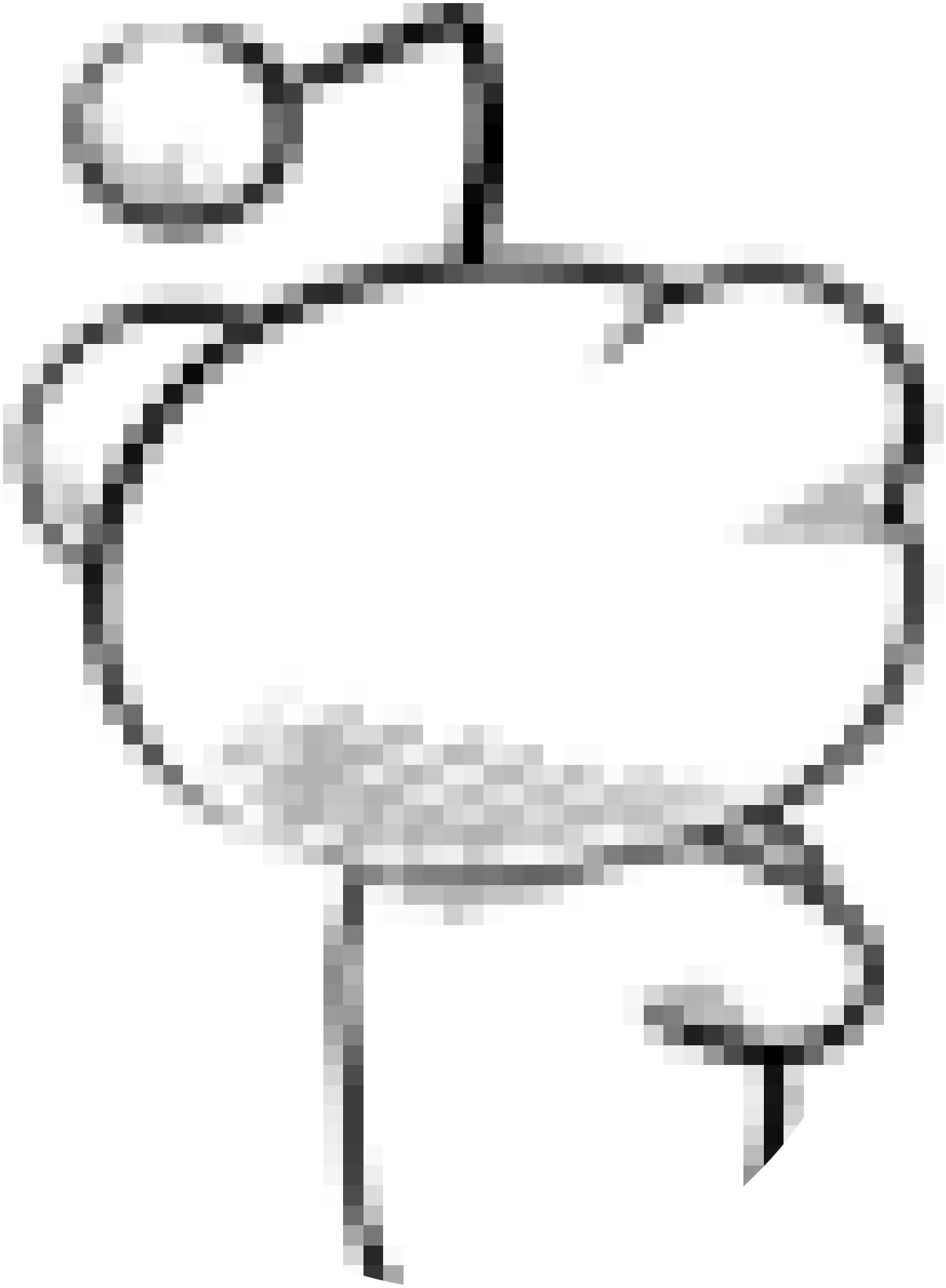

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• 13y ago

During summer, I like to sleep with my window open to air out the stuffy room. My window faces the backyard, which is dense with garden plants that my mother refuses to trim.

One night, at around 3AM, I awaken to this shrill wailing sound that to me sounds most like a baby crying. At first I'm a little dazed from just being in deep sleep, but then the adrenaline kicks in and I start to shit my pants (not literally). I look outside and I see the plants rustling violently. At this point, I am having a meltdown. I just grab the covers and drape them over my head while screaming obscenities. After about a minute, the crying stops, and there is just silence.

I just sit there expecting something to jump out and murder me, when I realize it was just my neighbor's cats having sex in the bushes. Goddamn cats. At that point I just start laughing uneasily and shut the window, and try to go back to sleep to no avail.

Needless to say I don't sleep with my window open anymore.

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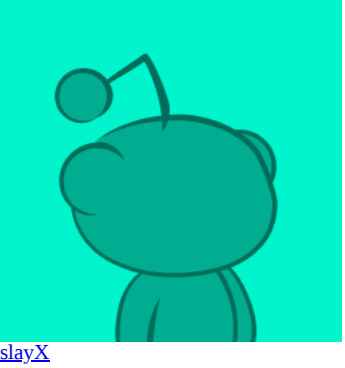


slayX
• 13y ago

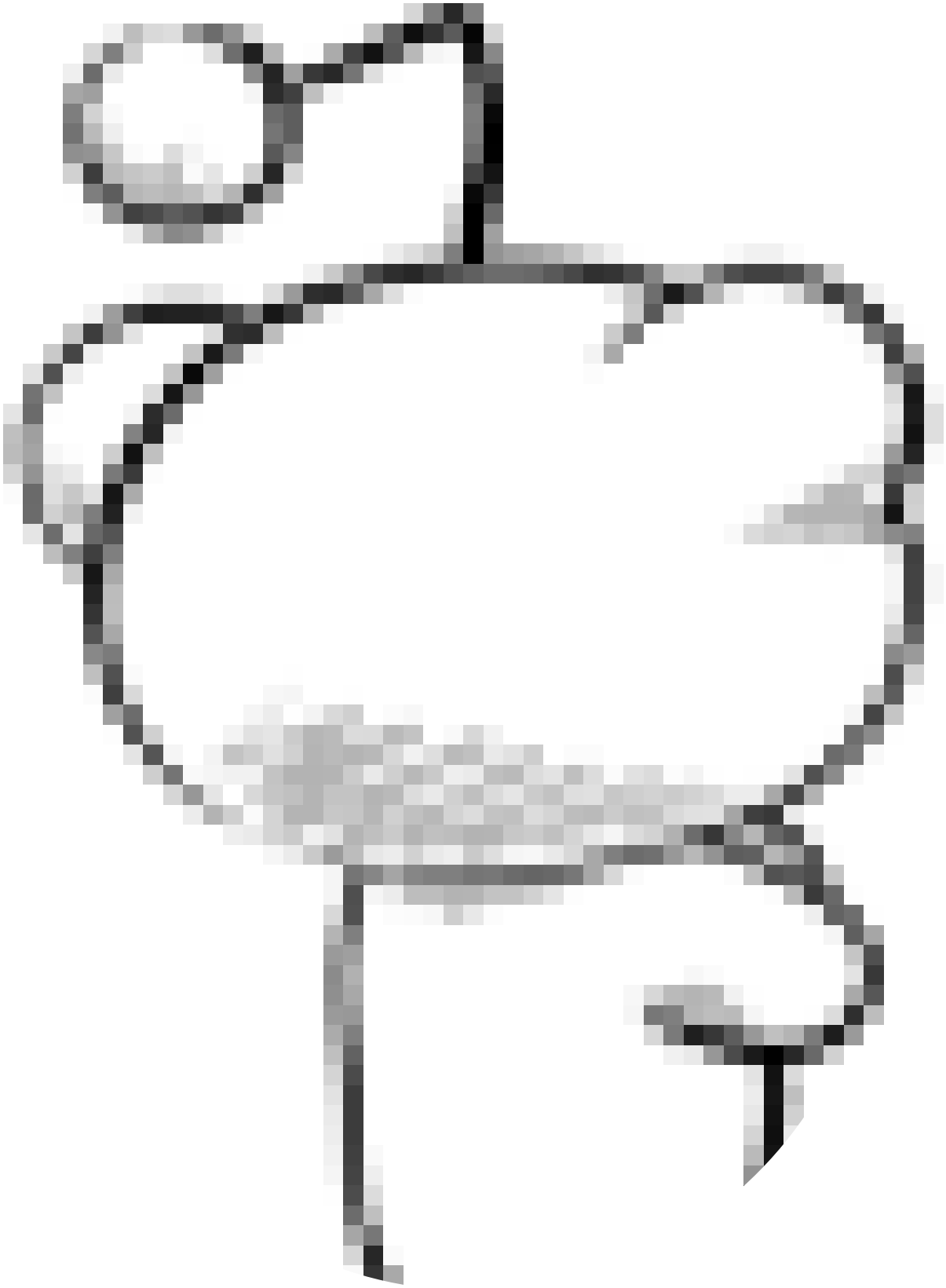
I went to high school in a small town with a bunch of even smaller towns surrounding it. One night me and two of my best friends were driving around when we decided to stop at this empty house we knew of from other times driving around. (Yeah, small-town teenagers really don't have much to do.) I remember that it wasn't quite summer yet, but it was still pretty warm outside. It was around 9 pm. You could see the house from the road, but the dirt driveway up to the house was still pretty long. It was completely dark except for our headlights going up to the house. We stopped the car and got out, but we left the car running with the lights on pointing at the front door. We went up to the door to find that it was unlocked, so we open it and walk inside. There was no electricity, so we left the front door open. The headlights did a decent job of lighting up the foyer, but not much else. The house itself was what some people would call a "shotgun" house. Basically, as soon as you walk in, there's a long hallway that runs the length of the house and the rooms were on the sides, except for the kitchen that was located in the very back. The house wasn't even that old. I would say it was built in the 50's or early 60's. I remember that one of my friends and I began walking towards the back of the house, and our other friend stayed behind in the foyer. We were there maybe 2 minutes just cautiously looking around. There was no furniture that we could see, so there really wasn't much to look at. What happened next, though, is something I will never forget. My friend and I were almost to the kitchen, when I remember turning around and looking down the hall at my other friend still at the front of the house, and I noticed something peculiar. We could really only see his silhouette due to the headlights beaming in through the front door. It took me a moment to figure out what was so strange, until I realized that we could see my friends breath as he was talking to us from the front of the house. I looked at the friend who was standing next to me and said something, now realizing that I could also see my own breath and his breath too. And now we were all-of-a-sudden realizing that it had gotten VERY cold VERY quick, and we had no idea what had just happened. We didn't take the time to investigate either. I remember having that realization with my friend and getting this really eerie feeling coming over me. A hallway never looked so long as we ran back out the front door, got into the car, and sped off. I know we drove for like 5 minutes before my friend pulled over at a gas station, and we all just sat there and freaked out for awhile.

Reply Share

Anothertemporary
• 13y ago

The sound of an incoming rpg is pretty fucking scary.

Reply Share



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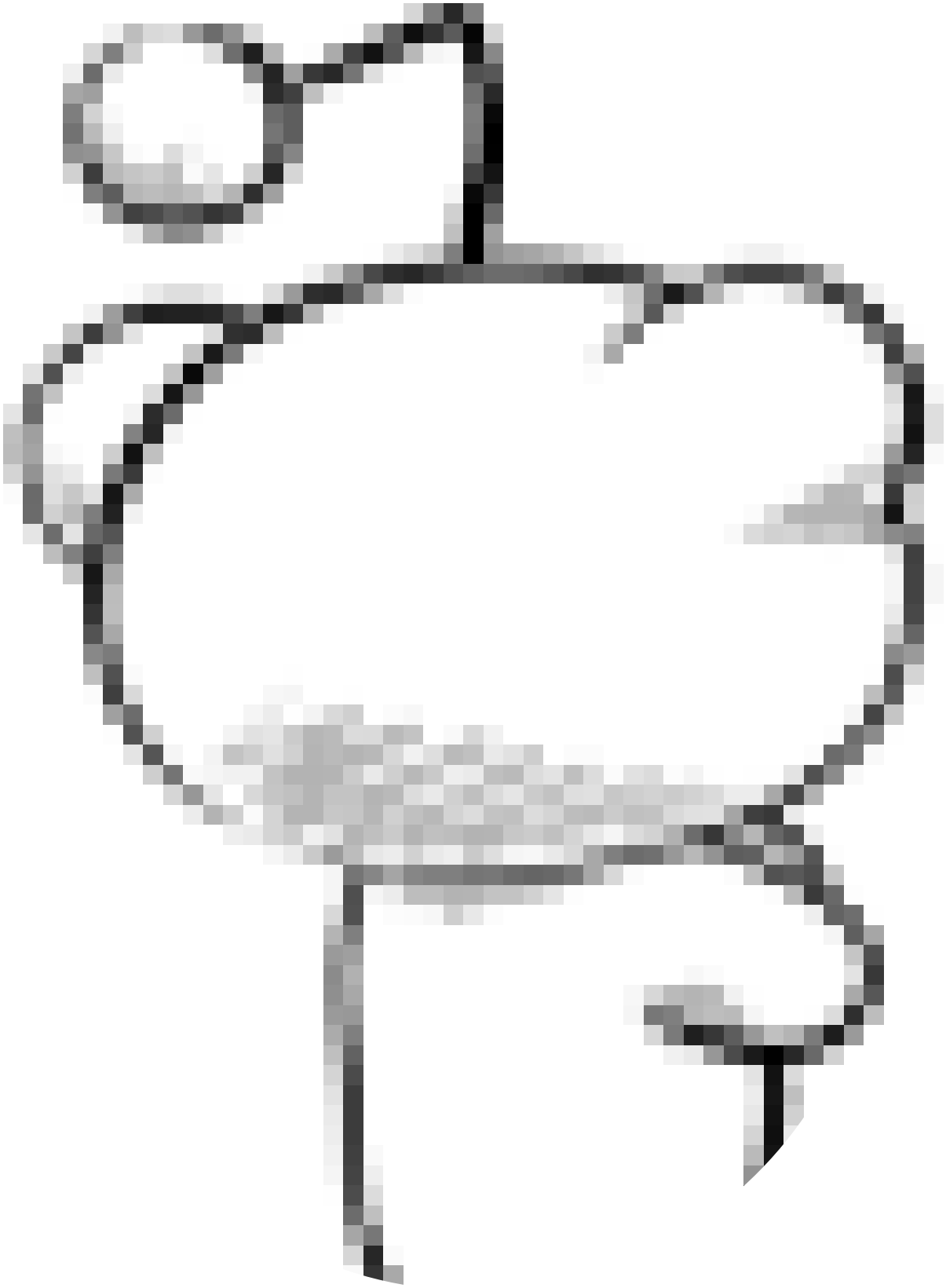
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Not sure if it fits as it's written but this is truely creepy : david parker rays audio tape transcript

Very long but I was hypnotized by the horror of that stuff, hoping all the way it's a fake



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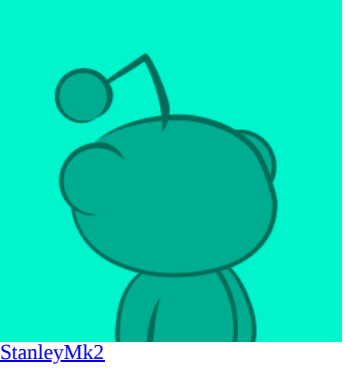
• 13y ago

Http://www.takethislollypop.com

I know it's not real but it's still creepy.

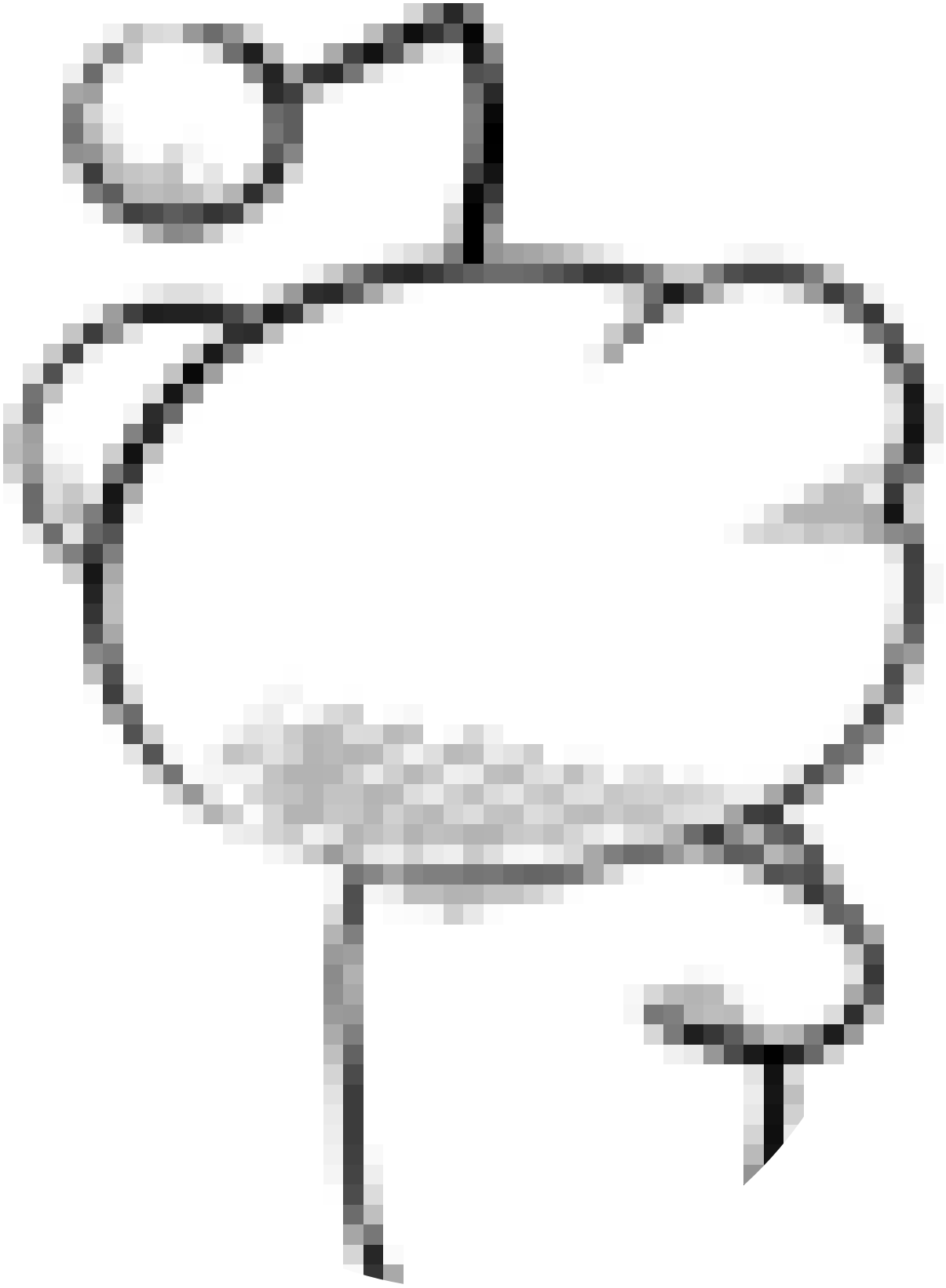


StanleyMk2
• 13y ago

A little late, but heres mine. My friends and I went for a hike in the mountains behind our small hometown a few weeks ago. Nothing too creepy (except the skull and spine of something, I'll put up pictures if anyone wants to try figure out what it was) on the way, then we spotted a small clearing of trees. We thought this was odd, so tried to get in. We couldn't get through a thicket in the way, so we climbed a tree towards the outer rim to try spot anything odd, and found two dingy, ramshackle huts facing each other. Now we we're really interested. We dropped in from the treeline, and noticed that the ticket was woven over a pallet on hinges and a latch, a gate of sorts. Odd. The back of one of the huts faced the gate. We checked the other first, and it had two sleeping bags and a dog-bed. Weird, right? They looked like they were in disuse, but were probably habitable at some point.. Then we investigated the second, bigger hut. It was built around a central log that was sawn off at the roof level, and had two areas. One had a picnic bench, and the table was set with plastic plates, cups, and cutlery. The second had a gas barbecue in it, which we didnt test, and a barrel of water, which was filled via a cool drainage system on the roof, which led rainwater into it, aqueduct style. I was sitting at the picnic bench, looking out the door, when I spotted something above the door of the other hut. It was reflecting behind the kitchen. I called to one of my friends, "Hey Dylan, could you go around the way we came, and come in through the gate??". He does, and when he opened the gate, a bell tied to it struck, and lo and behold, I got his face in the mirror over the sleeping hut. I called that out, and we decided that was a good note to GTFO on. SO we're leaving, I duck and try to get out of the hut, when my hood snags something on the outside door frame. I spin to detach myself, and I'm shocked at what I see. A steak-knife, embedded to the hilt, in a tree. I try pull the knife out. No give. I try again. Nothing. Finally, third time, it comes loose. I pocket it and we run for the hills! I snapped this when we stopped. You can see where the metal was exposed and embedded from the rust. Definitely unsettling.

Jinh0o
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

+++not anything i can recall from my own experiences because I was young but my mother told me when I was young, I'd always look at her in the bedroom and tell her that I was seeing faces on the window. She'd then tell me to cut that shit out. We lived in the 4th floor apartment. aint nobody that tall.



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• 13y ago

A photo of the Elephant man O_O

Dogloversandi106
• 13y ago

Oh and another from me! When I was in elementary school they were renovating. We had this tiny ancient bathroom for the entire elementary school, and there was a teenage girl who'd just been killed in drug related violence. So I go to the bathroom and I'm standing in there alone after I do my doo, and *the girl who'd just been killed a week ago* walks in and starts brushing her hair. I didn't know her nor did I know she was dead until later, but looking back on it gives me the creeps.

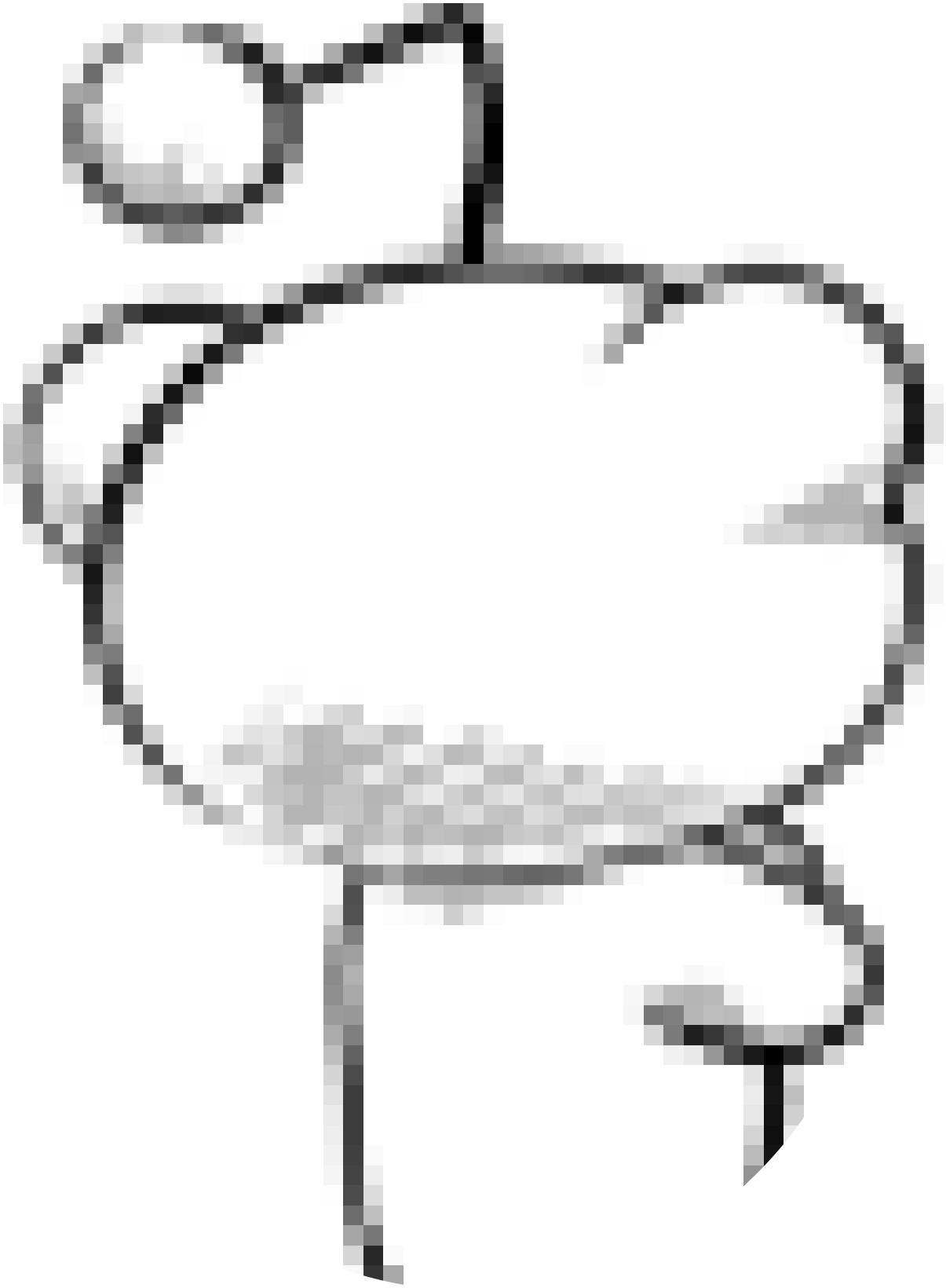
Gnork
• 13y ago

Man I had something bizarre happen to my cousin and I out in the Palm Springs desert. It had rained the entire week and one of the local washes had been bone dry every other time I'd seen it was blasting like a full on river. We walked out in the dark to have a look at. You could barely see it but the sounds were amazing. The crashing water and debris rushing by pretty much drowned out all sound and we had to yell to hear each other. After awhile we get bored and want to walk back to the cabin when I notice these little lights winking on and off somewhere in the dark. I grab my cousin and he notices too. That's when we realize they seem to be getting closer, and fast. My heart is pounding and I'm stuck somewhere between confusion and panic. I didn't even have time to think about what to do when suddenly there's these loud cracking noises and a huge figure seeming to shoot fire whooshes past us only a few feet away. We both are screaming and he falls back and gets an ass full of cactus. It was some random dude on a fucking horse riding at nearly full speed in the middle of the night like the psychotic ghost of Paul Rivere. The winking lights were sparks from the horse shoes striking the river rocks.

TL;DR: Cousin and I thought we were being attacked by a desert fire monster.

Mocaos
• 13y ago

When I was about 6 I watched Halloween for the first time with my older brothers. That night our dad thought it would be hilarious if he dressed in a Michael Mask, grab the biggest knife from our kitchen, and walk into my bedroom in the middle of the night while I was trying to fall asleep. He just stood in the doorway staring at me while I screamed my head off.



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• 13y ago

I had fallen asleep with my arm above and around my head. I woke up, my arm had fallen asleep and it felt like some strangers hand was holding my face. Freaked out!

Epidemilk
• 13y ago

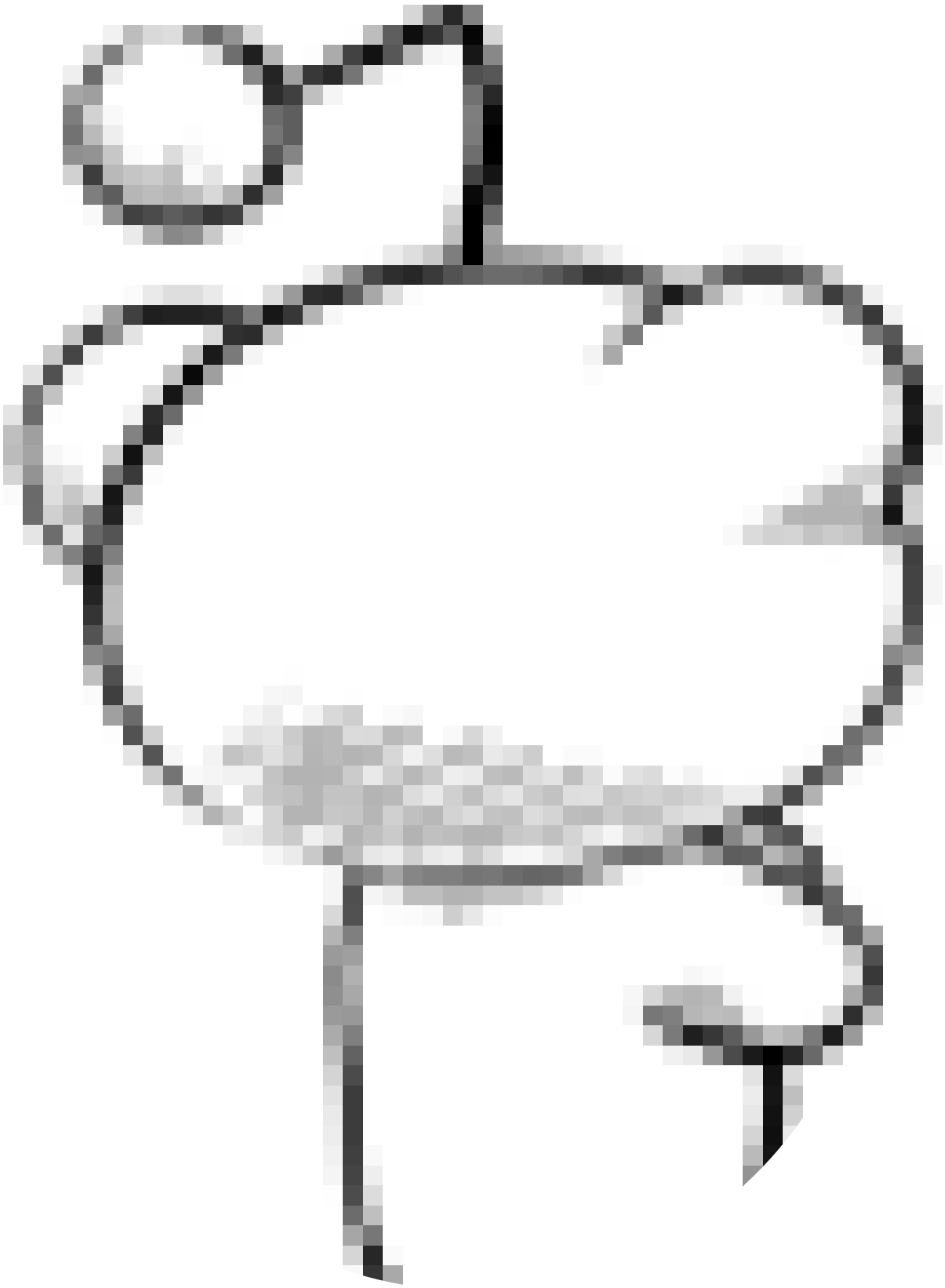
On a less serious note: The knowledge that there are people out there with a 3 gig clop folder.

KeepEmComing
• 13y ago

One time I was reaching under my grill to turn on the gas and a spider repelled down onto my arm. I nearly fell into the pool and immediately wanted to cut my arm off, alas I didn't, but it was truly terrifying!

JustSomeEngGuy
• 13y ago

Am I too late to submit this nightmare?

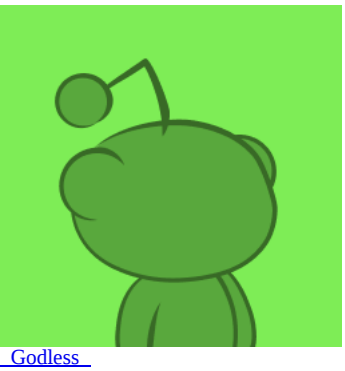


Semenslayer
• 13y ago

I'm not a spiritual person and it's hard for me to believe anything with ghosts, so it's hard for me to have scary stories. But for any of you that have touched a dead body before, there is nothing scarier than feeling how cold their hands are. At least, to me.

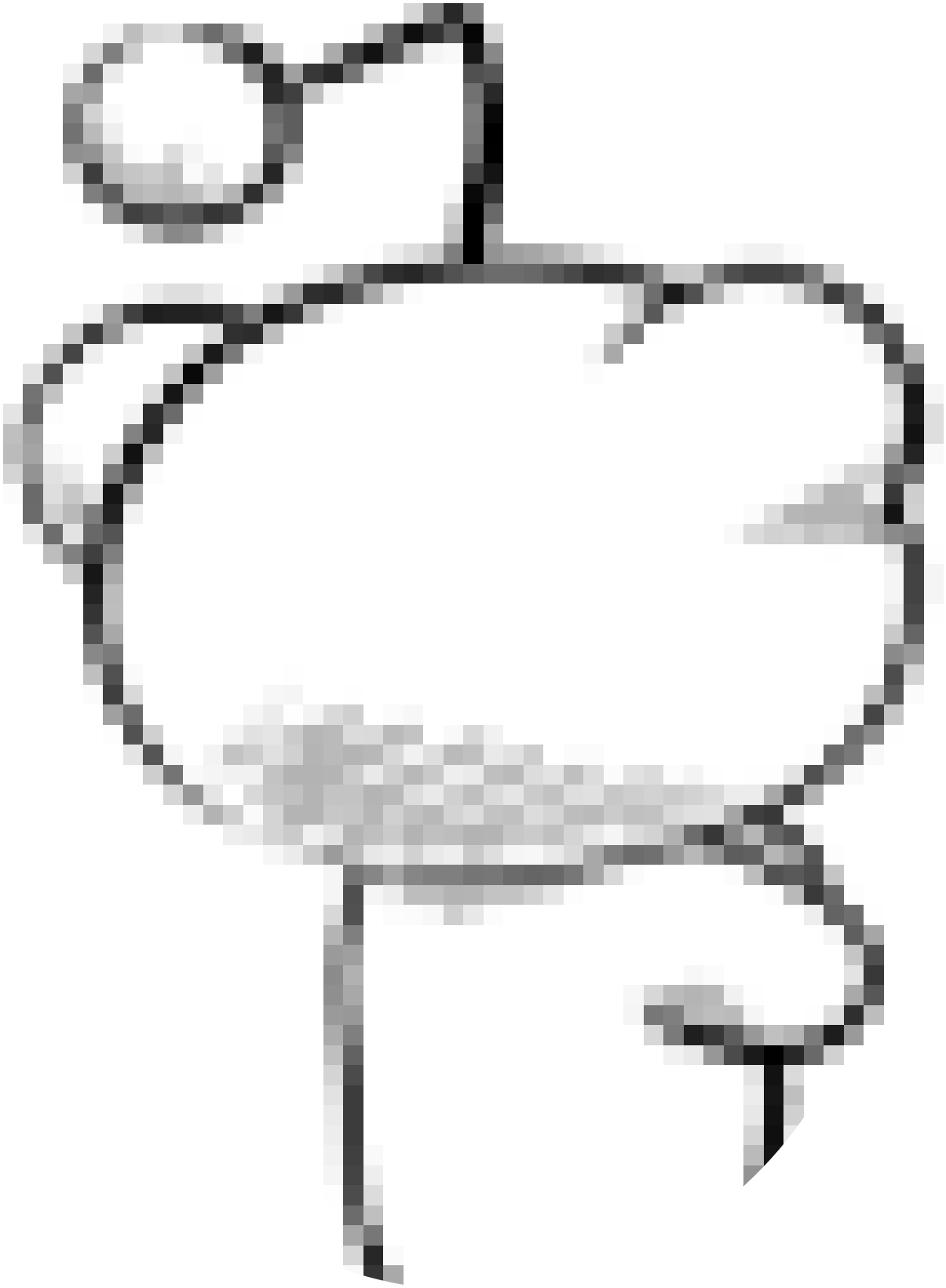
queenrene
• 13y ago

A couple creepy things happened while I was living at my last apartment. Early in the morning my room mate and I would both wake up to what sounded like someone running across our attic. Of course it could have been an animal.. But it sounded much more like a human. In addition, one time I was home alone and trying to have a nap but I couldn't fall asleep. I felt my bed sinking beside me, like someone was sitting on it. I was so freaked out that I couldn't move.



Godless
• 13y ago

Living in Melbourne's gangland, Carlton, outside a known hang out and eatery I heard from a group of guys "That's fucking fine, but if he wants to have a go I'll fucking whack him". Then they went silent, watched me walk by and the down the street.



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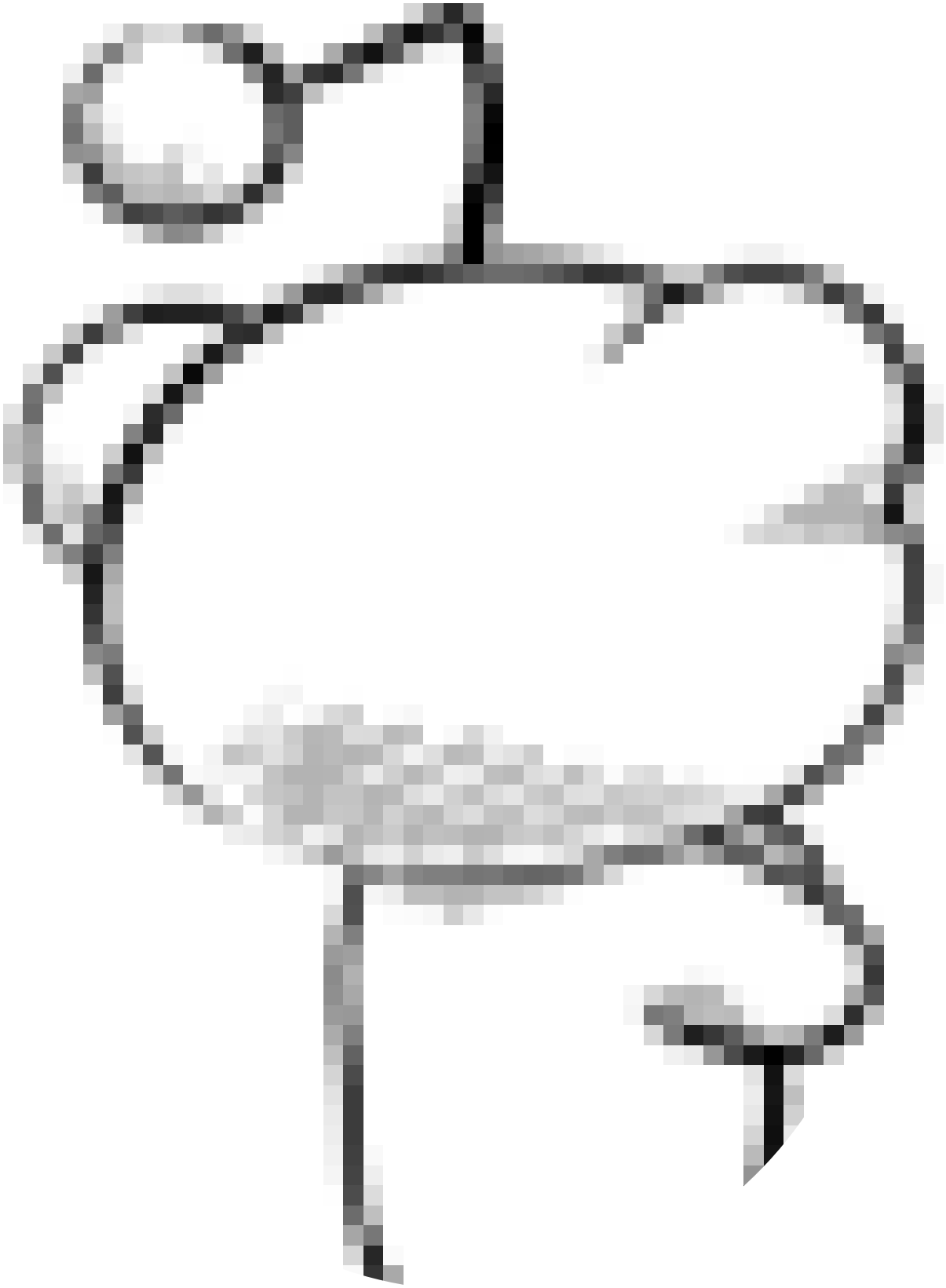
• 13y ago

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4-8ocnmE0Ts

Bejoty
• 13y ago

I've always been really creeped out by the Vice episode where they interview the cannibal from Japan.
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BosZxa1bYcE



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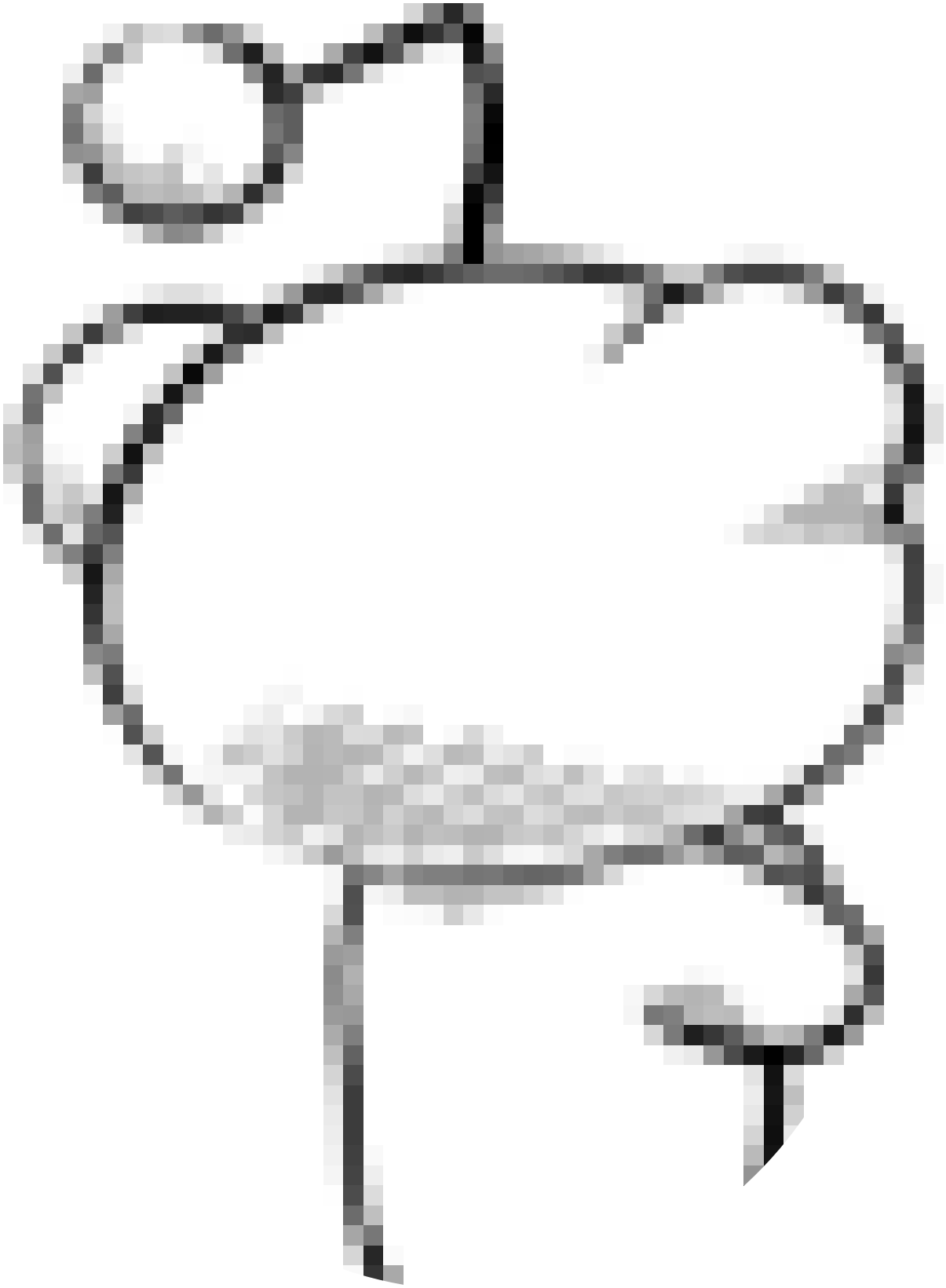
• 13y ago

One of the craziest strories I've heard was on here a couple years ago

The story



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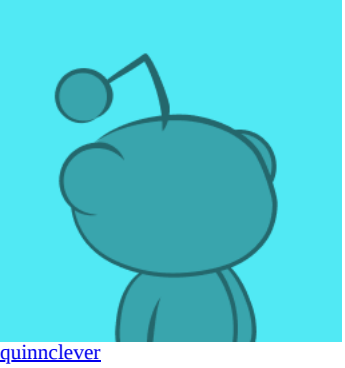
• 13y ago

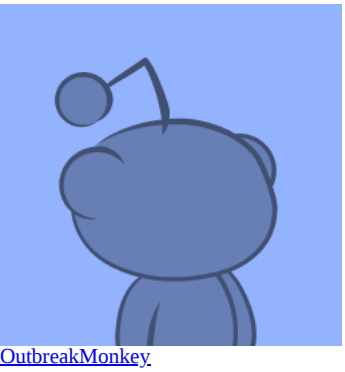
I worked at a large casino on the Vegas strip, one day a co worker and myself were walking to a service elevator we noticed someone get on the elevator about 25 feet in front of us and watched the door close when we arrived a few moments later we pushed the call button and the door immediately opened (this is only a 2 floor elevator but is extremely slow) both my coworker and I look at each other with dismay and verified we both saw someone get on. Anyhow we go up and there is a group of security personnel on the next floor we asked them if they saw anyone get off they didn't.

TL;DR Possibly saw a ghost/spirit get on an elevator.



quinnclever
• 13y ago

I work at a hospital with the physical fasilitys and was on fire watch after a contractor soldered a copper pipe leak. I was in the mental lock up and heard a doctor call his own phone to record him self. He started off talking about a girl that was troubled mently by what she calls a demon and it tells her to do things like burn things not eat ect. He went on and was talking about bring in a priest to get rid of the demon inside her in the nest two days. I was shitting my self at that point and when he was done i got the hell out of their. And have not been to lock up since.



OutbreakMonkey
• 13y ago

Creeped me out, still get the goosebumps thinking about this one:

A friend in high school had a bad night.

He was the last one awake, his parents and younger (~6yo) brother had gone to bed.

Just as he was drifting off, his older sister arrived home and was walking about. It woke him up a little, but he managed to fall asleep again.

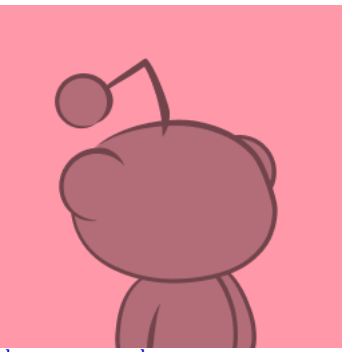
Just as he fell asleep again, his older sister arrived home and was walking about.

WTF? He got up to see what was going on. He asked her if she'd "been in already?", "No", she'd just arrived. They walked around the house and looked in to his little brother's room and he was gone!

They freak out, wake the parents. Everyone is charging around the house looking for him. Luckily, he's just hiding under his bed.

They ask him what he's "doing under there?" and he says:

"I'm hiding from the man that was here."



the-average-gatsby
• 13y ago

Creepiest thing that happened to me was in a dream. I'll keep it brief so as to avoid TL;DR.

Was walking through this huge mansion house in the country, a little run down, damp problems and overgrown garden. Awesome features though, high ceilings, original fireplace etc.

I'm on the phone to my buddy describing the house to him. I go into one room and there's a huge dusty dusty rosewood dresser on my left, on top of this is a massive mirror, not a speck of dust on it.

This room leads to a garden, so I go out and as I pass the mirror I feel a little uneasy but don't stop walking. I talk to my buddy about the garden, putting in a deck etc, put my phone back in my pocket and look around.

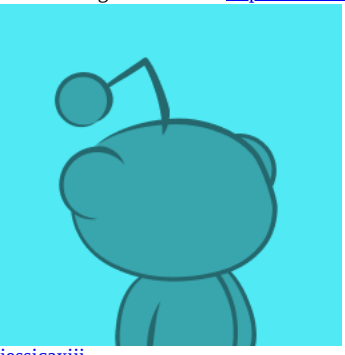
Walk back into the room and the dresser is now on my right. I walk past the mirror to leave and again feel uneasy. Walk back and turn left to look at the mirror, there's a face behind me, kind of a lack of face, like one of those old masquerade masks with black eye shadow and a creepy smile. We stare at each other for about half a second. It reaches out to touch my shoulder when...

My girlfriend wakes me up by grabbing my shoulder. I screamed my fucking lungs out, she screamed, I went into panic mode and couldn't stop shaking for about 30-40 seconds. Apparently I was mumbling about dusty rooms and faces in my sleep, she was worried.

Fuck that dream.

LunchBawcks
• 13y ago

This fucking **COMIC** --> http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31



jessicaxiii

• 13y ago

In the attic of my old apartment, "don't meth around" was etched into the wall. You could tell they tried to paint over it, to no avail. Freaked me out

TheRandAaron
• 13y ago

Scariest experience I believe I've ever had was when I was about 12 and living at home. My mom and dad had just bought their first house together, we always lived in apartments around the country.

We were waiting for it to be built, and eventually moved in the second we were allowed to. The first night we stayed, we didn't have much with us in the house. We had mattresses and blankets and that was about it, but we wanted to stay at our new house. Anyways, I went to bed in my new room, and I couldn't sleep (I've always had sleep issues) so I was just looking around my room from my bed.

It was when I was looking around that I felt very still, like everything was paused around me. I was looking around, and the stillness felt kind of comforting to be honest. I looked at my door frame, which was open that night, and I saw peering around the corner of the frame what looked like a small old persons face. It wasn't menacing, it wasn't doing anything but staring at me. I could not tell if it was a male or female, but this person had extremely pale skin, it was very easy to spot in the darkness. I stared at this person who did nothing but stare at me for a good 5-10 seconds, and during this stillness I wasn't exactly scared, but confused as to who it was and why they were just staring at me. I became unsettled because I realized I had no idea who it was and they had an uncharacteristically long, pale-white nose. I then put my head under the covers and I don't remember anything after that of that night.

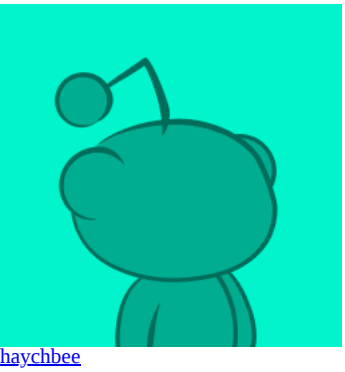
Anyways, throughout our time living at this house for the next three years or so, our family had each individually experienced the feeling of being watched, and then hearing a deep wheeze-like breathing.

I had experienced it while playing video games on my computer one night. I felt like something was nearby, I could just feel a presence.. it was very odd. I started looking around and then heard the breathing. I ran to my Mother's room and told her, and slept in there that night.

She also experienced this, while I was sleeping one night. She was working from home, late at night, and she too felt something near her and then heard deep wheezing. I woke up to the loud noises of my mother running down our hallway as fast as she could toward my sleeping dad.

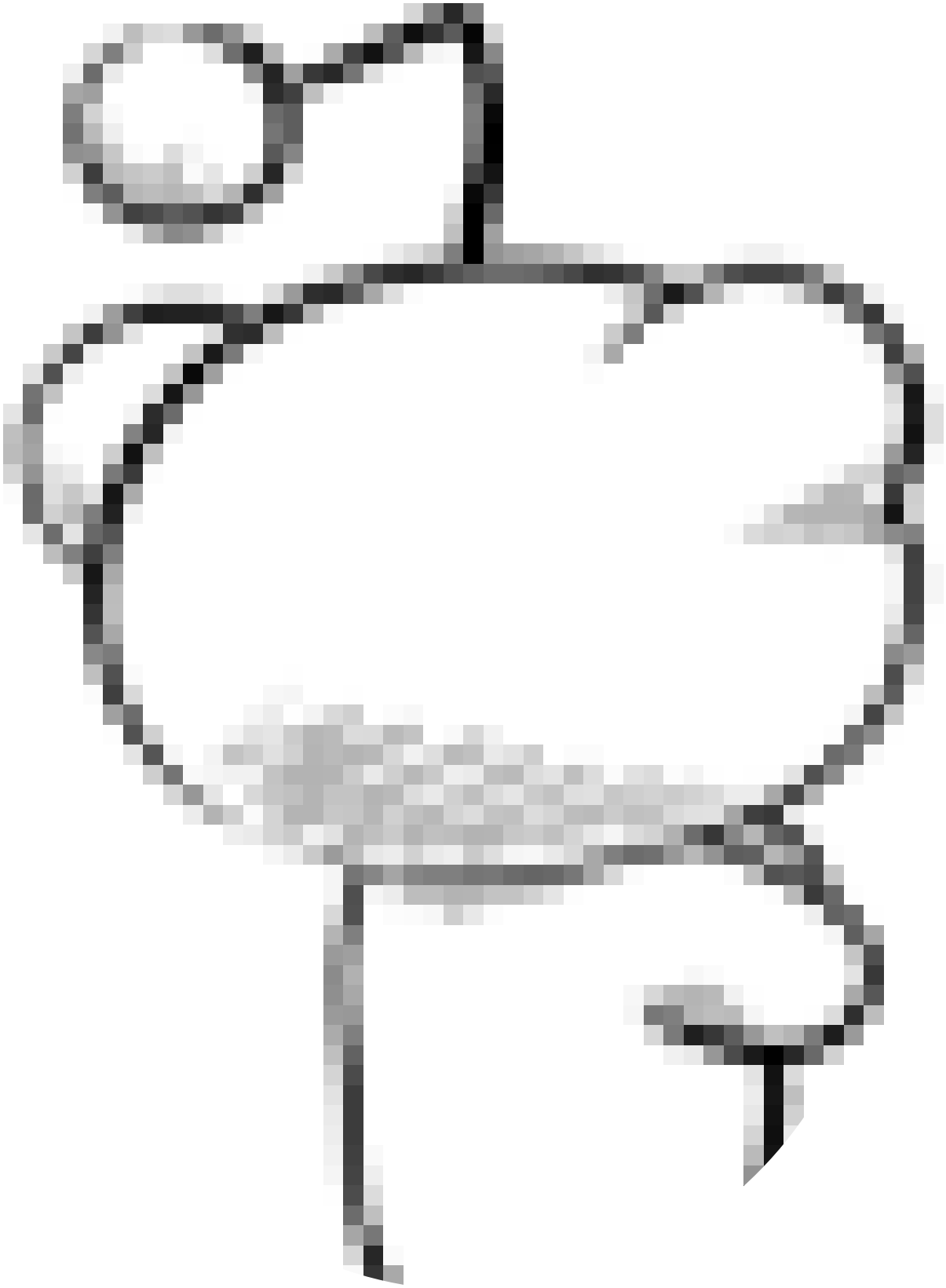
My father even experienced it, he said when he went out for a smoke in the garage one night he felt very uneasy. When he walked back in the house, he said he heard a very loud wheeze-like breathing behind him. He told me he was quite nervous to smoke in the garage at night after that.

Not massively scary, and nothing bad ever happened to me or my family, but definitely a strange experience.



haychbee
• 13y ago

The transcripts of the audiotape David Parker Ray would play to his kidnapped victims: LINK



sonic4031
• 13y ago

Also from Fark: I had to call a client regarding some followup. When I dialed her number, it would ring once normally, then again in a different tone. Then a sort of click would signify that the call had been picked up. But nobody was there. I said "hello? hello?" a couple times, but got nothing. I tried again, and still nothing. But it was weird because it was like *something* was on the other end of the line.

So, I waited quietly, listening and it became apparent that there were other noises on the other end. Distant, echoey sounds that seemed like people in a kitchen. (I say that because you could almost make out the clatter of china and silverware.) There were maybe voices and footsteps, but it all sounded as if the phone was off the hook in an unfinished basement, and there was a dinner on the floor above.

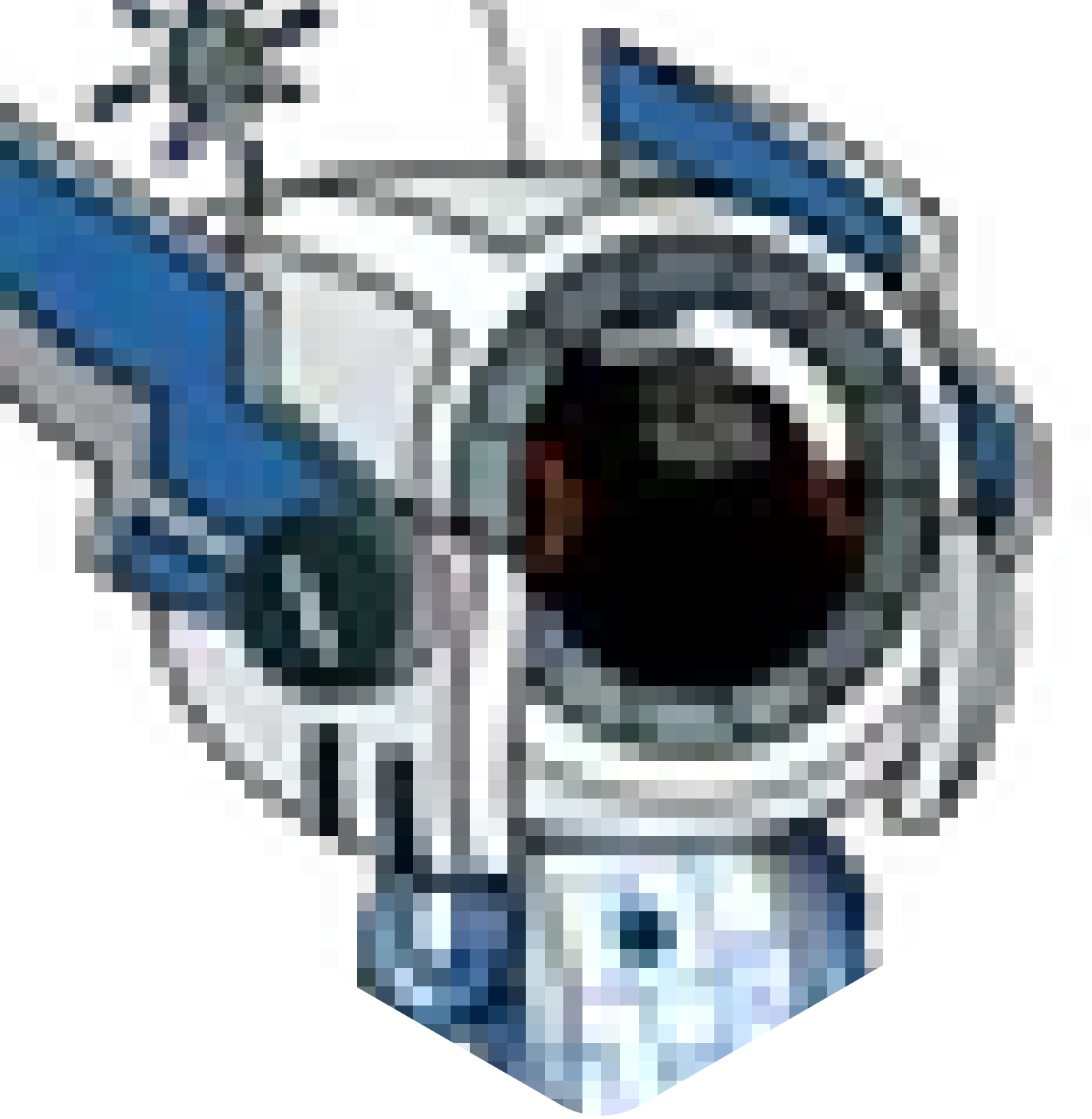
After a couple minutes I hung up and told my coworkers about it. They tried the number again and got the same results. Throughout the day, people were trying the number and getting a little freaked out.

The last time I tried it, I swear, I heard a muffled whimper, souning much "closer" to the phone. I hung up immediately out of terror.

The next day the number was disconnected. And the next time we saw the client, we told her the spooky story regarding the phone number we had for her. She said, rather seriously "Don't use that number." By the way she said it, we didn't ask any further questions...

wtbnewsoul
• 13y ago

My twin having a seizure.



IQBoosterShot
• 13y ago

Back in the mid 70s we would ride around Tampa looking for "spooky" spots, just to see how much we could scare each other. So David, the oldest one of us (and the one driving), took us to a cemetery near downtown Tampa. At first I thought it was no big deal; hell, it was surrounded by city streets and the police station was a block away. A path cut diagonally through the cemetery and we took it. A mist hung in the air. We stopped roughly in the middle and looked around. Movement off to our right caught our attention; something rose from the ground and started walking. We froze in place. Whoever it was walked into a patch of darkness and disappeared.

At this point we were pretty tightly wound, but still not really scared. David pointed to a small mausoleum. Its door was ajar. He dared one of us to pull it open. We walked closer to take a look when the door swung open and someone started to climb out.

My heart leapt up in my chest as someone let out a holler and we all ran like hell. I didn't even take time to look back. We climbed in the car and yelled at David to get us out of there.

Later we found out that the homeless would often sleep in the cemetery and would also climb into "abandoned" mausoleums to sleep. Even though it wasn't the dead rising, it's still creepy to think about those guys sleeping in mausoleums.

zebra_stripe
• 13y ago

Every night for about a year I would hear somebody/something walking next to my bed and around my room. I would just lay there and not move and just try to go to sleep as fast as I could. It happened every night without fail. One day, I was home alone and I was getting ready in my bathroom and I heard my kitchen cabinet slam close. It was way too hard to accidentally be closed and no windows were open. Scared the crap out of me. It continued to happen so I decided to set up a video camera and record while I was sleeping. I didn't catch much, but a faint, painful scream and the sound of someone touching and tapping on the camera. I brought the camera to work after viewing it to show my co-workers what I was talking about. I set down the camera on a desk, far from the edge, and plugged it in. When I turned around to pick the camera up to show them, something flung the camera off the desk and all the footage was lost. Needless to say, he didn't want to be known. Eventually I stopped hearing the ghost and moved. I still can't believe how I slept at night.

Reply Share

Cat_Overlord_Omega
• 13y ago

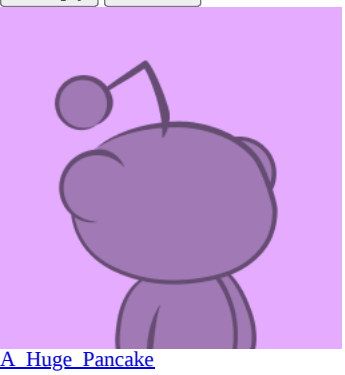
I must have been around 7-8. I had a nightmare (a recurring one from childhood) where I was being chased by a wolf. I don't know where this idea came from but it used to scare the crap out of me. Anyway I woke up sweating and panting. My bed used to have one side against the wall, the other facing out into my room and when I woke up I saw a figure standing over me. It was my mom and in a very calm and soothing voice asked "I heard you up. Did you have a bad dream?" to which I replied yes and I was sorry for waking her up. I reached out to hug her and felt something cold and flat meet my hands. It was at this moment I realized that the figure was my shadow and I had been facing the wall the entire time. No one was in my room and my mom was fast asleep. Needless to say I didn't get much sleep that week.

Reply Share

freethnkr
• 13y ago

http://www.bestgore.com/beheading/man-fingers-cut-off-beheading-narcos-mexico/

Reply Share

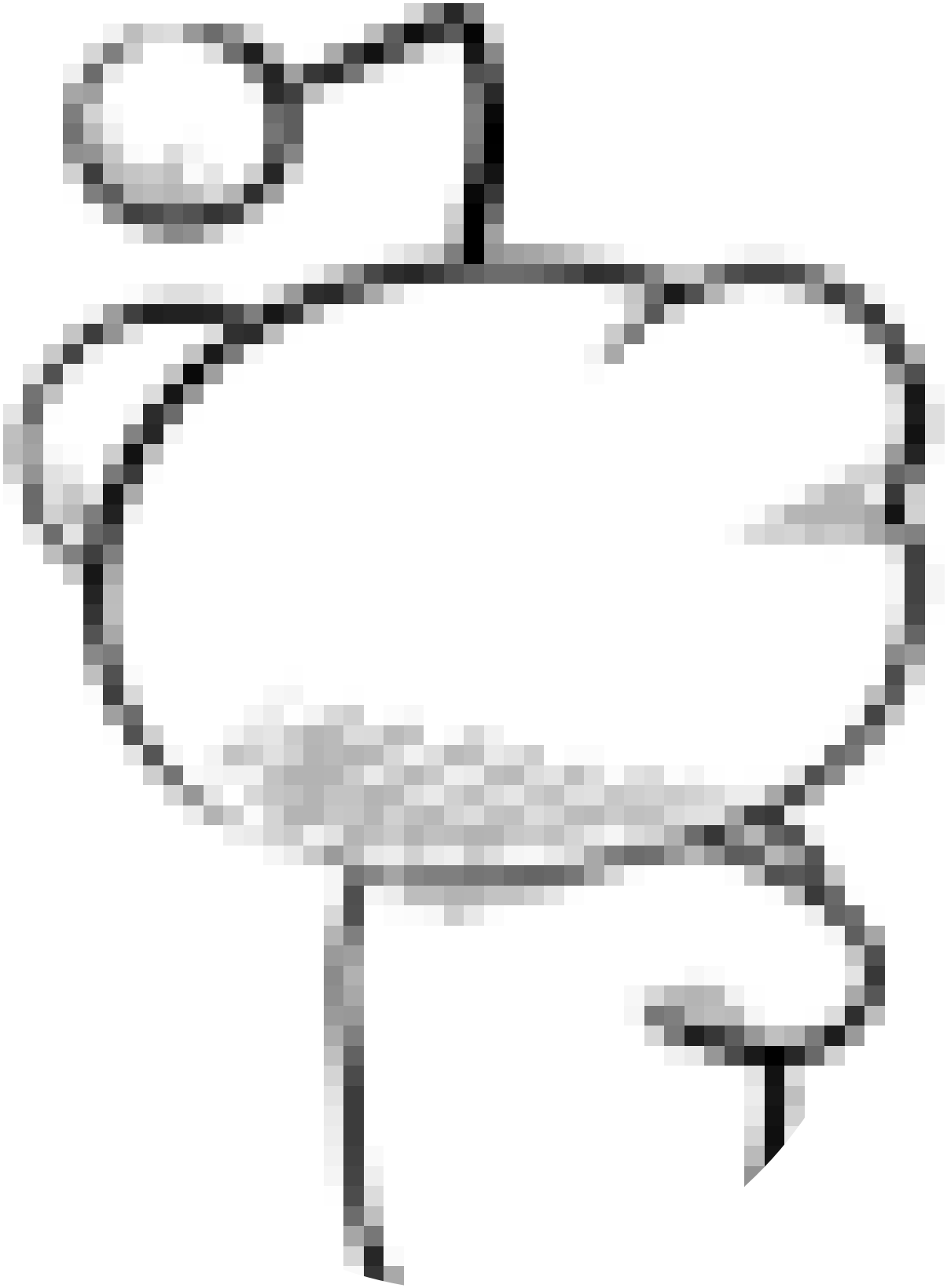


A_Huge_Pancake
• 13y ago

This isn't really as severe as the other stories here but it scared the mighty shit outta' me.

One average night, I was thirsty so I decided to grab the bottle that was in the top draw out of my draws beside my bed. I finished drinking and went to close the draw again and I thought I stuck my hand *through* the draw. **The fuck?!** It was closed. I had no recollection of closing that draw in the 10 second gap it was open for. It didn't take much but I was totally freaked out that entire night and the following morning.

Reply Share



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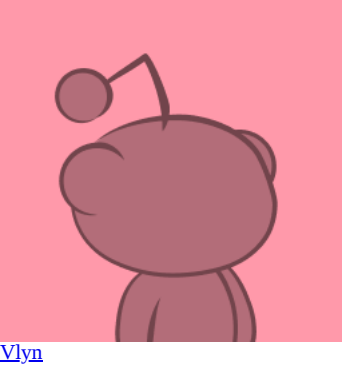

Vlyn
• 13y ago

I think I forgot a lot of stuff, a bit of a shock was on a school trip though:

First floor on a balcony drinking and playing cards. Another (idiot) schoolfriend managed to go straight over the railing and lands one story down on the dirt floor. He didn't hurt himself (too badly) but that really was a: Oh shit! moment.

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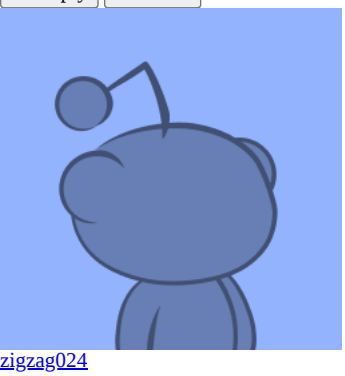

zigzag024
• 13y ago

this is more funny than scary: i was staying late at my school, and people are leaving and coming in as they please (review session) and i happen to be staring out the open door and i see the janitor pass with a very scared facial expression. I didn't think much of it until seconds later one of the students enters the room wearing this creepy white mask. I laughed realizing that the janitor probably thought that this kid was gonna murder him.

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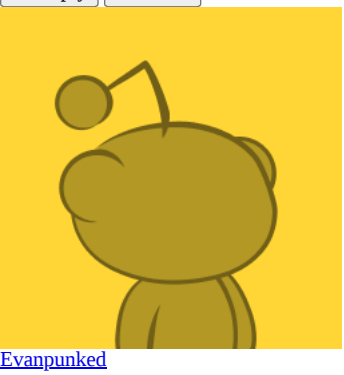

Evanpunked
• 13y ago

I would say the creepiest thing I've ever experienced was probably about 5 years ago, when I was still in high school. So one day over the summer, I was in my room taking a nap. I think I had came back from a swim meet or something, cause I was exhausted. Anyway, not really sure how long I was asleep for, but when I woke up, I realized I could not move a muscle.

Ok, wasn't the scariest thing to happen in my life, but whatever. The thing that happened next creeped me out like nothing else. I thought I heard someone whisper my name into my ear. Said it a few times too, getting louder each time. Remember, I couldn't move worth a damn at this point. After what seemed like several minutes, and great effort to move anything, I was suddenly able to get up and look around. No one else in the room.

I'm pretty sure my parents and siblings were either out, or busy. I later learned about sleep paralysis, and figured my experience was just a living dream. Still, scariest thing I've experienced.

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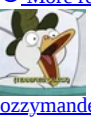

ozzymandez
• 13y ago

This was just eerie. Walking home from a late shift at work one night, I decided to take the quicker route to the bus-station via a street that lead pretty much directly to it. So I walk down and it's dark and there's no one out. There are no cars driving up and down the road and the lights in the houses are all on. But here's the kicker.

I walk past this pram. It's completely empty. It's just there. I can speculate the circumstances and it was probably something completely innocent but I don't know whether it was the quietness of the street or what, but that just really creeped me out.

Bit tame compared to some of the others, but it just...stayed with me.

Reply Share

gabrielbatistuta
• 13y ago

The scariest/creepiest thing I have seen/heard is any noise/movement currently happening in my flat after reading this thread. :-(

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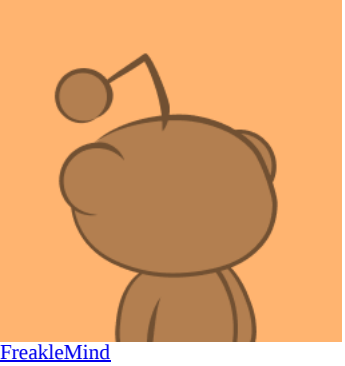

FreakleMind
• 13y ago

I once went for a romantic movie with my girlfriend. Was halfway of the movie and was thoroughly enjoying it. Suddenly i heard a very creepy shrill sound. it wasnt from the movie. I asked my girlfriend if she heard it too. She din't.I got myself back into the movie.Again i heard the sound and this time differently creepy.And then it kept on coming.I followed and found its coming from the other side of my seat.She was and old lady was farting i don't know for what sake.Trust me the experience is creepiest of all.

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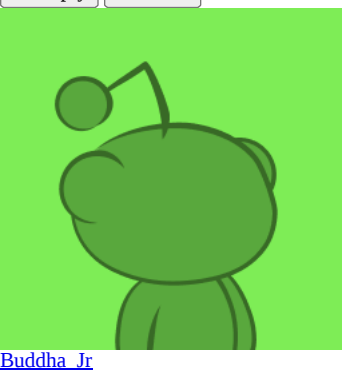
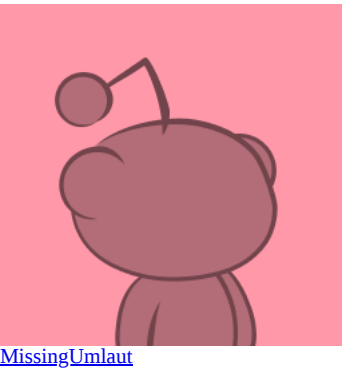


Buddha_Jr
• 13y ago

I've been having this reoccurring dream for a few years now. I'm outside in the late afternoon at a restaurant or cafe watching people and eating/drinking. I am usually with someone too. I take a sip of coffee and look up and see the Moon. The Moon is dark and you can see it's craters. I am being talked to, but I just keep staring at the Moon and it's getting larger and larger. Everyone around us starts panicking, but we remain still. People are running and screaming all around me. The moon is crashing into Earth and I can't look away. Soon the Sun gets blocked out and that's usually when I wake up at 4am sweating.



MissingUmlaut
• 13y ago

I grew up in St. Petersburg, FL. When I was a kid, a tanker hit one span of the two-span Sunshine Skyway bridge that links Pinellas and Manatee counties. The bridge was maybe 7-8 miles long total, and the tanker knocked out the "high" part of the south-bound span, where the roadway was a few hundred feet above the water. The two spans were exactly parallel, and were 100 ft or so apart.

They eventually built a new bridge, but for many years the one remaining span was used for both north- and south-bound traffic. As you crossed the undamaged span and got to the highest part, you could look over 100 ft to the side and see the mangled end of the broken span, with chunks of crumbling roadway and steel supports just sticking out over the water.

Of course the state had the upper part of the damaged span fenced off, but they did allow you to go fishing from the "flat" parts of the bridge closer to the coast on either side. The fence was really high and topped with barbed wire to prevent people from getting up there.

The creepiest thing I ever saw happened one time when I was driving south (placing me closest to the damaged span). I looked over at the damaged span, and I saw a woman inside the restricted area walking toward the end of the bridge. She was wearing some kind of nightgown and I think she had bare feet.

Of course going 60 mph I only saw her for a few seconds. I was probably 17 or 18 at the time, but that sight and the look on her face has haunted me ever since. I am convinced she was either going to commit suicide, or she was the ghost of someone who did commit suicide by jumping from that bridge.

mustachemystery
• 13y ago

Had a dog rip the heads off my pet geese they were both standing with no heads just the bottom bill. It keeps me awake at night

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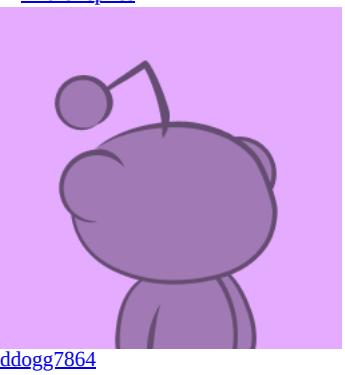


ddogg7864
• 13y ago

I have two.

When I was in middle school, maybe 13 or 14yo, I was really into knives. I had made some silhouette targets out of plywood and would practice all the time throwing and sticking knives in them. I also would keep one or my knives on the night stand next to my bed because my room had a door that connected to the garage of our house and I was always kinda scared by that. So, one night I wake up from a dream that a dude had come through the door from the garage into my room and was coming at me. In my dream I had thrown my knife at him and he had run off. I was so scared when I had awoken that I ran upstairs to my parents room and woke them up. When we walked back down to my room, my knife was sticking in the wall next to the door.

Number 2:

My wife and I live in a house on a 1 mile dead end street that runs through the forest. All of the houses on our street are on 2 - 5 acre lots and most are still fully wooded. We cannot even see any of our neighbors houses from our house. One night about 2am my wife wakes me up because she hears a strange noise. I can immediately hear what is the most upsetting shrieking, blood curdling cry I have ever heard in my life. It was not like any sound I have ever heard. I hike and hunt alot and have heard just about every animal sound imaginable. But this is different. We stood on our porch listening for about 5 minutes and it never stops or even lets up. My actual thought was that this could be a bigfoot or something. Finally I tell my wife that I am going to walk up the street in the direction that it is coming from and investigate. I walk about 100 yards down the street and round a corner and there are about 5 police cars and an ambulance. The police tell me that there is a party in the woods and someone called 911 and shat that a person had been shot. Since it is dark and very dense woods, the police had announced on a loud speaker for everyone to walk out of the woods to them. When the people came out, they said that the shooter was a drunk women and that she was still down there. So the police had sent a dog after here and it had her cornered and that she was the shrieking sound that was still going on.

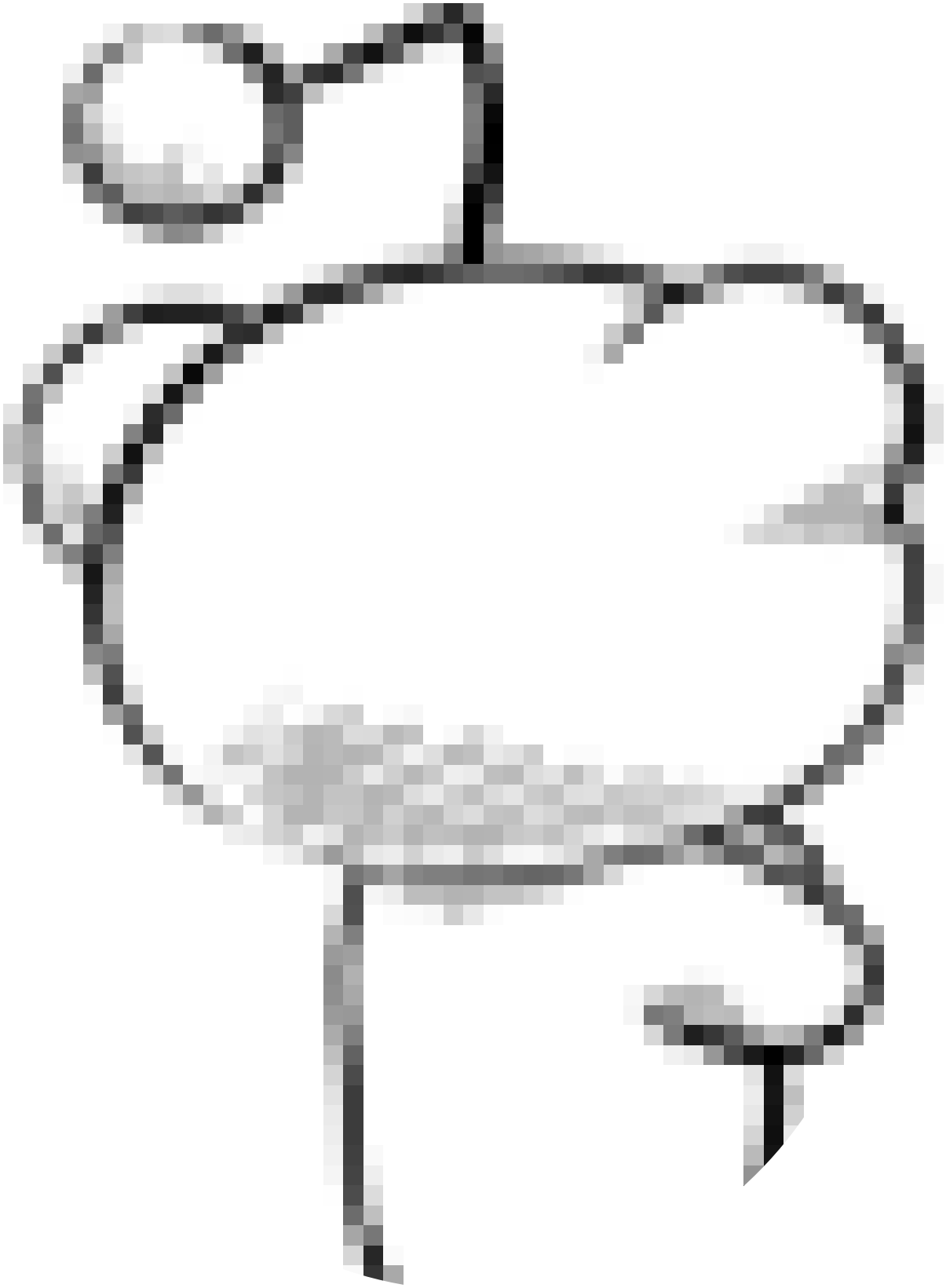
TL;DR Had a dream that may have been real and a women can make very eerie noises when attacked by a police dog in the dark woods.

Reply Share

the_blibinator
• 13y ago

Quite old, but I find it unsettling to say the least.

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

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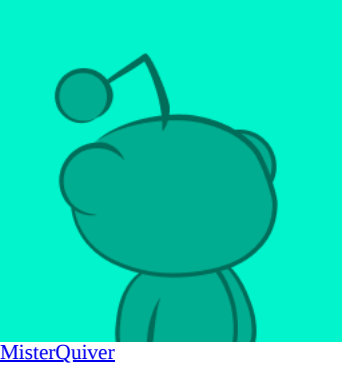


MisterQuiver
• 13y ago

My roommate told me this when I got home one night. Him and his girlfriend were downstairs watching TV. His room is upstairs as well as another roommates. From the other roommates room, they heard his computer turn on and start playing a fast forwarded ad. They went upstairs and were confused so they closed the browser. It was like youtube or something. As they began walking down the stairs, they said they heard like quick footsteps run past them on the stairs. As they were questioning the whole thing, they went back to the couch and as soon as they sat down, the same ad started right up again. Our house does things like this frequently, which is why we no longer will be living there next year.

Reply Share

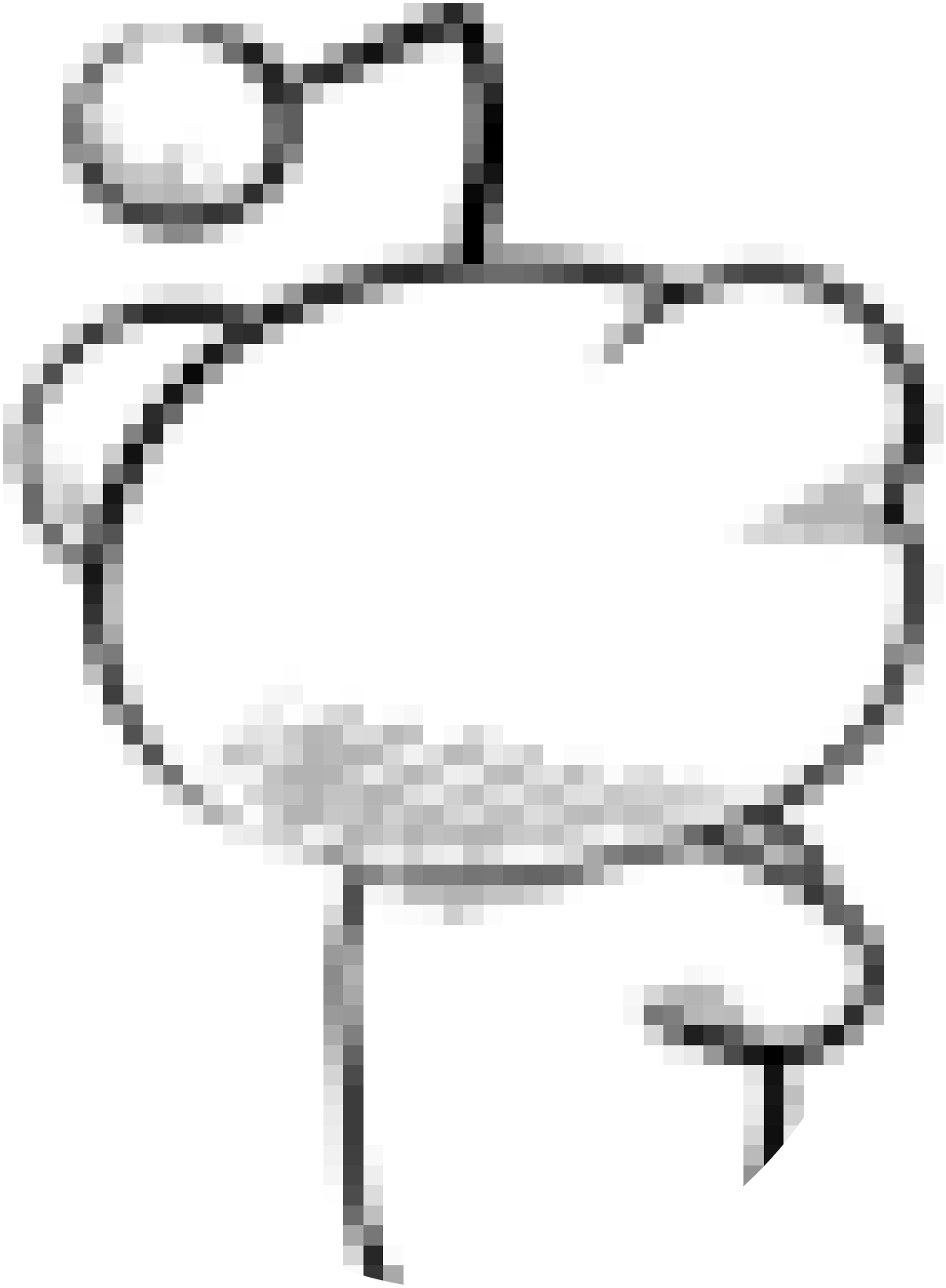
Endulos
• 13y ago

Saw a Hell Hound.

I've typed this out so many times so heres a tl;dr

came out of room at 3 am. looked down hall. saw black mass in shallow light from bathroom nightlight. its breathing. scared to death. move for the light. second before light comes on see a flash of red eyes. hit light. nothing there. stay in room until morning.

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

I hope I'm not too late but... I was sitting home alone one night and all of a sudden I hear something run up the stairs to my room. My dog was with me and it was too loud to be anything else but then it stops about halfway through and I hear this voice start breathing really heavily and it just breathes for 5 minutes and then gone. I would rather not experience that again. Ever.

Reply Share

Fish_daddy
• 13y ago

The scariest thing I've ever seen happened when I was about 14 years old. My family was at our cottage for the weekend and my sister and I were the only kids there. Usually later at night on family vacations all the adults get pretty wasted and so my sister and I usually go into another room away from them. Well it was late at night and everyone but us and my grandma were asleep. I heard her going upstairs to bed so I went out and said goodnight to her. Instead of saying anything back to me she just turned and stared at me with a blank face. I have never seen anyone show no emotion like that before. Well I thought maybe she just didn't hear me so I went to back into my room and didn't think too much of it. A couple seconds later though I hear this loud thud. I thought maybe my sister dropped her laptop in the kitchen so I didn't do anything. All of a sudden though I hear my sister yell "Grandma?!" And I rushed out my room. My grandma had fallen down the stairs and was lying there unconscious. She started wheezing and foaming at the mouth. My sister and I were just screaming and we didn't know what to do. Our screams woke up my grandpa who came downstairs and was just in shock. He wouldn't let me call 911 but I ran out and grabbed the phone and dialed anyway. While on the phone with the 911 operator, I soon realized that I didn't know the address of our cottage. I tried asking the rest of the family but they were too drunk to say anything that made sense. We ha to run up the street and figure out the street name and look outside the house to figure everything out. Luckily by the time the paramedics came my grandma had come to. But I'll never forget how hopeless and terrified I felt that night.

Reply Share

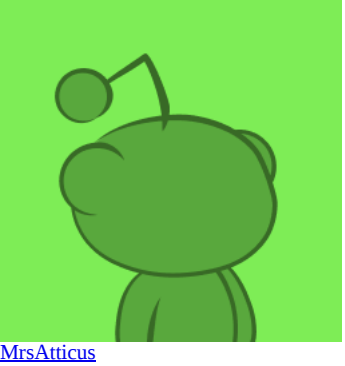
elsquire
• 13y ago

I'm not much of a story teller and I'm here late, but here it goes.

It was 2004 or 2003 and my best friend whom I had formed a band at the time started going out with this girl I had introduced to him. He was pretty hung up on her (still is, they got married) so one day they invited me and my then wife with my 5 year old daughter to her house for dinner and to meet her family.

So we go and hang out and had dinner and all, when my kid started getting bored and nagging us to go home, so my friend's GF tells her if she wants to play with her dolls in her room, to what my daughter gladly says yes. We spent the whole afternoon having a good time and chatting, getting to know everyone, when my daughter comes in with this one particular doll in her hand; nothing out of the ordinary, just a normal rag doll. It did look a little bit up, but it had nothing else to be noticed. She was having so much fun and seemed to like the doll very much, she even told us her name. My friend's GF said that it was funny, that she had named the doll when she was little but could not remember why and while she was telling us this story, she told my daughter that if she liked the doll so much, that she could have it. It made her day, 'cause she looked so happy about taking the doll home. It was at this time that we decided to make it a day and started saying our goodbyes, when my daughter stepped outside for what might have been at the most 5 minutes. As we started walking out into the porch comes my daughter with this look on her face that I'll never forget and do not wish other parents to ever see in their kids' faces, and without saying a word gave the doll back to her owner. My friend's GF asked her if she didn't want it, to what my kid just nodded and got in the car. The girl said that it was funny that she had been trying to get rid of the doll for a while and for some reason, the doll always came back to her.

I was so creeped out, that I did not say anything to my daughter for refusing a gift from someone. Needless to say that she slept in our bed that night.



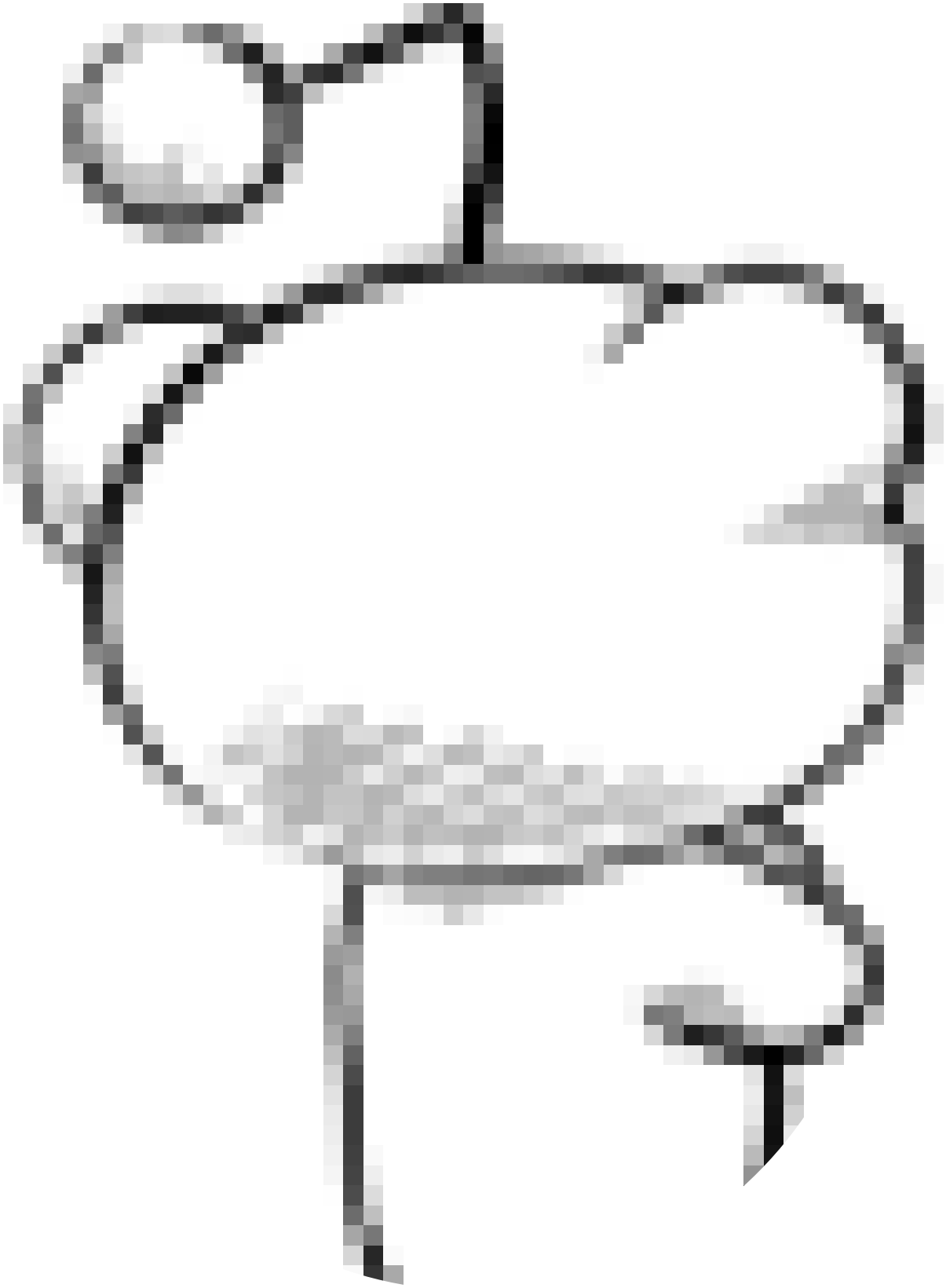
MrsAtticus
• 13y ago

I used to have this goofy plastic ice cream scoop shaped like a silly man in a white hat. When you waved it (and you had to wave it aggressively for it to work), it sang, "ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM! Ding-a-ling-a-ling!" It was loud and hilarious, and I brought it out about once a year when I had people over for ice cream. When not in use, I kept it in a remote basket on a shelf in the laundry room. After a few years, I woke up around 3am to "ICE CREAM!" I knew what it was immediately, but the terrifying part is that you have to basically wave the stupid thing in circles for it to sing. I went to the basket and found it undisturbed, and so I moved it to a drawer in the kitchen. The next night at 3am, and every night following that one, I woke up to the sound of that goofy ICE CREAM song until I was freaked out enough to give it to my friend - he, however, reports no bizarre ICE CREAM activity although he has had it for several years now.

TLDR; I had an ice cream demon in my house.

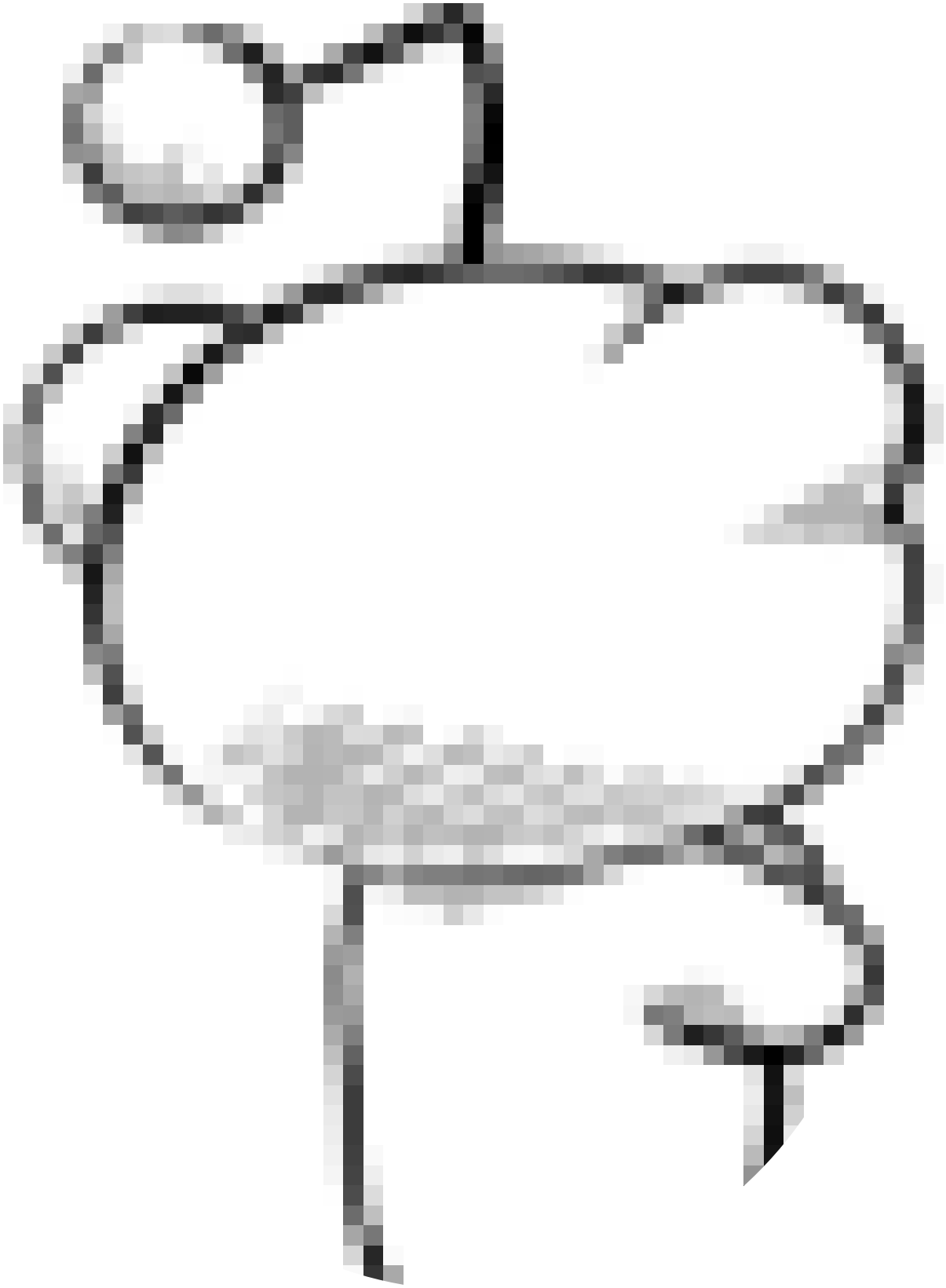
CkSned
• 13y ago

Well I feel fairly lucky in comparison to you guys. The worst ive had is my TV turning on by itself in the middle of the night. It happened 3 nights in a row at around 1:30am each time. No idea why, its not like I rolled onto the remote or anything in bed seeing as it sits below my TV close to the other side of the room.



awesomereece123
• 13y ago

Walking home at 4AM in the morning, I cut through some woods as a short-cut and saw a man with a lamp, shovel and a big black bag digging a hole. I thought it had to be a body, but to this day I can never be 100% sure. I never told anyone about it and I never went through that forest alone again.



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• 13y ago

Weirdest thing that ever happened to me was with a friend who also remembers it, which is good because otherwise I would have thought I imagined it.

Around the 7th grade I had a sleepover at my house with 5 or so of my friends. My basement is set up in the following way: all the couches (sleeping area) face the main TV and the "gaming" TV and Computer are behind the couches. The gaming TV had one purpose so it wasn't hooked up to cable and it didn't have a remote. I had two couches in my basement and I was on the biggest one (naturally).

We all went to bed around 1am and around 3am I woke up wide-eyed. I was completely awake, like I had gotten a full nights rest. Because something felt "off" I slowly sat up on my couch, and as I did I noticed my friend on the other couch slowly rose up as well. We didn't say a word to each other but we both knew something strange was happening. We stared at each other in silence for about 15 seconds (which is longer than it seems) and then all of the sudden the gaming TV behind us turned on.

Static.

We both just sat there staring at the TV, more confused than scared, for a solid minute. Finally I got up and turned off the TV and without looking at my friend went right back to bed, though I hardly slept a wink.

I believe in ghosts the same way RZA does: "if there weren't any humans, there wouldn't be any ghosts to be scared of." I saw many "ghosts" as a child (civil war vet, people talking through pictures etc) but have now realized all those supernatural events were my own doing. I would think "wouldn't it be scary if ____ happened" and then of course it would happen. Similar to a

Schizophrenic perhaps? Not sure, kids are weird.

But anyways, all I know is that I cannot explain this event because I shared it with someone else who concretely remembers every event that I do, and that may be the most creepiest part of it all.

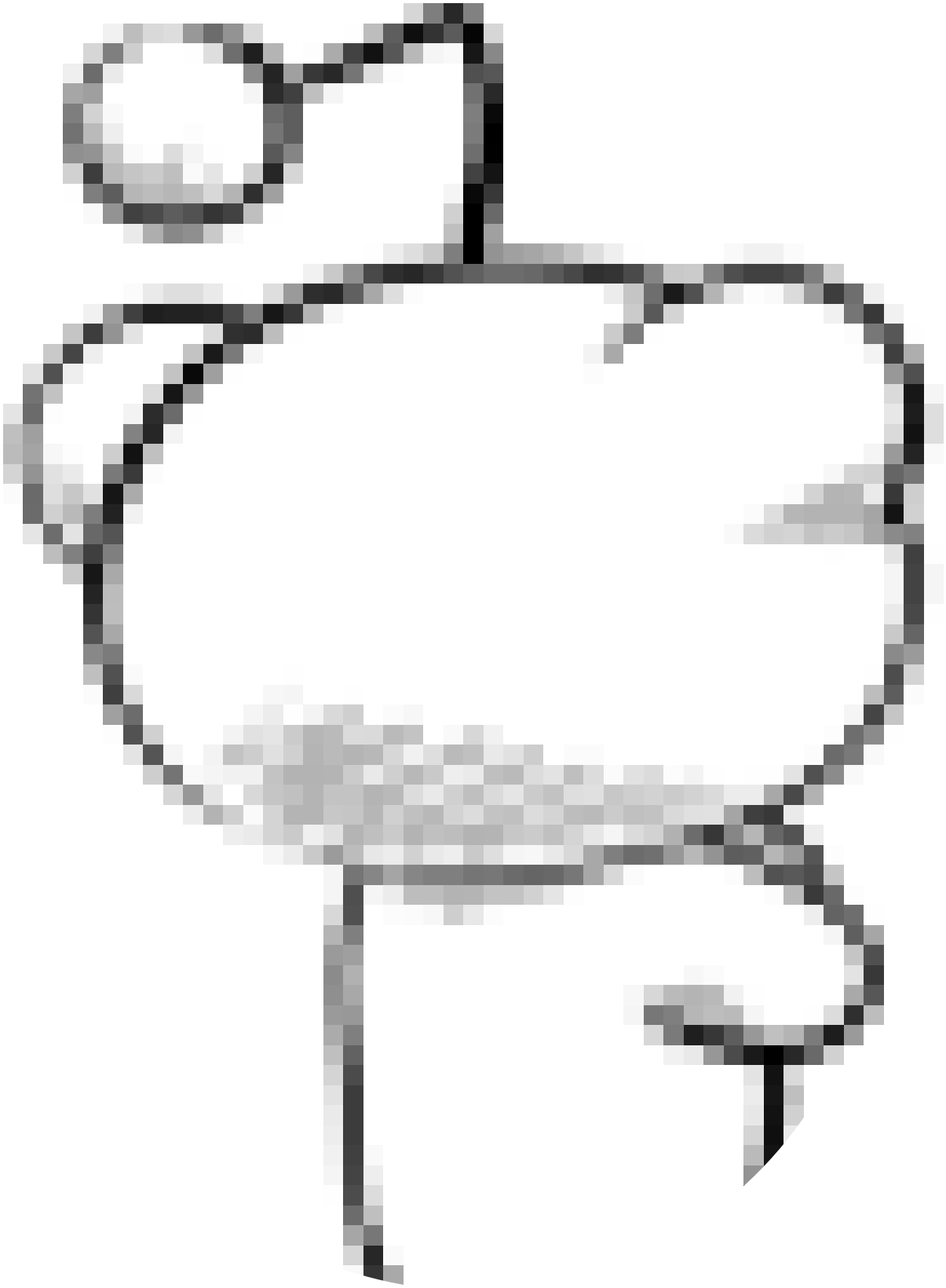
TL;DR Friend and I wake up at exact same time, stared at each other very confused, TV in back turns on by itself to static

TailwindsFoxy
• 13y ago

I know this will get buried but the scariest sound I've ever heard was this eerie bellowing that sounded almost mournful. I lived on a river at the time that was banked by very steep cliffs so the sound echoed off of the banks and amplified the horrific sound. Later I found out it was a truck that was spraying for mosquitoes by the river. It just happened to make this awful sound. But the scariest thing that happened to me of all time was when I was in middle school I got up early, about 5:30am when it was still dark out to get ready for school. My clothes were all in the laundry room in the basement. Mind you, I was still in the house previously mentioned which happens to be old as fuck. like built in the 1930s so the basement is really creepy. I turned the corner from the kitchen to go down the basement stairs. When I flipped the light on I saw a man, clear as day, standing at the bottom of the stairs. He looked old and all the colors were faded from him. He turned and faced me. We made eye contact. Then, this is the part that scarred me for life, he slowly turned toward the back of the basement and darted in a blur so fast I hardly could comprehend what had happened. Then he slowly turned again and darted once more then disappeared. Hands down the freakiest thing ever that I have seen.

nothanksihadaburrito
• 13y ago

3 nights ago I was taking the dogs outside around 8:30pm. I saw a cluster of 20 or 30 lights. I thought maybe they were fireworks, but they didn't fall and there was no noise. After trying to capture it on my cell phone they went into a line or a "J" shape, then it was gone. Freaked me out.



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• 13y ago

During university I lived with couple of roommates in an old house, it was cheaper than new apartments and we liked its garden. once we moved in many of our neighbors told us about the funny stuff going around the house and how it is haunted. but we didn't take any of what they say seriously. On the weekends most of us go back to our parent's houses and usually one or two stay at the house.

One weekend I stayed alone, and in the evening I went to a friend's place to spend sometime, I got back fairly late (around 1pm) and while walking towards the house I noticed the light on the porch is on. I'm not the kind of guy who "forgets" to turn off the light. but I thought I did, couple of steps towards the house the light went off. at that point I got skeptical. I reached the house no one in there. the door is looked and the light switch is inside so there is no way someone turn it on and off. When my roommates got back I mentioned it to them, and almost each one of them had his story. most of them were about a small lamb in the middle of the house turning on and off in the middle of the night.

A month or two later we moved out, some of my friends moved in replacing us. in less than a month they all fled the house. one of them broke his leg in the house. and many sow the light thing.

I've never heard about that house after that and I never wanted to ask in the first place.

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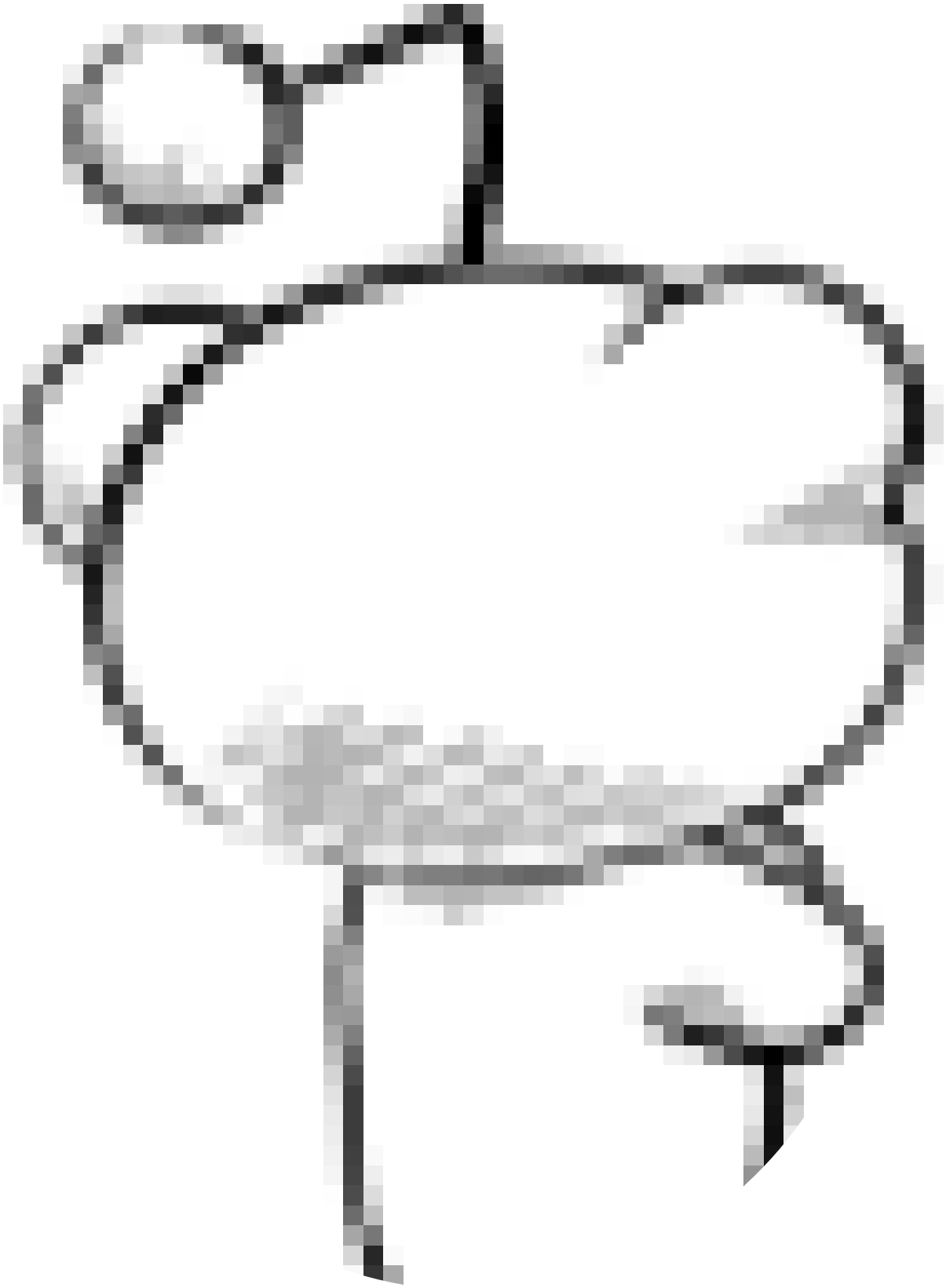

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• 13y ago

This is a bit late, but it's good.

I was camping with my friend and I couldn't sleep. Around 2 in the morning, I see a light and hear footsteps. I see this guy who came from another campsite. He walks over to our tent and just stops in front of it with a flashlight pointed at us. I'm thinking that maybe this is a camp inspector just lookin around the site, but he doesn't leave. He's not moving and he's just starin at us. I'm pretending to be asleep, but I still saw him. He stood there for a good twenty minutes before going back to his tent and turning off the light. It kinda freaked me out a little.

I_AM_L3G3ND
• 13y ago

I once had some sort of nightmare that woke me up, and when I sat up in bed, I saw the fuzzy outlines of hundreds of faces staring back at me in the pitch black. They went away after a second or two, but it freaked me out so much that I had to physically get up, run across my room, and turn the lights on to get the image out of my head. This has happened to me twice in the past 5 months.

1 more reply
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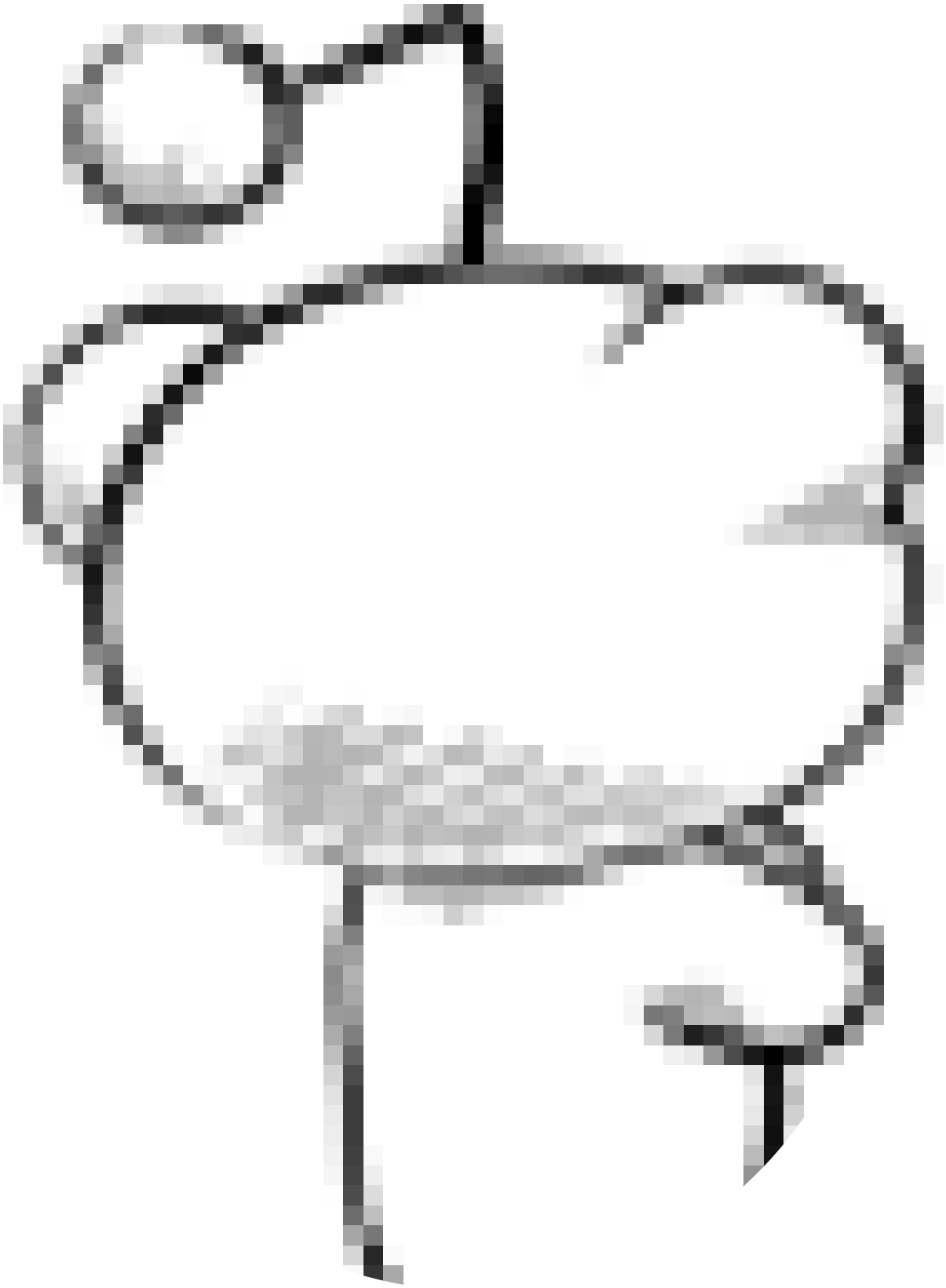
More replies



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• 13y ago

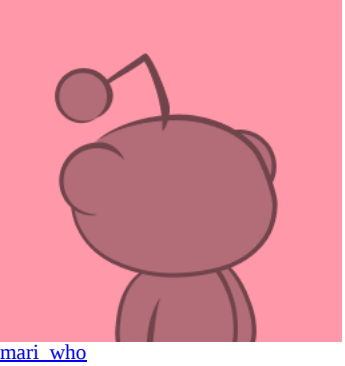
I went to a very small elementary school that was housed in a semi-cloistered convent. The operation was 1/3 school and 2/3 an old age home for an ever decreasing population of elderly nuns. Girls would enter the convent as teenagers and live their entire lives without ever leaving the grounds. In the early days, they couldn't even talk to family members unless it was through a screen.

One day we weren't allowed to play on one side of the playground, so naturally 9 year old me went to see why. One of the old nuns had passed away, and the priest and several nuns stood in silence over the coffin as they prepared to seal it inside a hole in the wall. There were no tears or signs of emotion whatsoever. They just silently walled her up. Even in death, nobody left the convent.

parcadecima
• 13y ago

A couple weeks ago I woke up in the middle of the night. I was awake, but with my eyes open I could not see clearly the bedroom, even with the lights from the street. I guess my eyes weren't really open, but it felt like it. I sleep alone, in a single's bed, but I felt like someone was hugging me from behind. The hug was very tight, and I felt a male's breathing on my ear. I couldn't move, I couldn't talk. I had to close and open my eyes repeatedly to really wake up and be able to move.

Fuck that.



mari_who
• 13y ago

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleep_paralysis

I get this occasionally and it suuuuucks.

1 more reply
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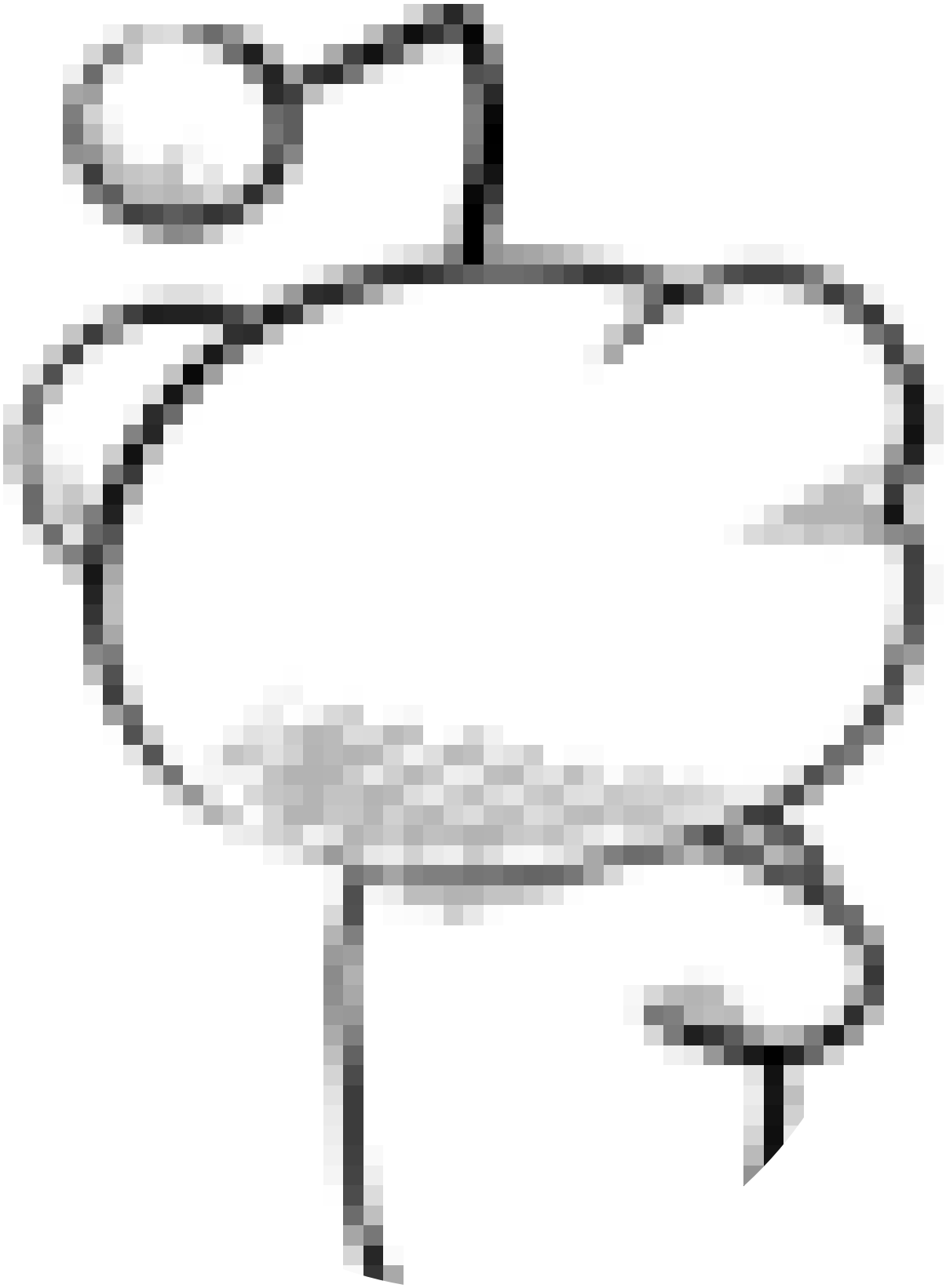
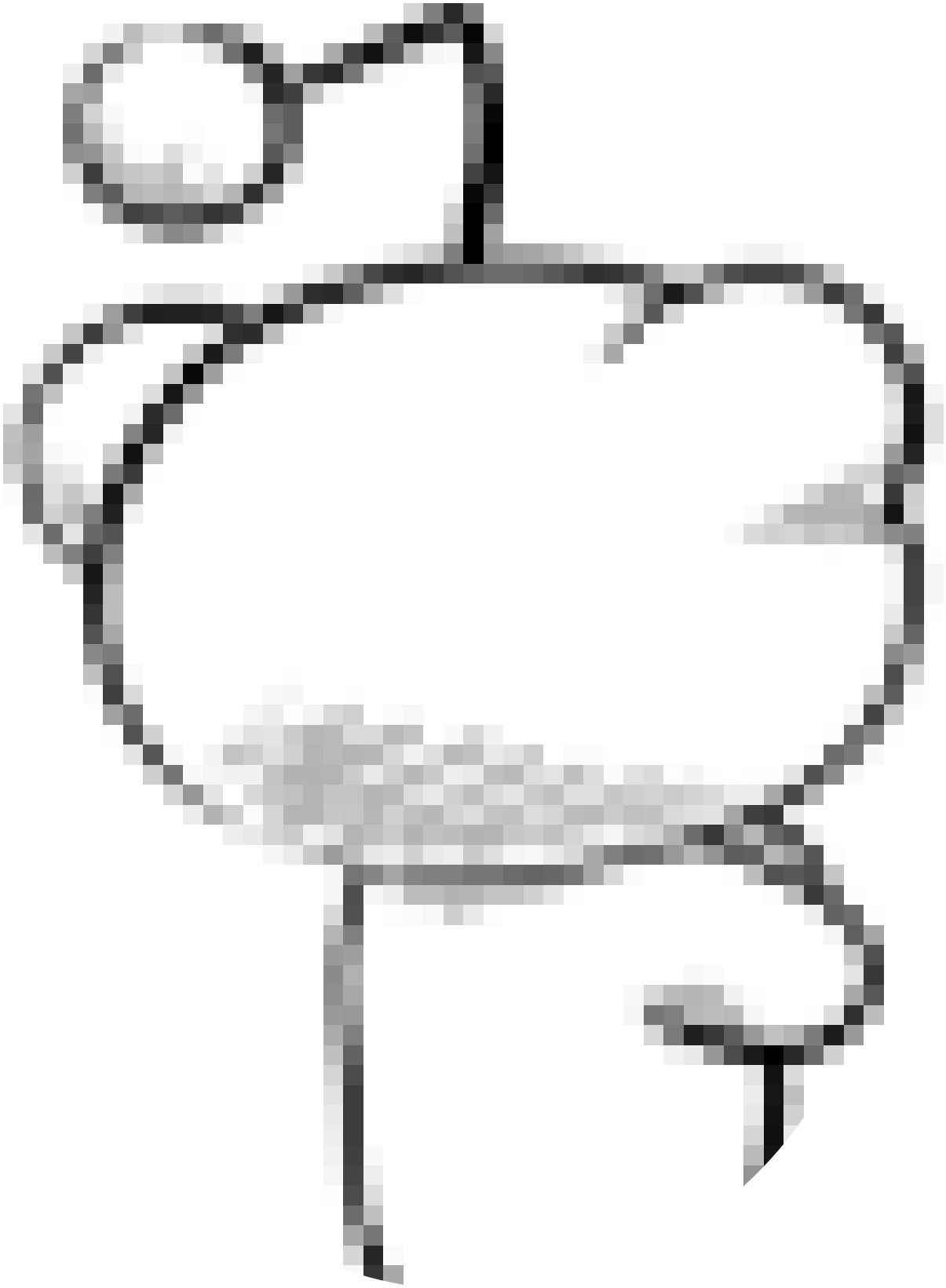
More replies More replies



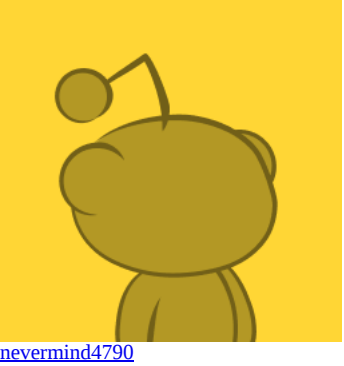
[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

It was a post on r/WTF it was about a couple who killed a man and ate him. It still freaks me out even though the last time I saw it was four months ago. Creepy as fuck. I found the photos, they are not for the faint of heart: http://imgur.com/a/RPgry



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I live in a house by a golf course, a normal little house. My family (mom, dad, myself) don't venture much towards our dining room or living room, since we only use those for special occasions. My aunt passed when I was about 6. One night I got up for no reason. Outside my door is a way to our second floor, but it's really like an apartment. The door was open. During this time it was always closed since I hadn't moved up there then. So I peek and look at the staircase and I see a tall woman, dressed entirely in black with a veil over her face. I'm standing there freaked out because she wasn't standing, she was floating. She floats up my steps and turns the corner and....was gone. She never did anything else but look at me...her face hidden behind her veil. Fast forward a couple of months and I woke up randomly again and my night light was out. I can't sleep without it so like any kid I got up to go to my parents room. I didn't make it. I was grabbed, thrown back into my bed and was forced there and couldn't move. I'm freaking out and screaming for my father but it's as if a hand was over my mouth and on my throat. My dad didn't hear me until he got up to go to the bathroom, and heard me sobbing and came in and asked me what was wrong. After that, I didn't sleep by myself for years. But since then I hear voices, and have nightmares about something, a demon, just hating me and trying to kill me. All my friends who have spent time over here longer than a day has a experienced some type of weird activity. I don't have nightmares anywhere else except home. It still goes on.



nevermind4790
• 13y ago

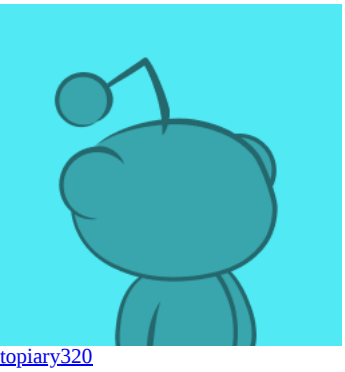
I probably have something better that I can't think of, but this one relates to current news.

Well, probably 8 months ago I had a dream that I remembered pretty vividly. I was released from a prison near a cliff that overhangs an ocean, due to a case of mistaken identity. I exit the building and enter into an abandoned warehouse. I leave without harm.

Next I end up outside again and it's just plain fields, but there's just nothing around. For some reason I thought I was in Oklahoma or Kansas. The only buildings I see are a 7-11 and a hotel across the street. The sky is permanently cloudly like in the "real world" outside of the Matrix, and there's a tornado off in the distance just chillin there.

After reports of the tornado in Oklahoma I remembered this dream and was like "oh fuck this is like my dream".

Also after reading some of your stories and while I was typing this I think I heard some voices from down the hall. *Thanks Reddit!* Oh great, my dog just jumped on my bed behind me out of nowhere and scared the shit out of me.

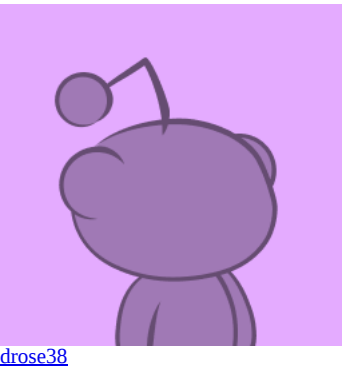


topiary320
• 13y ago

I was at this electronic music gig where the majority of people were inebriated off mdma, acid or the likes. So walking from one room to the other, I come across this girl sitting in the corner and she looked OUT OF HER MIND fucked up. Then this random dude wearing those gloves which have lights on the fingertips comes over and starts mesmerising her with them. It was like she was in some trance and wasn't even in this dimension, only the lights mattered. I dunno, must have been the situation but I was creeped out by that for the rest of the night

oorkaas
• 13y ago

That story about that secret hidden room in someones basement on r/nosleep creeped me the fuck out



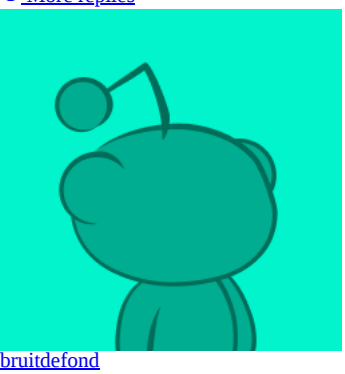
drose38
• 13y ago

I won't say anything, ill just let curiosity get the best of you. http://youtu.be/erh2ngRZxs0

2 more replies

2 more replies

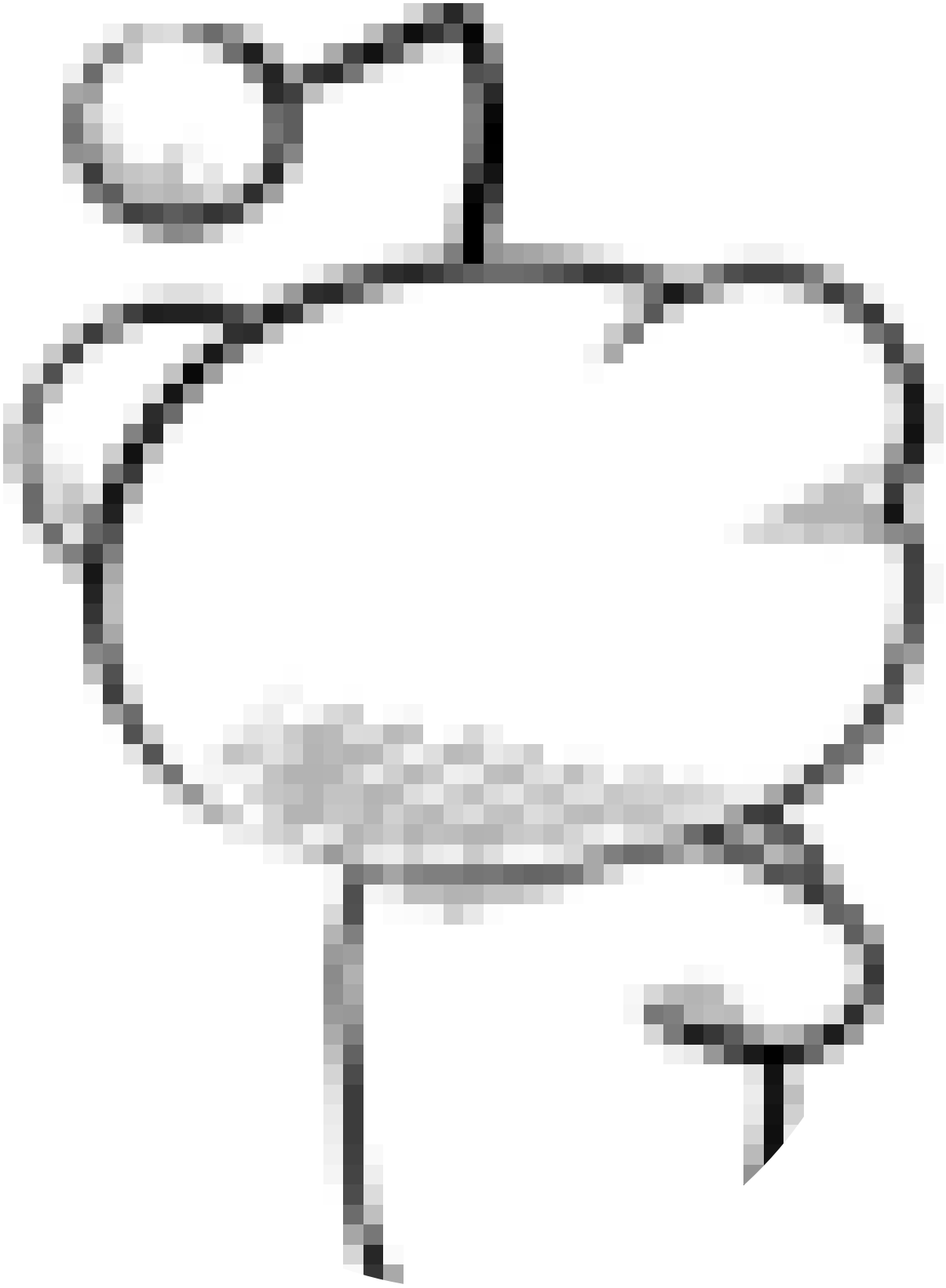
More replies



bruitdefond
• 13y ago

Elisa Lam. Later found dead in the hotel water tank.

http://youtu.be/Zq4LmWiDiC0

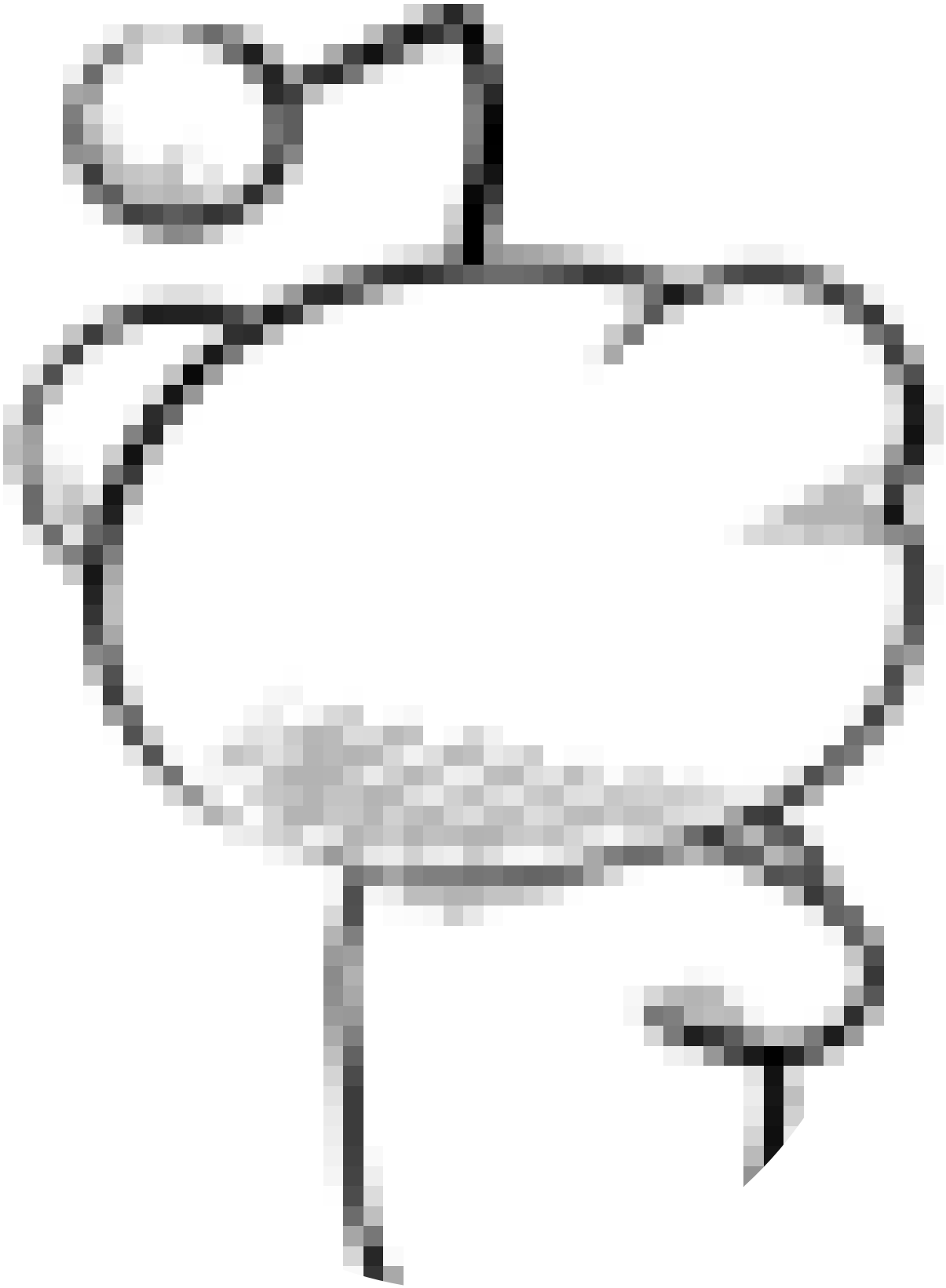


[deleted]
• 13y ago

Radiohead's "Exit Music (For a Film)". Pretty happy that a simple song is the creepiest thing I've ever heard.

BadLuckDood
• 13y ago

Several years ago, a couple of years after my mother died, (I was 10 when this all happened) I was sleeping in my room, and woke up at 2 am. I checked the clock, and then sat there for a few minutes. Then I heard creaking in the wall coming towards me, and breathing. I freaked the fuck out. Then a few years later, after we moved, it was about 11 pm, and I saw my door move, and my swivel chair turn. Again, I was pretty freaked out. Thats my creepy experience.



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• 13y ago

College Story:

At my college, there was a kid named shawn that lived right next to me in the dorms. He was an odd one, definitely not a kid you would want to really get close to even though he seemed harmless. Anyway, he would always be pretty borderline sociopath when you would talk to him because I don't think he had the social filter to not be horrifically creepy.

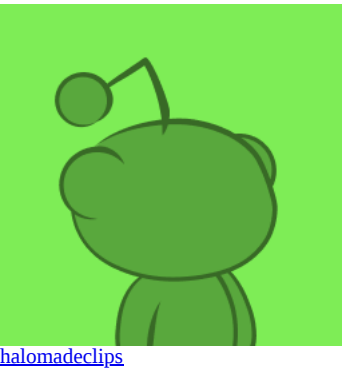
Well I'm in my dorm bathroom (Communal) and I'm brushing my teeth. I was just standing there brushing away, kind of in a weird haze of waking up and I suddenly realize there is someone in the stall behind me peeing. Needless to say there is a huge mirror in front of the sinks and I am watching the person kind of startle and rustle around once he realized I was a presence in the room.

This is where it got creepy, I watched fingers slowly grasp over the top of the stall door. One by one they sort of creeped up and over the door and then with such a slow ease he raised the top part of his head over the door to watch who was there. As my eyes widen from thinking, "What is this kid...doing..." he slowly gazes around the room from left to right then just as easily as he had raised his head, lowers it and stays in the stall until I leave.

Thank god I'm a senior now, there's so many fucked up kids at this college.

DildoBar
• 13y ago

I remember one night me and my mom and one of her friends were sitting outside and her friend asked us if we wanted to hear something that's a little creepy. keep in mind we were in the edge of the woods behind my mom's friend's house. in the dark around a small fire. she had said that while she was taking her son to his father's house she had to drive through this town that she described as the single most creep town she'd ever been in. she said there were only about five buildings or so and a lot of farms and barns. she recalled passing a park that was rusty and worn down. it had a carousel type of deal, where you sit on it and your friends twirl it and it spins real fast. Anyway she said it just wouldn't stop spinning. She was outside getting gas too. at night. she said she basically did 70 getting out of the town.



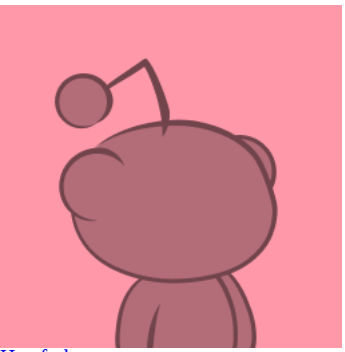
halomadeclips
• 13y ago

When I was little, I used to wake up all the time with my blankets off of me and on the ground next to my bed, I was initially scared that some spirit/ghost thing was the cause, but as time went on it happened less and less so I got more self confident. However, one night I woke up and realized my blankets were off again, I looked down at the side of my bed and there was nothing to be seen, then I looked around and saw it.

My blanket was in the corner of the room, **folded** up in a neat square. The part about this that maid my skin crawl is that I had my door locked, and I don't know how to fold.

wickedwontons
• 13y ago

i was staying at a friends house one night in year 9, her parents had gone out for the night, so it was just me and her alone, we were watching a movie together, when all the Power in the house went out, she started screaming and as soon as the noise came out of her mouth, i heard a rustle in the garage, a couple of tools had dropped, she had a knife because she believed someone was in there, and i went in first, i saw a shadow running around but i couldn't see a figure, it ran out and i ran after it but couldn't see it in the dark of the night,

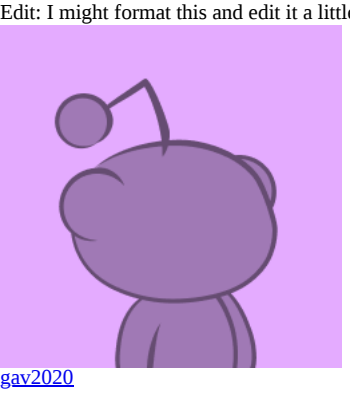


Hatafark
• 13y ago

Probably going to get buried, but I had this creepy ass dream that I had never had before and haven't had since. I posted it on r/Dreams a while back. Here it is.

"I was sitting in a classroom, but the building was just that, a single class room, when we saw the moon rising in the night time. Right after that we see another moon that is seemingly thrown into the night sky, and it was very clearly a paper moon, so I thought it was a joke until it too started orbiting with the real moon. Then, suddenly the moons started multiplying, everyone was in shock. It was a picture.. brilliant.. moment. There were thousands of moons floating around in the night sky all right past each other, which my class seemed to think was an alien message. It was like looking at a galaxy of moons only, no planets or stars. Soon, the moons started to drop down, and I noticed this. I started screaming "NO! NO! NO! NOOOO!" as I saw my classmates and teachers being burned alive, their skin being torn off by the moons exposing their actual insides. The moons were falling with rules of the atmosphere, as in they got very small and were glowing red and blue with fire. I ran back into the classroom with nowhere else to go, and right when I was for sure about to die, I woke up screaming "NO! NO! NOOOO!""

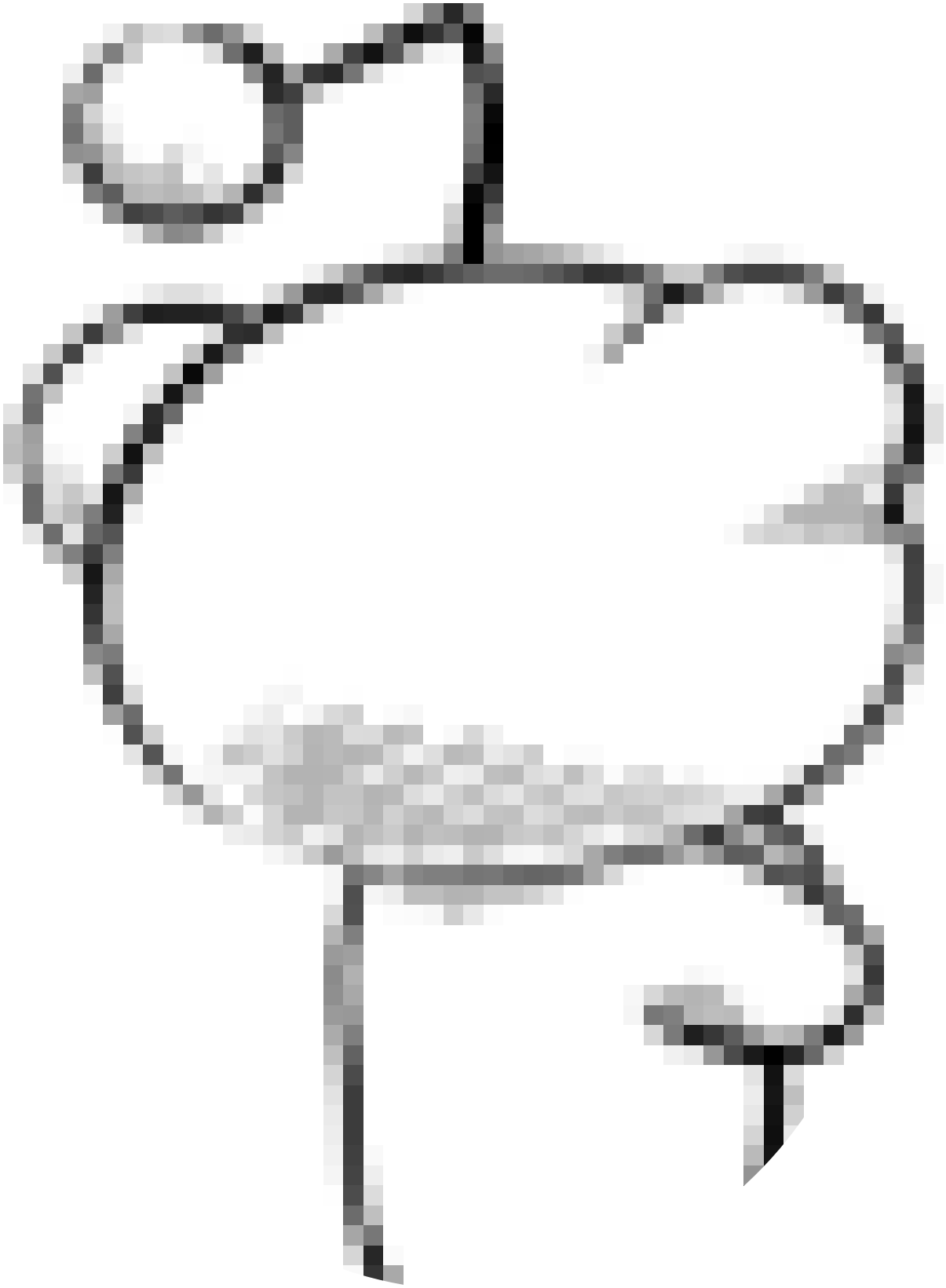
Edit: I might format this and edit it a little, last time I wrote it I had been awake for about 10 minutes scared shttless.



gav2020
• 13y ago

A few years back I was going a walk with my dog over in Tentsmuir forest, Scotland. The main walk by the beach was closed off for some reason so we found this other, rather obscure, path through the forest and followed it instead. Around 20 minutes later of following this narrow path we're in the middle of the forest, absolute silence and the trees are so dense its really dark.

We approach this clearing up ahead and as we get closer, notice a fence with dead animals pinned across it and snake carvings all over the ground. We walk on a bit further and two cabins emerge from behind the trees. Both are ancient old things, filthy with smoke coming out of each. To our horror, inside we see a figure, surrounded by hundreds of candles and hunched over a wax, human, model with pins through it. We were in the middle of nowhere, two of us and our dog, no idea where to run or hide. We just got out of there as fast as we could, 8 years later and I have never dared to go back.



[deleted]
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

So in downtown Tulsa, OK there's an 11 story building called The Tulsa Club. It has been abandoned for years. My friends and I when we were younger really liked climbing buildings and sometimes going inside to just hang out and feel mischievous. This place though, was the creepiest fucking place I've ever seen. There would be five or so of us anytime we went in, and we immediately grabbed chair legs or any other club-like object we could. You had to climb the fire escape to the roof to get in, because all of the ground floor entrances were boarded up. There's something very unnerving about going deeper into a building while simultaneously getting farther from the exit. The basement is fucking NOPE-city. It's a maze of pipes that not only makes it hard to move quickly, but also makes the shadows move constantly around you. As you go through the various floors you end up startling birds that have come to live there, so they immediately jump out and fly away from you, but sometimes they just kinda keep flying.

Anyway, they have an actual BALLROOM, like fucking princess dances kind of ballroom in this place that takes up two stories. They have little balcony windows too that overlook it. Well, next to the ballroom is a kitchen area, where we found a dead bird submerged in a red gelatinous fluid. It was in a plastic box, and it didn't appear that the bird could have died there accidentally. Next we found a large machine, like the size of a jukebox, but a little shorter and on rollers, same rounded top shape. This thing was old as fuck, and was completely metal and very heavy. The plating on the side described what it was, and while I don't remember exactly what it said I do remember that its purpose was to shock people. It was some kind of electrocution machine. I don't know why it was in a kitchen, we pretty much nope-d out of that area when we realized what it was. Later, my friends and I pranked some people who we heard were going in there. We got there first and waited for them to go into the racquetball court (it was kind of a creepy highlight of the building) and then we closed the door on them, and my 6'4" buddy walk calmly onto the observation platform wearing a gasmask and banged on the plexiglass with a club, slowly. I have never heard such sounds of animalistic terror come from humans beings before.

EDIT: Pics (remember, I always explored this place at night) http://www.abandonedok.com/tulsa-club-building/

inflames797
• 13y ago

This just happened recently: I was in my office working on my computer. My dad was the only other one home, and he was upstairs asleep. I was just sitting there working when the 2 doors (they were closed at the time) started shaking violently. And when i say violently, I mean like someone was throwing their body at it repeatedly. I had no idea what was going on, until they both flew open. I sprinted upstairs to see if my dad was ok, and he was still sleeping. I then woke him up and asked him if he just tried to open the office doors. He looks at me confusingly and says, completely serious, "No, it was probably just the dog." Our dog died 3 years ago...

Coach_GordonBombay
• 13y ago

Ok, so I am sleeping and I am being slightly awoken by a bunch of noise in the middle of the night on the back deck just outside of my room. I keep hearing noises and I am thinking its just my brother and his friends dickin around. But my brother hadn't lived at home for about 4 years, so it couldn't be him, but that's how my tired ass brain was working. So I open my eyes and Im staring into the black when a BRIGHT ASS light starts shining in my eyes... And it's just staying there. Now, I am probably 22 at this point, but I am straight spooked, I just woke up with

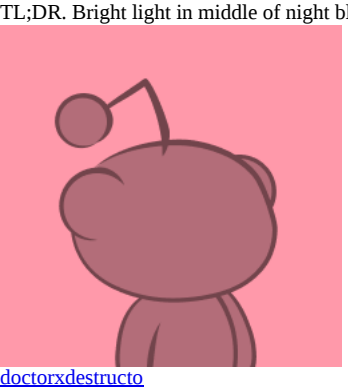
no idea what was happening... I couldn't move, just shocked staring at this light which is shining into my bedroom from the back deck right into my eyes. I seriously was thinking I was about to be abducted by aliens...

Then I hear BAM BAM BAM, on the back door and I was kinda frightened, but I got up, as something had to be done... I open the door and it's the fucking police on my back deck at 3 in the morning...

They basically were acting like I broke into my own house or something... They said things like "you sure laid still in that bed" and "I recognize you". They were like trying to intimidate me at my own house over nothing I knew going on... My brothers wife came down and talked to them. Turns out they thought our side door was open and they were investigating.... Thing is, you can't even see the side door from the road. Dickheads.

I know it's not the creepiest story or anything, but I was straight shook when the light was blinding me for a full minute.

TL;DR. Bright light in middle of night blinding me makes me think I am being abducted; it's just the police being dickheads.



doctorxdestructo
• 13y ago

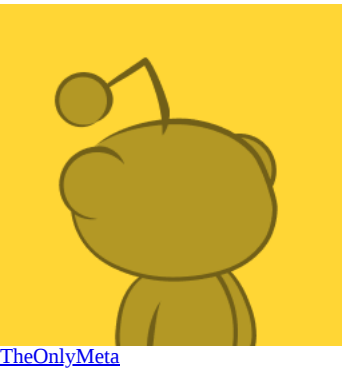
NSFL!!!!! http://imgur.com/a/5fCTu/all

this documents the process of raising dogs for meat in South Korea. this is the scariest and most disturbing thing i have ever seen done to an animal.

jjbinx
• 13y ago

I moved into a house all by myself a few months ago. One night I awoke to the sound of a baby crying from behind my headboard. My eyes shot open and I just listened, frozen. The baby crying slowly morphed into the sound of an animal growling/trying to talk. This scared the be-jesus out of me, and nothing was there when I went and looked.

I told my girlfriend if it happens again I'm selling the house, because fuck that.

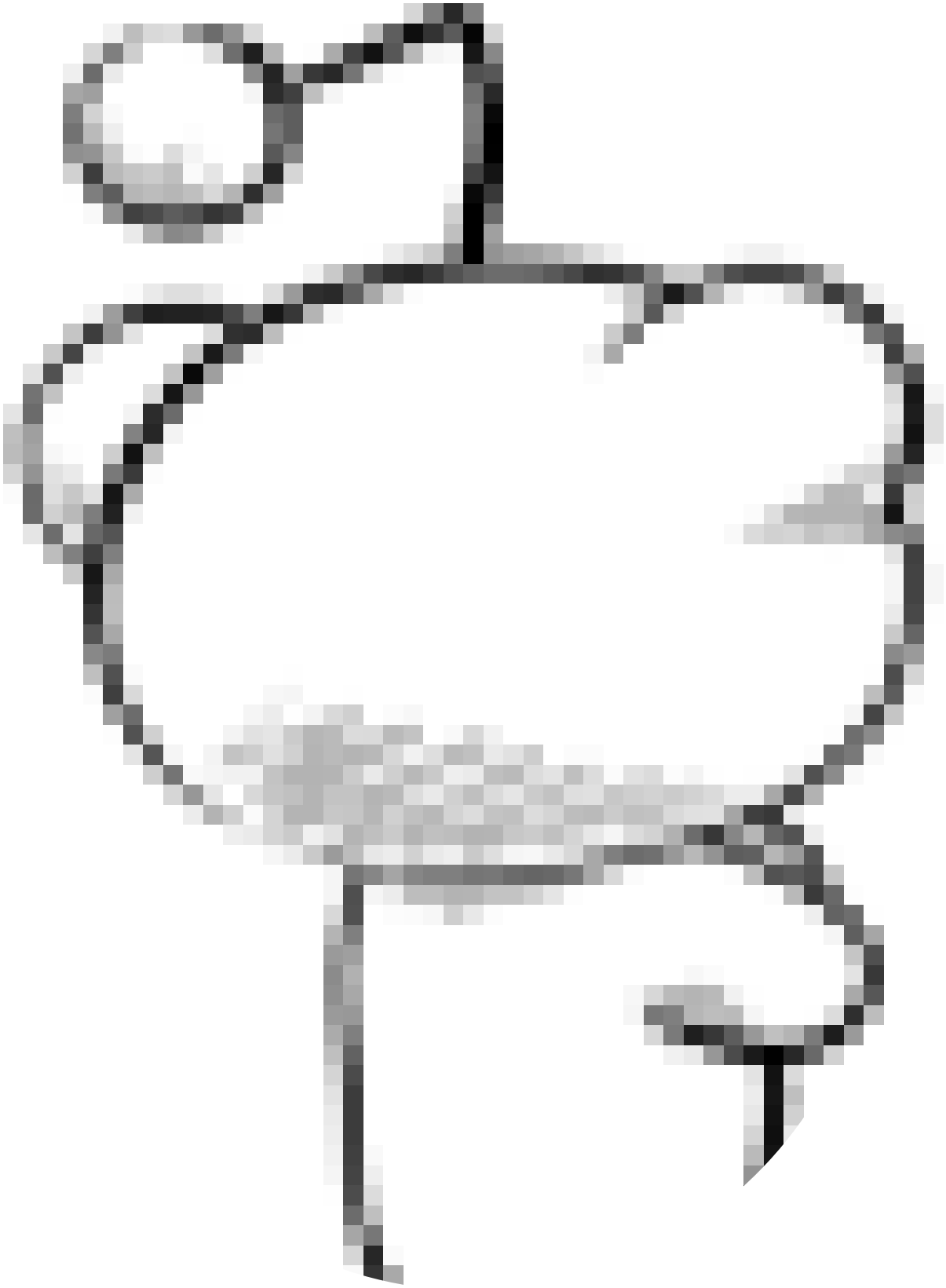


TheOnlyMeta
• 13y ago

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9C_HReR_McQ

Rewardingshoe
• 13y ago

I forget get which book this is from , i apologize but basically the main character is living with this old woman as a result of his juvenile crimes and he tries to escape the town he's in using a bike, but no matter which direction he goes he always ends up back in town. For some reason this is one of the creepiest things to me.



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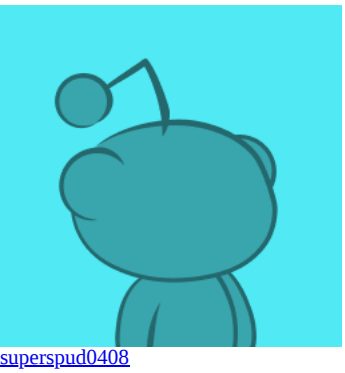
• 13y ago

this past christmas my mom took a bunch of photos with with her phone and sent them via e-mail. When she opened them it was just a bible song she use to sing with her grandpa, I called bs and checked the phone and e-mail and it all seemed correct and she resent the same message and it was sent fine. All we could figure was that it was parrot grandpa(he had one of those fake parrots that said what you would say) just saying hello and merry christmas.

prozaq
• 13y ago

When I was ten I saw a dark shadowy figure standing in the middle of the living room where my family and I were sleeping(my room was closed off at the time so my parents slept with me). I woke my mother up and she couldnt see it.



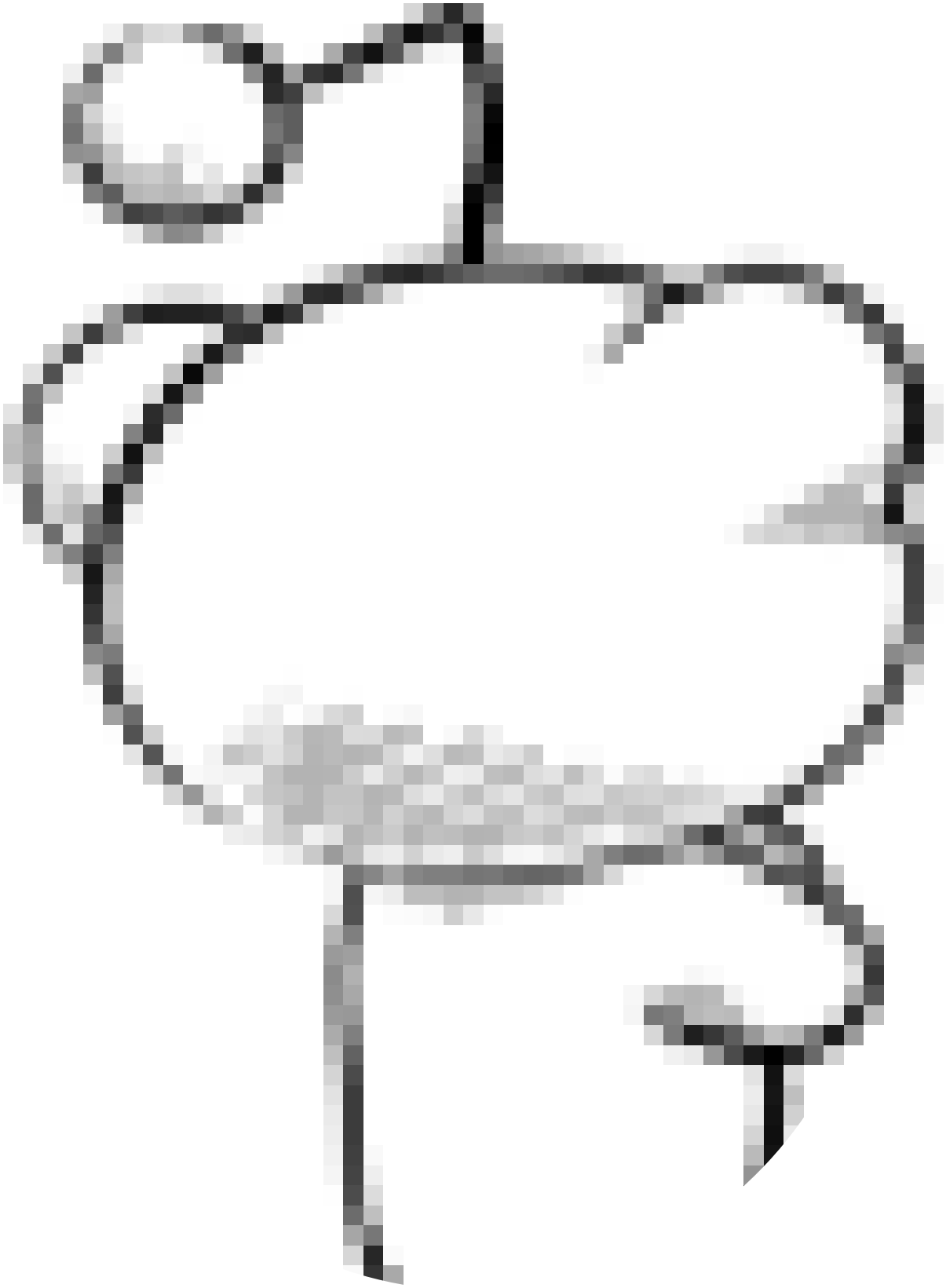
superspud0408
• 13y ago

In college, studying for finals, and had spent a 12 hour day at the library. I knew it was about to close because a voice had come over the intercom saying we had 30 minutes. So I gathered up my stuff, and headed to the stairwell on the 5th floor. The library was mostly empty and I was the only one I could see on the 5th floor. I approached the door and suddenly a low, growly voice said to me "Step inside..." My heart jumped into my mouth, fear sweat exploded, and I continued to her the voice saying "walk this way, you and me babe...HEY HEY!!" And suddenly the song "Pour Some Sugar on Me" started blaring through the library to wake up the students who had fallen asleep. I was unfortunately just right by a door, and a small speaker was right above it when some employee started the song....bad timing, and since this was at Brigham Young University, perhaps a little out of character? This is the first example I can think of...the rest has to do with when I was a meth addict...so perhaps another time...that stuff is reeeaaaalll scary

RelentlesslyDead
• 13y ago

Dont know if this belongs here, but when I was a kid, everytime someone turned on the vacuum cleaner, I would hear voices screaming at me, usually from the other room, but other times right in my ear. My mother told me that I constantly begged her not to use it, but sometimes she had to.

It stopped a few months later, when it broke down and my mother bought a new one.



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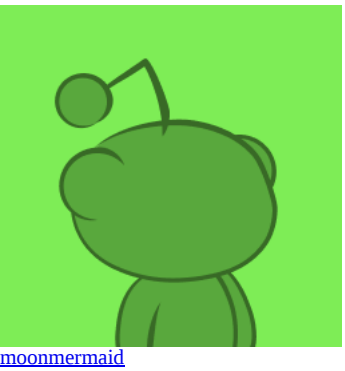
• 13y ago

I was halfway asleep in bed, when I noticed a black+white blob sort of thing just outside my window. It made me jump in my bed at first, cause it look almost identical to the girl from "the grudge". I chuckled at the fact that I was spooked by whatever that was. I was curious as to what the blob was though, since I still had no idea what it was, and looked a little closer. The thing that started to really freak me the fuck out was that it still looked like the girl from the grudge, even though my eyes were nice and focused on it. I literally sat there for, like 40 seconds, basically paralysed. I still didn't know what the fuck it was, and it looked like that damned girl. When she opened her bloody eyes, started approaching me and was gurgling/cackling from her throat, that was when I remembered that I have schizophrenia and just went back to sleep =P

Needless to say, I was fine in the morning. Just a little freaky- that's all

popcorncolonel
• 13y ago

www.reddit.com/u/BLOODWORTH/submitted



moonmermaid
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

My mother and father were divorced so I was at my fathers house for the weekend. He bought a little motorcycle for me to ride up and down the street that weekend. So he's inside the house and I start riding the thing. As im riding, I'm a few feet down the road and look up into a house and a girl was standing there with one hand on the window and he mouth wide open as if she was screaming but she wasn't moving. You could barely see her face, i remember it being just paper white and having very long hair. I was too young to care or think anything of it but it scares me now. ---- another one I have to say is I had sleep paralysis in my old house. I was about 13. One day I'm just sleeping but my eyes are open and I know it's early in the morning so I had to go to school. I can't move. I close my eyes and open them again and a woman ismsmiling and crouching over me. Her hair was covering most of her face, it was ratted and just a mess. I tried so hard to scream but I couldn't. I think I fell asleep for what felt like hours and when I open my eyes again I saw a woman hanging inside my closet. (It had no doors.) I could NOT sleep for weeks.

4 more replies
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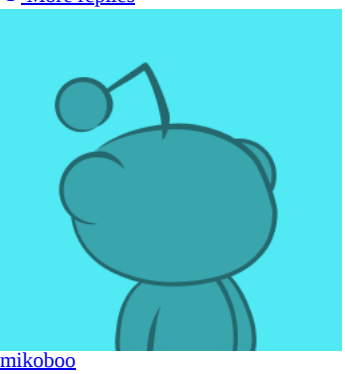
More replies



mikoboo
• 13y ago

A week before my grandmother died two years ago, I was laying in bed with my cat. It was around 1 in the morning (I can never sleep early) and I had all the lights off, the only light came from my phone that I was playing with. My house is really old, so creaks and weird noises aren't a big deal to me. It was weird though, because that night I heard a steady stomping up my stairs, like someone was purposely stepping hard enough to be heard. I live in a 5 bedroom house and it's just my parents and me and they rarely come up because of their age so I got a little freaked. We also have a light with a sensor at the top of the stairs which turns on when it senses someone. To freak me out even more, the light kept turning on after the stomping would stop.. then I'd hear the stomping again, then the light.. and it continued for a while. Once it had stopped for a while, I started to hear creaking on the floorboards of my room. I'm pretty fucking scared at that point and I just ignore it and focus on my phone and my cat thats sleeping next to my face. Then out of nowhere I hear a LOUD creak, a sound that's only made when someone puts all their weight in a certain spot, followed by the sound of a man sighing loudly. Paranoid, I keyed 911 on my phone (just to be prepared) and shot up in bed to look around my dark room and there were no figures, nobody there. I turned on the light and woke up my cat hoping that he'd attack whoever was there, if there were anyone there at all... but even in the light, there was nothing. That entire week my parents and I heard people talking in my house in rooms that were unoccupied up until the day my grandmother died. Nothing like that has happened since but I never forgot it and I still get scared that I might hear it again whenever the hallway light turns on.

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apiacuY
• 13y ago

When i was about 17 a couple of my friends and i decided we wanted to have a real Halloween. We wanted to find haunted places and all the ghosts we could. So we looked up local legends and what not to try and find a good place near us. We also decided we needed a Ouija board so we went all around looking for one and finally found one at a toysRus. The sad this is it was glow in the dark so we all figured well its just for fun not gonna matter, not like these things work anyway. (All of us were skeptics) So we went to a few of the supposed haunted places but, they were all duds. We decided finally we were gonna just try the board at this park that is always quite dark and set back in a hilly area. We get to the park and we were all bummed cause it was not the scary Halloween we were hoping for but we were gonna give it one last chance. So we go to one of the picnic tables and get out the Ouija board and decided to just ask some random questions. At first we were all messing with each other by moving it, then we decided lets try this for real. So we asked some crazier questions about the Devil and ghosts (getting chills now remembering this). When we asked if the devil was real we got the answer yes and all of us started saying ok who is moving it this is not cool. Non of us claimed to be moving it and honestly we were all a little freaked. So i decided the next time we would put our hands on and ask the question and then take our hands off the moment it started to move. (I don't remember the question and i don't think i want to remember.) We asked and it started moving and all of us took our hands off and the plastic thing continued and went to 6 three times with none of us touching it. We were all freaked out of our minds and threw the board away at the park and booked it out of there. None of us slept that night and we all talked about it the next day when we saw each other. So that was 13 years ago now. About 2 years ago i moved back to my hometown and one of my friends still lived there. We met up at my moms house (which was where i lived back then). We decided we were gonna hangout and play poker or something. So we went out to the game cabinet and on top of the cabinet was the box of the Ouija board we threw away, its still thee and i am to afraid to touch it. All i know is since that time i will never mess with one of those agains no matter what kind it is(i don't care if it has pink ponies and rainbows on it.) Needless to say i have a bit more belief in supernatural things.

giff24
• 13y ago

I was 13 and my mom ran over a kittens head right in front of me. It didn't die instantly but did a series of somersaults and back flips while meowing pitifully before it expired. Haunted me for months.

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bellatrix_areforkids
• 13y ago

Bloody Mary used to scared the shit out of me. Now, that picture of Jeff the Killer. Jesus Christ, it just gets under my skin...

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spon92
• 13y ago

This pale lady just gave me an orange. I think it might be moldy. Scary shit.

Drummr
• 13y ago

Comment to find this later. I could read these all night!

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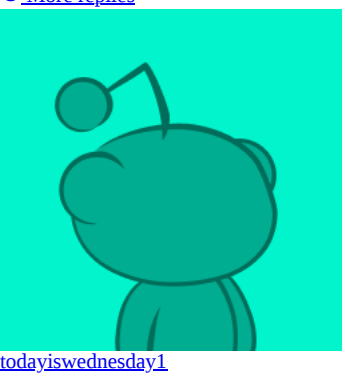
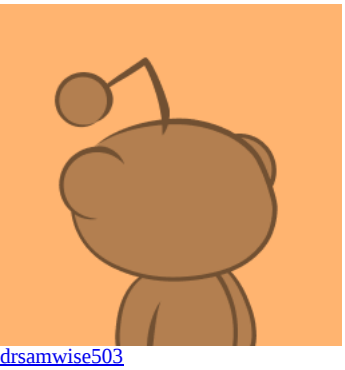


todayiswednesday1
• 13y ago

My family and I moved into my grandmother's house after she had moved in Ohio. Lots of creepy happenings. The first night (my room was on the top floor) we lived there, my father told me I came down the stairs and told him I couldn't sleep because all of the people standing over my bed and watching me. My father saw what he described as "Death" come out of the wall, starting as nothing more than a black hole on the wall the size of a quarter, to a large column of black floating into his aunt's room, she died two weeks later. Everyday I could hear someone walking up the wooden stairs to our back room (which was a porch until lightning had it's way with our house) and I would walk over to the window, and see no one. My uncle died in the Navy when he was 23 or 24, I assume if anything exists that was him trying to come home. My friend and I were in that same room, playing gamecube one afternoon and heard someone walking around in my house. I figured it was my father, coming home from work using the front door. After he hadn't come in to talk to us, I walked out, seeing the door open to the freezer, closed it. Went to find my dad and saw him pull up in the driveway. My friend and I were in our woods adjacent from my house one afternoon. Building a fort next to a ravine, a fort that was nothing more than a 2x4 nailed to a tree, nevertheless we were working hard, and both turned around to pan the woods for what we heard, then inexplicably to this day, we stood in silence as a large cloud of orange smoke sat in the sunlight, fifteen feet from the ground waiting there, sitting, doing nothing at all. I looked down to grab a stick in defense, blinded by fear and fury, and ants that were on the stick, I ran out of the woods screaming with my friend. My mom made me go back and get my shirt which I threw off from the ants. We've since moved, I've only returned once, for the night. I was extremely uncomfortable the whole night, never returned.



drsamwise503
• 13y ago

Not that scary when compared to some of the stuff on here I guess, but still the scariest that happened to me. Happened a few times.

Anyways, I have trouble sleeping at night, and sometimes I wake up and see stuff in my room. Two of these times will always stick with me.

The first, is I woke up, and there was a figure in my room. A big, tall, black one, in a cloak. Just standing there. Never did anything, and he just disappeared when I turned on my lamp. That happened a few times every month.

The second is I would wake up, and my room would be going crazy. My drawers would be opening and closing, my closet door would be swinging open and closed (which is weird because the door is cut badly and rubs against the floor and it's hard to open/close), and some things on my desk would fall off it. That wouldn't be weird by itself I guess, stopped once I turned my light on, but the weirdest part is that the things would actually be out of place, like it actually happened. Freaked me out for awhile.

There were other things (me waking up with bugs/rats all over me, things in the window, noises), but those two events always freaked me out the most.

PineappleCutter
• 13y ago

I was backpacking in New Mexico with a friend. We setup camp several miles from anyone else, on a nice green plateau. There was a creepy feeling of being watched, but we didn't think much of it. We went to sleep, but around 4 in the morning we heard a mule deer running and panting loudly, probably less that 100 feet from our tent. Then we hear a mountain lion let out a roar (if that's what you call a mountain lions noise), it was the classic roar you hear from a movie. Immediately after that we hear a struggle, and the deer lets out an awful, un-describable noise, that I have never heard repeated. Needless to say we were both awake an looming at each other, knowing there is a hunting mountain lion nearby and we have to pack up and leave. I have never been that scared before.

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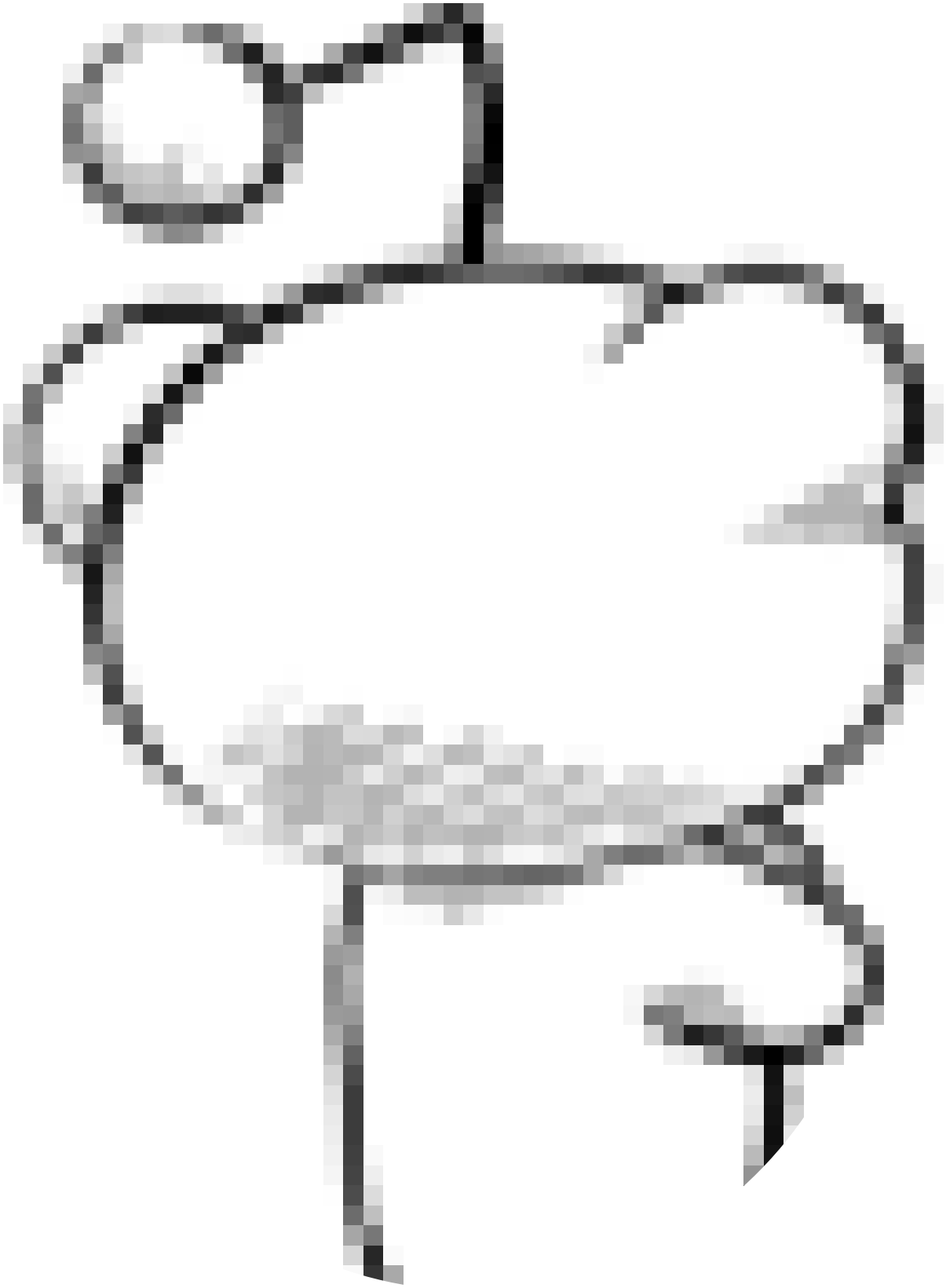

voidsoul22
• 13y ago

My dog and I were on a late night walk when we heard the most horrid scream, and I would have bet all the money in my account that a woman was under assault. My dog was freaked out too. I eventually saw a red fox opening its mouth at the same time as the accursed sounds - I'd never have noticed it if I hadn't been searching for the source, as I had my phone and wanted to call 911. I eventually confirmed on Youtube that indeed, red foxes are scary shit.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zk1mAd77Hr4 - Now imagine hearing that on a dark neighborhood street at 1 in the morning

Reply Share

shadowstorm213
• 13y ago

basically, any time I have a nightmare, it is creepy as fuck.

one of my most memorable ones was when I was in (I think) first grade. I was in the playground, for some reason at night, and there were ghosts everywhere, one of them touched me and I suddenly had no control, but I was still aware of everything the ghost made me do, not that it made me do bad stuff, just the thought of losing control like that is one of my biggest fears.

Reply Share

pecoto
• 13y ago

My parents live in the middle of nowhere on a dirt road in the California foothills, and that is where I grew up. I was out in the garage using my dad's tools and vise to cut open a golfball. I heard an odd noise and looked to my right at the door. Due to the angle of where I was standing I could see both sides of the doorknob at once through a window over my dad's toolbench and the doorknob TURNED. There was literally nothing there...but it was turning anyway. The door opened....I was kind of frozen in place and then the door slammed super hard. I noped the heck out of there through the half-way open vehicle door in the other side of the garage. I have literally never experienced an event where there was so obviously not a reasonable or rational explanation for it.

TLDR-Did not see a ghost....door opened by itself.

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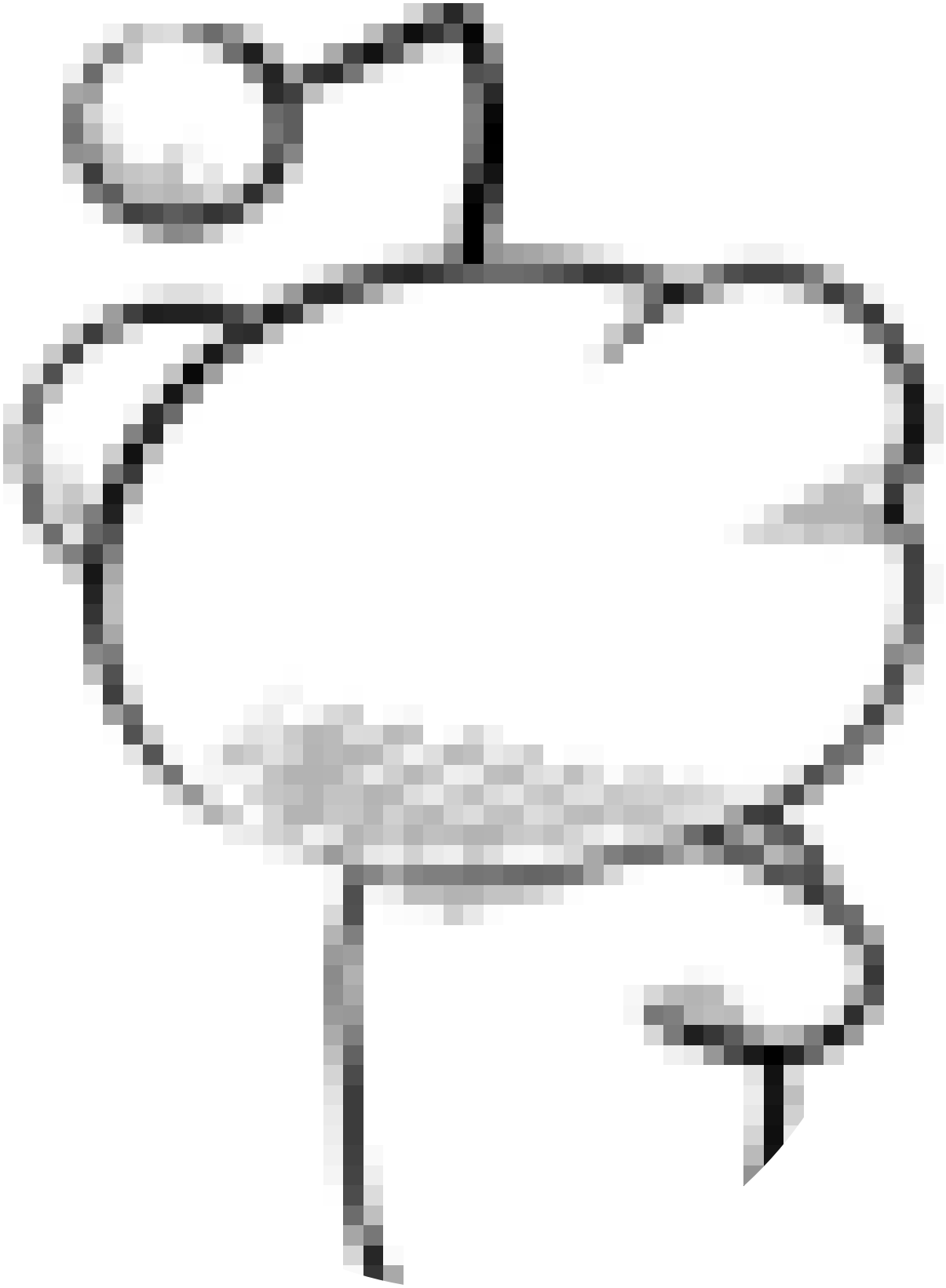

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• 13y ago

One night during a thunderstorm and also a particularly dark night, I was struggling dearly to fall asleep. I tried everything from counting sheep to warm milk. As I was laying for hours in bed in my pitch-black room I finally began to fall asleep. Just as I was about to drift off into the land of dreams, I was jolting awake by a terrible terrible feeling. A feeling that a child gets when the closet door is left open in a dark room or when a leg hangs over the edge of a bed. I turned slowly to see a dark figure rising, slowly up above me. I tried to close my eyes and will it away. Then my cat started pawing my face a little because she wanted some water. That dick.

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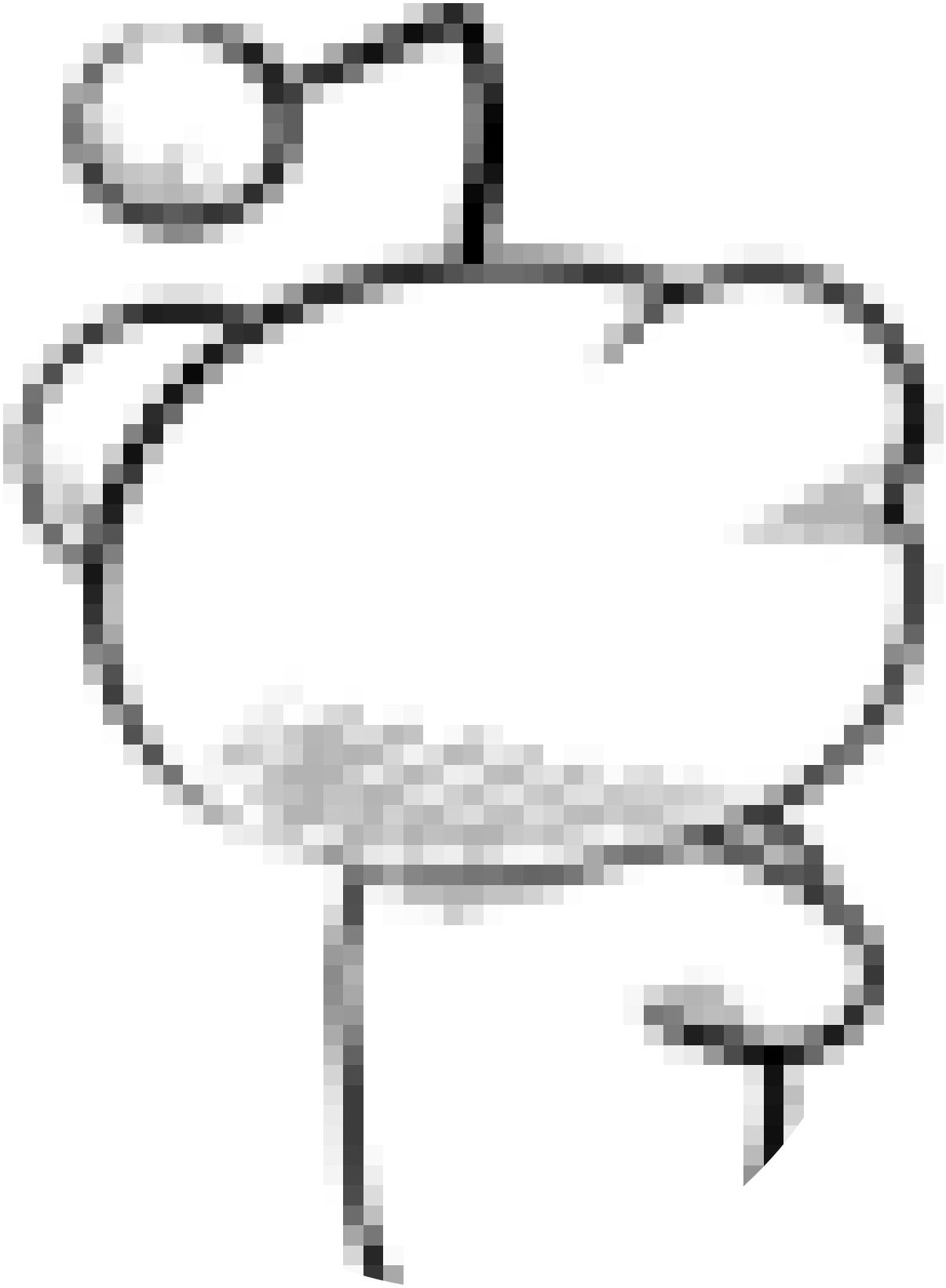

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• 13y ago

One night I was scared so I slept in my parents bed. Later that night I dreamed I walked into the living room. The living room had a wall that was entirely a window, I remember seeing a strange large green light outside. The next morning they said I slept walked into the living room.

Another time I was staying at my friends house and we were both sleeping on her couch. She fell asleep but I couldn't because I was uncomfortable. I went into her room to go sleep on her bed. I felt really creeped out for some reason and I kept picturing in my head a tall dark hooded figure. A few minutes later some books fell from a chair and her computer which was on sleep lit up. I noped out of there as fast as I could.

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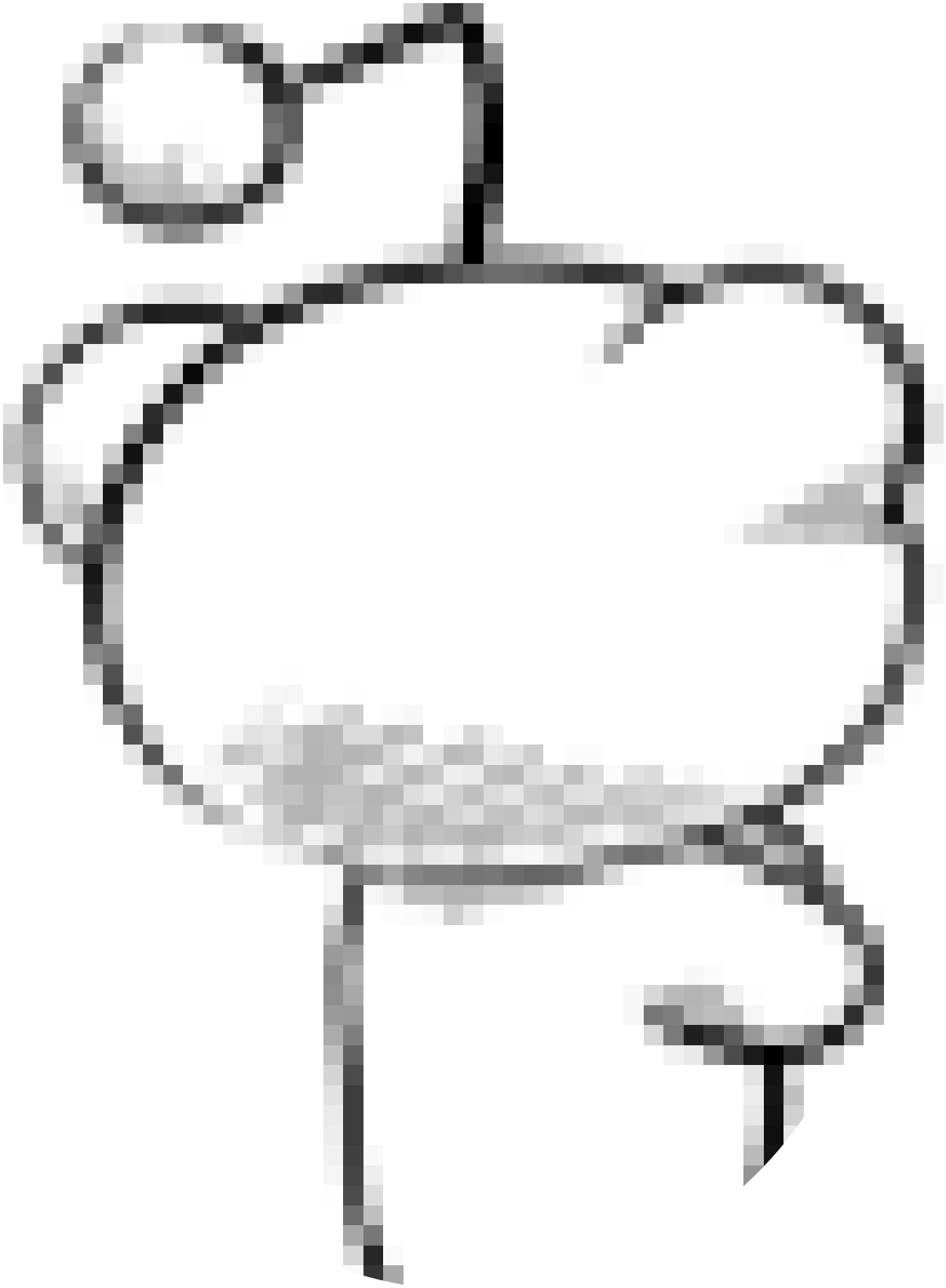

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• 13y ago

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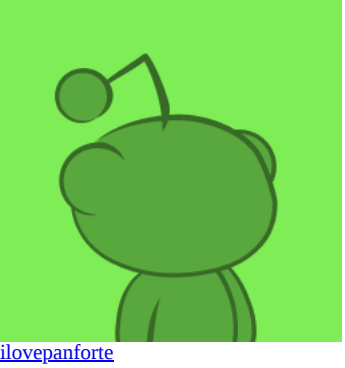

ilovepanforte
• 13y ago

Creepy Dungeon

I took this pic in the haunted basement dungeon of the haunted jail in Jim Thorpe PA last year in October. It was pitch black, and when I took this picture with the flash, there were a bunch of orbs. Supposedly this is where they had solitary confinement. The rooms down there were really creepy too. The jail is supposed to be haunted.

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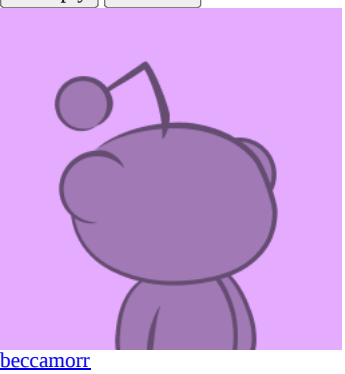

beccamorr
• 13y ago

Now, I'm usually an apathetic person. But sleep paralysis was hands down the scariest thing that's ever happened to me. It's much, much more than a nightmare. Picture every fear you've ever felt coming to life and surrounding you at once. I couldn't move. I was stuck. I was hyperventilating and trying to scream, but failed on making any sort of noise. I felt completely helpless. Now I know why people fear satan. He was in my fucking room that night. Satan is an aura of terror. I will swear on anything that I saw the world through the eyes of the devil.

Reply Share

Kdcarrero553
• 13y ago

This is from a creepypasta post called The Guardian Angel:

And I am always with you. I was there from the time you were born. I stood in the delivery room, staring down at you before you could even open your eyes to see me. Your parents, relatives and doctors couldn't see me there, in the corner, watching you with cloudy eyes, but I was there from the time you were born. And I followed you home. I was with you always, your constant companion. You played with your toys alone while I stared from all angles in nearby mirrors; my matted, clotted hair with oily sweat that hung off my dented forehead like glue. I was always your constant companion, drifting behind your mother's car on your ride to preschool. You alone in the bathroom, but I was on the other side of the door, wind whistling through the bruised hole in my throat. My arms twisted and hanging in their sockets as I stood hunched on the other side of the shower curtain. I wait and follow you. I follow and drift behind you. I'm not seen. I'm almost not-there in light. You never saw me that morning as I sat across from you at the breakfast table, a shiny red clot hanging from an empty tooth socket as I gaped grotesquely at you. I wonder sometimes if you know I'm there. I think you are aware, but you'll never understand just how close I am. I spend hours of your day doing nothing more than breathing in your ear. Breathing – gagging, really. I crave to be close to you, to always wrap my crippled arms around your neck. I lie near you ever single night, cloudy eyes staring at your ceiling, underneath your bed, at your sleeping face in the dark. Yes. You caught me staring occasionally. Your parents came running down to your room one night when you screamed. You were just beginning to talk, so you were only able to cry out "Man! Man in my room!" You thought you'd never forget the sight of me, with my collapsed jaw hanging to my chest, swinging back and forth. I sank back into your closet and your mother was unable to see me though you pointed and pointed and pointed. You thought you'd never forget when they left that same night. You saw the closet door crack so softly and me crawling across the floor to your bed on all fours, shambling in jerking movements as I pushed myself under your bed on disjointed limbs. You learned a new word for me: boogeyman. Not quite the monster you thought I was. I'm just waiting and following you always, touching your face with my knotted fingers as you sleep. You'll see me again soon. Any day now, I'm coming, blunt and brutal. One day you'll walk across the road and – I believe I'll plow into you with loud roar and a screech. You rolling on the pavement, rolling under wheels, bluntforce metal fenders and my fingers touching your face again and again. As you stare up from the cold pavement with cloudy eyes; your matted, clotted hair hanging in your face and your jaw unhinged and swinging to your chest. You'll see me approaching. No one else will see me. You will stare past them into my eyes and I'll leer down at you. For the first time in our life, something like a smile will come over my face. You'll swear you're looking into a mirror as clotted red bubbles from our mouths. I'll lean down, past the doctors and the ogling people and pick you up in my crooked arms. Our faces will touch. My wings will unfurl. And then you'll have to follow me. And I am always with you. I am your guardian angel.

Very creepy, but it makes you think.

Lizzimon
• 13y ago

Years ago these touch sensitive lamps became a thing. If you touched the metal parts of the lamp, it would turn on and you could dim or make the light brighter by tapping it a few times. Sort of like this: http://www.ebay.com/itm/24-Inch-Tall-Glass-Panel-Flower-Rose-Theme-Touch-Sensitive-Activated-Lamp-/161012940355

My mom had one by the tv in her room. It was broad daylight and only my parents' VCR was working. So I was sitting in their room on the floor watching thumbelina. (I was about 8-9yo) I've always had this problem where I would think of the worst or creepy things happening. I thought, "what if that lamp started to turn on and off by itself?" And then it happened.. it went through the different brightness about 2 times until I decided to touch it myself. Once I touched it, it stopped and turned off completely. Suddenly I saw a shadow of an adult male walk pass the tv and across the wall to behind the bedroom door. I looked behind me at the window where the sun was shining through. There was no one in the backyard. Then I realized that the window was positioned about 5ft from the ground and the shadow was of someone that was walking right in front of me. Never watched tv by myself in my parents' room again.

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Owllette
• 13y ago

I used to have one of those lamps. It turned off and on by itself all the time.

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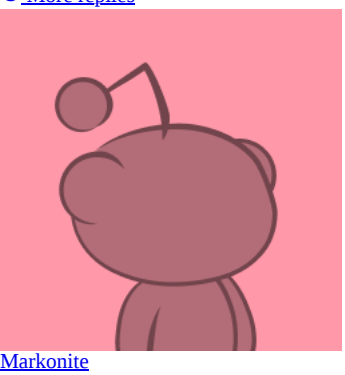

Markonite
• 13y ago

Okay this just happen'd no joke So me and my friend were walking up my street and I turned around to see a vacant house lights on just one light at the far left nothing weird has ever happen'd at this house but when we were walking up it was about 9:20 in North Carolina but anyways I saw this light and thought it was weird and then I heard a woman scream twice from down there and we went and to see if there was anything...nothing just he light remained on. I think we may have heard a crime

Reply Share

adgal617
• 13y ago

How is this one sentence?

Reply Share

SmoSays
• 13y ago

Translated:

> Okay, this just happened, no joke. My friend and I were walking up my street at about 9:20 PM in North Carolina when a light went on in the window of a vacant house. Nothing weird had ever happened there before. Then I heard a woman scream twice from that direction. We went to see what was up but found nothing. The light remained on. I think we may have heard a crime.

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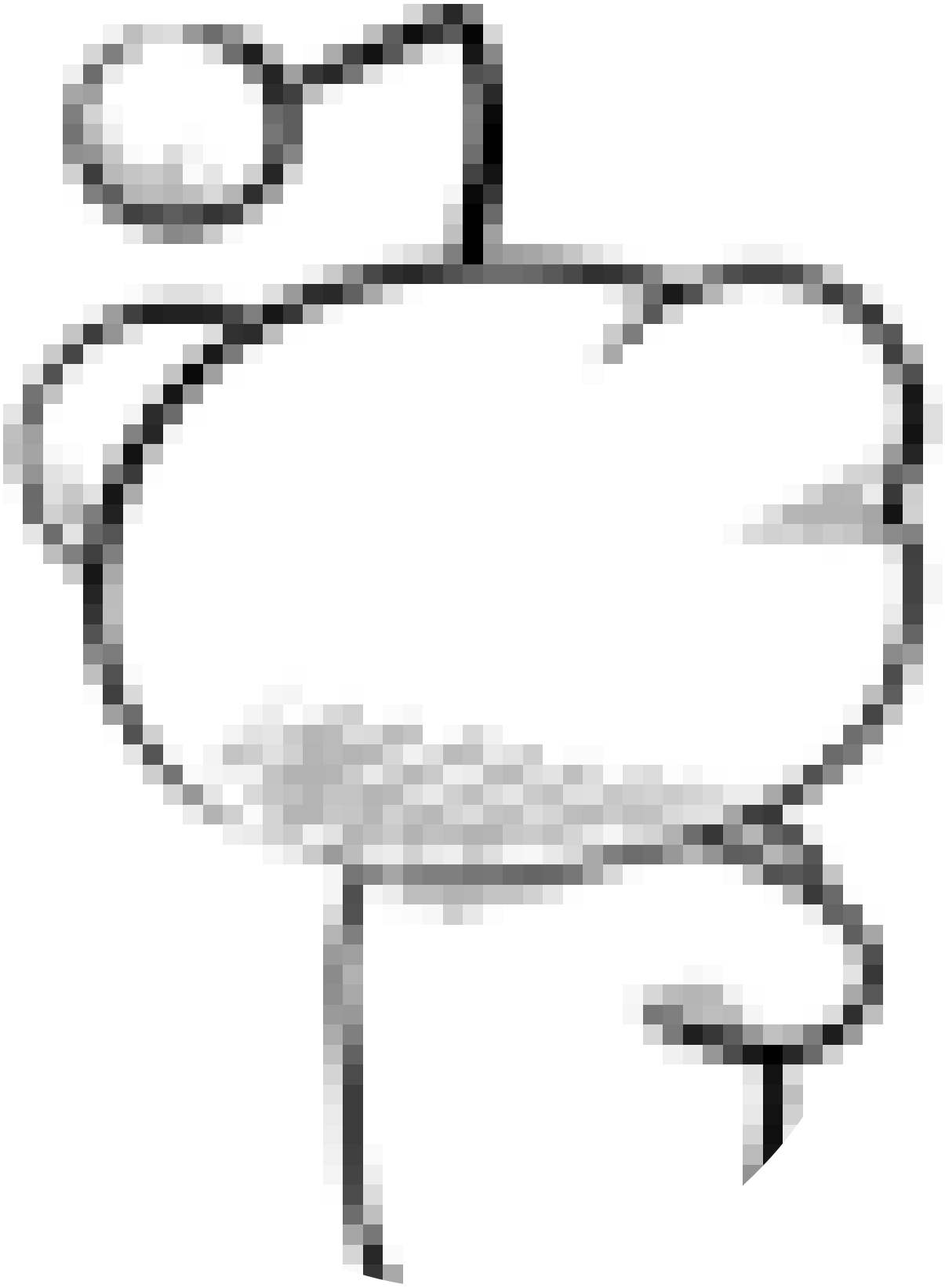


[deleted]
• 13y ago

One summer I worked at a camp in PA managing an overnight site in the woods where the kids could stay in these Indian style wigwams overnight. There would be two or three groups of kids from the main camp per week for whom I would cook spaghetti, garlic bread, and pancakes. When there were no kids, I would just be fixing up the wigwams, cleaning up the site, doing dishes. I had my own small tent a few dozen yards away from the wigwams so that I could get some quiet to sleep when the kids were there overnight, as their regular councilors would be responsible for monitoring them.

Late one night when nobody was around, I hear footsteps coming towards my tent. I said "hello?", and the footsteps stopped. They then turned around and started moving away. I got very little sleep that night. The next night, I was out at the campsite myself again. Once again, I hear footsteps moving towards my tent. I've now had a whole day to think of possible scenarios and what might be outside. It's not too far from a road, so I wonder if someone might be trying to go through the campsite at night and steal some stuff. I'm crouched in my tent, terrified. Given that nature of the work, I had a machete for cutting saplings and a Ka-bar knife. Despite the fact that I'm near pissing my pants, I access the situation: I am a 6'3" 230 lbs male with a machete and knife, I'm going to see what's outside. So I dual-wield the machete and Ka-bar, taking a -4 penalty to dex, and additionally equip a flashlight somehow taking who knows what penalty. I unzip the tent and burst out of the tent as fast as possible, and immediately my flashlight illuminates a deer roughly 15 feet away staring at me...

tldr: Ungulates may cause dirty underwear.

Reply Share

RGDSexOffender
• 13y ago

When I was about eleven I used to go to this farm by the name of Waupoos, in which you could rent out cabins and take part in activities around the farm such as a haunted hayrides and treasure hunts.

One year I was there with my cousin and several of her friends, who are ten years plus my senior. One night they had decided to go off into the woods and have some fun, leaving me in the cabin to twiddle my thumbs in boredom. So I started listening to music on the boom box we had brought with us. For reasons unknown to this day the volume maxed itself out a few minutes into listening. No matter how much I tried the volume would not lower, and other cabins we're beginning to complain. Finally I just unplugged the system and huddled under my blankets in the fetal position until my cousin and her friends came back. I was scared shitless.

Red_Dawn_2012
• 13y ago

It was something with a police man on a disturbance call. It was an insane woman who had an old, ragged baby doll. She was scratching against someone's front door until her nails bled.

SycoJack
• 13y ago

Once driving into Austin from Georgetown on (I think) 183 I somehow managed to pass up my exit by about 20 minutes. By the time I realized it I was downtown in the middle of heavy. It was very late at night and I had been driving all day.

I started having waking dreams that seemed very real. I was dozing off. Every single dream was the same: a car crash right in front of my. I didn't realize it right away, but I was hitting my breaks and slowing down. I finally realized what was going on and decided I needed to get off the road. So I pulled over into the far left lane and was looking for an exit. The while dozing off thing didn't last very long at all. Maybe a minute or something. After that I regained my strength and energy.

I still decided it was best to get off the highway ASAP. Finally came to an offramp and got off. It lead up a hill to a gas station. Pulled into a gas station and noticed the reelection of emergency lights.

That's when I saw it, there was a bad wreck on the other side of the highway. The had fire trucks, ambulances and cops. The accident had just happened because emergency personnel were still responding when I noticed it.

Scared the ever loving shit out of me. Last time I ever got behind the wheel while tired.

sazcmc
• 13y ago

When I was 17 I moved out of my mothers house and 250 miles away into a flat with my then serious boyfriend. It was the first time I had ever lived away from home and was this little plain, small ground floor flat in the middle of an estate full of mostly old people and couples.

The stuff that happened wasnt so creepy really but from the day we moved in I just felt constantly on edge there. In the bedroom and the bathroom (which were both on one side of the flat) I always felt like I was being watched, but never in the kitchen or living room. I began to feel really uncomfortable taking a shower or going to the bathroom and it got so bad, the feeling of being watched that I needed my partner to come in and sit while I took a shower so I wasnt alone.

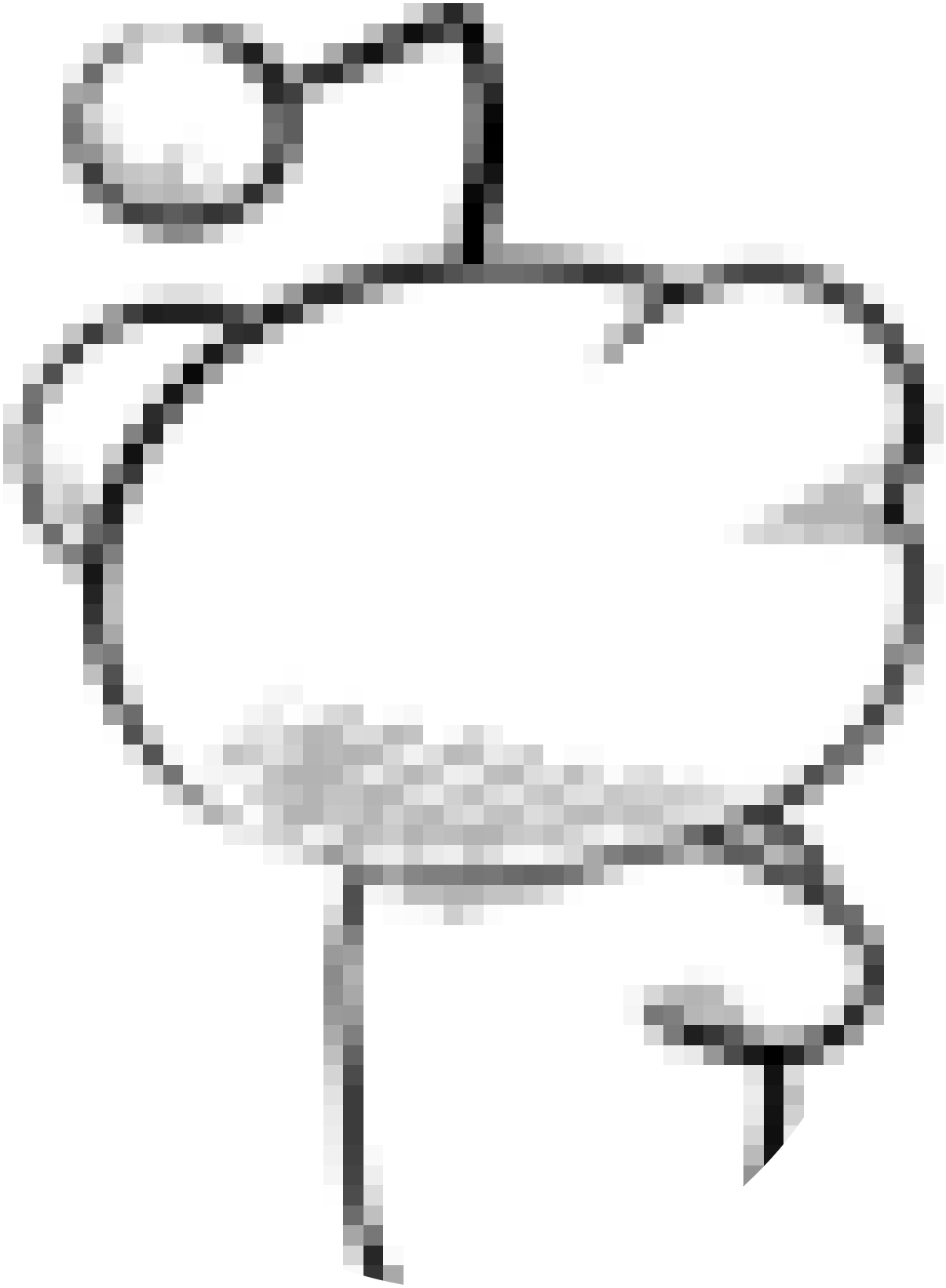
In the bedroom I would sometimes think I could see a figure lying on the bed always in the same position out of the corner of my eye. There were these 2 massive floor length mirrors that were the cupboard doors and slid along to open and close the cupboard and they looked right onto the bed, I kept seeing this figure in the mirror too. Like a dark human figure with no details, and always out of the corner of my eye but when I looked again it would be gone. And they would lie on top of the bed, so if someone was in the bed I would often think I would still see it.

When we had originally moved in we had issues with the draining in the bath, taking a shower the water wouldn't go down the plug hole fast and you would end up ankle deep in water so my partner tried to plunge it and all this dark, almost black fluid came out. It was so strange.

I woke up one morning and the washing machine had broken, the filter door had opened overnight and flooded the place.

We moved out in August the next year due to issues with the agency, and the overall cleanliness of the place but I never felt comfortable there.

Tl;dr: I lived in a creepy flat.



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• 13y ago

ok this is totally crazy but i FEEL like i know you even though i don't know anyone fitting your story - then i checked your post hist and seen that you live in/ lived in glasgow and now i'm freaking out in case i'm psychic and somehow know you

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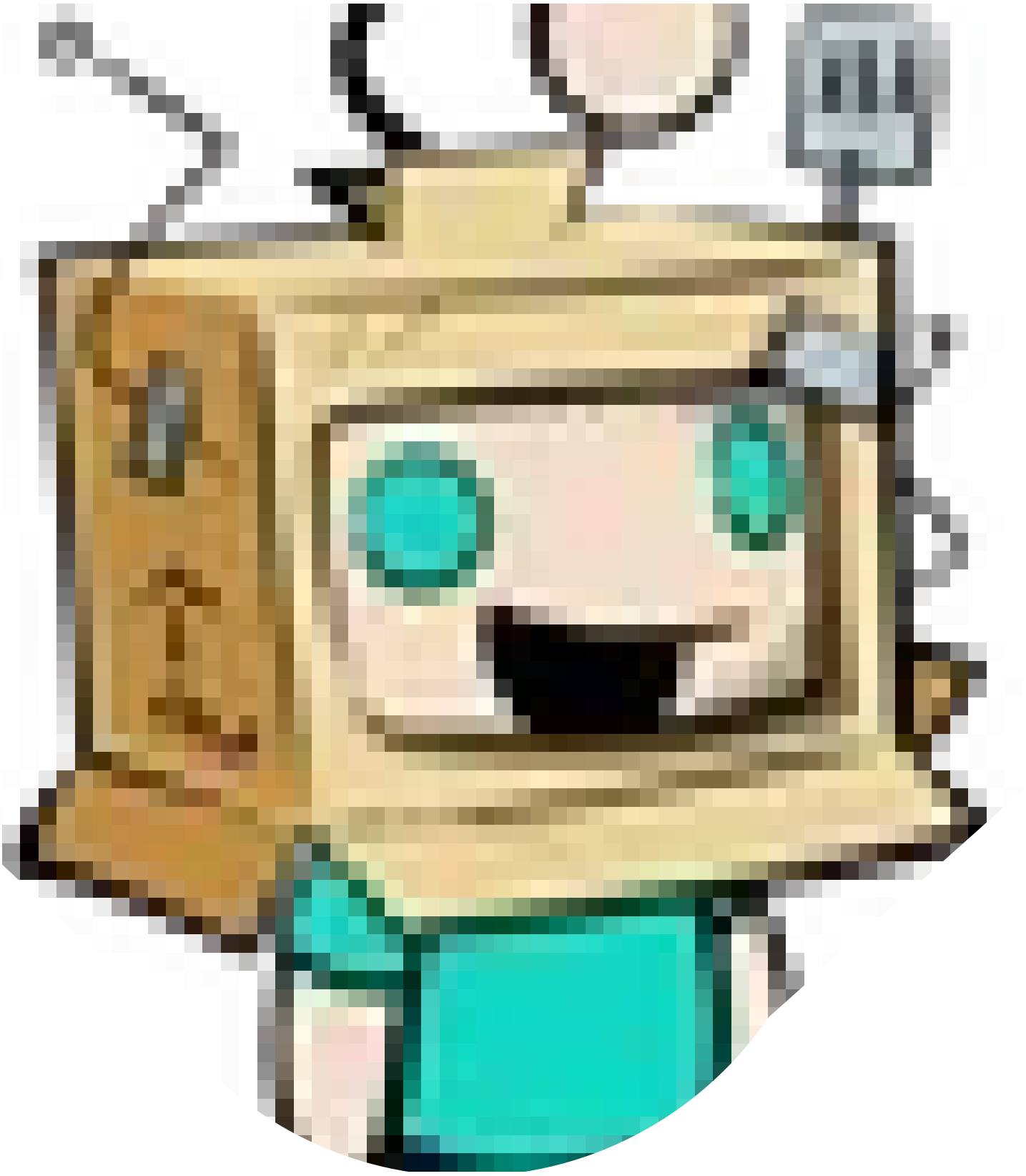
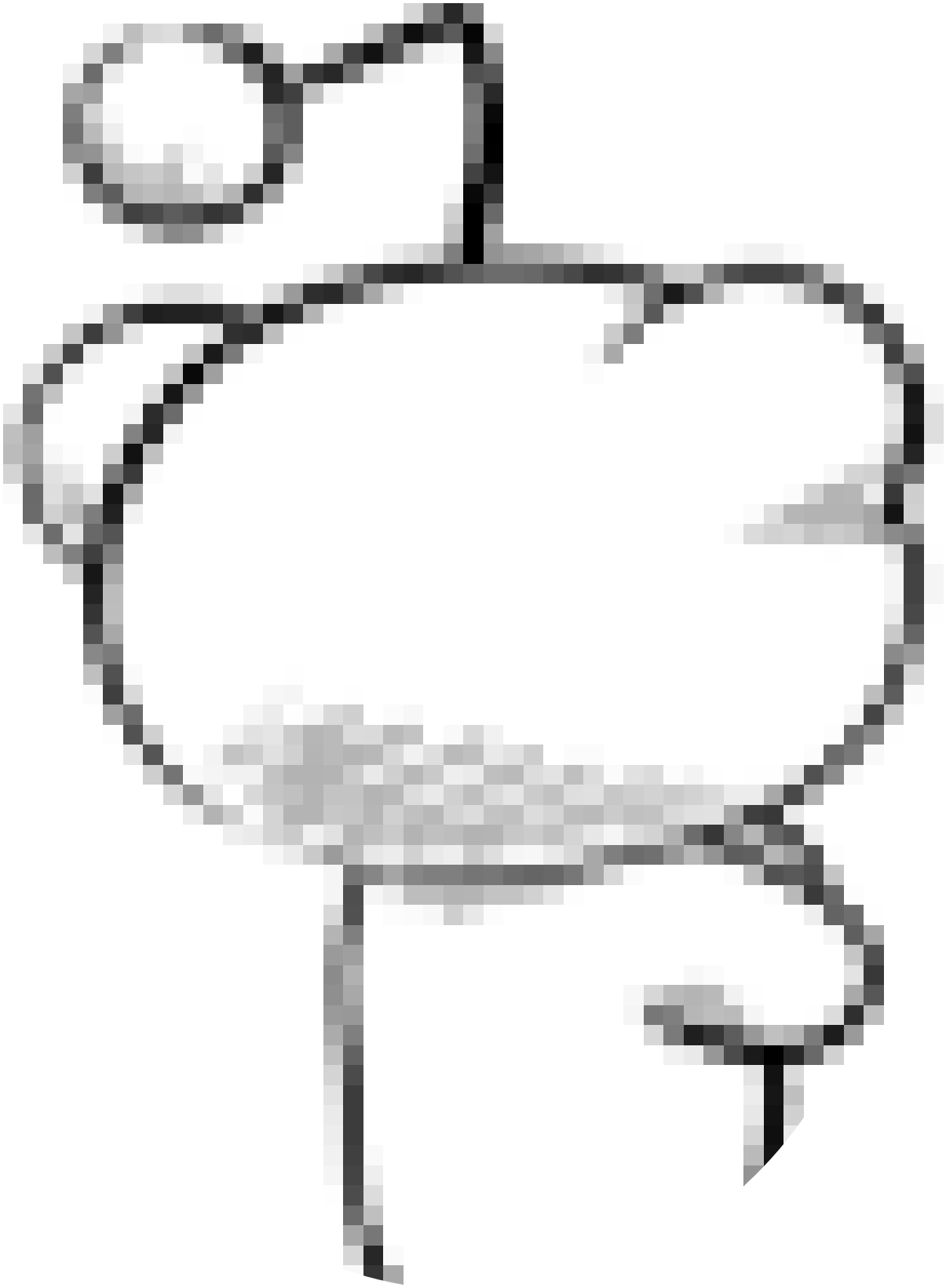


N3G4T1V3_CR33P
• 13y ago

Having a bath in my flat alone one night. Bathroom is adjacent to the kitchen which opens out into the lounge. Reading my book I see a small white shape walk (hover) across the lounge room. Weird shivers and spooky feels.

Flatmate gets home a few hours later, mention what I saw - she nonchalantly replies. "Oh, so you've seen the little girl."

She'd seen her before and even went on to tell me more about the little girl who had supposedly died in our flat years and years ago.

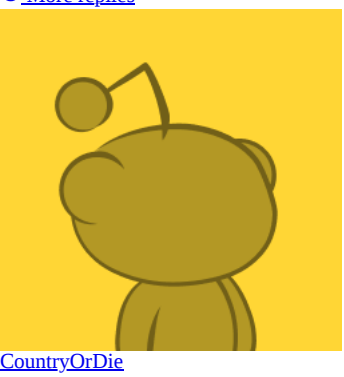


[deleted]
• 13y ago

I see a small white shape walk (hover) across the lounge room

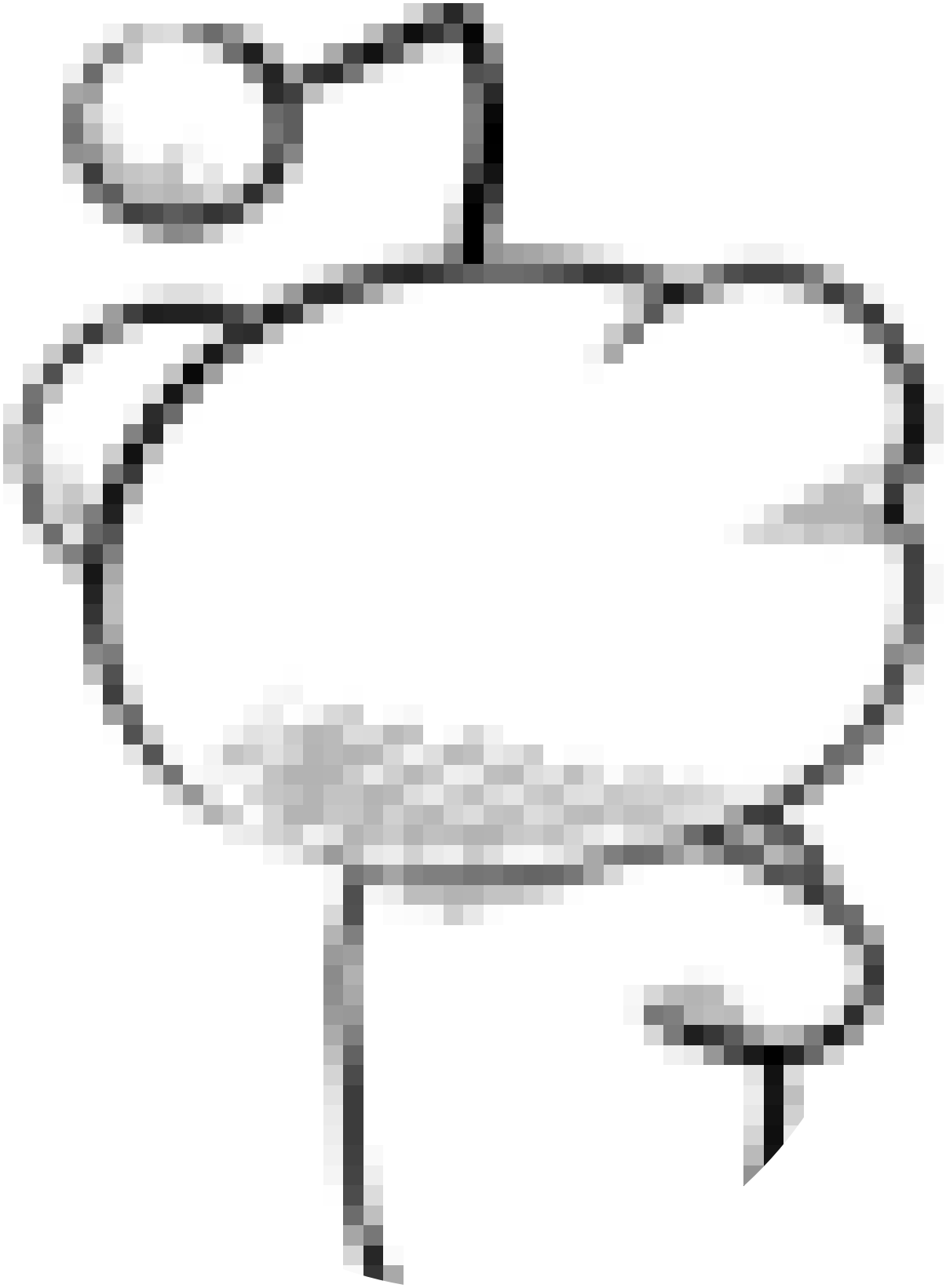
my mum had this happen in her old flat, weirdly. she described it as a white shadow but she only seen it through the glass door and never directly

More replies



CountryOrDie
• 13y ago

TIL to never have kids



skyburnsred
• 13y ago

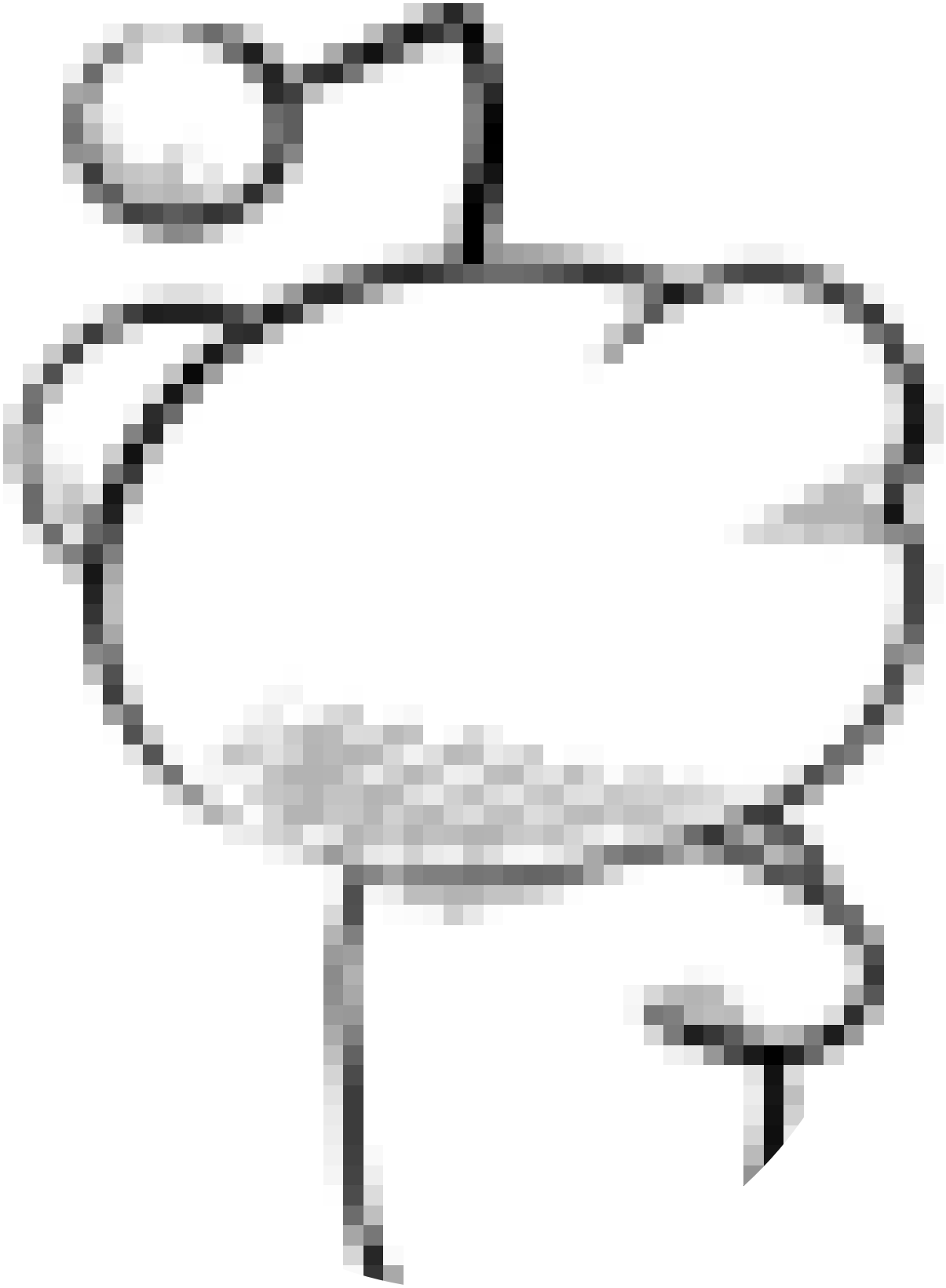
My friend had taken a cell phone video of this haunted house that belonged to another friend of his.

In the video, they are in the aforementioned haunted room, and out of frame the other guy asked the ghost to give them a sign if it was there. Right after that, you hear a loud bang that reverberates through the room. As my friend pans the camera past the door, you can see a very clear silhouette of a woman with lighter areas where the eyes would be. It was quite distinct and even more creepy.

A few days later, my friend mentioned that he came over to my house when I wasnt there to get a shirt he left there, and swore that something flew off my shelf when he entered the room. All the while, the phone had also been in there. I think nothing of it, assuming he was just trying to scare me after having seen the video.

Two days later, I walk into my room after school and hear this strange sizzling noise, like bacon being cooked, and squealing like the fat being burnt. I looked all over for the source when I realized...it was coming from the phone.

I picked it up and it was so hot that it almost burnt my hand. It was also turned on even though it hadnt been charged in weeks. I could never explain what it was, but I still think that it was the ghost trapped in the phone trying to escape.



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• 13y ago

So one night I was really cold under my blankets cause my parents like to keep the house icy at night. I decide that I should put my blanket over my head to keep warm, and for a while it's nice. My breath keeps it nice and toasty inside and i quickly doze off.

I don't know how long later though, I wake up and i feel like I'm suffocating. panicking I try to throw the sheets off and get out of bed, I realize I can barely move. all the oxygen in the sheets had been used up and I was suffocating because i couldn't throw off the fucking sheets.

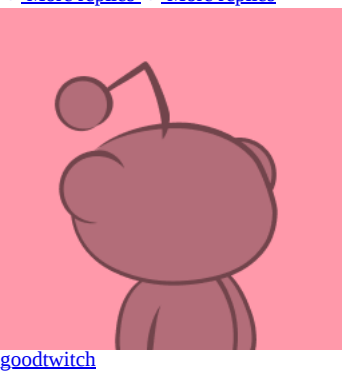
In that moment I felt so much panic it's hard to describe. I was facing death and no know knew. I couldn't yell or scream, I couldn't defend myself or go to the doctor, I was dead because of my own stupidity.

The adrenaline gave me just enough energy to move the sheet enough to let some air in and suddenly I could move again, but i didn't sleep that night and I'll probably never forget the fear of dying in such a pathetic way.

oohcomely
• 13y ago

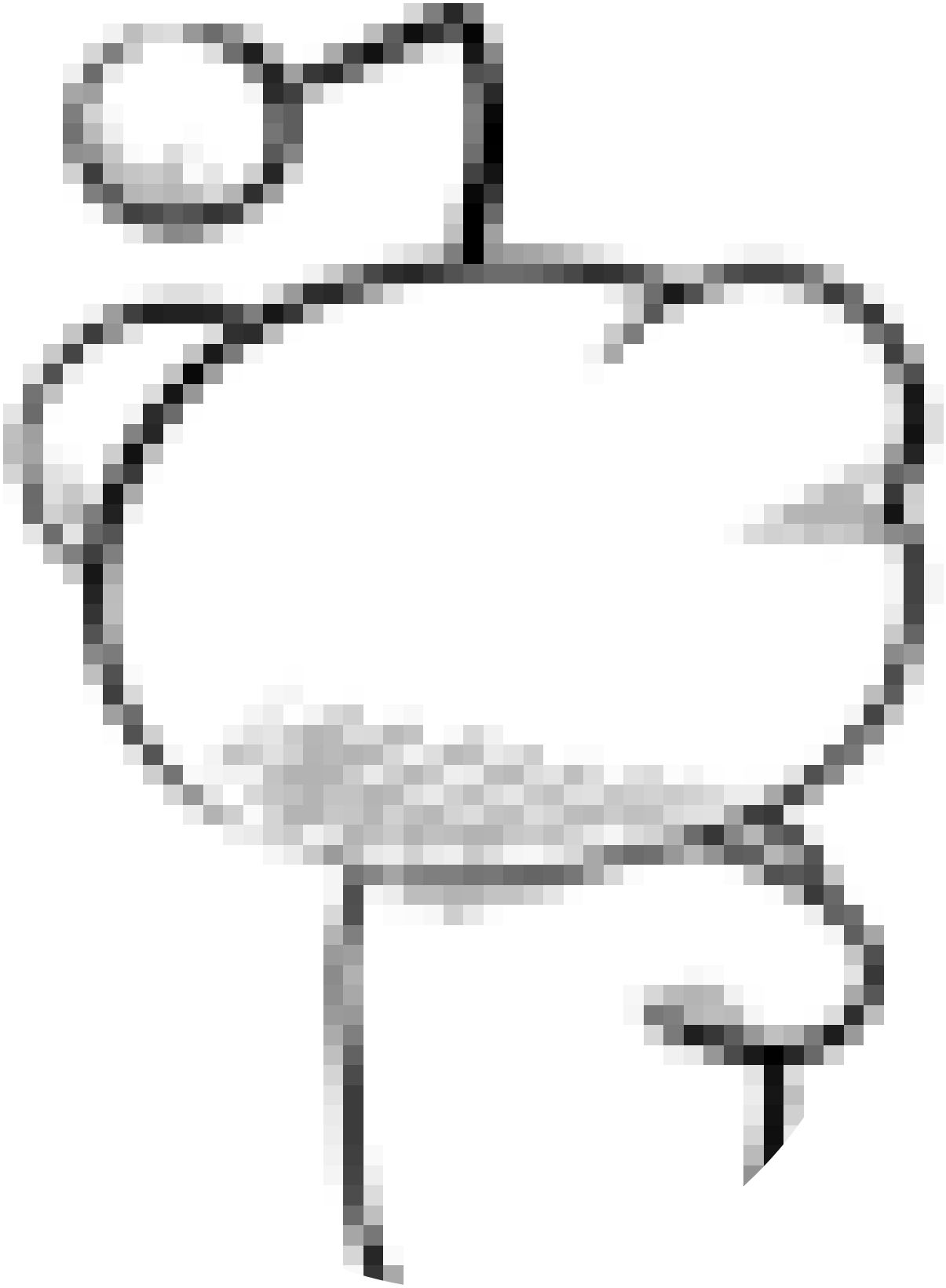
This sounds kind of like sleep paralysis.

3 more replies
3 more replies
More replies More replies



goodtwitch
• 13y ago

I visited my parents at a Florida condo and would stay in a ground floor guest room. Every time I stayed there I'd have the same dream. I'd see pitch darkness and a weird human-like creature staring down at me. I seemed to be illuminated by my body somehow. It looked like it was made from melted candle wax. It would stare down at me and say, "I love your light; I just want to eat it up!" Then I'd wake up with my heart pounding in a state of deep nope, very weird.



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• 13y ago

Were you afraid of the "creature" at all? Did it give off scary vibes, comforting, or did it make you feel self-conscious and awkwardly flattered like a random stranger paying you an unexpected compliment about something or a feature you thought was undesirable.

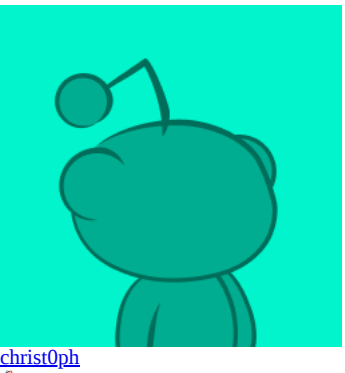
I used to (and maybe still do) meet a waxy figure in my dreams who seems to bask in a glow coming from me. it never said anything to me though.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies More replies

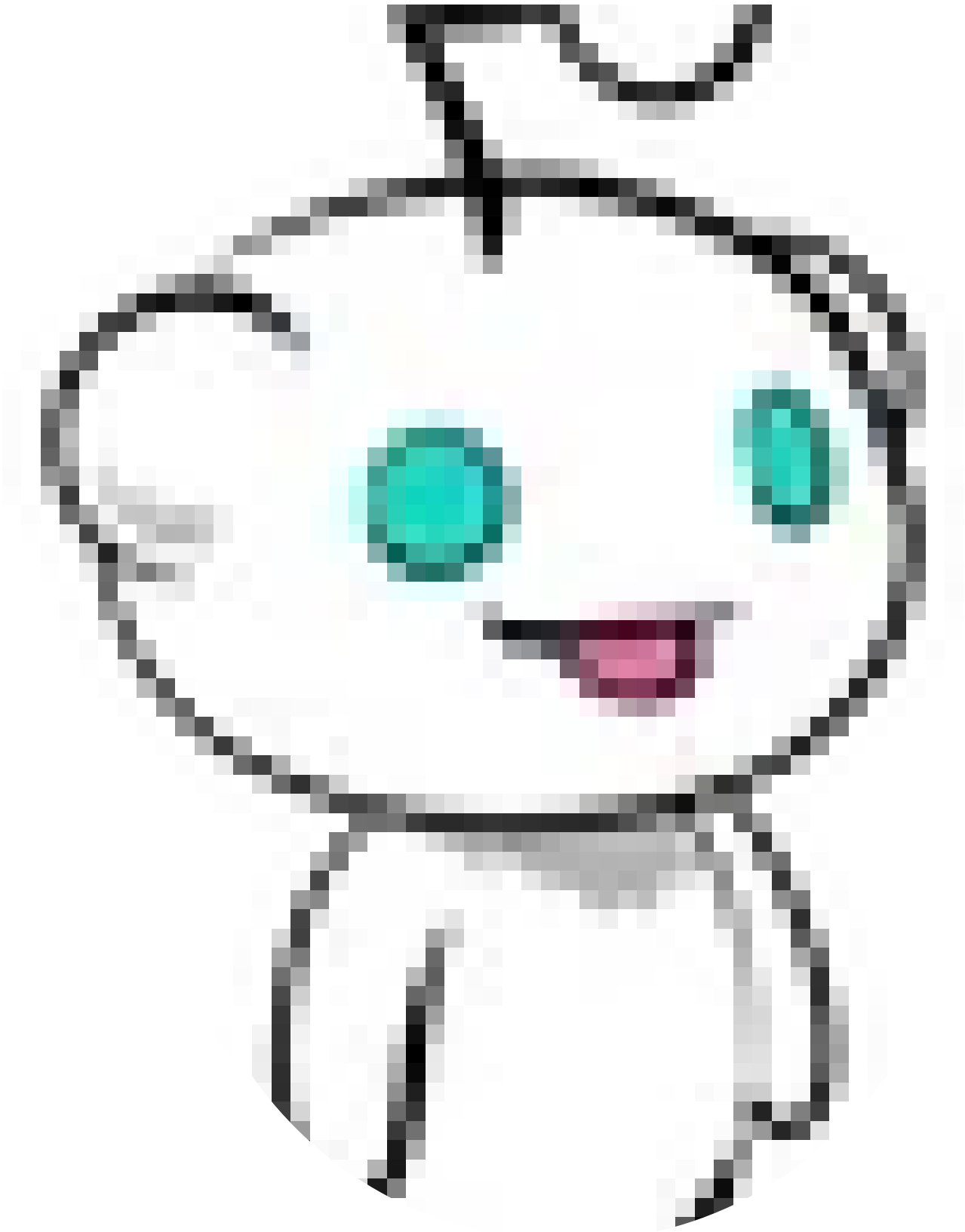
Big_Bang_Walker
• 13y ago

I don't know if I should be reading these before bed time.



christ0ph
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

The 2010 movie "The Road"

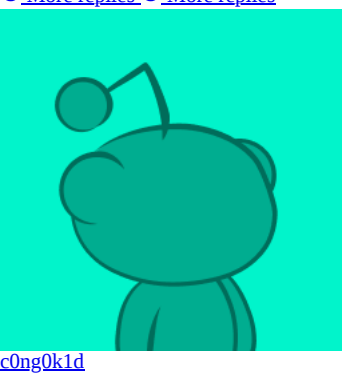


olliepots
• 13y ago

the book "The Road"

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies More replies



c0ng0k1d
• 13y ago

Wasn't the best idea to make this my last visit before bed.

jammy8891
• 13y ago

I was speaking to someone last night who told me that they used to own a boa constrictor. They wouldn't keep it in a cage, and at night they'd happily let it sleep in the bed between her and her partner. After a while the snake started going off its food and acting strangely, and a few times at night it would wrap itself around her and rest its head on top of hers. They thought it was sick, so they took it to the vet. The vet basically said you need to get rid of this snake now, its been sizing you up and waiting to eat you. Damn.

Awki
• 13y ago

As a counselor at a camp in the North East, staff camp sight was about a hundred feet from the kitchen and mess hall. Every night we Jr staff would sit in the pavilion of the site and the conversations would get quite loud. On a regular basis we'd have to be shushed. My second year, first week, the kitchen staff were mostly new and getting used to where everything belonged in the store room.

A CIT (counselor in training, usually a 15 year old) returned from the latrine, face completely white. He leaned against a pole, eyes wide in fear, unable to speak. It took us a few moments his presence, but when we did, it creeped the shit out of us. We tried to sit him down and ask what was wrong. He slowly raised a finger to his lips and pointed back at the latrine.

The night completely silent, under a new moon, an eery warbling bounced off the trees. It raised in volume, then quickly went silent. This repeated. Grabbing a few metal circus tent stakes to boost our bravery, a posse of us walked slowly up. It sounded like a screech, a cry, a child talking, white noise. Reaching the latrine where we could hear it easily, we were undecided if it was laughing or crying. A brave older staff member took the biggest re-bar stake and banged on the door. It opened. Peering in, someone provided him a light. I watched as he took each step. I could see the hairs on his neck raise as he reach the bend where the toilet stall was.

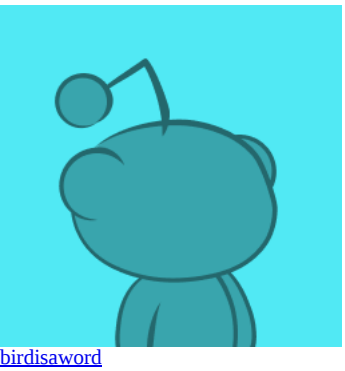
As he lowered the toilet seat, we presumed it would muffle the cry. As we were all standing on the wooden platform over the sewage pit, the white noise cry reverberated into our ears as it echoed within, flipping us out. Backpedaling, some ran off into the night. The flashlight had rolled by my boots. Myself, the older staffer, the CIT and two others stayed, stood rooted to the ground. Backing out of the stall, the older staffer moved us out of the latrine. As we walked around the small wooden building, I stepped on something tubular about the side of a branch. The warble cry rang up through my ears again, but this time with renewed vigor; I landed on my back from a panicked jump.

The others investigated and identified it as a plastic pipe. Following it through the woods, the warble grew louder in the air. It echoed out of the pipe, off the trees, within ourselves. Getting into the clearing next to the kitchen, the screeching seemed to emanate from the walls itself. The pipe went into the ground near the foot of the building. Inside, all was quiet. No warble, no screech, no cry, no laugh.

Moving around in the dark, the CIT bumped into the tin waste water sink. Like an alarm, the cry, the laugh, reverberated through the entirety of the kitchen with such a sudden intensity literally pied myself. In the sink sat a pan over something dark and oblong. Lifting it slowly, the screech silenced, replaced by the sound of static from the radio beneath.

Jon76
• 13y ago

It's 4 in the morning... I can't sleep... This isn't helping. Why am I here?



birdisaword
• 13y ago

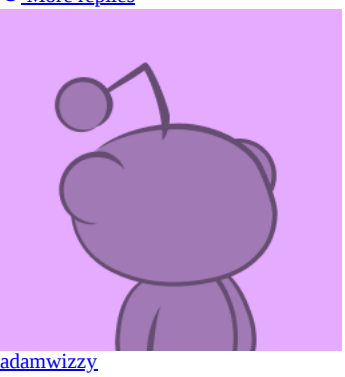
From http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/1detli/what_is_the_most_mysteriousparanormal_thing_youve/c9por1z

> The day was as boring as it was interesting. That is to say, it was not as interesting as a day that was slightly more interesting than a turnip, and it was not as boring as a day that was slightly less interesting than a turnip. It was a pretty average day all things considered. An average day, that is, until you consider the turnip.
>
> The turnip was as boring as it was interesting...
>
> ...That is to say, the turnip was more or less like the other turnips trundling along the conveyor on the loading dock of Intercontinental Turnip Industries.
>
> There, as an ITI representative, it was Dan Joe's job to inspect the turnips. Days blended together as the turnips whizzed by, each just like the other, an endless blur of purple and white. God, he hated turnips almost as much as he hated life itself. Sometimes he would find a defect and grasp the abomination by its wilting green stem. "Fuckin' lil cunt!" he'd mutter, or a similar expletive, as he tossed it into the bin; a metaphor for his life.
>
> Flicking his zippo, he lit up another cigarette and blew smoke at the turnips. Those fucking turnips, flying along the conveyor belt into the truck below. Everything in his life was measured in turnips delivered. A lunch break equalled three tons of turnips. A piss break was just a couple of hundred kilos. The height of each step leading down from the warehouse lunch room was 3.5 average turnips, measured lengthways. He even figured he could build a turnip-masonry wall if he so desired, using smaller turnips to provide stability between the freakishly large ones.
>
> He was jolted from his daydream as a turnip jumped up from the conveyor and fell to the ground with a dead thump. "Sneaky little shits." he mumbled, kicking it away with a worn leather shoe.
>
> It screamed.
>
> He didn't believe his ears, so he walked over to where the turnip lay and raised his boot above it.
>
> "Stop!" it squealed. "Don't hurt me!"
>
> "Why the fuck not?" Dan said to the weird creature.
>
> Amazed he was talking to a turnip, Dan double checked his hearing and eyesight were working okay.
>
> "You know you couldn't do it!" the turnip mocked. "Besides..." its voice lowered as a devilish face appeared on its upturned side, fangs protruding outwards, "*you wouldn't dare!*"
>
> Now it was Dan's turn to squeal, as he turned heel and attempted to flee. Tragically, the sleeve of his flannelette shirt tangled in the conveyor. Evil turnip laughter cackled at him from behind. The machine, not caring whether he was turnip or man, dragged him slowly inwards as his sleeve twisted around an axle. It only took a minute, but soon his arm was torn from its shoulder socket, at which point he passed out.
>
> Memories from this point forward were hazy. His eyes were closed. Then he'd remember bits like the turnips on the conveyor, or the shiver he felt up his spine when the turnip first spoke. His eyes would open and the turnip would be there with its ugly face staring him down, grinning its evil little turnip grin, brandishing some kind of transmitter in its odd little turnip hands.
>
> As he lay there in the black, struggling to regain consciousness, it whispered dark secrets into his ears. It probed his mind for information. It tore at his psyche and left only a hollow space in its wake.
>
> "What is that smell?" he thought, levitating in some kind of astral void. Focussing, he saw his rotting corpse below him laying on the loading dock, a fallen turnip laying at the tip of the outstretched fingers of his dismembered arm, an extinguished cigarette laying nearby. The turnip was inert, ordinary.
>
> That's when Dan remembered. He'd reached forward to grab a turnip and slipped, losing an arm. He bled out from his injury. The turnip was an ordinary turnip. He died knowing this.
>
> The end.

DickBaggins
• 13y ago

You find that scary/creepy?

More replies



adamwizzy
• 13y ago

The story of her holding an orange, it is freaky, look it up.

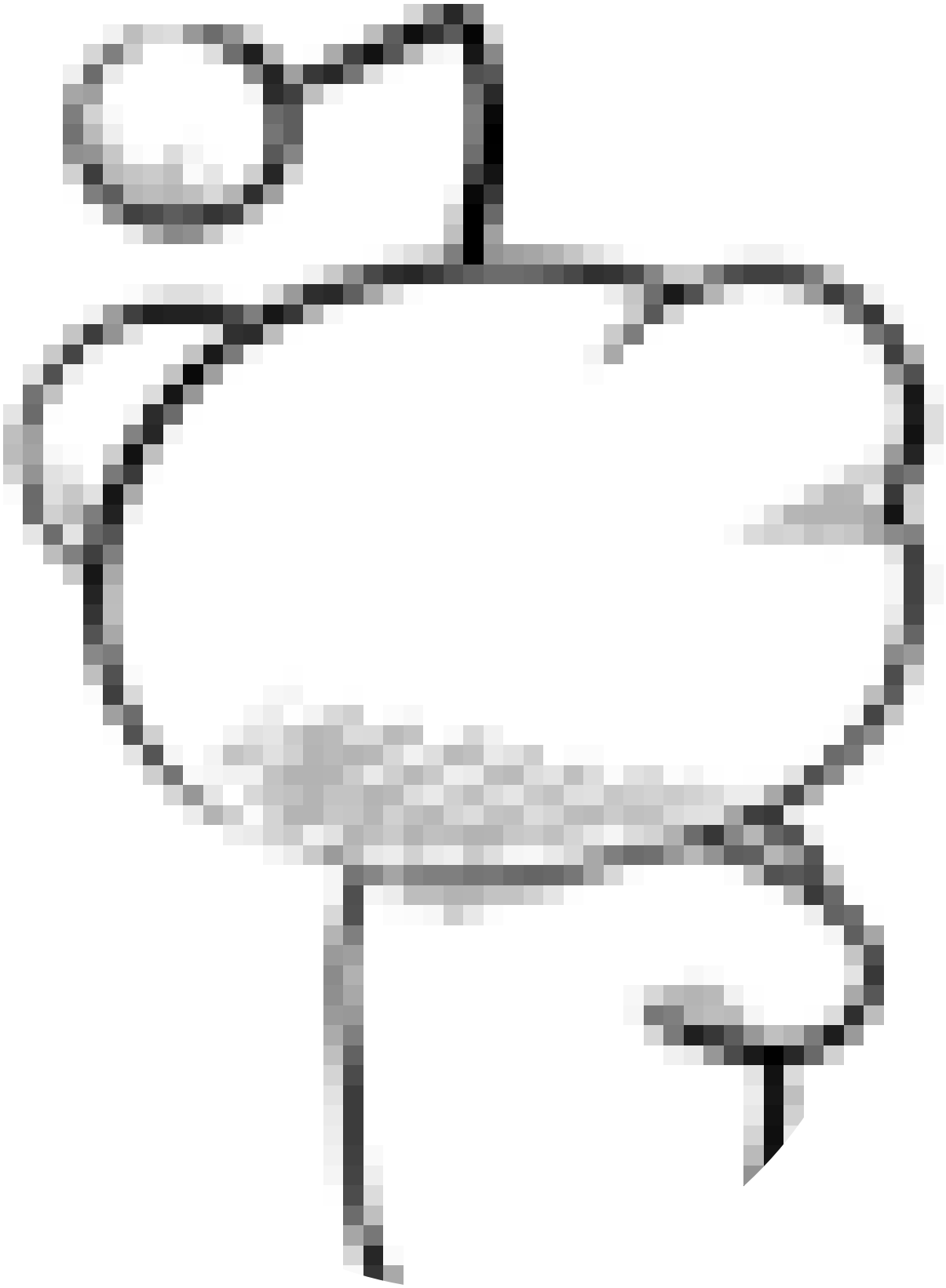
deathcabforlucy
• 13y ago

Link, I can't post the whole story because character limit: http://www.creepypasta.com/tag/the-story-of-her-holding-an-orange/

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies More replies



AReddItOfDunces
• 13y ago

A Pentecostal worship. Christian Renewalists basically force mental retardation upon their children. The creepy part is knowingly those kids speaking in tongues on the floor will probably grow up and breed.

Mouseicle
• 13y ago

What do you mean by 'force retardation' on them? Do they just not teach them anything, or do they actively damage their brain function somehow?

More replies

dre_day4
• 13y ago

This just happened to me a couple weeks ago,

Met up with a couple friends downtown around 1am, we went for a walk looking for a park to toke in. We found this old looking school with dimmed lights and we sat on the bench. I was rolling a J when suddenly the cries of a baby could be heard. The sound was coming from a apartment complex at the other end of the field. The crying got more intense to the point where it sounded like it was screaming for its life. At one point, the screams started to sound like a fucked up cat-toddler hybrid. We started to hear a banging noise and then everything went silent. We got the fuck out of there

Reply Share

rex280
• 13y ago

It's 1:00 A.M. and I'm a dumbass

Reply Share

Liv-Julia
• 13y ago

Ohshit. I just found out my workplace is supposedly haunted. I work nights in a locked ward, often alone and the voices and noises I hear I attributed to a radio somewhere else. Evidently not. I was getting exasperated with myself losing things only to have them turn up in plain sight later. The footsteps and cold areas I thought were due to an old (built 1911) building.

Dammit, I wish they'd never told me. Maybe my coworkers are messing with me.

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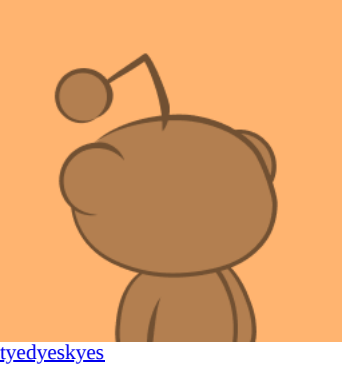


tyedyeskyes
• 13y ago

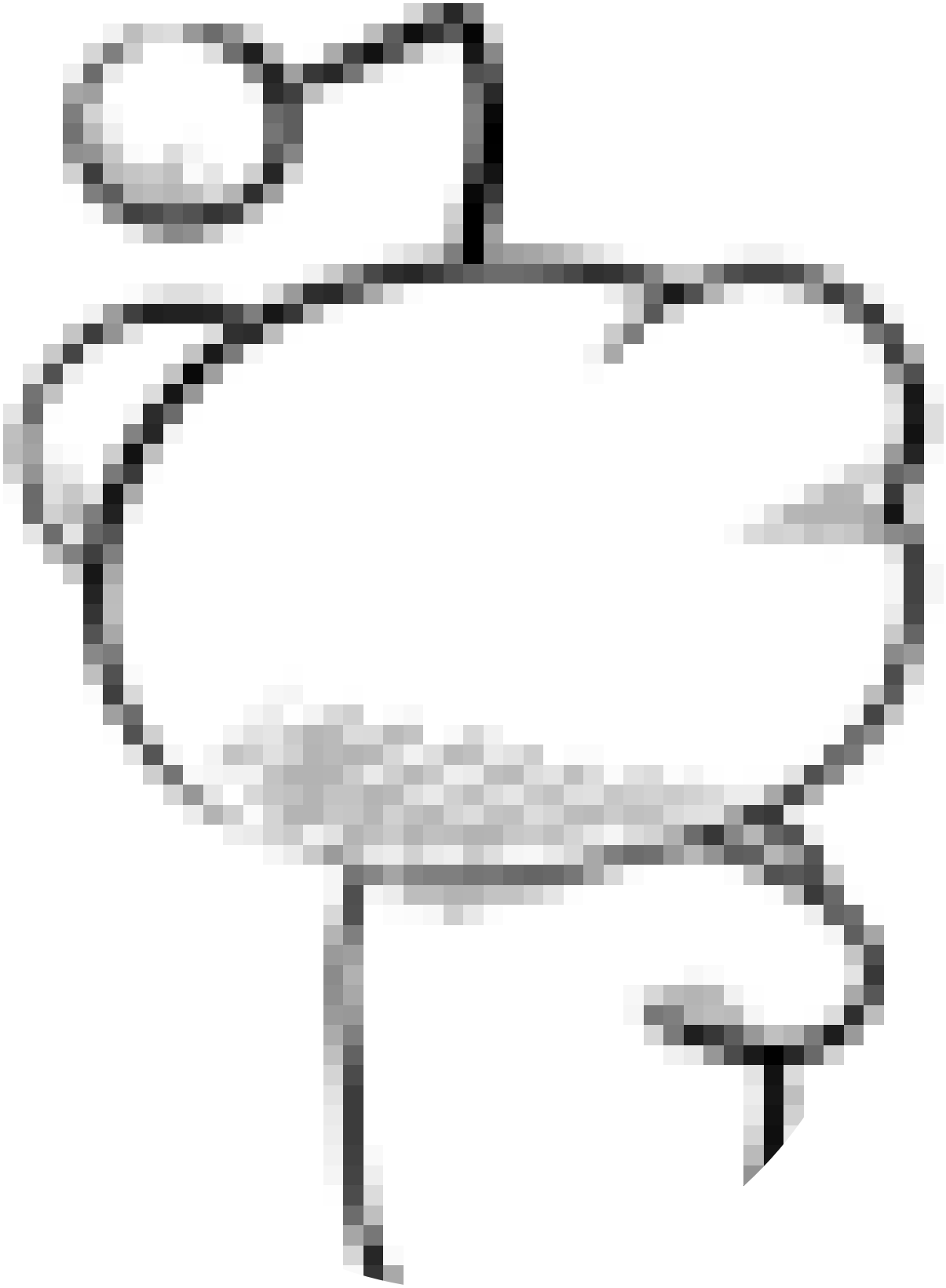
I got one, not scary just creepy and unsettling is all. Soo I'm 15 at the time and my sister and her fiance moved in with me and my parents, two younger brothers, 11 and 13 at the time. My sister and her fiance shared my old room and at the time, my cousin and her husband and my other cousin also lived here. My family is very helpful so they all lived with us while they looked for houses and stuff. Note that this house is 3 bedroom and kind of small. But w/e. Soo it's like 2 maybe 3 in the morning and I am going to bed and as I walk in to the room, its really really dark. We have curtains up on all the windows and the lights shut off. I walk in and my brother (13) wakes up, points at me and with terror, I mean actual, f**king terror, like I am about to die terror, says "Watch out behind you." Needless to say, I didn't sleep for a week after and never in that room. I got way more stories about that house. I might post them later if this one does good.

Reply Share

alextr0n
• 13y ago

The scariest thing I've seen was at my friends party. He had an RV where drunk people would go use the restroom or lie down for a bit or eat or whatever and I was going to use the restroom. I see a girl about to get off the RV so I move to the side. She missed the steps completely (due to drunkness), falls, and slams her head into the brick wall. She didnt move for about a minute. I honestly thought she had died. Sobered me up quick.

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

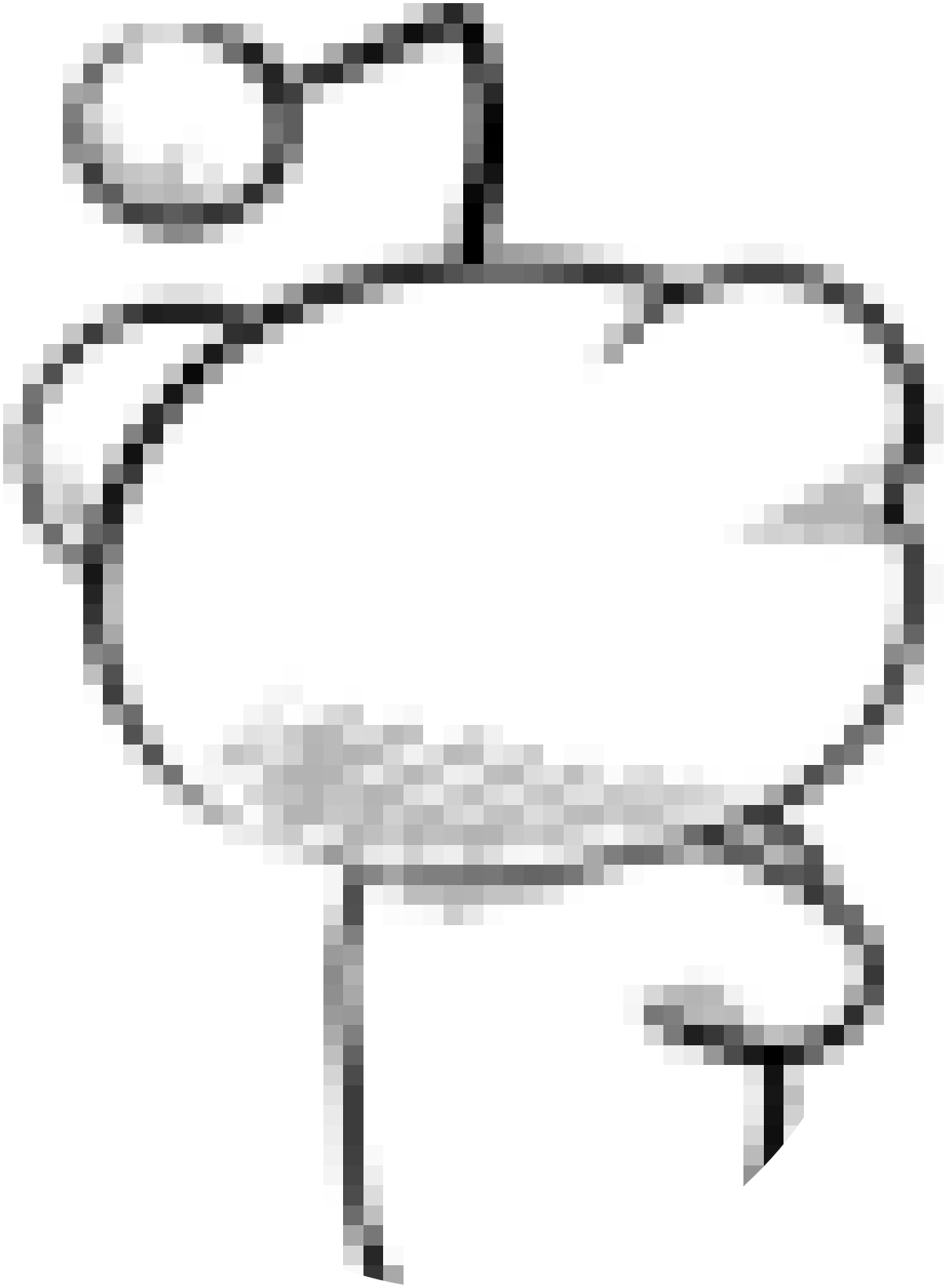
I walked out of a restaurants bathroom to a 6 year old blond girl... I was just waiting for her to say, "Come play with us..." she had the same look on her face, too... Creepy as hell.

Reply Share

jpesich
• 13y ago

Kevin Ware's leg

Reply Share



babybelly
• 13y ago

slenderman is scary or this korean comic thingy

Reply Share

somesayso
• 13y ago

Almost a year ago, shortly after moving into our new place, SO and I were out for a walk. Now, you should know, we live in an apartment building in the suburbs and our building sits on a piece of land that's only partially developed. Out behind on the undeveloped and partially developed side are a few paths that run over some hills with tall grass, and some managed wooded areas. At one point, they cross a 'stream' using some pylons that stick up from the water instead of a bridge. We were on the opposite side of the stream from our place, rounding a curve to this crossing, when we stumble upon a children's bike laying in the middle of the path, right next to this stream. No one is in sight, and there are beaten down paths into the woods that could have been game paths, and could have been murderous hobo paths. Hard to say which, but the spine shivers were in full effect.

TL;DR Abandoned children's bicycle in the woods.

Reply Share

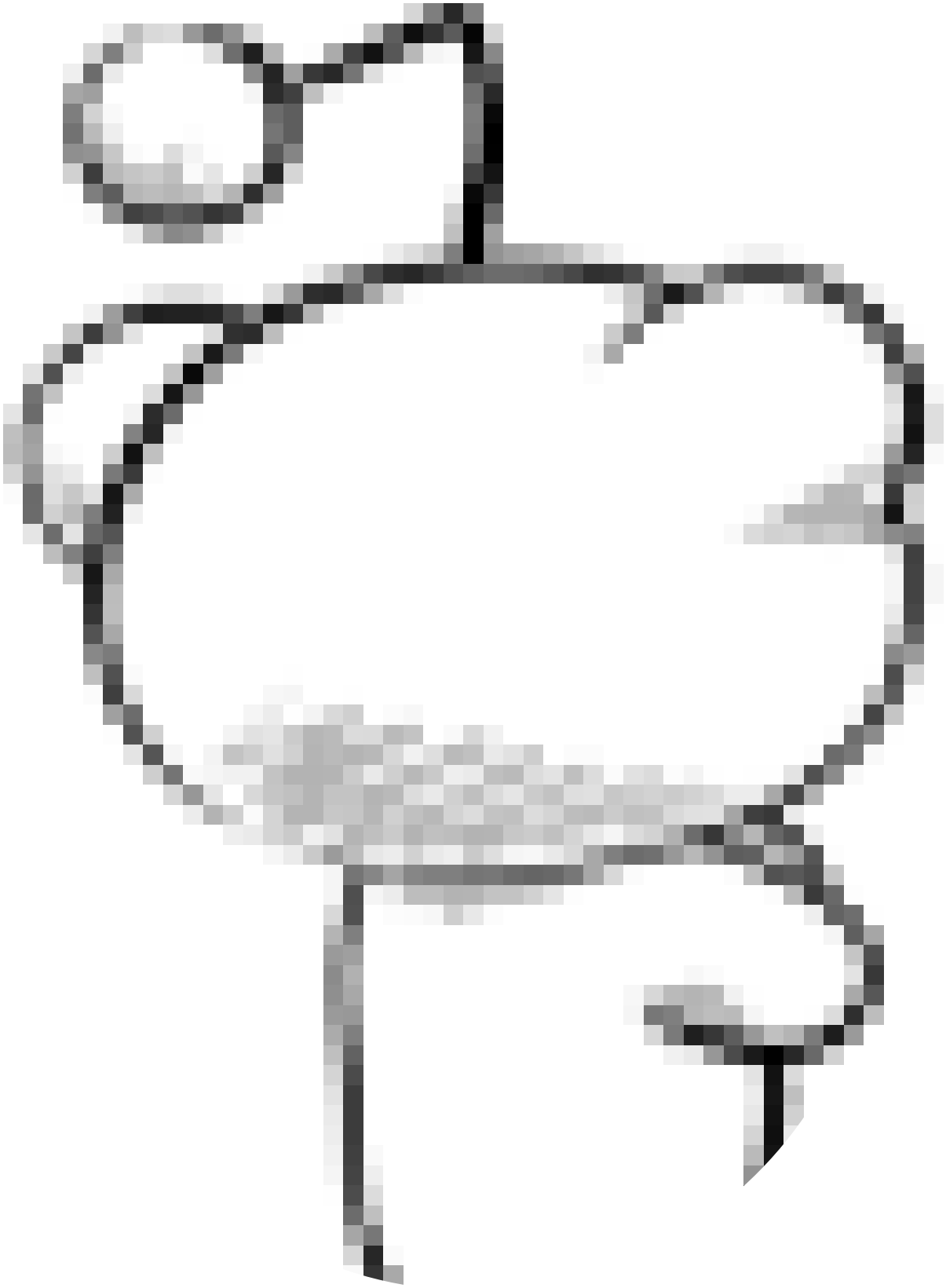
dloburns
• 13y ago

Richard Simmons Dancing to the Oldies

So many bingo flaps

angelkely1213
• 13y ago

If you like creepy/scary stuff, I suggest r/nosleep :)



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• 13y ago

I was hanging out with a friend in what I thought was a not so bad area.. Until we walked by some house and there were about 10 dudes hanging out on a front porch, dressed like gangsters most were Native American some were white, blasting rap music, all drinkin, one had a Machete in his hands and there was a hunting rifle clearly tilted against the stairway

We were just casually walking by when one yelled "hey kids come over here" , we just kept walking by ignoring and then that guy walks down the stairs towards us and says "I said come here yo, you guys here me"

We fucking ran like we were being chased by wolves - the guy and his friends just laughed but considering me and my friend were 14 years old and they were twenty something's that was some scary shitt

Downhill280Z
• 13y ago

When I was living at home with my mother, I would dabble in the occult. Nothing serious, you know. Shit you could find on the internet on how to invoke things.

Well, one night I gave it a go. Set up my salt and chalk circle, my white candles and my laptop (the most mystical of all books, I assure you), and invoked something or another. And didn't think two things of it when, shockingly, nothing seemed to happen. Being a bit superstitious, I leave the circle in place, just incase, and go to bed.

Nothing odd happens that night, and I don't really think much about it that day. However, when I got home from school the circle had been cleaned away by my mother, who ridiculed me for tempting fate and making a mess at the same time. And I like to believe that's where shit got weird.

The next day, I found handprints in my hallway. Not your average handprints either, as they were larger than mine, and I was the only male living in the house at the time, but not only that, they didn't appear to be made from flesh. The prints themselves were very similar to the outline of bones in the hand you see in x-rays.

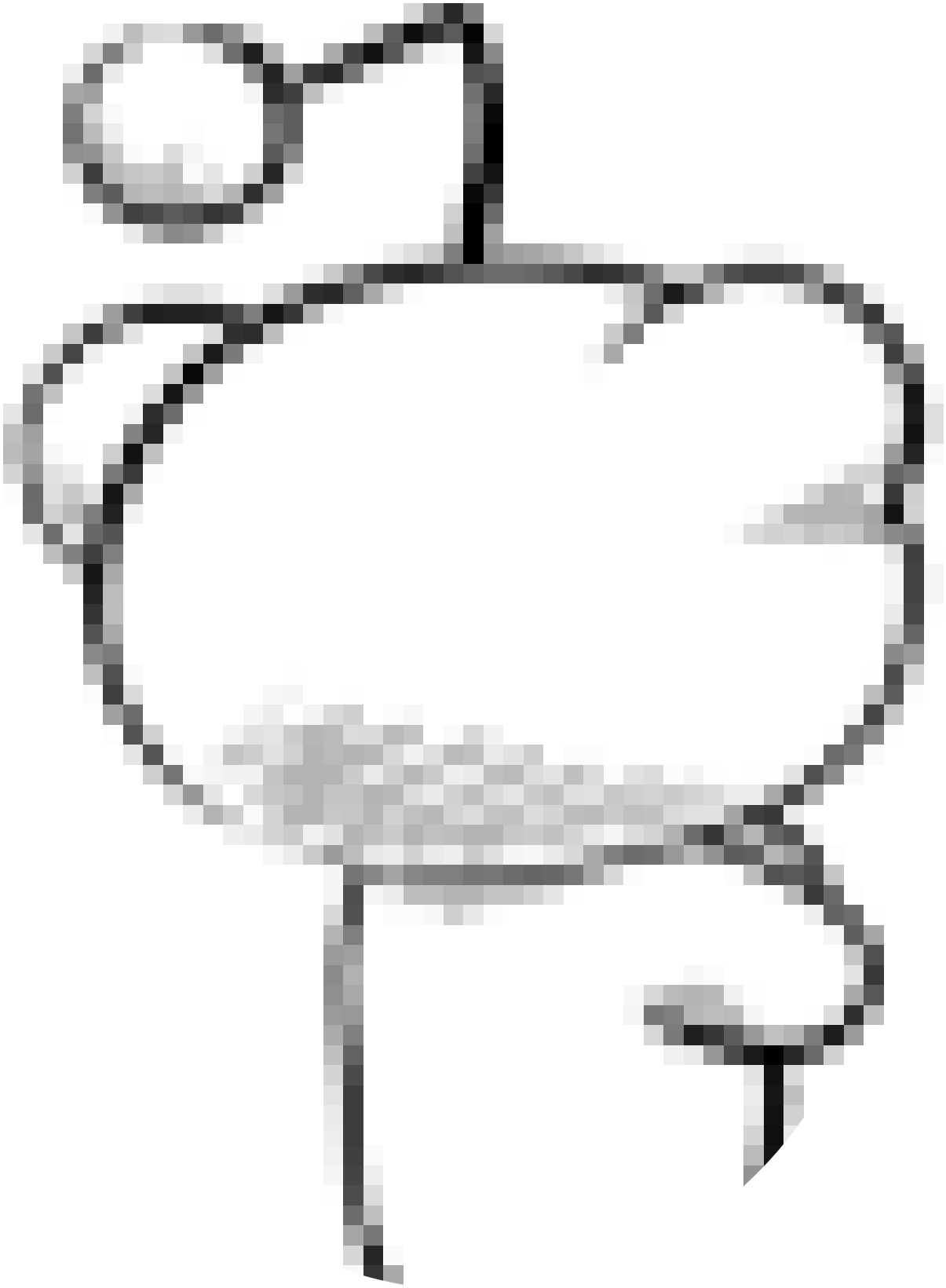
So fine, whatever, maybe grandma walked by and put her hands on the wall. That's what I told myself as I painted over the prints, which didn't scrub off, and seemed to have been made with a very heavy oil. I tried not to think anything of it, but I was a bit shaken at this point.

Now imagine an idyllic scene. Your house is clean, the wind is blowing across freshly mowed green grass of your lawn, blue skies for as far as you can see. I was sitting in the living room, reading a book in the dead silence of a perfect Saturday evening. Not a single sound inside the house, and nothing but birds chirping outside. As I flicked one page to another in my book, I heard it. And then I saw it.

My front door had shattered. Take in mind that this was not a cheap, flimsy front door. This was an expensive house with a multi-piece stained glass door, fit together nicely with no metal between the glass. And it didn't simply break in a few places and then fall out. No my friend, it shattered as if each panel had been hit with a baseball bat. But that's not even the scary part... The real kicker, and the part that made me realize I might have goofed, was that the glass didn't fall to the inside of the door. It didn't even all fall on to the front patio. It was blown out around the sidewalk and in to the grass of the front yard. Some force had hit the glass door from the inside so hard, that it exploded outwards.

After explaining this to my mother, who was a devout catholic, she proceeded to replace the front door, cover the interior of the house in decorative crosses, and call it good.

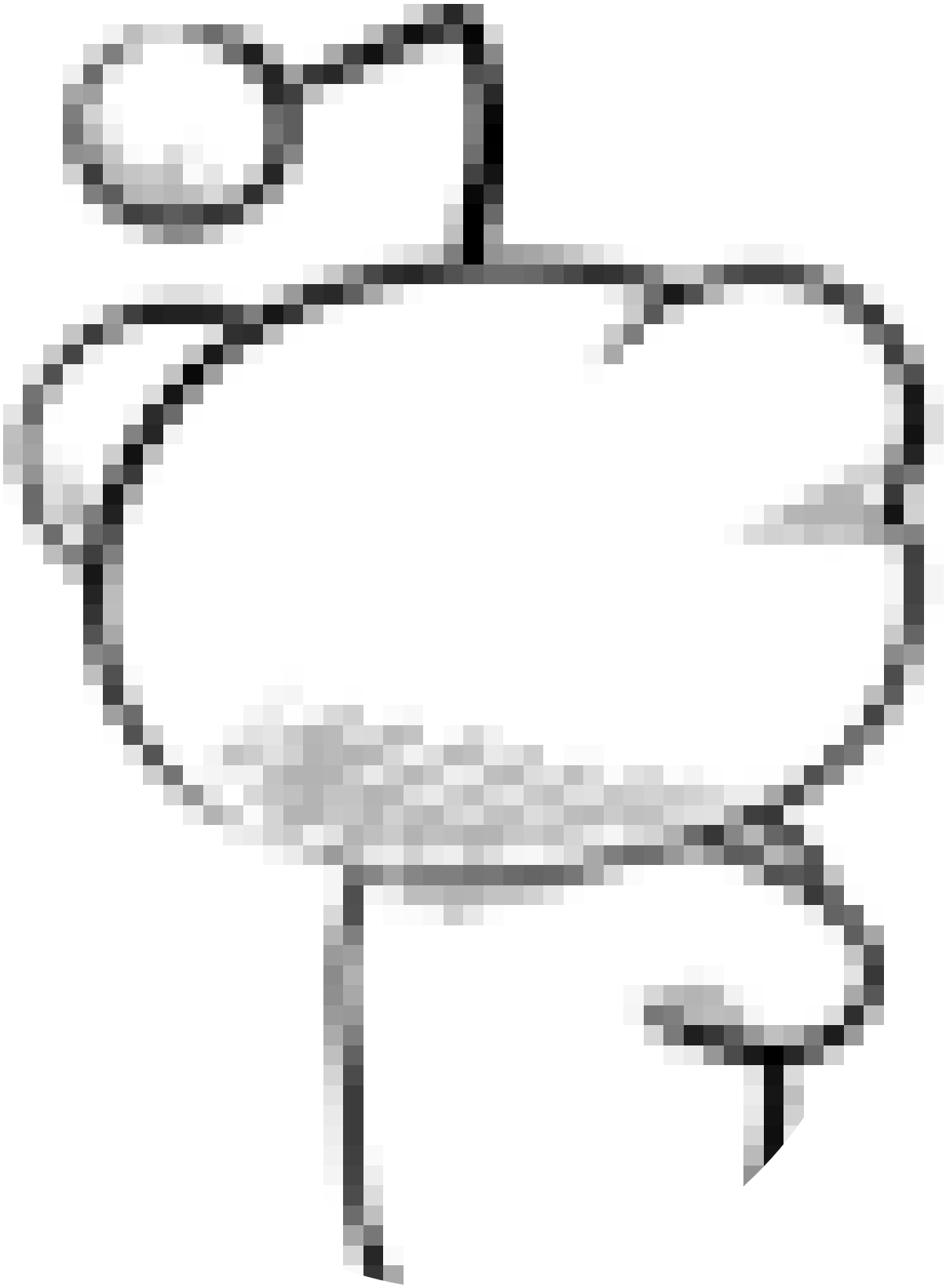
The only thing that remains of my possible-goof is the dreams I have when I sleep in my old room, where I performed the evoking. Terrifying dreams of the house burning down, or huge invisible hands laying on my shoulders and "laughing". Or of me, sitting on the roof, and looking out over what should be my neighborhood, but it's nothing but desolate burnt trees and sand dunes. Just real creepy shit.



Billpayment
• 13y ago

Aaaand this is why you're not even supposed to play with a Ouija board, much less do what you did.

More replies

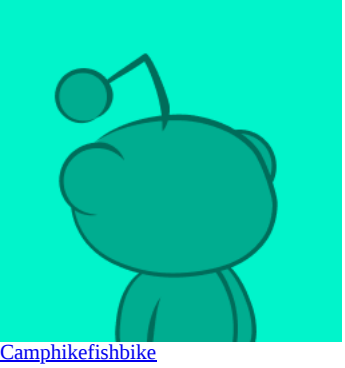


[deleted]
• 13y ago

My girlfriend and I both woke up around 4am and could smell something burning. The door to my room was closed and my fan was on, but we knew for sure something bad was going on in the living room. I open the door and smoke instantly fills my room, and there is no visibility. My girlfriend's house burnt down while she was a young girl so she is reliving all the horrible memories and crying and screaming for me to fix the problem. I'm scared shitless at this point. I carefully walk through the smoke, basically thinking I was going to fall through the floor or be trapped inside (3rd story apartment).

My brain finally clicks, my roommate must have gotten drunk and tried cooking and then fell asleep while something was in the oven. I open the oven and there is a pizza that has been burnt beyond recognition.

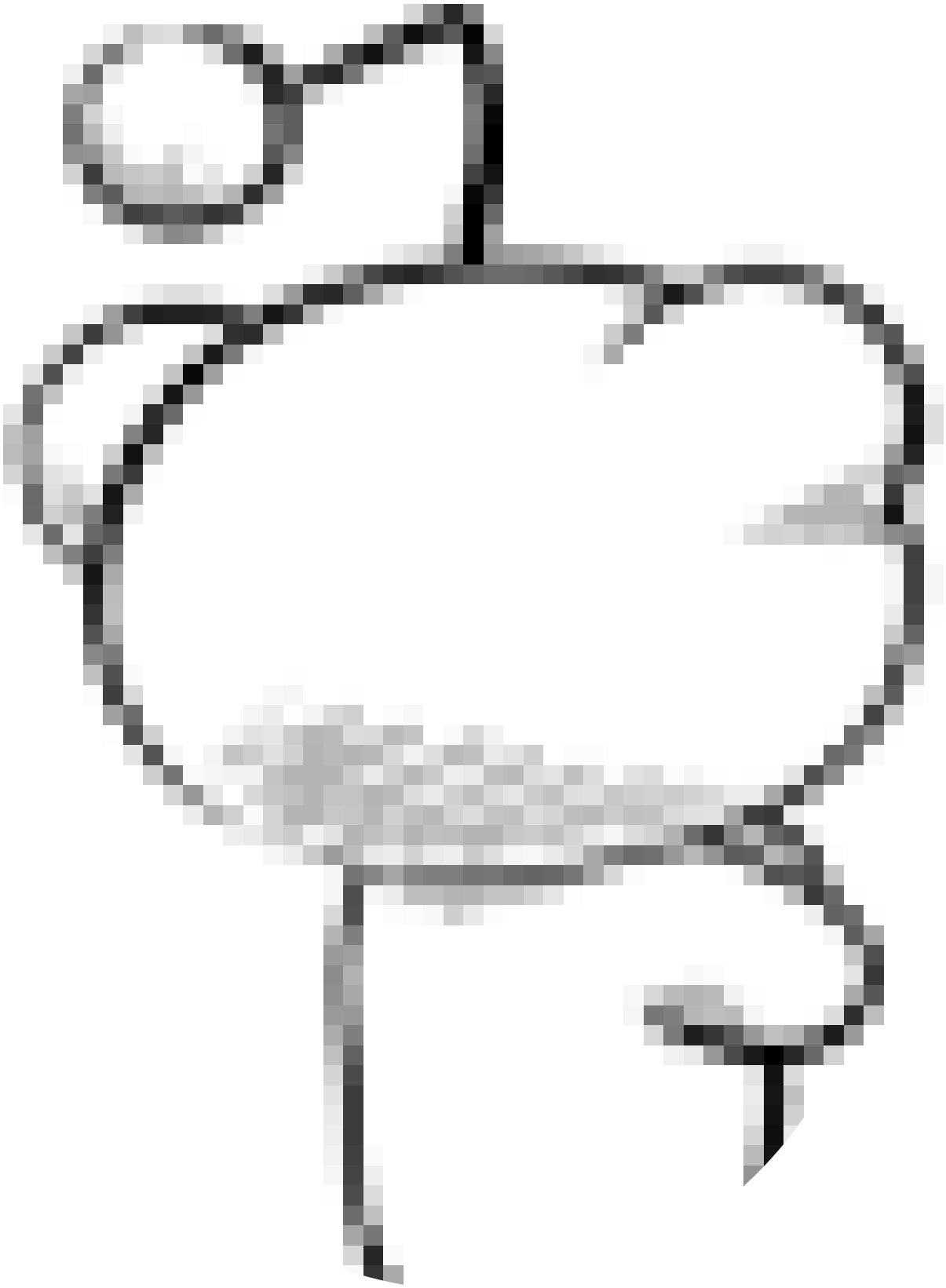
tl;dr - Roommate got drunk, passed out, tried to burn us alive, scarred gf for life



Camphikefishbike
• 13y ago

Related to this comment, walking home from the bar at 2:30ish AM and nearing my apartment I could hear a faint beeping that got louder as I got closer. Smoke alarm. I saw smoke pouring out a 4 bedroom (shared apartment with communal area) kitchen window. Someone was passed out drunk on the couch and had left god knows what in a large skillet on the electric stove on high, charred as fuck and about to melt down. I tried to wake him up to no avail, so I set the pan outside and opened the windows and left the door open. He might have died from smoke inhalation had I not.

More replies

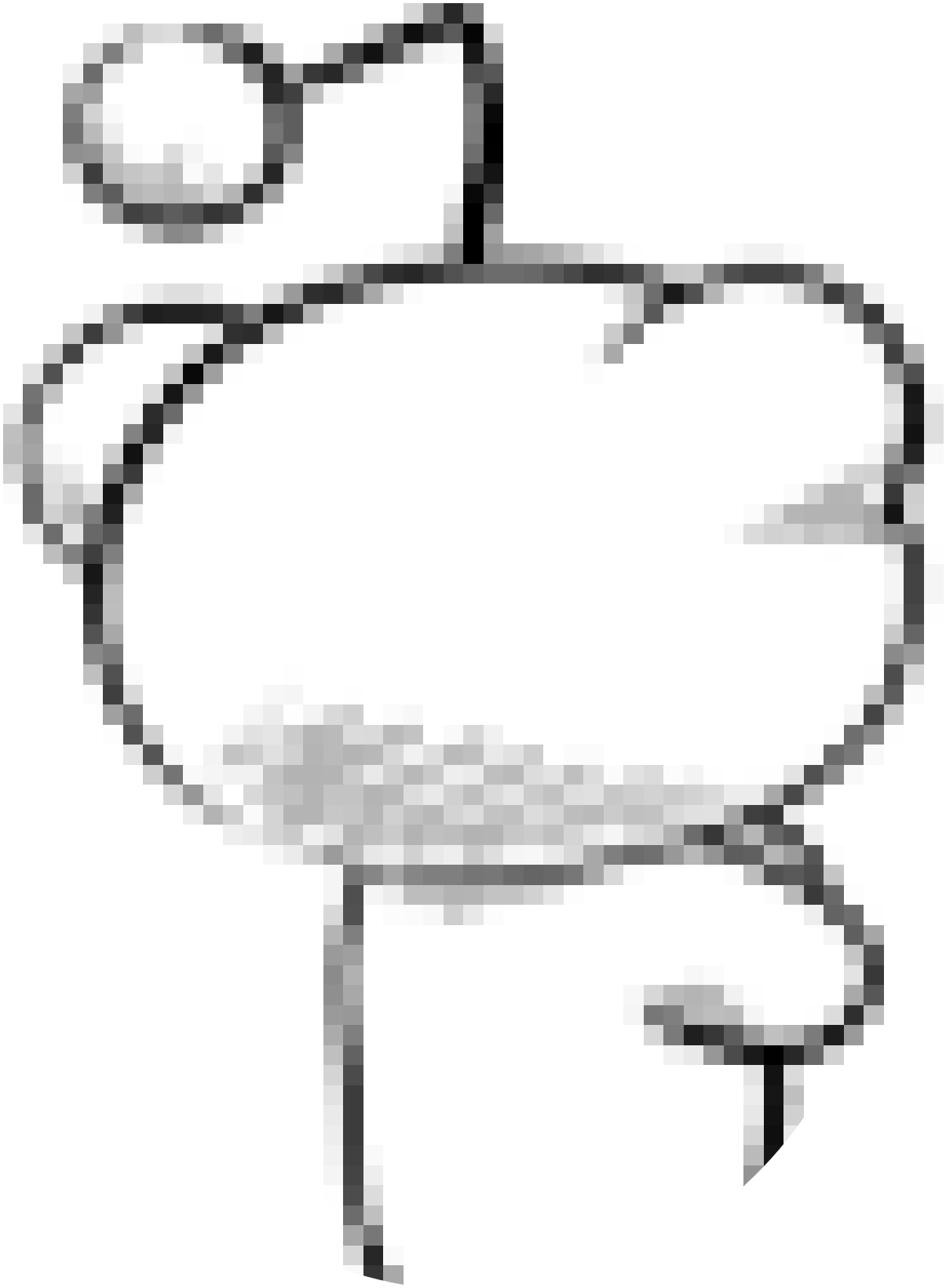


[deleted]
• 13y ago

It's been around for a while, but it still gets me.

Scroll down slowly and make sure your sound is turned up.. lol

http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31&weekday=tu



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• 13y ago

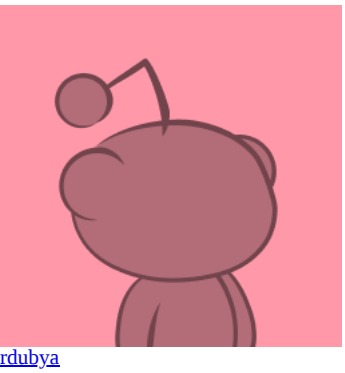
When I was 12 I had a slumber party with some girlfriends of mine. We were sitting in the living room telling scary stories. My parents had a black stone Nefratiri head statue on one of the tables. I looked up and saw that the eyes of the statue were glowing blue (the tv was not on, all the lights were out except a candle, and the curtains were drawn). As I gave a WTF squeal, two of the other girls looked up and saw it. They started screaming and talking loudly so my parents came in to find out what was going on. By the time they came in, the eyes had stopped glowing. We told them what happened and begged them to take the statue away, but they thought we were imagining things. But three of us saw it!

Demea462
• 13y ago

I almost shit my pants reading this because I saw a man with the same description and behavior in Washington D.C. recently when I was there for work and decided to explore the city one night. He didn't follow me like he did you, and I don't know what I would have done if he had.

seadirt
• 13y ago

I would tell you about the scariest thing I've ever seen, but he said I wasn't allowed to tell anyone I don't want hurt.

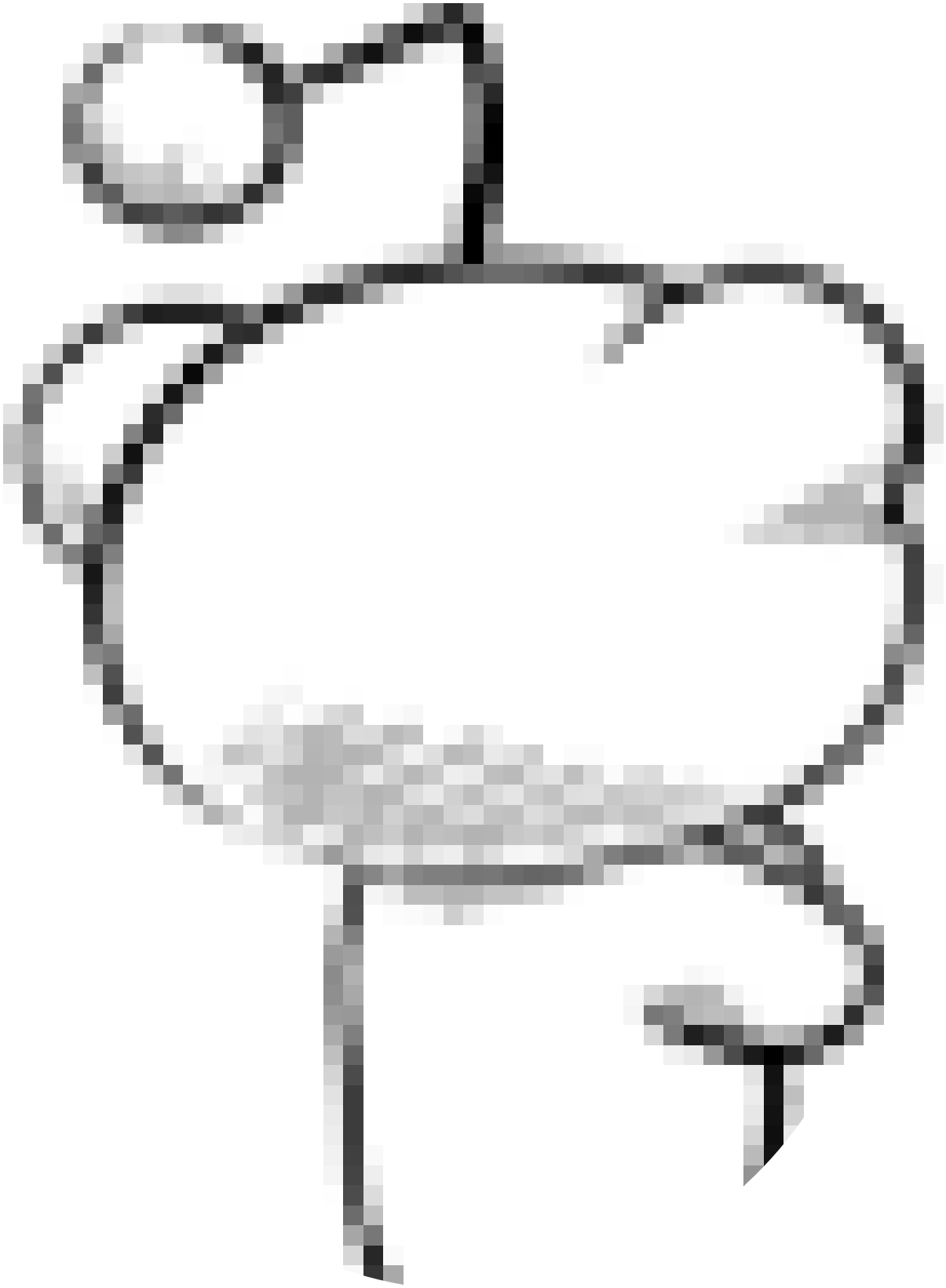


rdubya
• 13y ago

I was in an electronics lab in college. I watched my professor fall straight backward like a tree when he passed out (he was fasting for ramadan and was diabetic) Smashed his head on the concrete floor. Instantly blood starting pouring out of his ears and pooled around his head the pool the size of a basketball. The scariest thing was how everyone just stood there in shock and watched him topple like a tree without doing anything.

Thought he was gone for sure, ended up smashing his skull badly, heard he finally returned to school a few years after I graduated.

Edit: proper use of there



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I don't get scared easily, but this shit was the worst.

castingshadows
• 13y ago

holy crap, now that was a good creep...

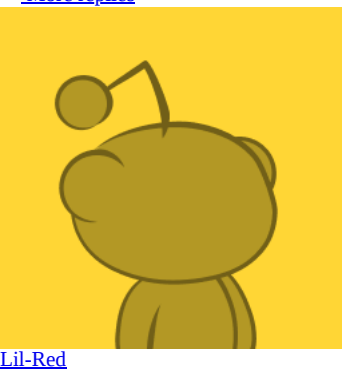
2muchCoding
• 13y ago

Closed it as soon as I saw the title... NOPE!

Mouseicle
• 13y ago

Oh christ that thing... saw once, will never see again. It was excellent, but shit scary.

More replies



Lil-Red
• 13y ago

One of my close friends got carried away and drowned by a rip tide yesterday at the same beach I was at just the day before. I remember talking to my grandpa about how strangely powerful the current felt that day, even so close to the shore. RIP man.. still hard believe this happened.

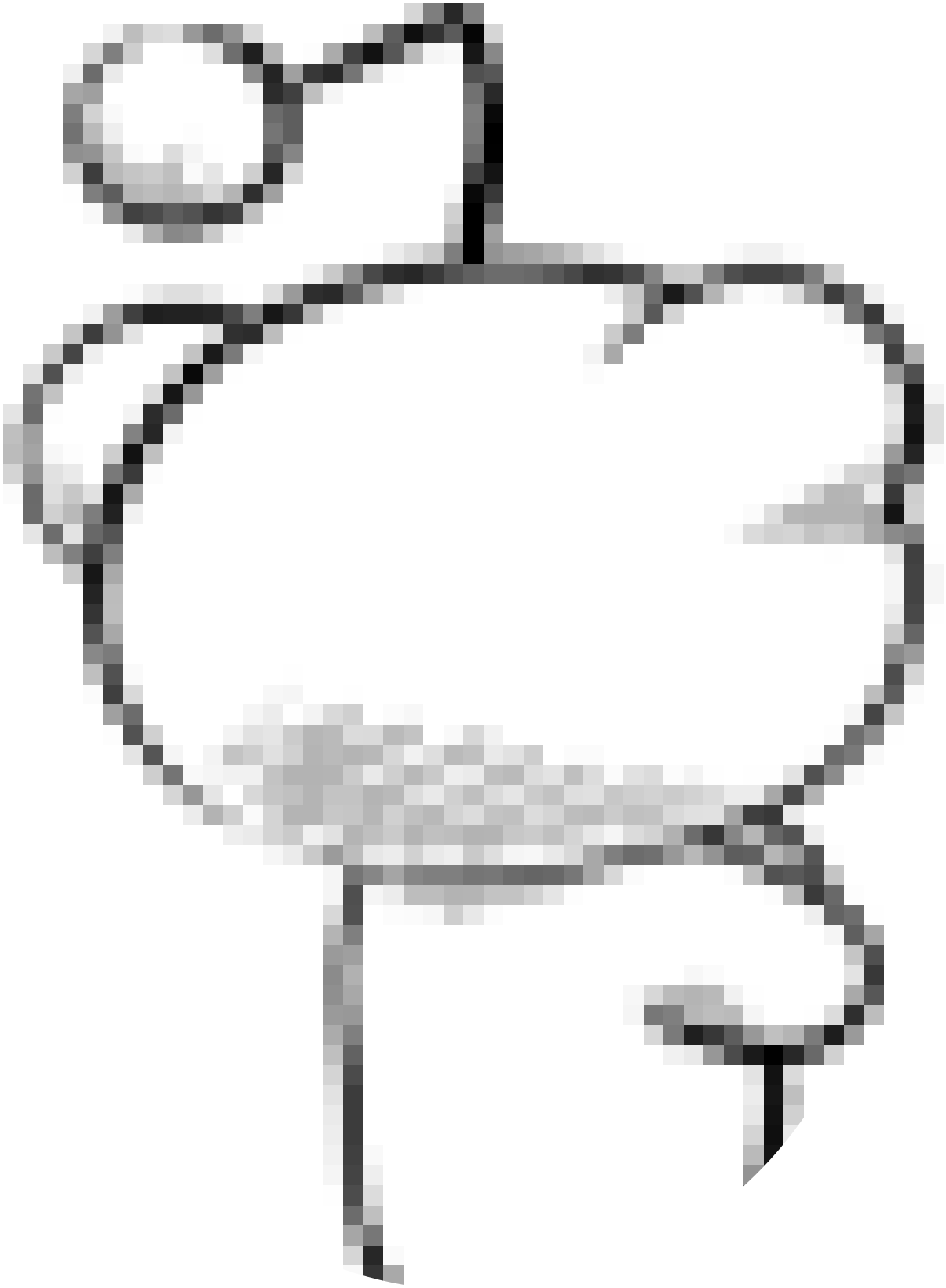
delirium98
• 13y ago

I was in a car, going through one of the worse areas of Chicago. And as we drive by, being the racists that we are, we decide to count the number of non- black people we see. We see one old white woman, who looks like she is a cracked head, not to surprising. We keep going, and are almost out of the area seeing no more than the one white woman and are kind of disappointed, until I look out of the window and see one white man, not moving, on the curb, half in the street, half on the sidewalk, in what looked to be a wheel chair from a hospital. There was still that little baggie full of nutrients, or whatever is in it, that is usually connected to the patient's arm, but it was ripped out. For all I know, he could have been sleeping, but from the uncomfortable angle his head was in, that fact that no one seemed to be trying to help him (not even the cops that were half a block away), and the fact that he was almost in the street, in a bad neighborhood we thought otherwise.

We were ready to get out of that neighborhood by then.

wysiwyg2
• 13y ago

Saw my 70+ year old grandma's birthday suit when I was 5 or 6. Some images just stay with you for the rest of your life.



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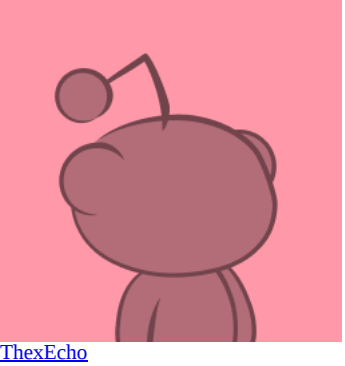
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

2muchCoding
• 13y ago

da fuq?



ThexEcho
• 13y ago

The Expressionless. By far the creepiest most disturbing story ever conceived by man:

In June 1972, a woman appeared in Cedar Senai hospital in nothing but a white, blood-covered gown. Now this, in itself, should not be too surprising as people often have accidents nearby and come to the nearest hospital for medical attention, but there were two things that caused people who saw her to vomit and flee in terror.

The first being that she wasn't exactly human. she resembled something close to a mannequin, but had the dexterity and fluidity of a normal human being. Her face, was as flawless as a mannequins, devoid of eyebrows and smeared in make-up.

There was a kitten clamped in her jaws so unnaturally tight that no teeth could be seen, and the blood was still squirting out over her gown and onto the floor. She then pulled it out of her mouth, tossed it aside and collapsed.

From the moment she stepped through the entrance to when she was taken to a hospital room and cleaned up before being prepped for sedation, she was completely calm, expressionless and motionless. The doctors thought it best to restrain her until the authorities could arrive and she did not protest. They were unable to get any kind of response from her and most staff members felt too uncomfortable to look directly at her for more than a few seconds.

But the second the staff tried to sedate her, she fought back with extreme force. Two members of staff had to hold her down as her body rose up on the bed with that same, blank expression.

She turned her emotionless eyes towards the male doctor and did something unusual. She smiled.

As she did, the female doctor screamed and let go out of shock. In the woman's mouth were not human teeth, but long, sharp spikes. Too long for her mouth to close fully without causing any damage…

The male doctor stared back at her for a moment before asking "What in the hell are you?"

She cracked her neck down to her shoulder to observe him, still smiling.

There was a long pause, the security had been alerted and could be heard coming down the hallway.

As he heard them approach, she darted forward, sinking her teeth into the front of his throat, ripping out his jugular and letting him fall to the floor, gasping for air as he choked on his own blood.

She stood up and leaned over him, her face coming dangerously close to his as the life faded from his eyes.

She leaned closer and whispered in his ear.

"I...am....God...."

The doctor's eyes filled with fear as he watched her calmly walk away to greet the security men. His last ever sight would be watching her feast on them one by one.

The female doctor who survived the incident named her "The Expressionless".

There was never a sighting of her again.

Reply Share

scoundrelTW
• 13y ago

I don't know if this qualifies as "scariest" but on shortwave radio there is a "coordinated universal time" broadcast. When I was a kid, it used to creep me out due to the sound of the tones, the "50's news reel" sound of the guy calling out the time and the fact that I was told the station would keep broadcasting in the event of a nuclear war (when everybody is dead).

Reply Share

SilverGhost93
• 13y ago

My friend's older sister was driving down to school by herself one evening and she had to stop for gas. She was standing by her car, pumping gas when this total stranger came up to her. He asked her if she was alone. She said that she was and he grabbed her wrist. He led her into the gas station and told her that he saw someone hop into the back of her car. They called the police. It was some kid trying to join Mara Salvatrucha. He was supposed to rape and kill her. It gives me chills and cheers me up that strangers are both trying to kill you and looking out for you.

Reply Share

BudGreen_Cali
• 13y ago

Creepiest A four year old being weaned off breast milk. Have you ever seen the fit that can be thrown by a 4 yr old being weaned off a bottle? Imagine that with a set of boobs! The kid was literally ripping buttons off his mothers shirt trying to get at them.

Reply Share

Missus_Nicola
• 13y ago

I saw a show once with a woman who still breast fed both her kids, one was an 8 year old boy, the other a 14 year old girl, and she also let her husband breast feed. They referred to it as a "milky treat".

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2 more replies
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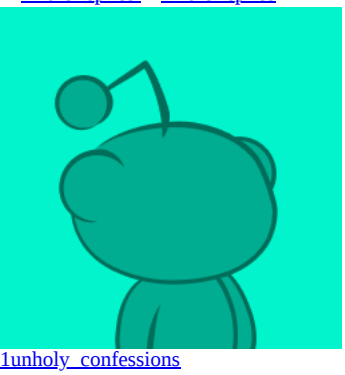


1unholy_confessions
• 13y ago

I moved into my apartment a year ago it's only 300 dollars a month i have a beautiful view of the bay and it's just all around great. Everyone failed to tell me that it's haunted. I just shrugged it off "whatever, not a big deal... people are just being stupid." (I live above a bar by the way) Well to keep a long story short about a few weeks after moving in... i was sleeping in my bed i had a dream where i was physically being moved out of my bed and being dragged across my bedroom floor and me trying to escape. I finally woke up from this dream.. with a loud scream into my ear. I jumped out of my bed in terror.. my cat came to comfort me but there were loud foot steps in my hallway. The bar had closed for hours now so i knew i was alone. My cat ran out of my room and my door slammed shut. The foot steps stopped in front of my door.. i went back into my bed with covers over my head yelling "LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!" door opened quietly and my cat came walking in casually like nothing happened. I still have the same dream that leads to these events. Nothing has happened like that since.

Reply Share

vishalb777
• 13y ago

Bongcheon Dong Ghost http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31

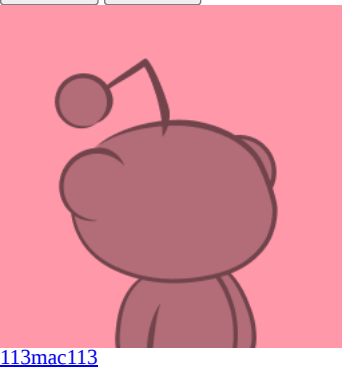
Reply Share

WhopperNoPickles
• 13y ago

The Rubber Johnny video.

Just watch it.

Reply Share

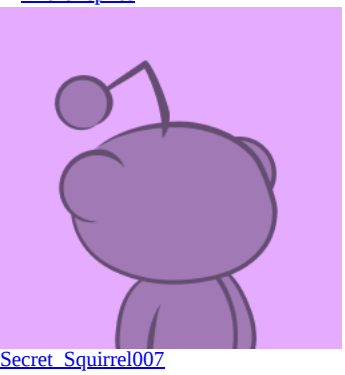


113mac113
• 13y ago

I only saw 30 seconds and was full of "Nope"

Reply Share

More replies



Secret_Squirrel007

• 13y ago

Don't look up... it doesn't like to be seen.

Reply Share

Erectile_devastation
• 13y ago

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dyatlov_Pass_incident so yeah I group of Russian ski hikers were camping one night- found dead the next. Investigators say they torn open their tents from within and ran out into the heavy nights snow- bear footed - all of them were found dead, some with crushed skulls and broken ribs and one girl had her tongue cut out.

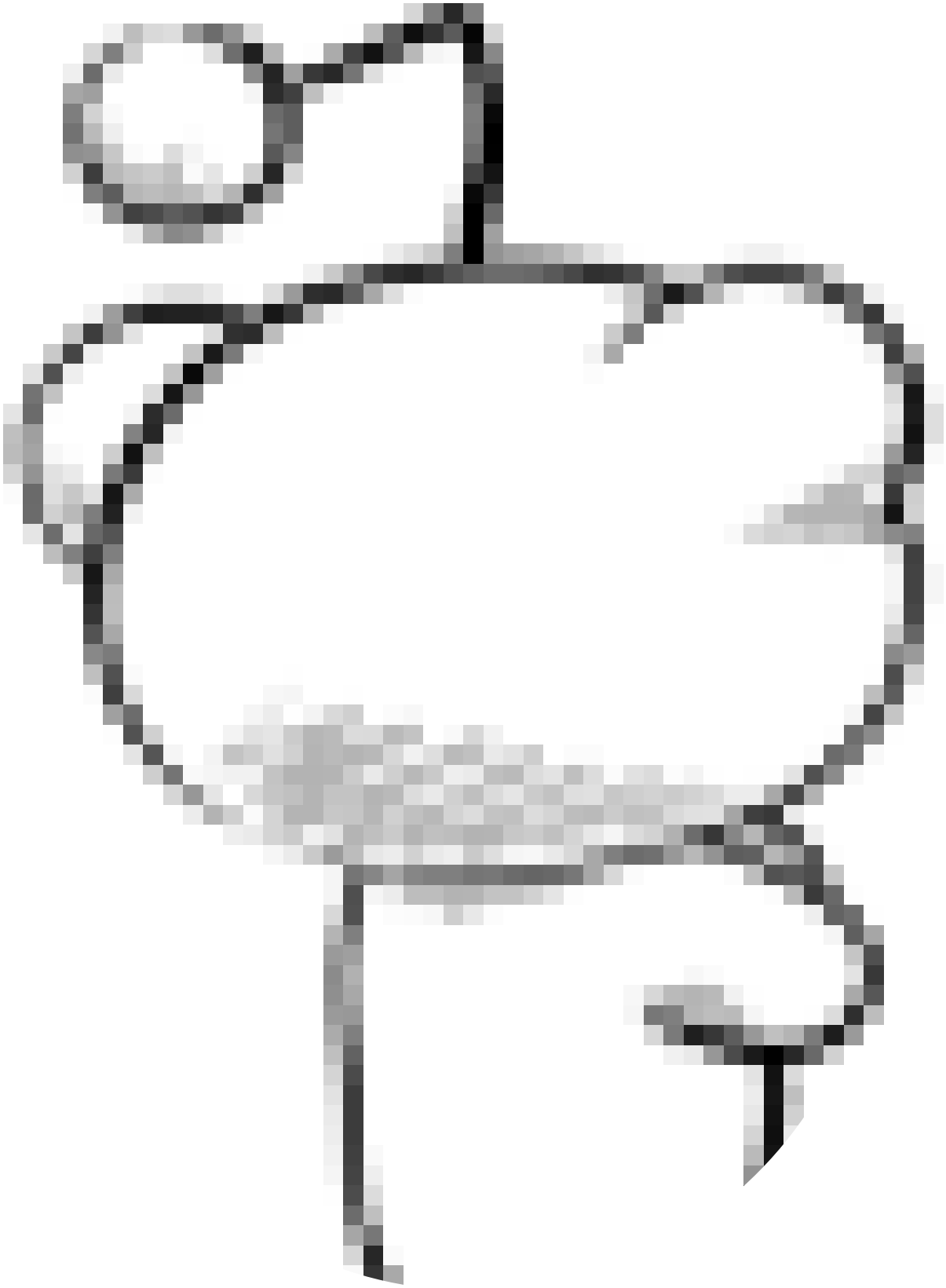
(sorry if repost)

Reply Share

Chaz69
• 13y ago

I was young and walking around a Japanese supermarket and this old Japanese man kept casually bumping into me. My cousin later pointed out that he had a huge butcher knife

Reply Share



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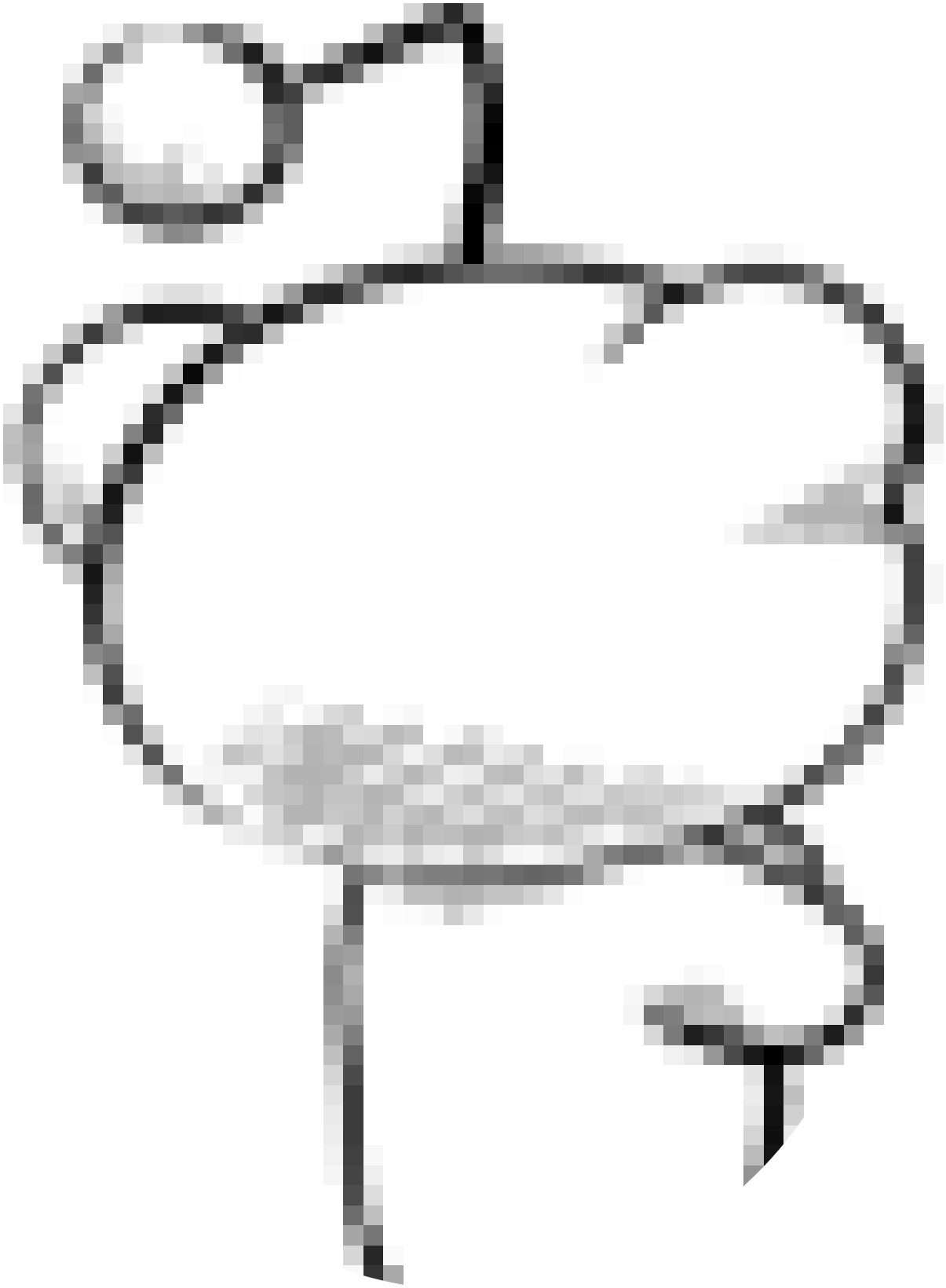
• 13y ago

Whatever it was, it was probably on 4Chan.

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

I used to work at a grocery store in a big city for a few years. I stayed there longer than most people because I lived basically across the street and it was very convenient. I saw plenty of young people like myself come and go. Most people only worked there for a few months. One time this new girl started working there. She was from a small town in the South and had a strong accent. She was a little bit chubby as well, but she had a cute face. She was very friendly and perky. She also seemed so desperate to make friends, but didn't have very many. She came in to work one day when she was not scheduled, and was crying. Her dad had died and she came to the store so we could comfort her. I thought it was very sad. After that day, she was different. She only wore black clothing and dark makeup. She dyed her hair black. She never smiled or anything any more. I felt bad for her but didn't try to comfort her or anything. One night when I was at home asleep I had a dream about her. In the dream, it was just that girl staring at me with a disappointed/sad look on her face. It was strange because I never really thought too much about this girl and suddenly I had a dream about it. It bothered me for a few weeks but eventually got over it.

Reply Share

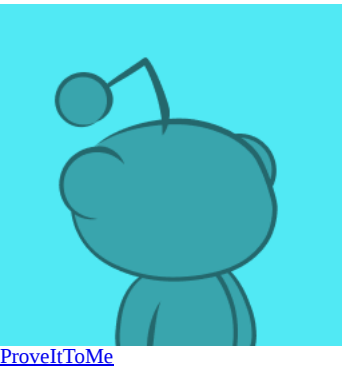
bunnieg
• 13y ago

I don't know if this belongs here or not, but I have a very creepy ex. We broke up early summer and for months he was calling me and trying to get back together etc etc. But what takes the cake in creepy behavior. Was in October he asked me to come to Thanksgiving dinner at our old place. I obviously refused. He then SNUCK into my parents house while they were out of town and I was home alone with thanksgiving dinner because it was our "first holiday apart" and when I tried to say "thanks, okay bye." He insisted on staying to watch me finish and eat it all so I wouldn't be all by myself. I already had plans with a friend and she ended up coming over and he left. At the time I was eerily calm and collected but looking back it still gives me the heebie jeebies.

Reply Share

Kreisau-Circle
• 13y ago

Me and my friend saw a shadow person. They move in a "Matrix" style fashion, super quick, and look like walking shadows. I knew I wasn't hallucinating when my friend saw it too, and I'm thankful she saw it because I wouldn't have known to this day if I was crazy or not. Shadow people are the most experienced paranormal phenomenon by humans in the world. University research has even been done on the subject, but they go into the rational explanation for it, such as: the shadow person is actually you, time travelling back in time to view it's past self, which is you. The shadow look is to cover up its appearance so it doesn't mess with time. A movie is also being made, or has been made about it. I still talk about it to this day.



ProveItToMe
• 13y ago

When I got my first car, my mom told me this story:

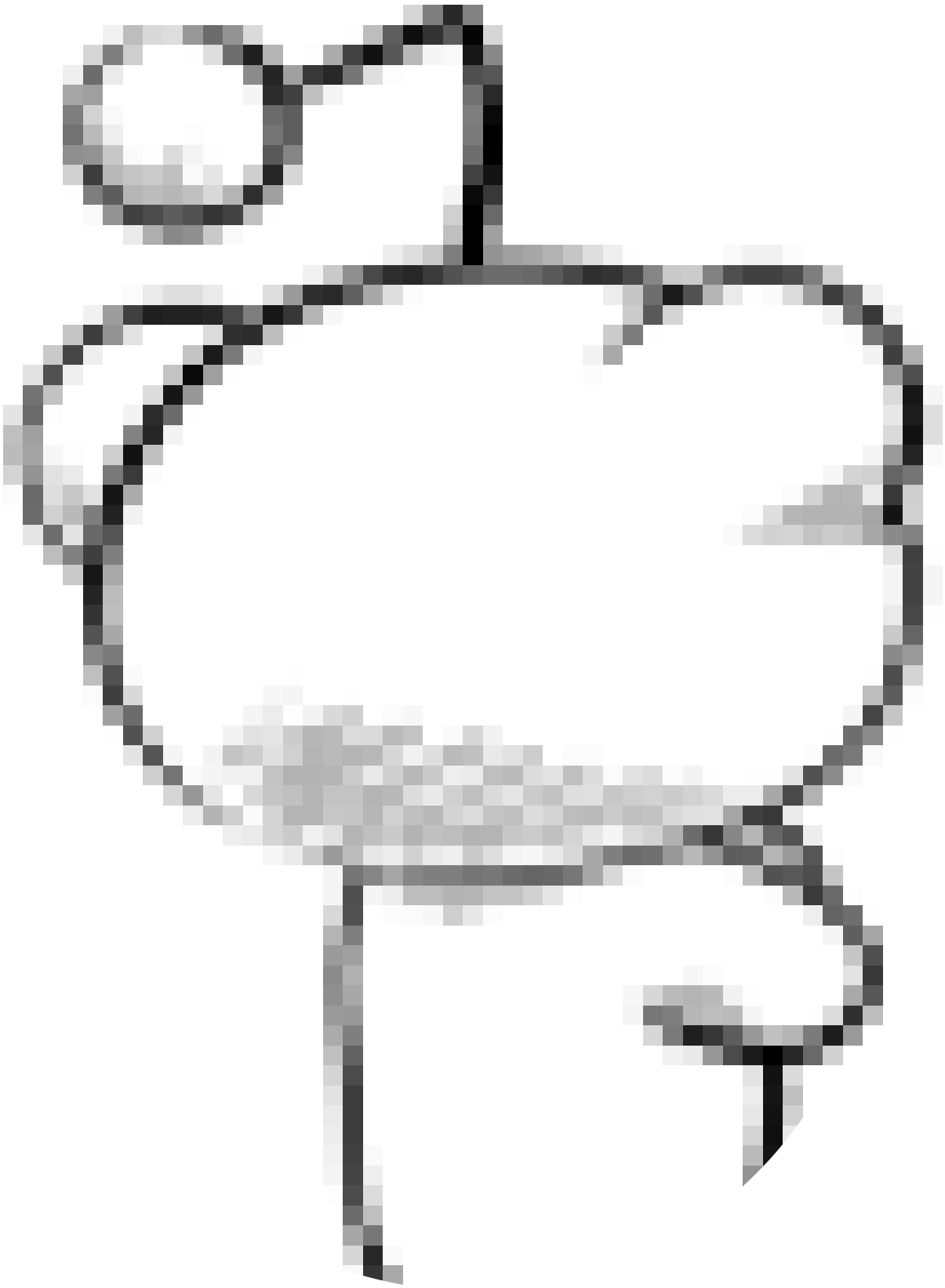
> A young woman, early twenties, had stayed for the late shift at her job, and ended up driving home much later than she usually did. She was alone in her car, and it was very dark, so she started getting a bit nervous. She turned on the radio and put some music on.
>
> After about ten minutes of completely empty roads, she reached a four way stop. Another car pulled up just after her with its blinker on, and after she passed it turned and drove behind her.
>
> After a few minutes, she noticed that the car behind her was behaving strangely. It was pulled up very close behind her, and it was flashing all its lights on and off. Brights, turn signals, hazard lights, just flashing and flashing. She sped up, but it sped up with her. She recalled stories of carjackers and murderers who waited for people to stop and then jumped out to kill them. She sped up again, and the other car sped up. She slowed down, the other car slowed down. She turned, so did the other car. She started seriously freaking out. She pulled out her cell phone and dialed 9-11.
>
> "9-11, where is your emergency?"
>
> "I'm in my car, on Sherwood Road, and there's a car right behind me that's making me really nervous. It's flashing all its lights."
>
> "Would you please stay on the line while I transfer you to the police?"
>
> "Sure."
>
> There was a beep, and a gruff male voice said, "What's your problem?"
>
> She repeated everything.

The man paused for a moment. "Ma'am, is your license plate [says her license plate]?"

"Yes, it is!" She said. "Why?"

"The car behind you is a plainclothes officer who just signaled for backup. Don't stop driving, there's a man with a knife in your backseat."

That's where the story ends. I never forgave her, I still think of it every time I have to drive at night.

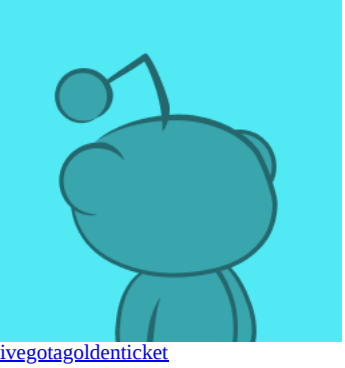


rylopia
• 13y ago

My mum when she was little was always getting into trouble by doing things her imaginary friend told her to do, climbing out of windows onto roofs, pouring fresh milk away that was delivered that morning etc. Not bad stuff but enough to piss off my grandparents. This happened all the time she lived in one paticular house., her imaginary friend being called the Curly Women (due to her hair).

Anyway my mum eventually grew up and the family moved homes, problem solved, no more behavoural issues. Fast forward a few years my mum is working a new job in clothing factory using the sewing machines and she's sat next to older women and they get talking.

My town is pretty small so they talk about people they both know and places they lived. It comes out that this woman used to care for her elderly mother at the same address my mum had the behavious issues due to the Curly Woman. So the woman offers to bring a picture into work the next day to see if they was one and the same..... annnnd it wasnt, 2 totally different women and one of them clearly an imaginary friend. My mum was shitting it all night just incase she did recognise her tho!



ivegotagoldenticket
• 13y ago

I had a bunch of friends over to watch Paranormal Activity 3. Some of us were drinking, some of us were high, it helped us really get "into" the movie.

So we're reaching the middle of the film, and it's been building up the whole time for that first scare.

Come to the seen in the bedroom, the couple is about to make some shitty sextape and they hear a rumble. So they stop to listen, nothing. They start up again, then another rumble, followed by silence.

Now at this point, everyone's on the edge of their freakin seat cause some shit's about to go down.

So it comes to a quiet part and this low rumbling starts, and the couple looks pretty scared, and then it fades away. (Was that it? that wasn't so bad, phew it's passed)--

then BOOM! the whole house (in the movie) shakes.

But that's not what got us.

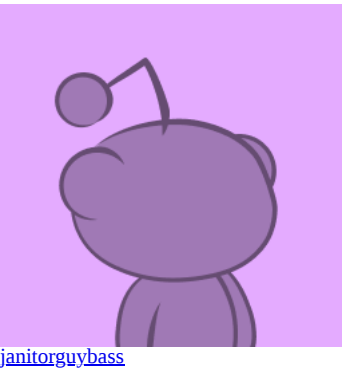
With the loud thud from the house, the camera on the tripod knocks over. It hits the floor releasing a loud thud from the bass and our subwoofer. In the movie, this knocks a picture frame off the wall. In my living room, someone placed a beer bottle on the subwoofer, and so it falls off.

The beer and the frame in the movie hit the ground and shatter at the exact same time.

Everyone single person in the room jumped up and screamed.

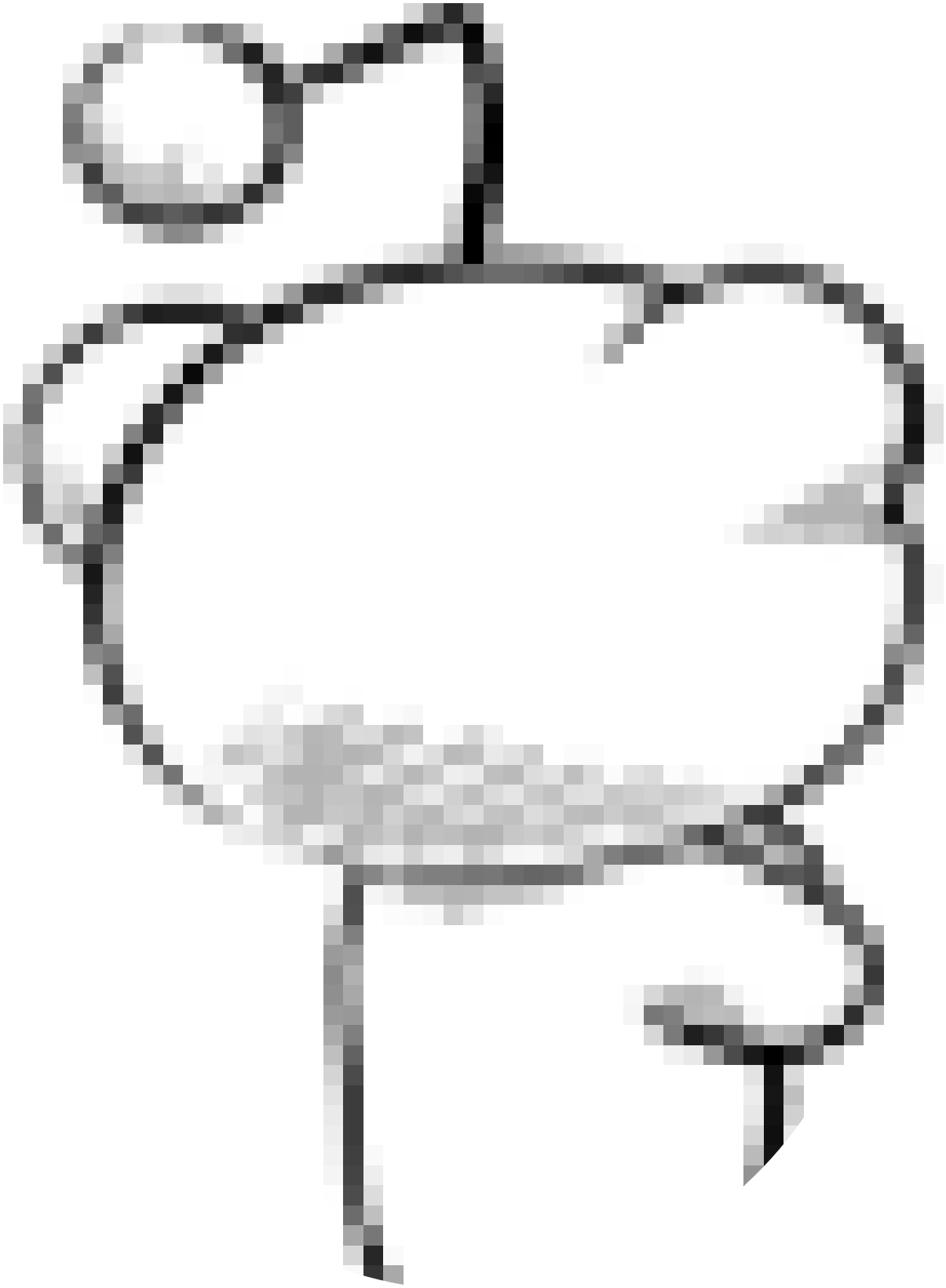
It was great. Definitely the best scare I've ever had in my life.

One of the girls curled up in a ball and put her head down the rest of the movie. haha



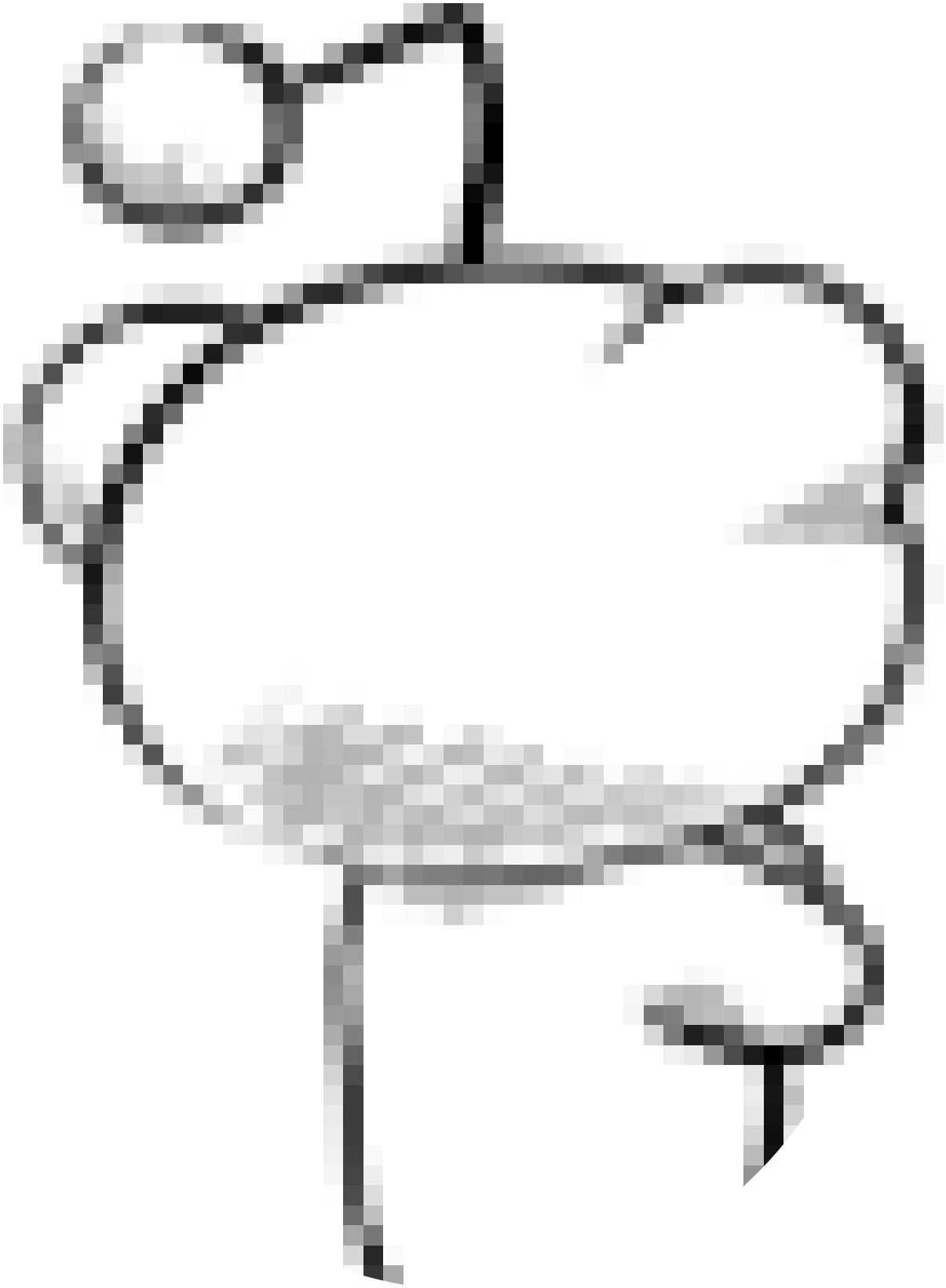
janitorguybass
• 13y ago

A very screwed up VHS educational movie called "It's potty time". The clown in that scarred me for life.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

It's been around for a while, but it still gets me. Scroll down slowly and make sure your sound is turned up.. lol http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31&weekday=tu



[deleted]
• 13y ago

NO NONONONONONONO DO NOT CLICK THE FUCKING LINK

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies More replies

Kaiserhawk
• 13y ago

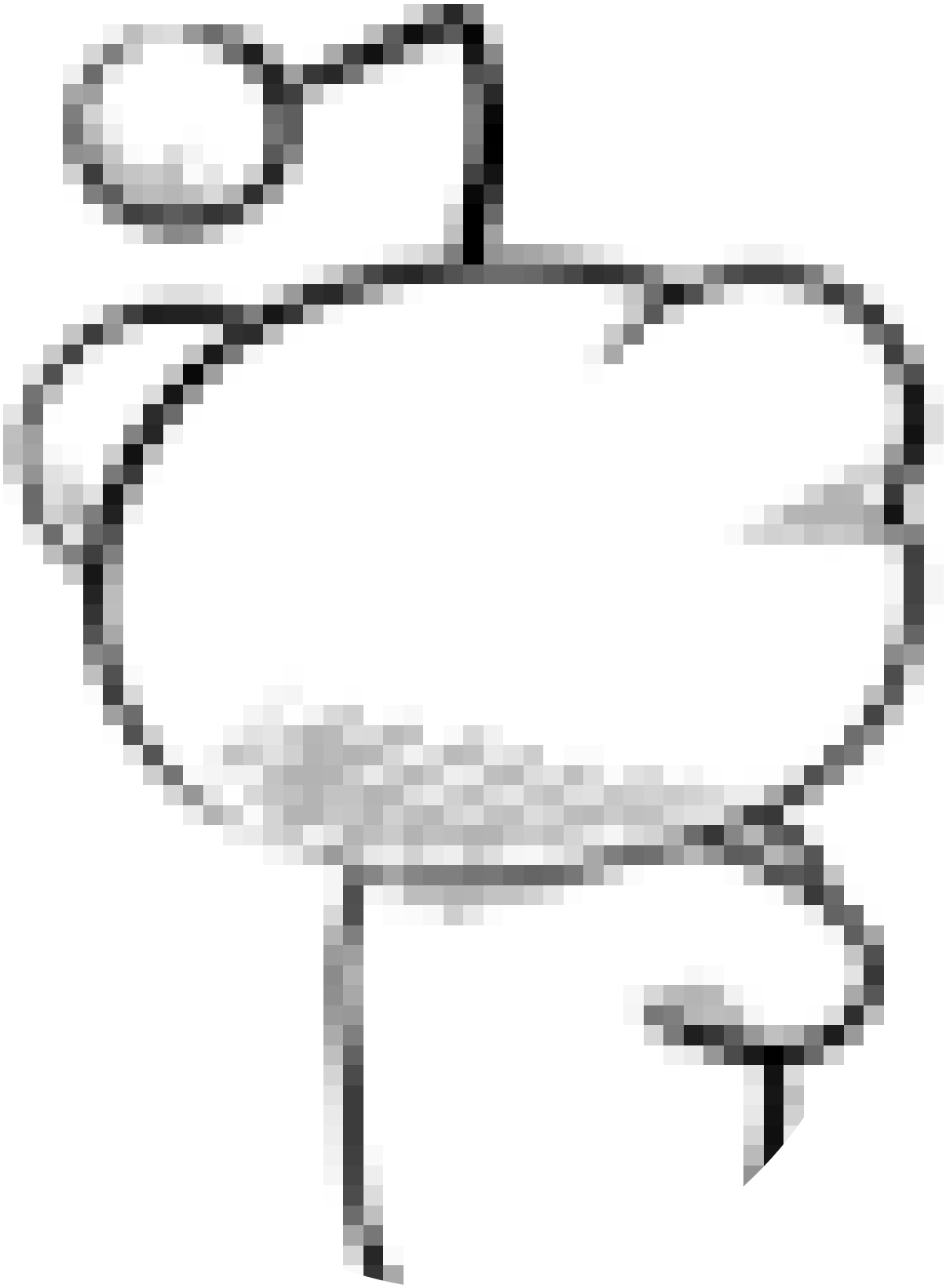
You're in your bed, slowly drifting away to sleep, just as you're almost there the self activating air-freshener in your bedroom kicks in.

I almost had a heart attack the first time that happened.

Kaiserhawk
• 13y ago

I was also chased by a wild baboon once.

More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Large masses of people voting for things, about which, they had no knowledge.

toleran
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Hmmmm well alright, I guess I have a story that's mildly interesting.

I live in the Bay Area in California and there's a really small old "pioneer town" near where I live. It's called Port Costa and used to be a pretty important town when railroads were the primary way of getting stuff around. This town is creepy enough as is and my friends and I used to go there at night to hang and just be out somewhere.

Now that the setting is established. There's only one road going into this town and its a windy creepy as hell forest road with minimal visibility at night. Nothing on this road except a barn kinda thing about halfway through.

We had heard rumors of a ghost that walks down this road between 3:30 and 4:30. Description is that it looks like a woman walking a dog. Red hoodie, grey sweatpants. Naturally my friends and I set off down this road in my car to investigate.

First night nothing happened. Disappointment all around.

Second night we tried this we saw nothing and were pretty much convinced this ghost was just a story. After driving back out of the town we come around a corner (right around 4am) and sure enough right in front of us walking a dog is a woman in a red hoodie with grey sweatpants. Middle of nowhere basically, no flashlight, doesn't even acknowledge us. Naturally we freak out and start screaming and I drive past as I'm too scared to stop and investigate. We immediately pull a u-turn and she's nowhere to be found. Barbed wire on either side of the road. She's simply gone.

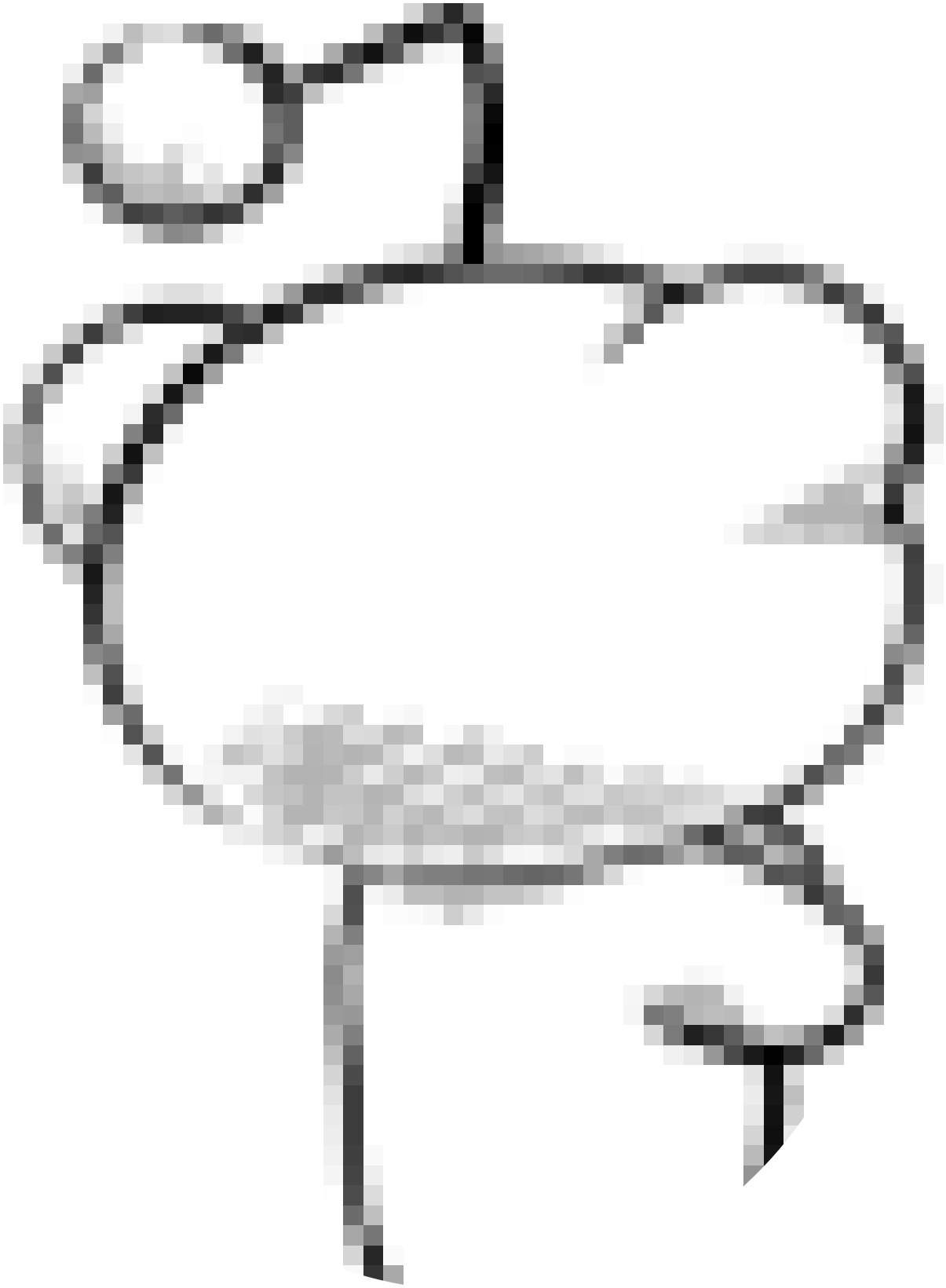
We tried this three more times and two of the times we saw the exact same thing and she vanished each time as she always appeared as we were coming around a blind curve and she always managed to disappear by the time I stopped the car. She didn't look like a ghost, but she never acknowledged us and we never saw her face.

To this day I don't know what to think. It's either a ghost or someone walking their dog at 4am in the middle of nowhere at 4am who is deliberately crawling through barbed wire once a car comes in order to freak people out. I think the ghost is more likely.....

We even investigated the area in daylight and even if the person could crawl under barbed wire they'd have to have a very gifted dog that was trained to disappear with them....

Wrote all that on my iPhone so sorry if it seems disjointed or if there's grammar problems.

Edit: I forgot to mention that there was another time we tried to see this ghost but it was crazy insane mega foggy. We were stopped by a police officer who asked why we were out at 4am. We told him we were looking for a ghost believe it or not and he laughed and said something like "oh yea, well you aren't gonna see her tonight in this fog. Try again another night, it's not safe to be driving in this fog." Police man knew what we were talking about, so either more people have seen this ghost or he's heard the stories. I dunno, but it was very unnerving to us at the time hahaha



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• 13y ago

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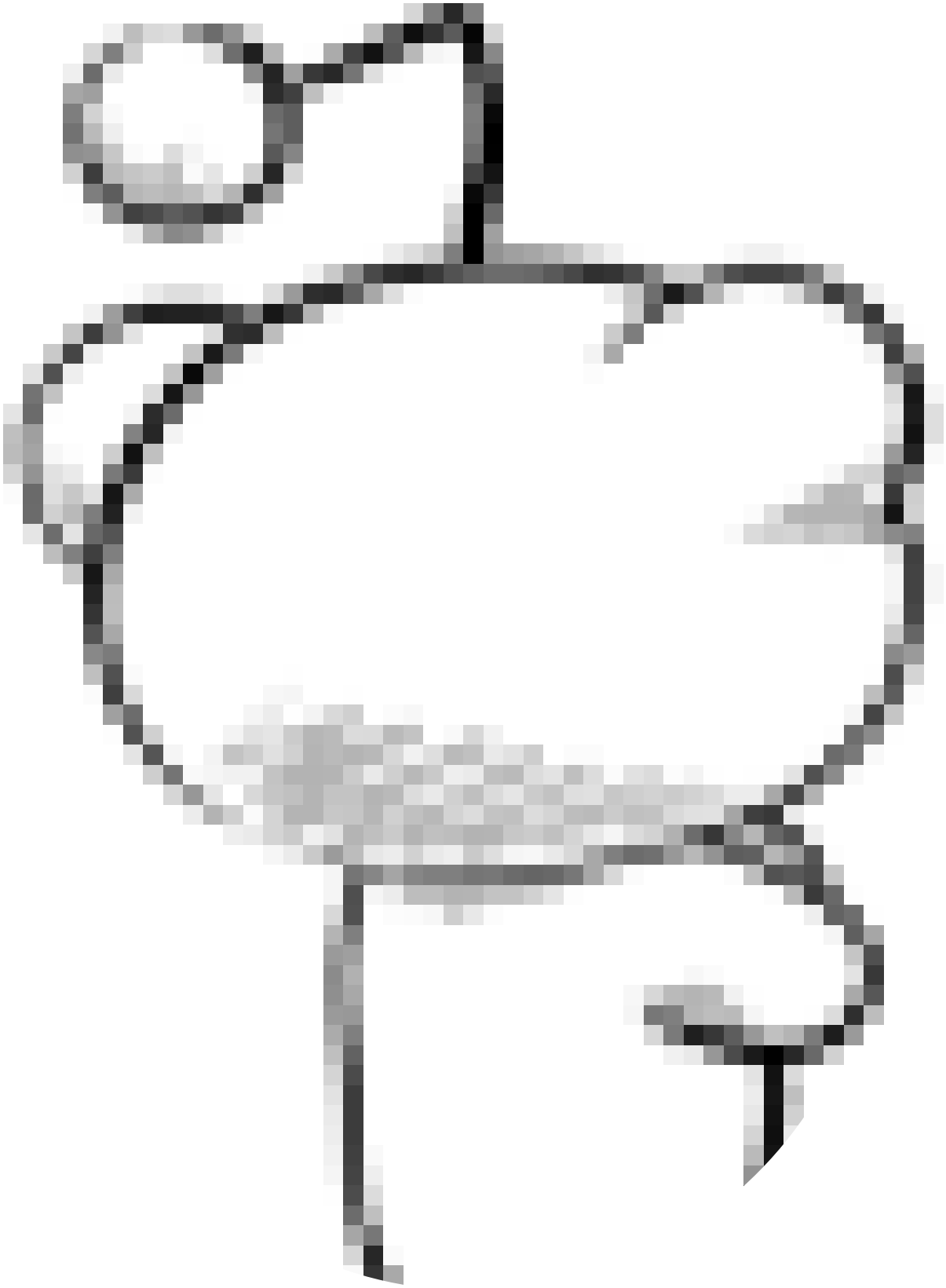

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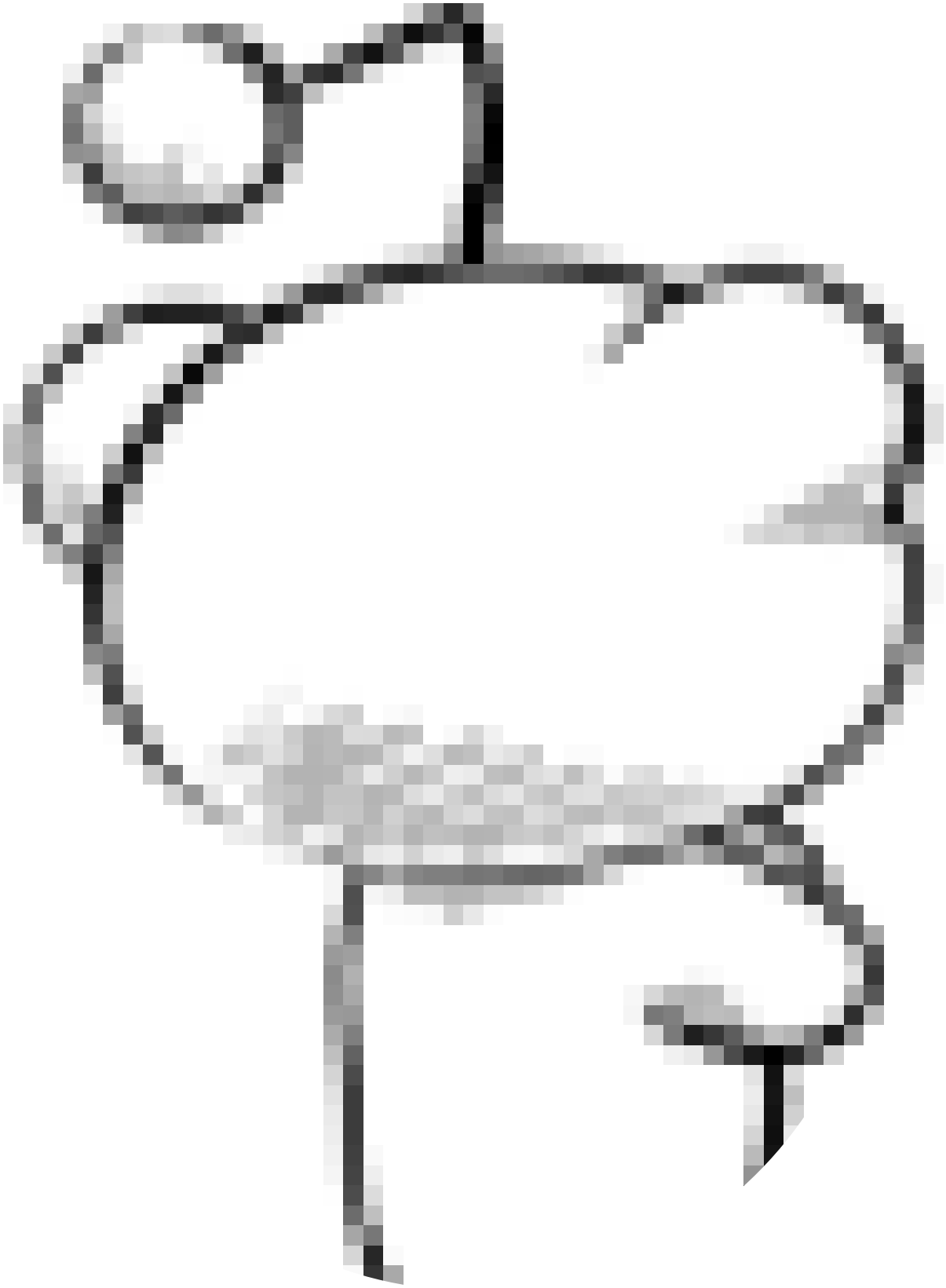
• 13y ago

Hence the saying "My mouth tastes like shit so bad eh, I could eat the ass out of a beaver eh".... Wait, they don't say that.



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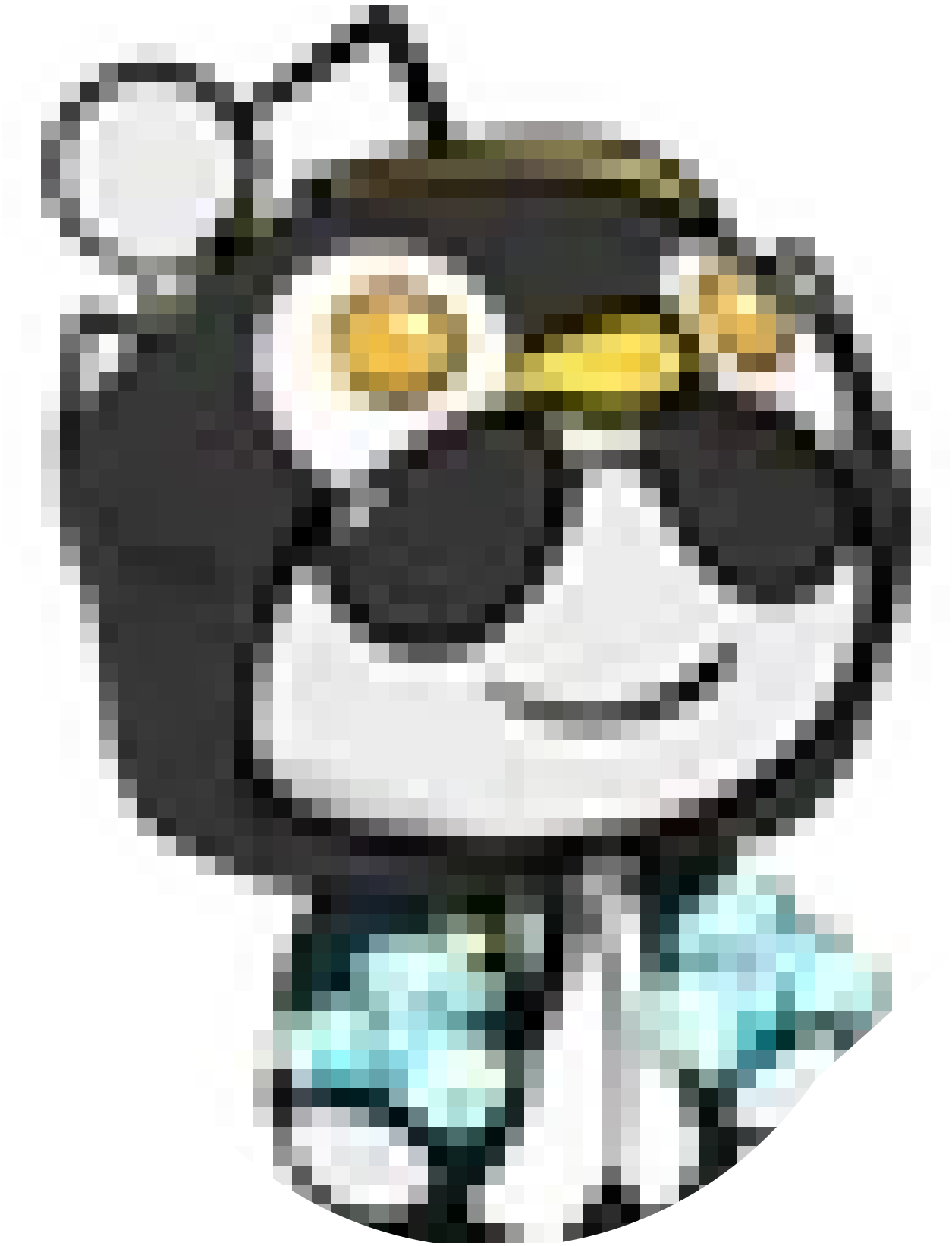
• 13y ago

It was last summer, somewhere in June, I was home alone at the time.

I hadn't taken a shower in a few days and I was starting to stank a bit, so I decided to take one real fast, just because I love that "clean" feeling you have a few hours after a shower. While I was in the shower, I had my eyes closed because I was rinsing my hair and I had my back turned towards the wall where the door of the bathroom is. In the middle of washing my hair I feel something grab and squeeze my shoulder... HARD. It felt deathly cold, it felt like a cold, bony hand had just grabbed my shoulder and even though i've still got shampoo in my hair, I flip my shit, turn around, and punch my fist... directly into a wall. The door was closed and locked just how I had left it, I got out of the shower with soapy hair, naked and checked the alarm... it was still on.

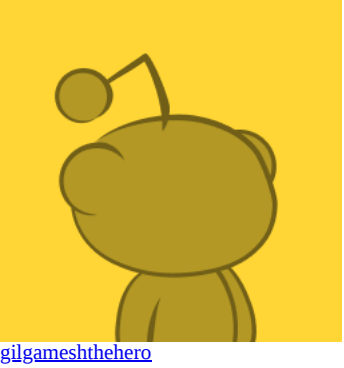
The "grab" or whatever it was left my shoulder incredibly sore for weeks to come (and not to mention, my hand hurt a lot from punching the wall...)

I didn't take a shower home alone for months after that.



Rion5
• 13y ago

A couple months ago on my birthday this girl I've been talking to draws me this picture of us holding hands and it said "Be my boyfriend?". The two days later of officially being together shes says she late by about a week. She went to get a pregnancy test. Luckily for me the test came back negative but that scared the crap out of me.



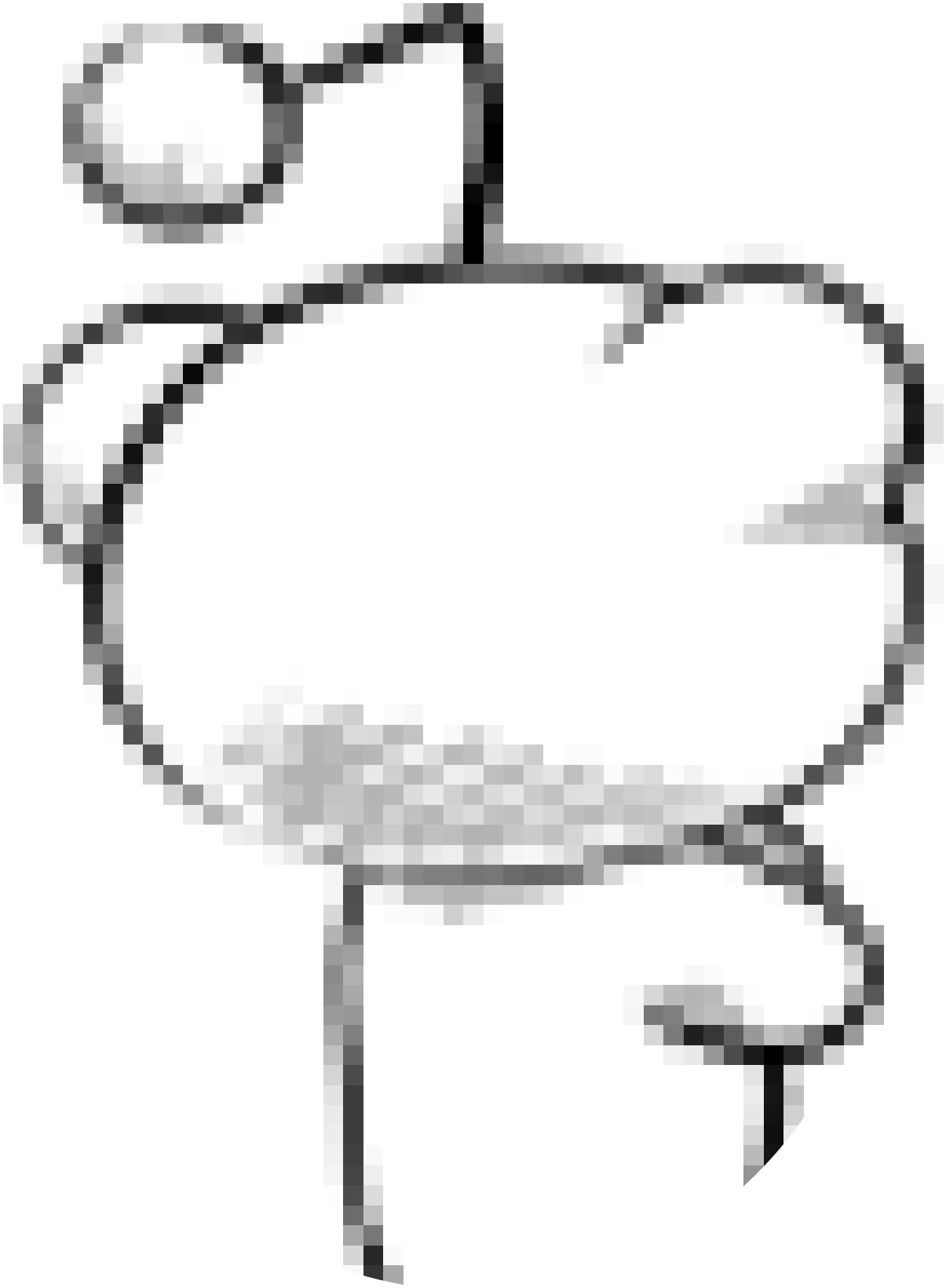
gilgameshthehero
• 13y ago

At my girlfriend's place one night watching a movie. Went to bed and were just laying in silence when a blaring static came on from down the hall in the sitting room. I broke out in a cold sweat from the shear cacaphony of it. I knew it was my job to engage this issue. I told my girlfriend to wait while I checked it out (not in a brave way at all) kind of like the guy who "I'll do it" in horror movies.

I went down the hall hesitantly. I turned the corner to the sitting room and tried to flick on a light. I forgot that that light always taken FOREVER to come on. I felt overwhelmed by the blasting static and the the light failure. I kept flicking it; eventually just giving up on it. I turned the corner into the living room and saw the tv white screen and was frozen by it.

Then almost as abruptly as it begin the tv 'phwamped' to a silence. The ringing in my ears and jitters of my muscles made me feel like I was just stunned. I stood there not breathing for like 13seconds. I eventually walked out and back to my girlfriend's room quietly and steadily as I could, with a slight shiver running down my back the entire time.

She was sitting up in the bed and calmly said: "I forgot it does the when the dvd player and tv are left on standby". I chuckled uncertainly and crawled in to bed. I definitely was the little spoon that night. I ain't even ashamed.



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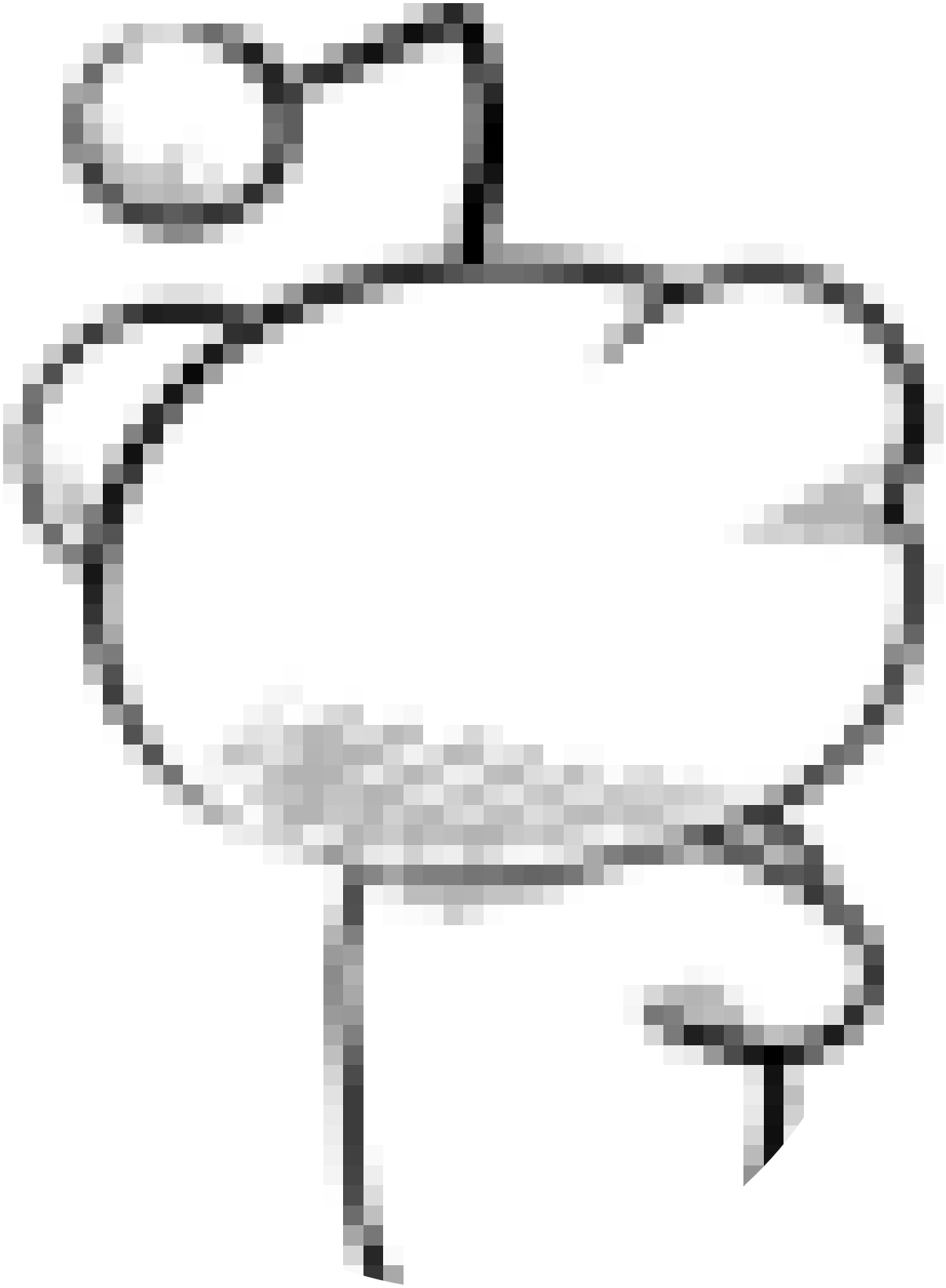
• 13y ago

In this thread: TLDR



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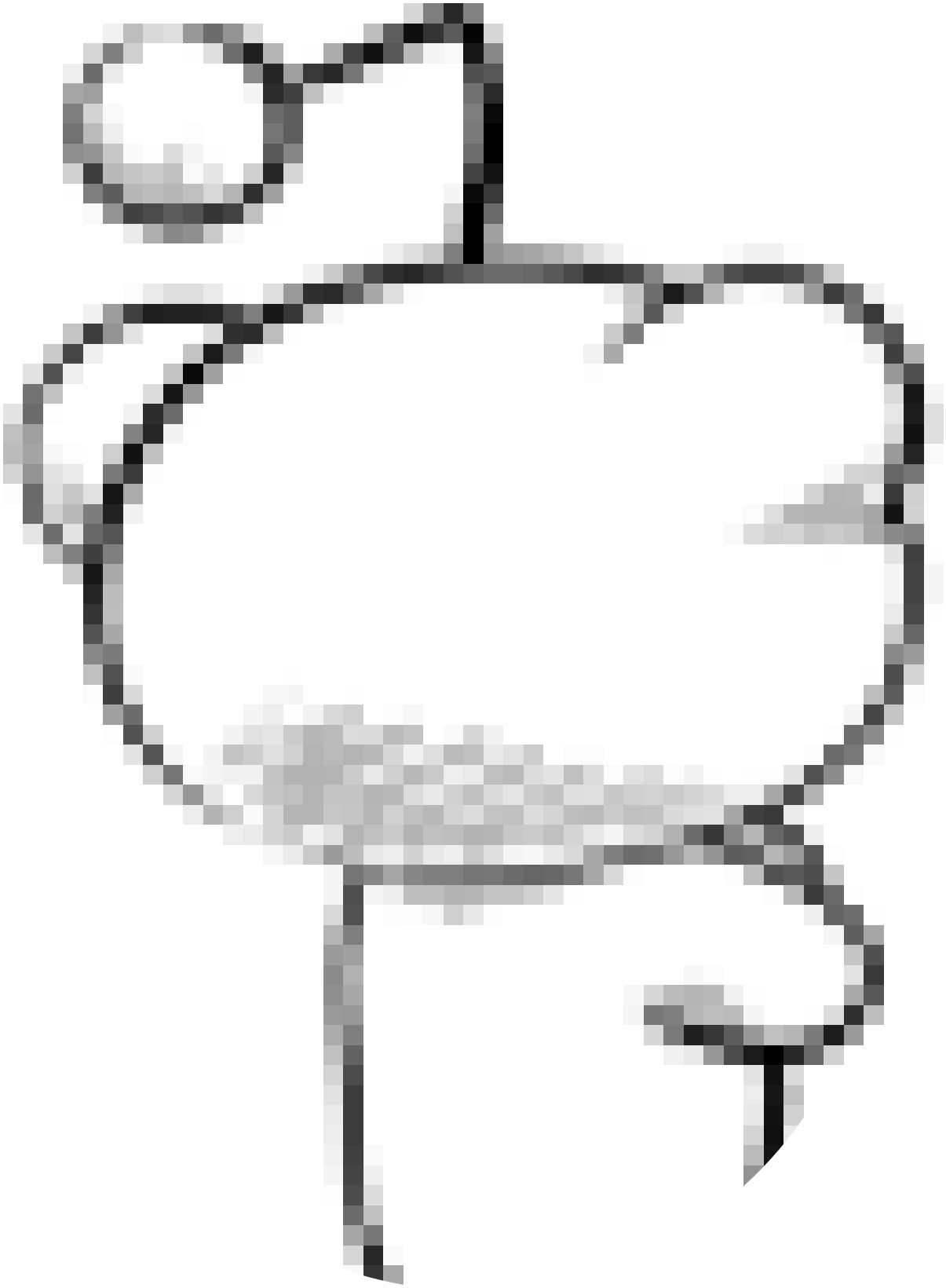
• 13y ago

I dont why, but my hearing becomes really sensitive at night. Unfortunately that enables to hear pretty much everything from my neighbours house above. One day, i woke up to the cries of my neighbour's baby, 3 or 4 minutes before my alarm clock's usual wake up time. While i was dozing off a bit in bed, just waiting for the alarm clock to ring, i kept hearing the soft cries (the normal "im tired", "im cold", "im hungry" baby cries). I also started hearing soft rustling, like something moving on a bed. For a split second, the cries stopped and the rustling stopped, followed by a hollow sound of a baby hiting the floor headfirst. You can show me all the gore, brutality, heinous shit in the internet.... and nothing compares to the sound of a baby dropping on his head, along with the immediate cries of despair. I never got out of bed and out of the house as fast as on that day. Blood curdling sound...



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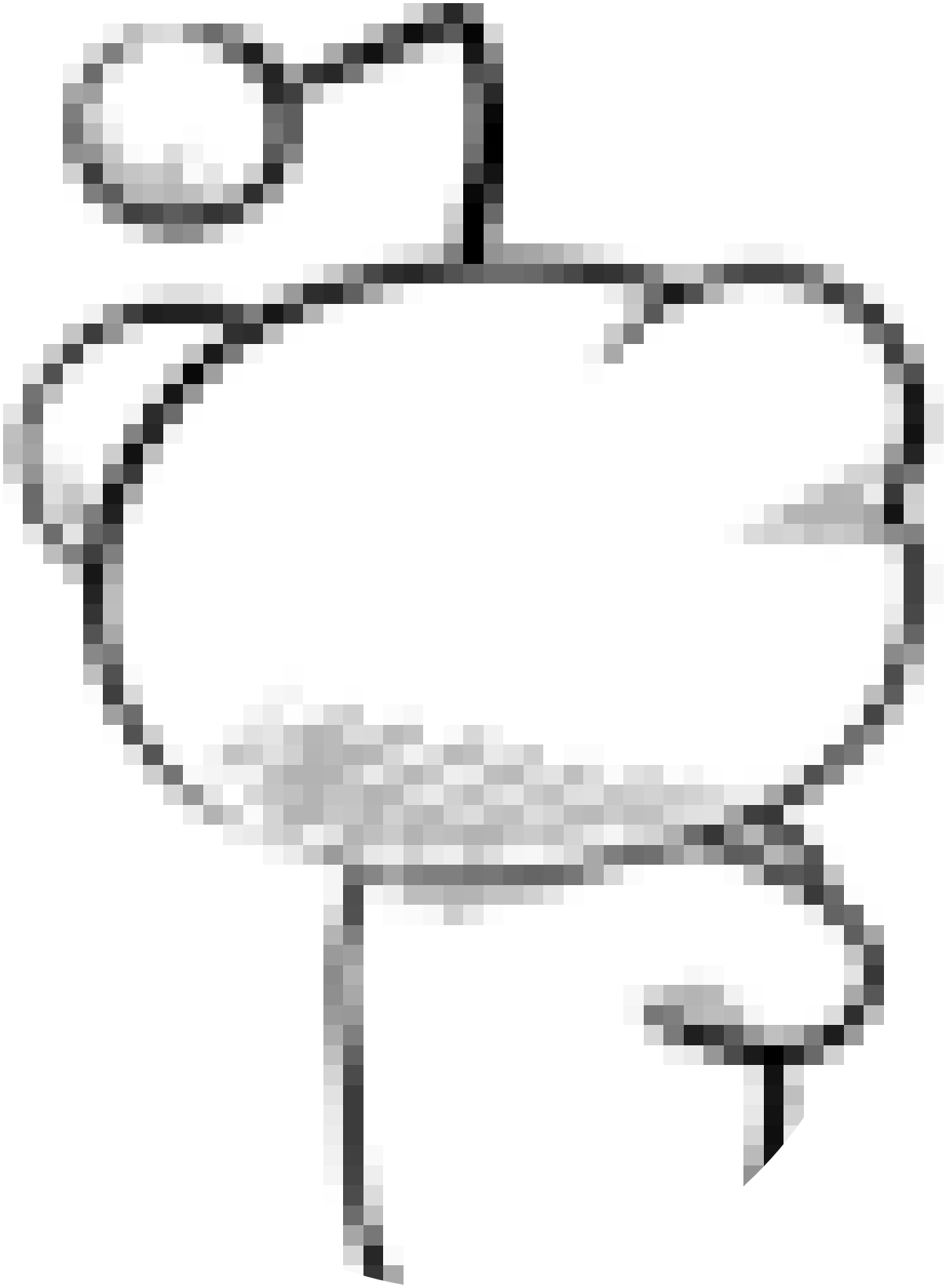
• 13y ago

I was in my grandma's kitchen at night, making top ramen. Out of nowhere, I suddenly felt a presence behind me, and almost simultaneously came down with the most profound, intense fear that I have ever felt in my life. It beats the fear that I felt when I was in an abusive household for a while, and when my mom nearly killed herself when I was ten. I'm not kidding: this kind of fear is horrible.

It's weird. I get that it's debatable. Even I have a hard time with it today, wondering if what I was feeling was merely a panic attack (the first and only one of my life), or if there really was some evil presence that brought it on. I struggle with the cause today, because *it felt like the most real thing to me at the time*. Panic attacks usually have no cause, right?

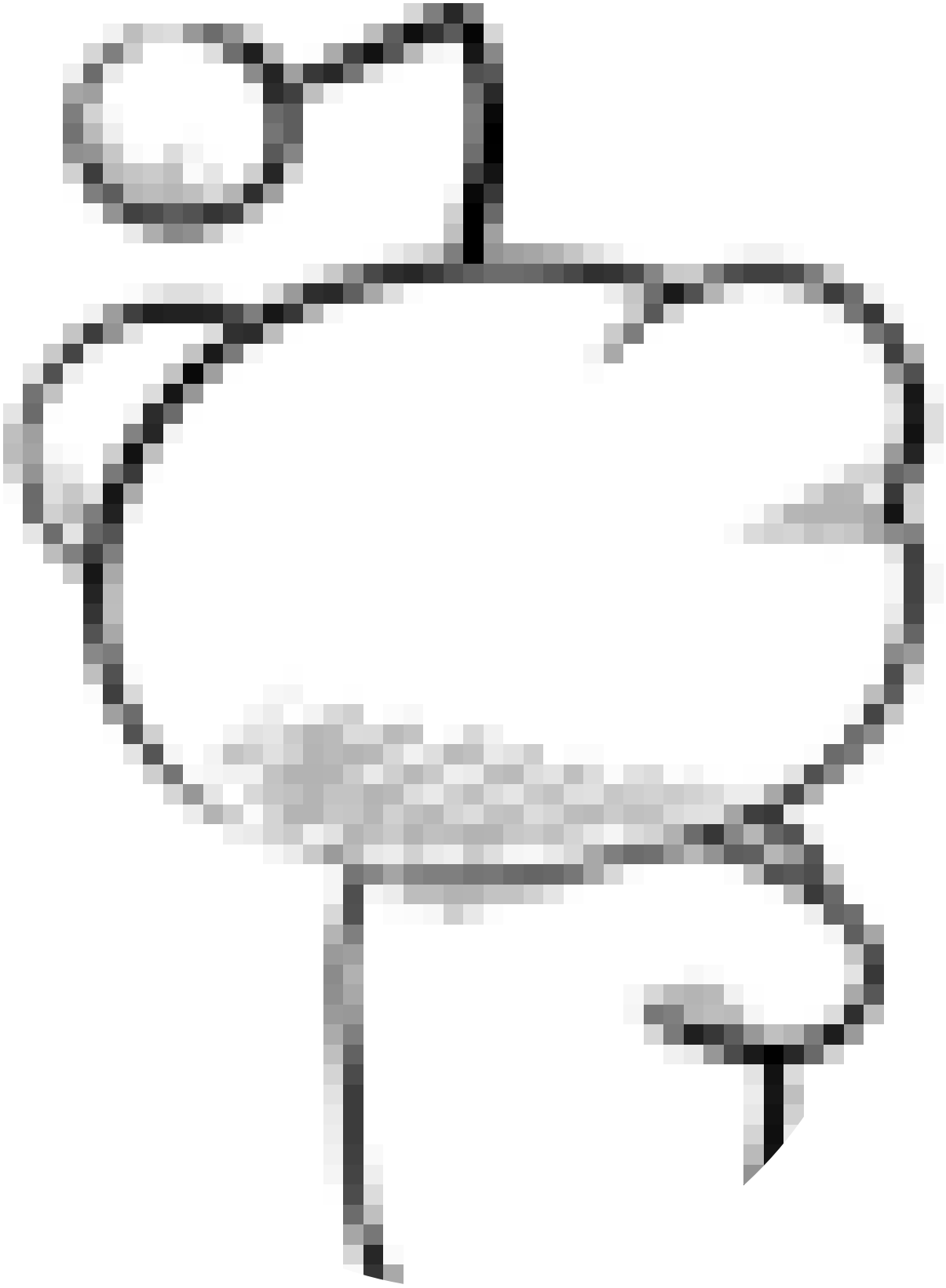
Anyway, so I feel this presence behind me. I turned around-- I couldn't see it. But it was so strong, I could sense where it was standing, and the emotions: it was hateful, and angry. I was so utterly terrified by this thing that I couldn't see. I wanted to run away, but that would have meant running toward it, since there was no other way out of the kitchen. I felt like it could hurt me if it wanted. I was pressing back against the counter, trying to get as far away from this fucking thing as possible. I could feel it getting closer and closer to me, until it was standing straight in front of me. I was crying and shaking so hard. In my panic, I remembered that you can command evil spirits to go away if you command it in the name of Christ. Now, whatever your beliefs are, believe me when I say that I just wanted to escape from this experience as fast as possible. Whether or not it actually worked, it did end up going away.

If you had seen me at that time, redditors, you would have thought I was a raving lunatic. It took a bit, but when it was 'gone', the room lightened immediately, and I felt relief flood my body. It was the single most terrifying and bizarre experience of my life-- and it could all be due to just a panic attack. Everything might have been imagined in your eyes, but in mine, it was the most real thing. I don't know if I'll ever know, but I've not experienced anything like that since and I sure as fuck hope I don't ever again. Scared me shitless, you guys.



Klewg
• 13y ago

commenting to read later



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• 13y ago

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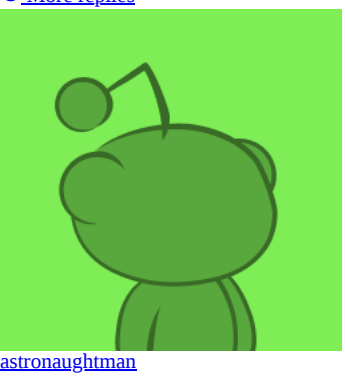
Orcus424
• 13y ago

Since when do firefighters take out dead bodies for a murder? Even if the murder was by fire the coroner and cops would deal with the body.

1 more reply

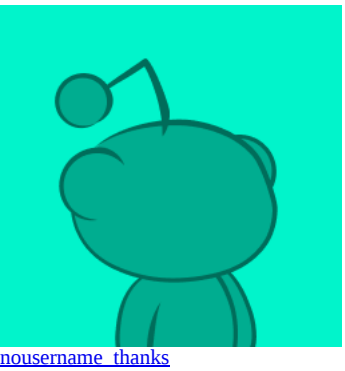
1 more reply

More replies



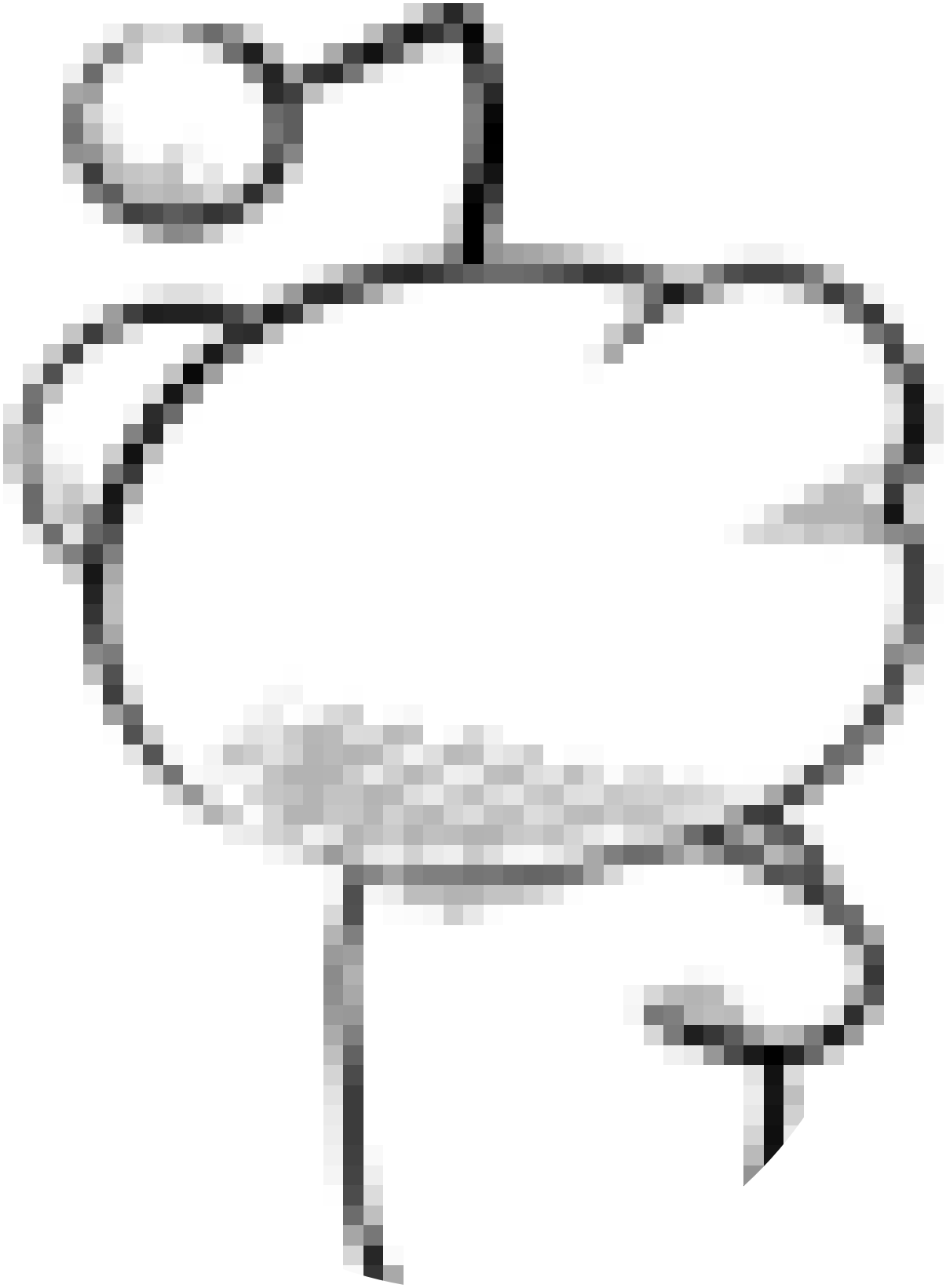
astronaughtman
• 13y ago

Just the thread I needed to read before I go to bed. Yayyyy. . .



nousername_thanks
• 13y ago

Obey the walrus. Shit's fucking creepy. Here's a link in case you don't know what I'm talking about: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8vBWmV5sjMA Also, on Youtube, type in "Teletubbies theme song backwards." No sleep for a lifetime...



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• 13y ago

Scariest: Twas about 2 in the morning. I'm laying on the top bunk playing on my laptop and I hear this awful fight erupt upstairs between the girl that lived up there and her boyfriend (the walls were pretty much paper thin there. I could literally discern where in the apartment upstairs my neighbors were and hear entire conversations unless whispered). So at first it just sounds like an argument, but then this girl starts shrieking like she's being killed or some shit. Then she starts yelling: "GET OUT GET OUT" over and over. Then I hear her go to the kitchen and then chase this dude out. Some sort of fighting going on in between. I know there was a bit of wrestling going on in the hallway.

10 minutes later I hear the door get kicked down. The boyfriend's back and brought a friend. More yelling/fighting (lots of thumps and cracks and door slams), and then more bloodcurdling screaming. Not good. So I go upstairs cause I'm worried at this point (This girl gets in a lot of fights with her b/f. I'd be calling the cops three times a week if I worry about every tussle I hear, but this one sounds like it got real). I brought a machete my roommate keeps laying around. So I knock like a cop on the door, everything goes silent. I could hear them before I knocked from outside the door but everything stops as soon as I knock. I knock a few more times and then head back downstairs. Now they're arguing a lot quieter. It was hard to make out what they were saying, but I definitely heard that the boyfriend now had 'to get rid of the knife from the kitchen' and the girl was 'covered in blood'. Also the boyfriend's friend seems to have disappeared at this point. No more footsteps from him, and his voice, I remember was a lot higher than the other guys. I didn't hear it after that.

TL;DR: overheard a domestic knife fight in the apartment above mine. It's a stretch, but someone might have gotten stabbed pretty bad. Enough to make a voice and footsteps 'disappear' from upstairs...

olliepots
• 13y ago

WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL THE POLICE!?!?

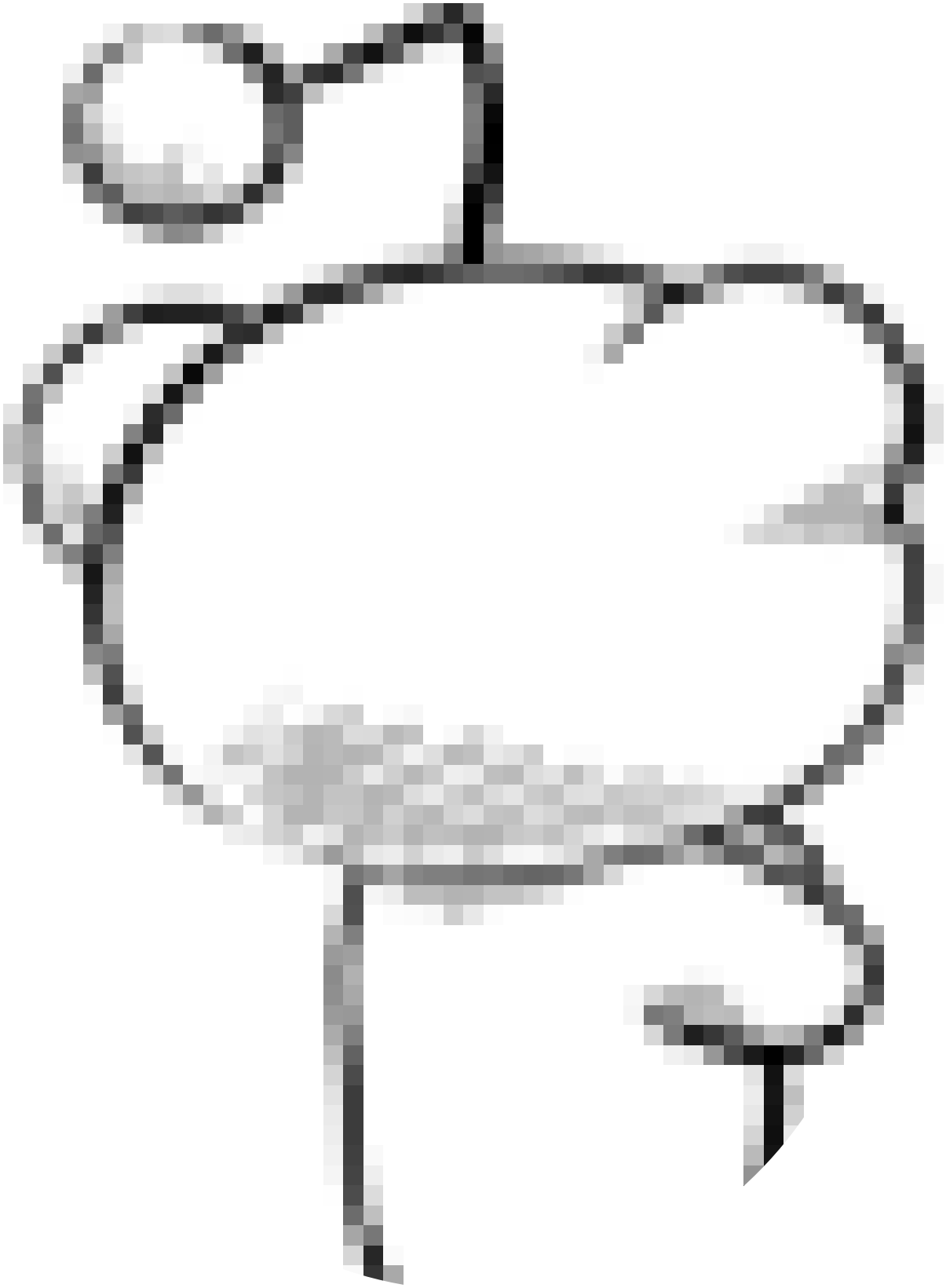
thedrinkmonster
• 13y ago

I really hope you are A) Lying or B) called the cops afterwards. If you got the balls to knock on the door then please tell me you called the cops.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies More replies



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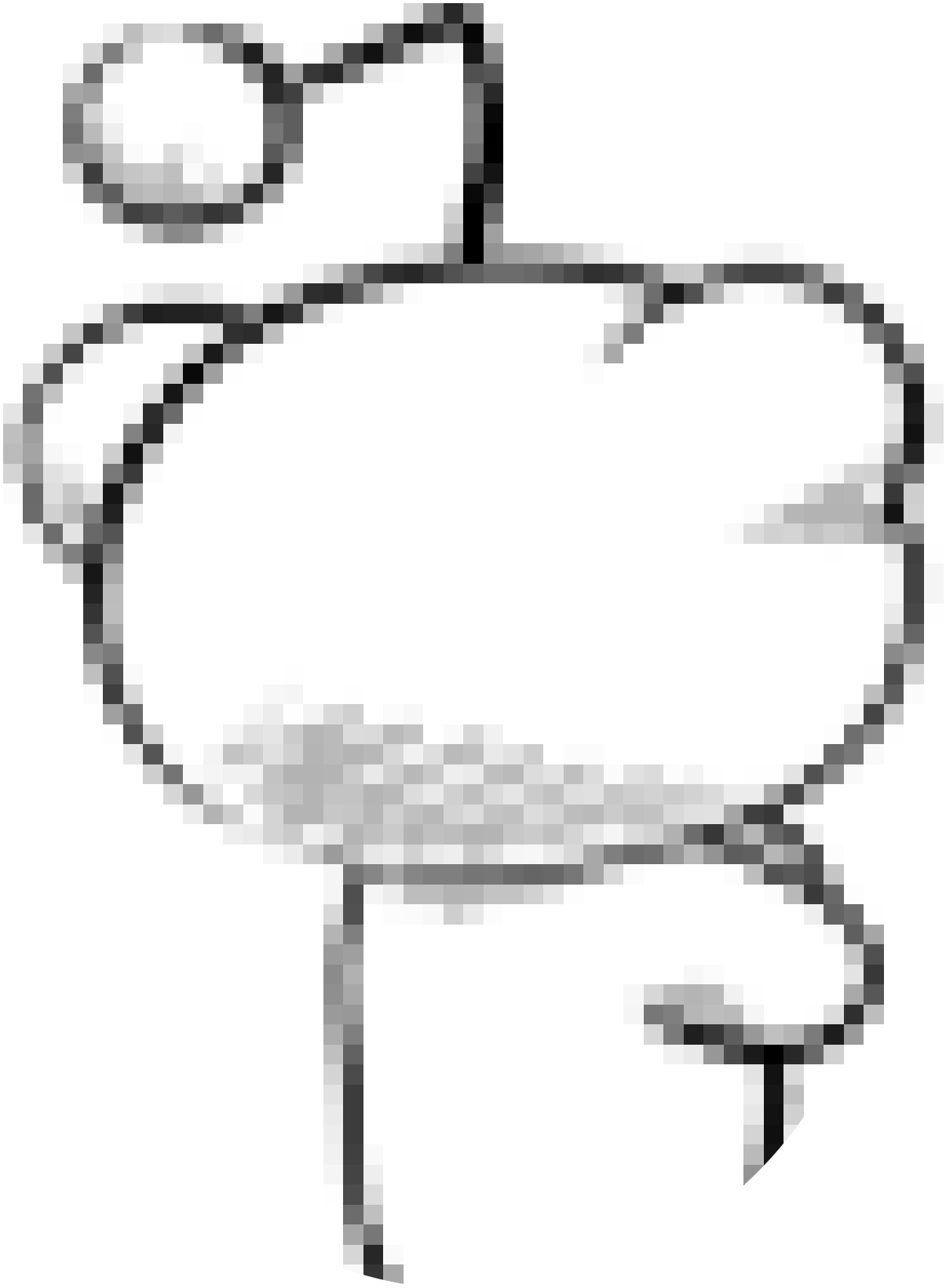
• 13y ago

KLIKLIKLIKLILIK....

You know what I'm talking about.



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• 13y ago

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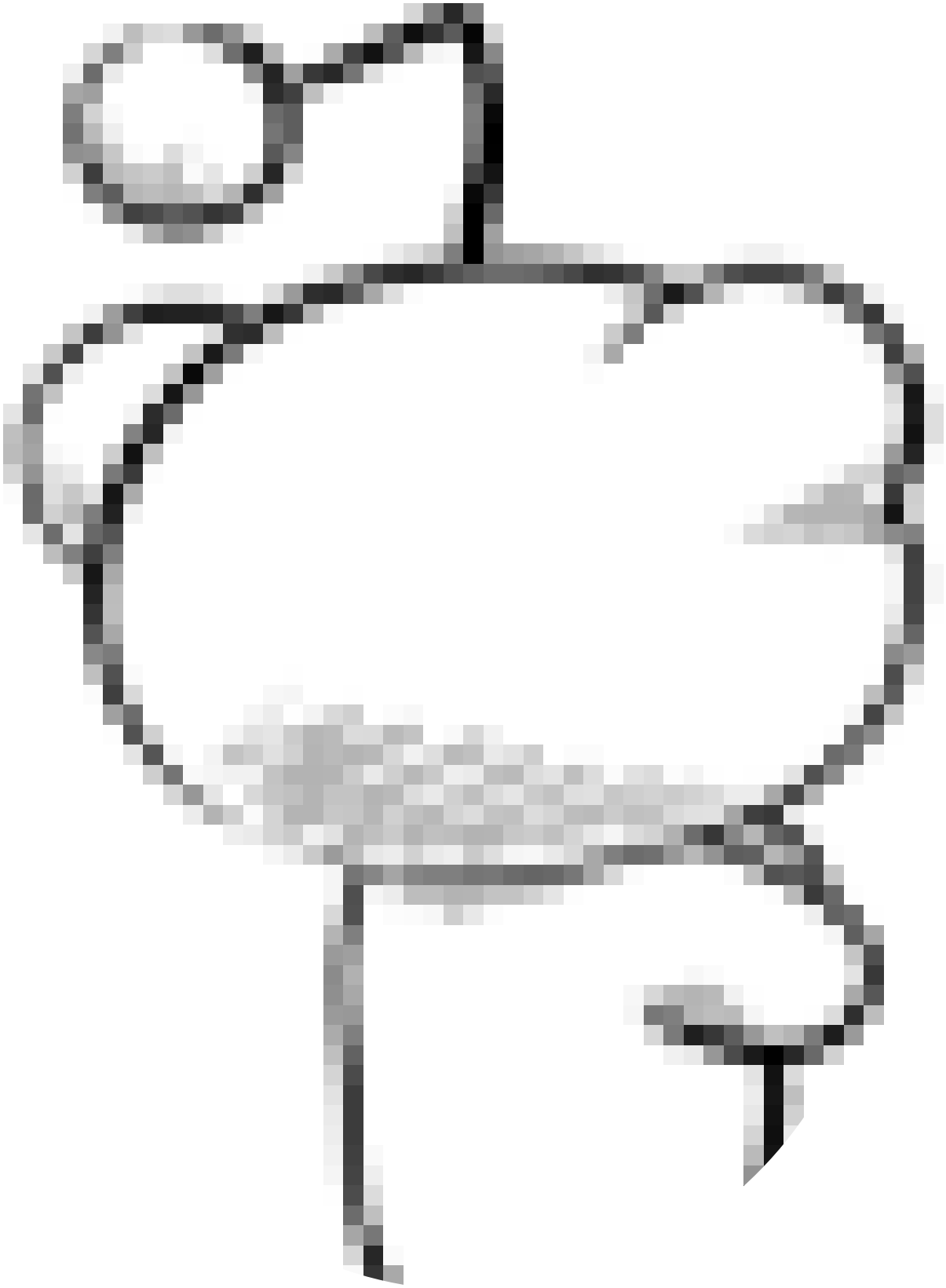
Ctxmetal95
• 13y ago

What's wrong with it?

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies



Mashobi
• 13y ago

wut

1 more reply

1 more reply

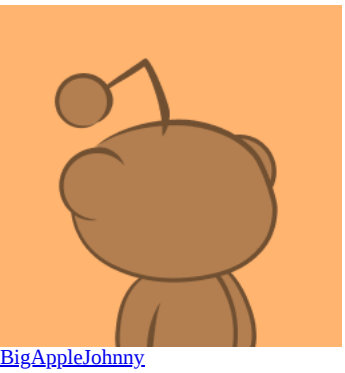
More replies

xXThKillerXx
• 13y ago

Adalia Rose talking

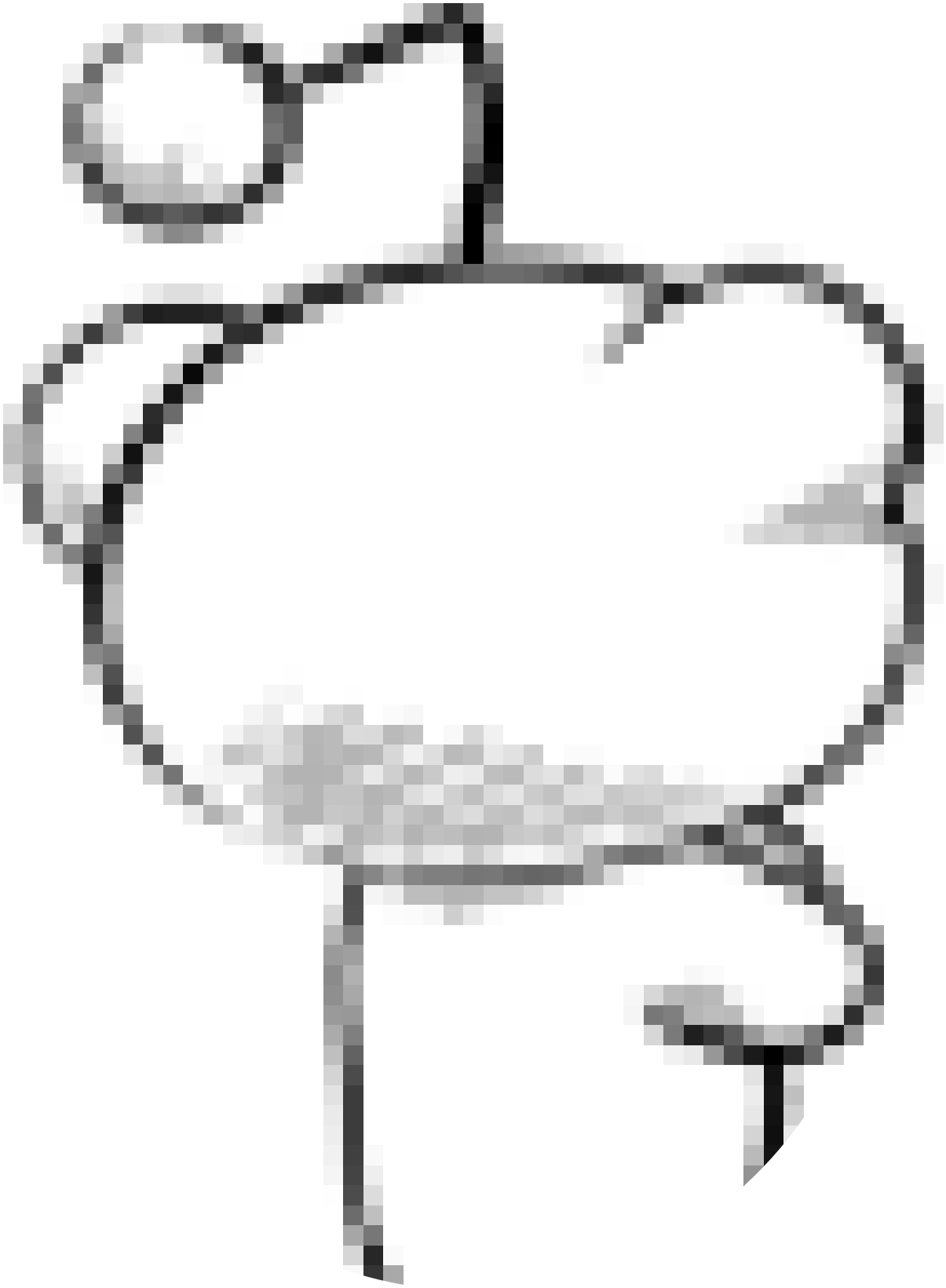
Ulumuri
• 13y ago

http://www.deviantart.com/art/Anthro-kangaroo-girl-transformation-4-414430721



BigAppleJohnny
• 13y ago

The rake is the best creepy pasta ever look it up it'sa great story



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• 13y ago

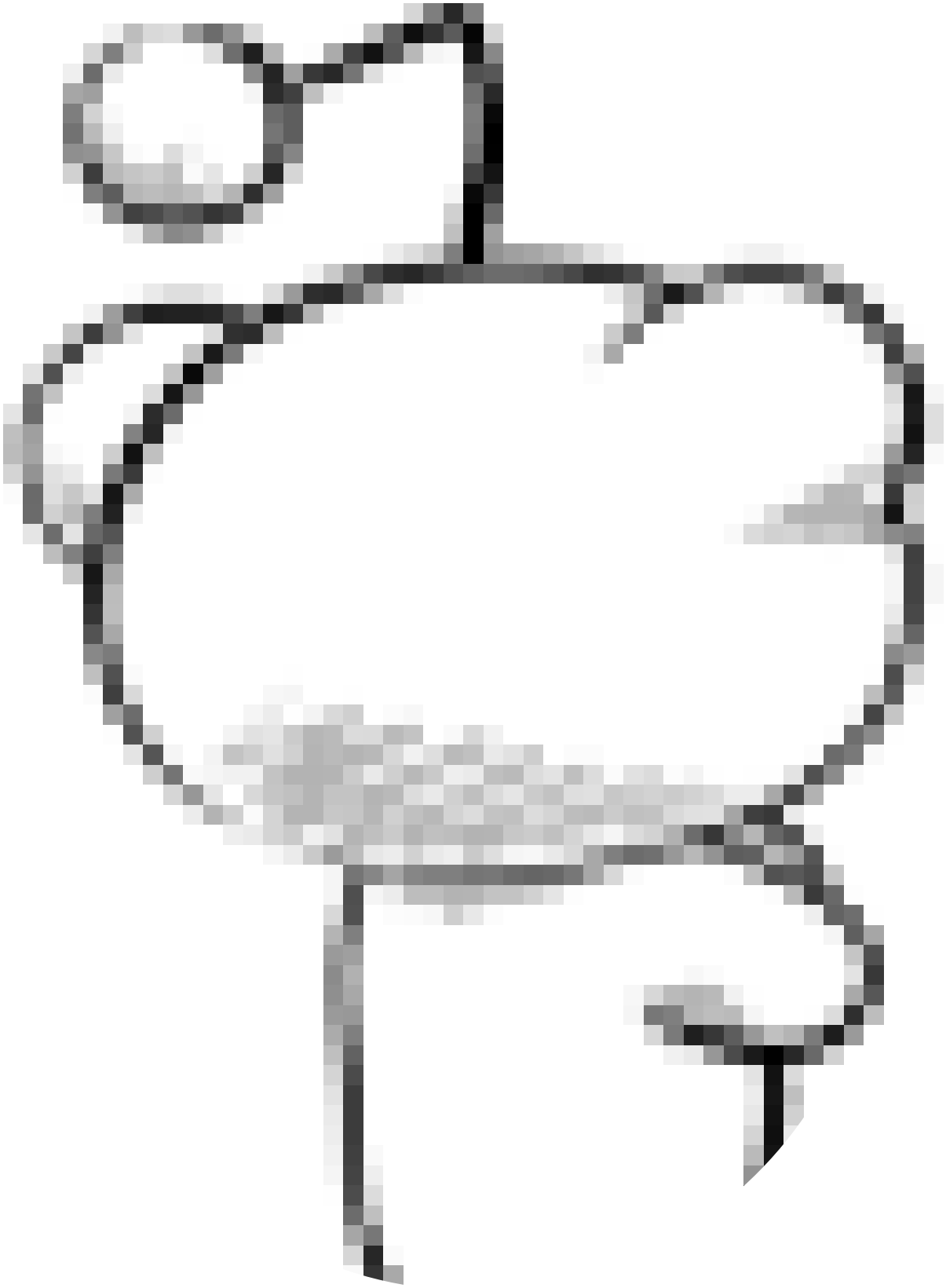
That guy with the cum box. Cum box always wins.

CH-Rampage
• 13y ago

All rhese stories are neither scary nor creepy they're all just horible accidents.

wbohn1
• 13y ago

Even though I love this movie, this mask always creeps me out to no end.



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• 13y ago

what is it? i am too scared to click the link

1 more reply
1 more reply

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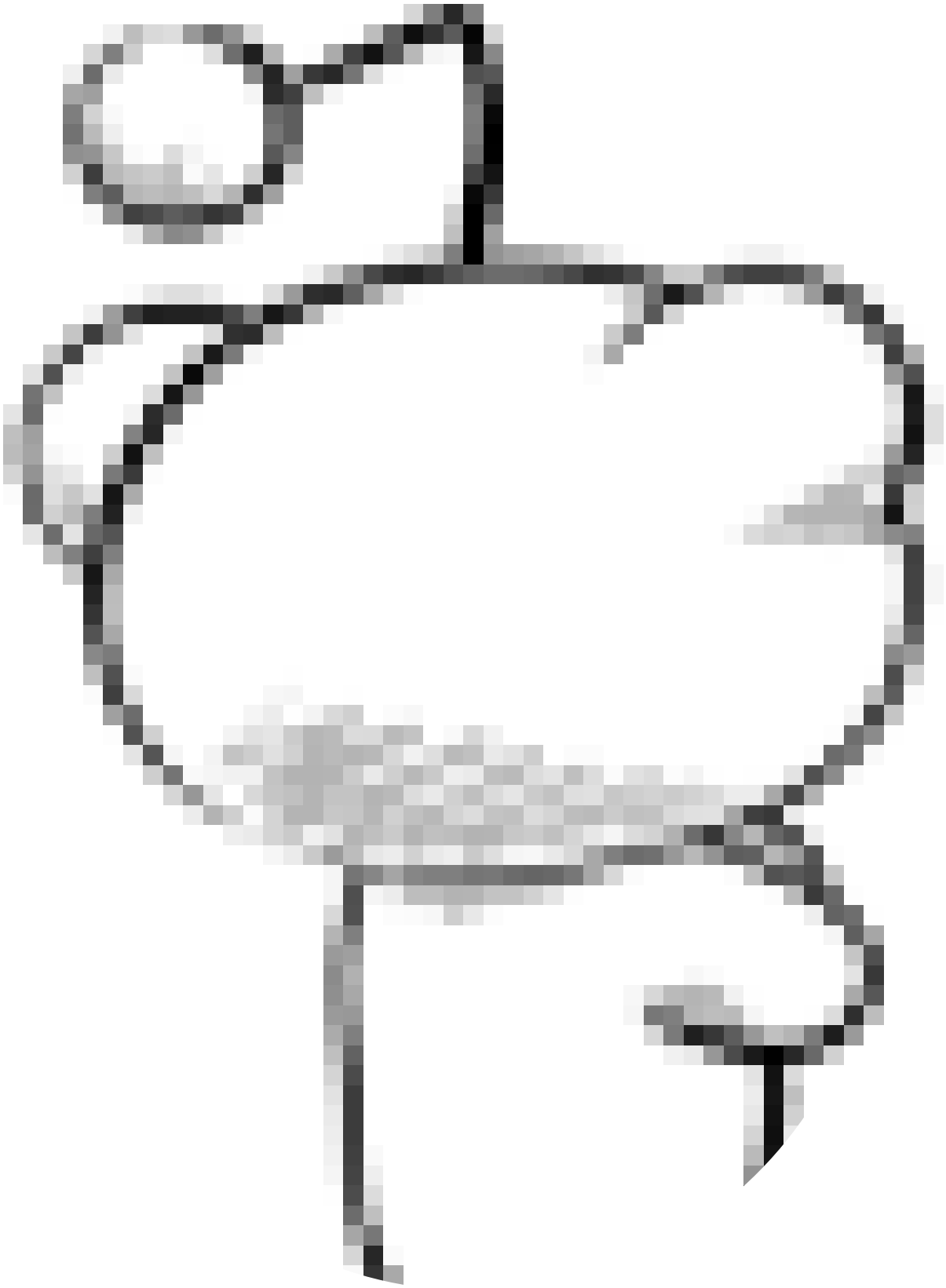

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• 13y ago

Found a gif of a skinned cow, still alive http://imgur.com/a/TlQ1d#1

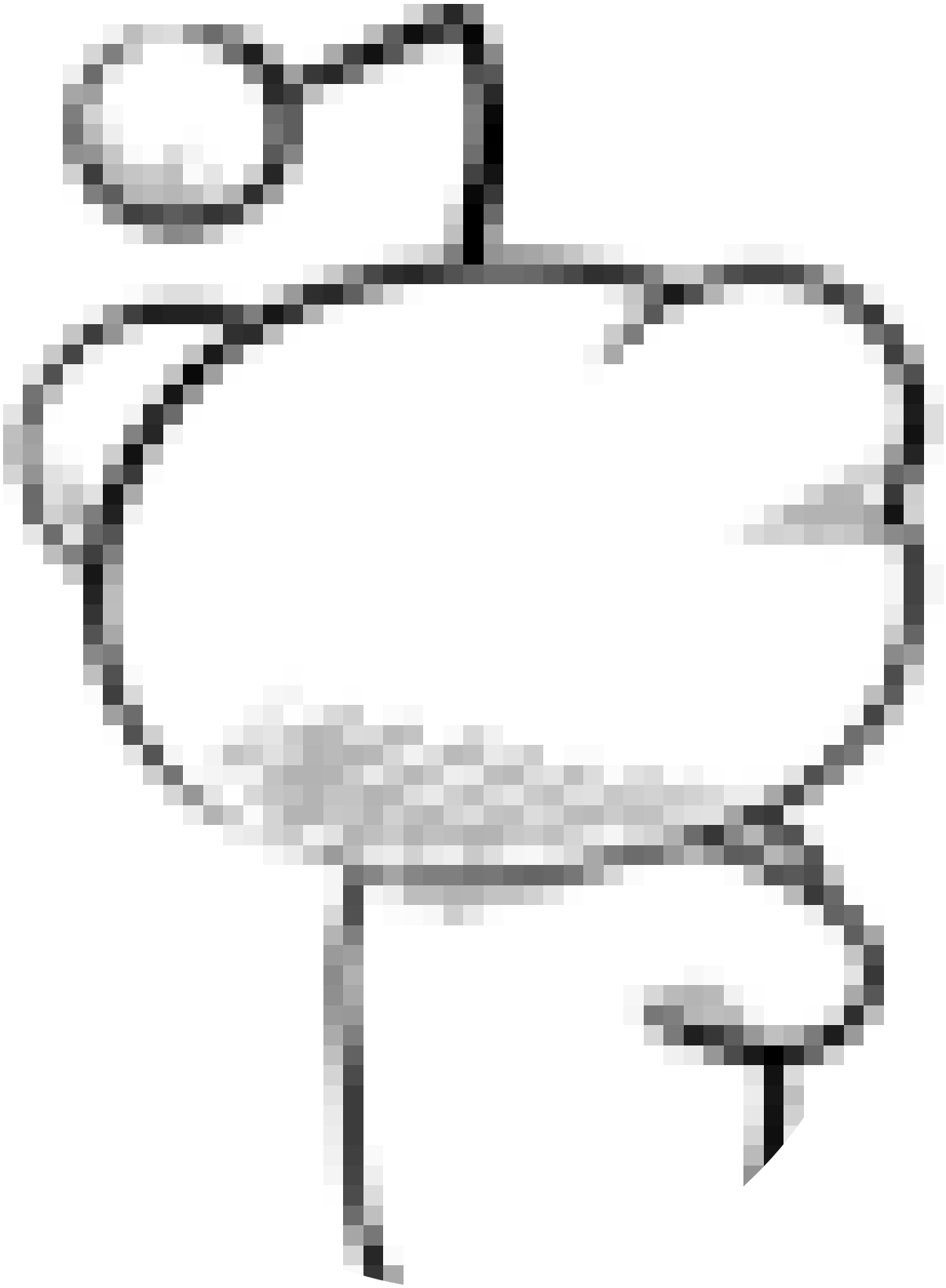
FireDylan
• 13y ago

That's a dog.

2 more replies

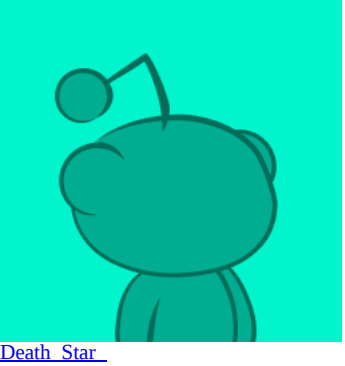
2 more replies

More replies More replies



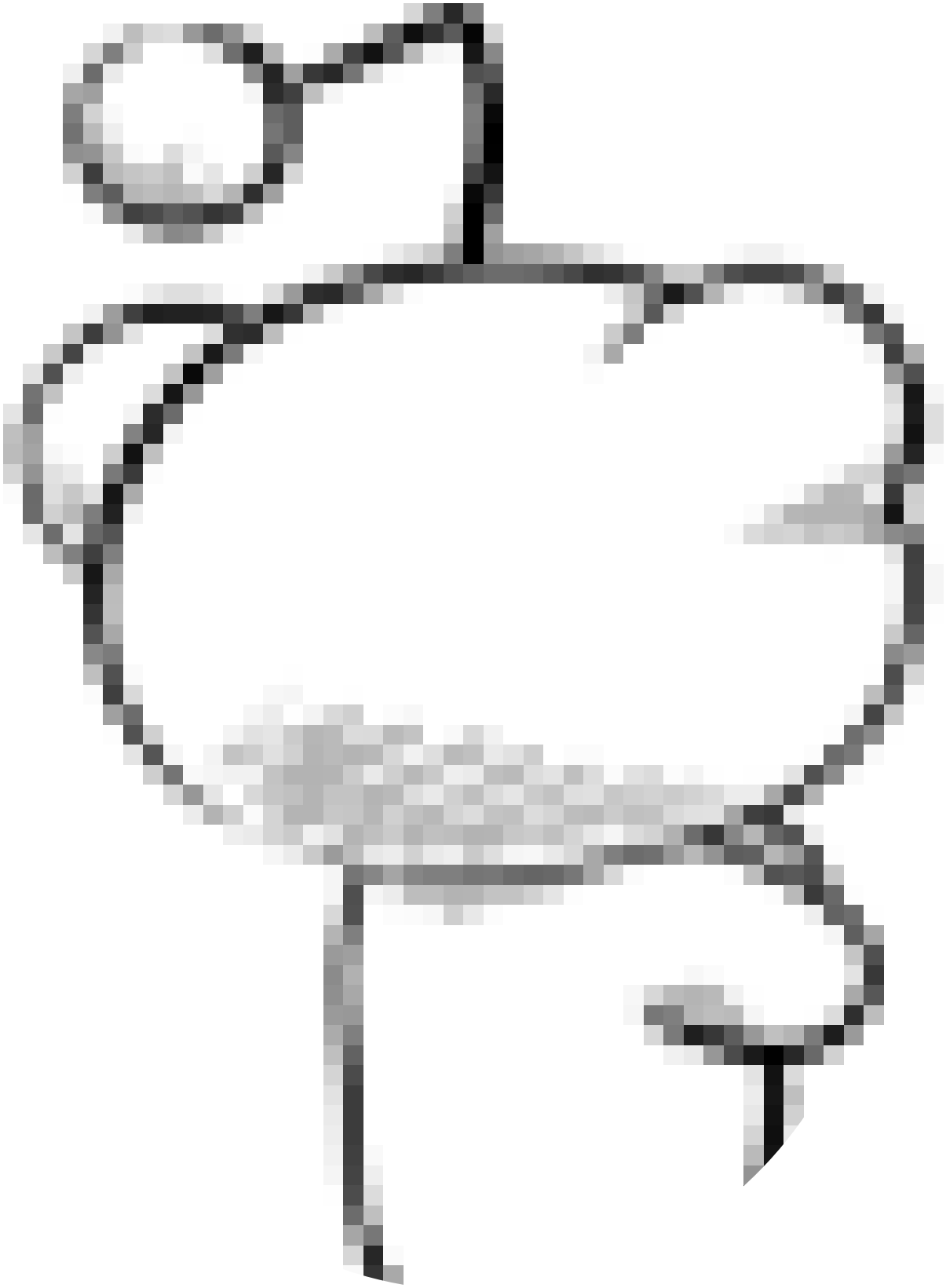
chevtastic88
• 13y ago

That demonic korean comic book.



Death_Star
• 13y ago

I was reading the newspaper with a glass of ice cold water on my dining room table, which has a fiberglass top. The glass of water was near the corner of my eye, but not in focus. As I was reading, I "felt" like it was slowly moving. Upon further inspection, I saw a 3-4 inch trail of condensation from where the glass was initially placed.



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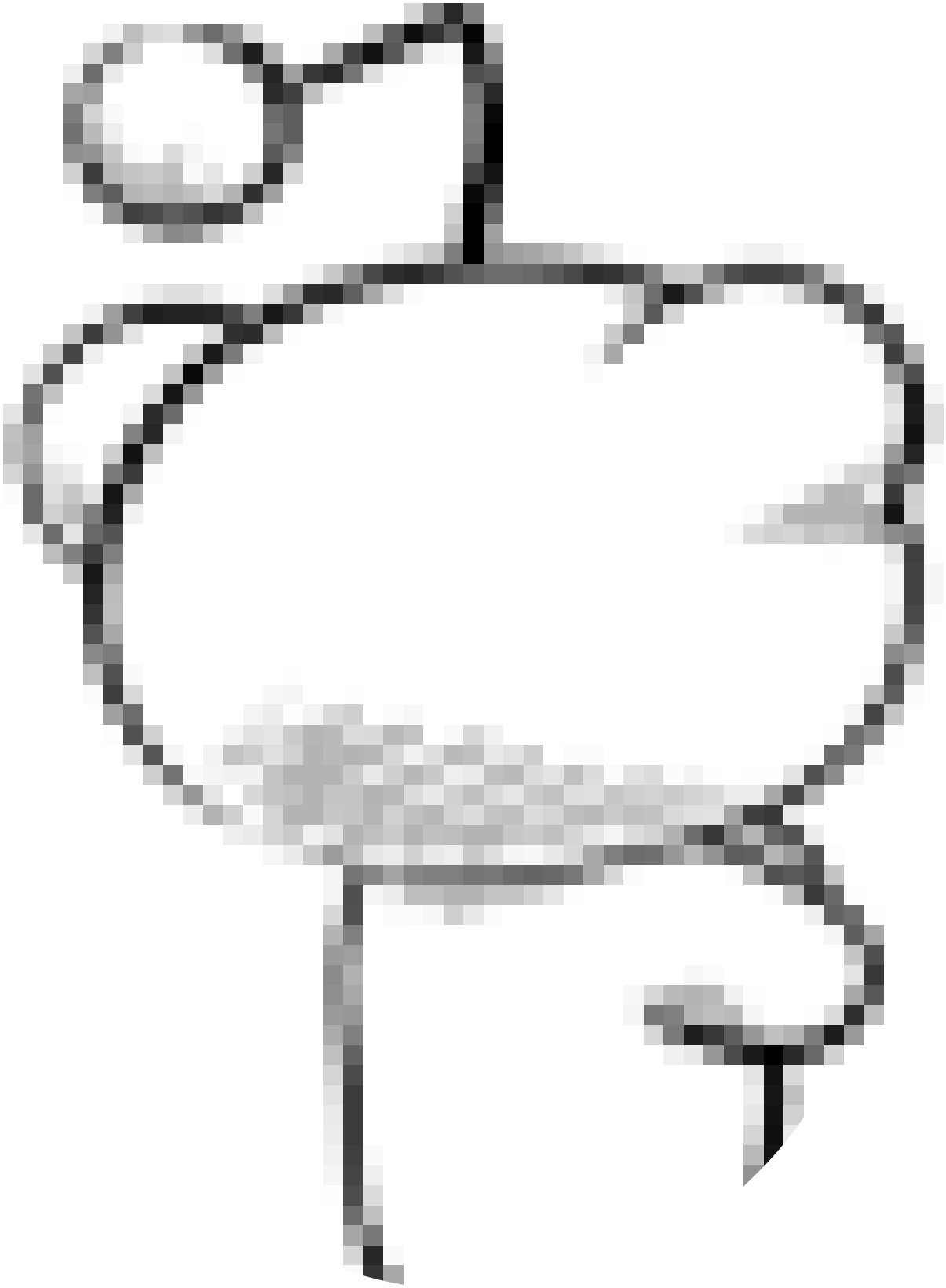
• 13y ago

what's the most ambiguous and open-ended question ever asked on Reddit?

fishsticks14
• 13y ago

this was a dream i was sleepin in the woods in a tent with my grandpa when all of a sudden the sides of the tent start rustling and you hear children giggling woke up with a cold sweat and scared the hell out of myself i will never watch that movie again lol



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• 13y ago

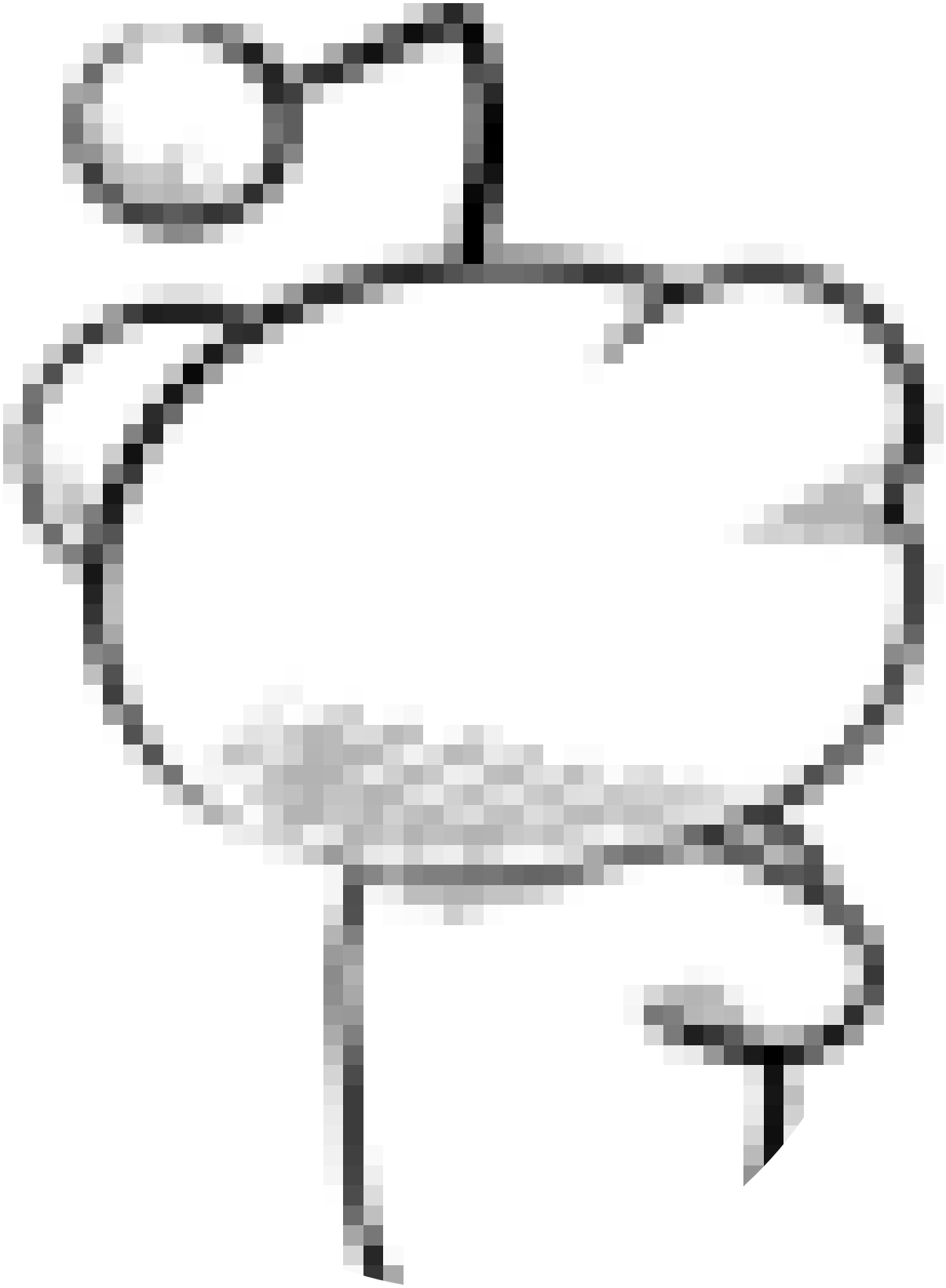
I read something somewhere that usually if you wake up between the hours of two and three in the morning that there's an 80% chance it was bc someone was staring at you. I'm not certain on whether or bit this is true or just one of those urban legends but I'm still freaked out by the idea

SmoSays
• 13y ago

Shit, that explains why I keep getting caught . . .

brumbz
• 13y ago

I hate you.



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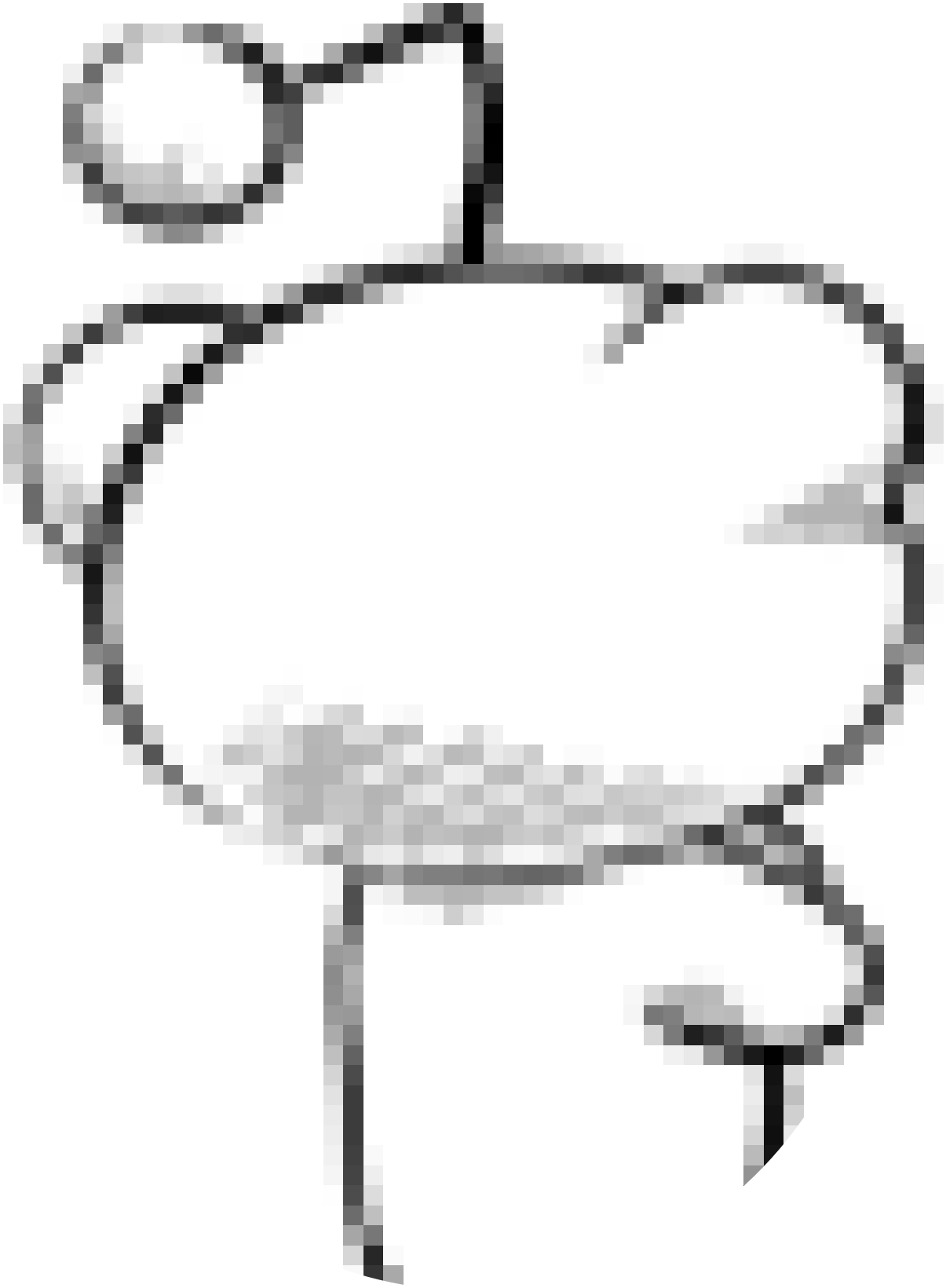
• 13y ago

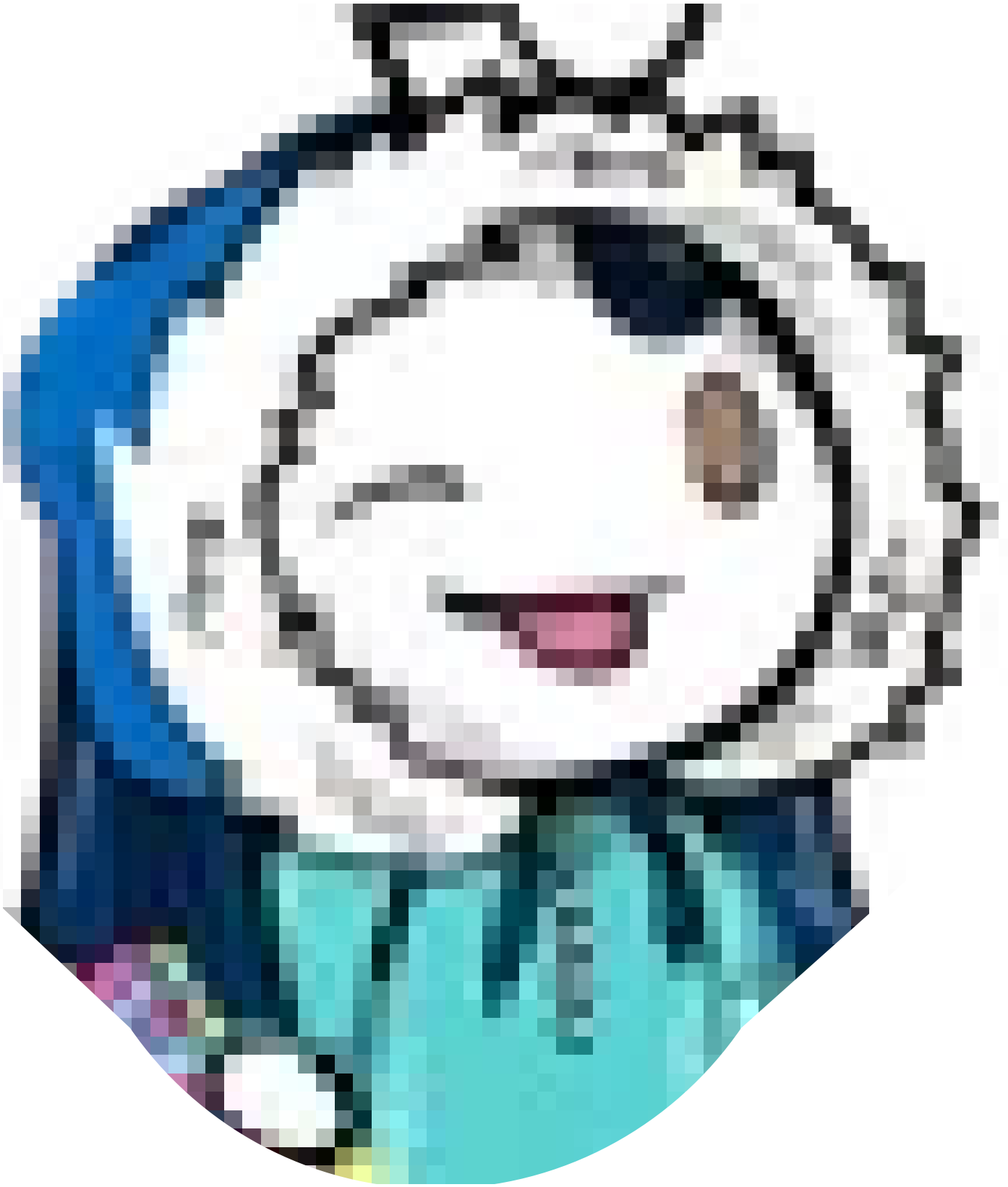
Don't worry, that's just something made up to scare people. There are millions of reasons someone would wake up in the middle of the night, being stared at at a specific time by someone you don't know is probably one of the more rare ones



pttymcgee
• 13y ago

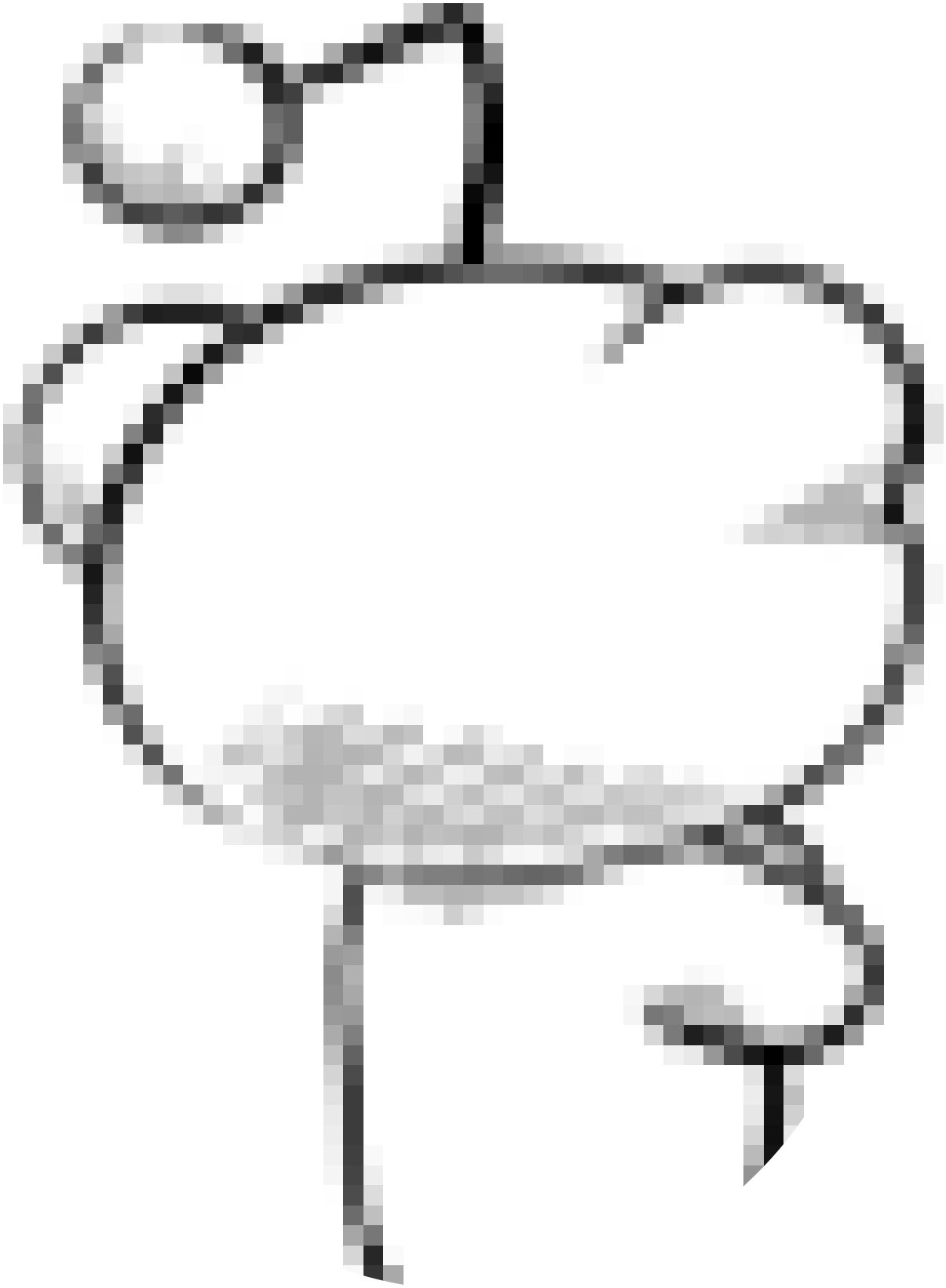
You seriously just *had* to share this, didn't you?

More replies



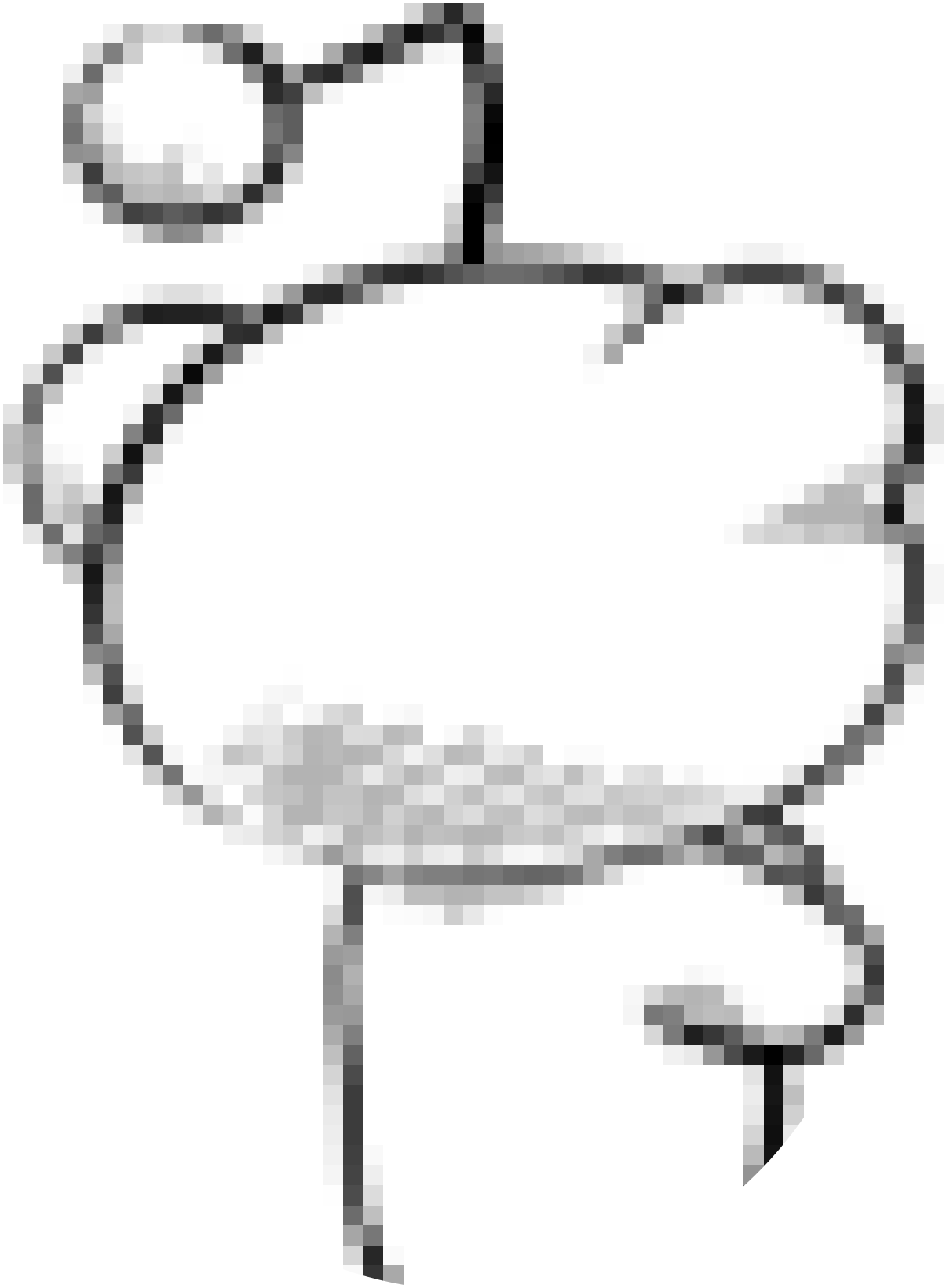
ice_chariot
• 13y ago

this



maz-o
• 13y ago

Yo' mama?



Nostrovia70
• 13y ago

Nothing elaborate. I was watching In the Mouth of Madness one night when my cell phone rings. It was an unknown number and I rarely answer numbers I don't know or are unknown but I answered. The voice on the other end says:

"The job is done, but there's blood everywhere."

And hangs up. *69 didn't get anything, just a number has been disconnected message.

Needless to say, it left me scratching my head for awhile.

DickBaggins
• 13y ago

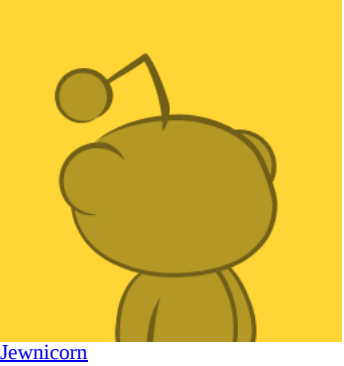
ahhh the 4th time this has been posted in this thread.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies More replies

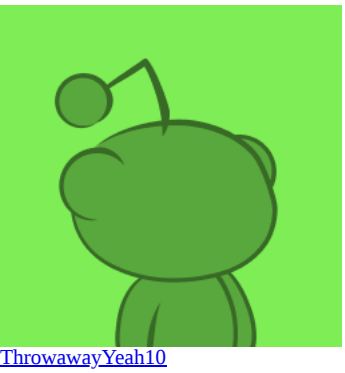
threezee
• 13y ago

Probably Nicki Minaj.



Jewnicorn
• 13y ago

Well I once saw a ghost.



ThrowawayYeah10
• 13y ago

Friendly warning: do not read this if it's nighttime where you live and you intend to sleep soon.

I don't remember *too* much from when I was young, but this is an experience that will probably never leave me. I think I was nine or ten. My grandparents lived out-of-state, so, during the summer, my parents would send my little brother and I up to North Carolina to visit them for a week or so. My grandparents weren't particularly wealthy, but they somehow managed to snag somewhere near fifty acres of land at one point, and they now made a profit by renting out the property. It was pretty much a collection of pretty large grassy fields surrounded by woods. At one end, there was a pasture that had a few horses in one area and cows in the other. It was in its own area and was connected by a little wooden bridge over a creek. Since we didn't have our two-player video games at grandma and grandpa's, we would sometimes go out to the pasture after dinner to see the horses, while our grandparents cleaned up from from dinner and took out the trash. I know, lame. Whatever, we were kids.

One evening, at the end of dinner, my grandpa suddenly started cursing and told my grandma that he needed to get up to the store to get some repair supplies so that he could start working. Apparently he had a lot of work ahead of him, though I don't remember ever noticing anything wrong with the house at the time. My grandma suggests that I go with him. I guess it was supposed to be bonding time or something. I get into the truck, but quickly ask my grandpa if I can go back inside for a second to grab something and he tells me to hurry up. So, I grab my gameboy and get back into the old white pickup truck. My younger self wasn't quite interested in boring repair stuff, so I pretty much did my own thing. When we ended up getting back, I remember being super excited because I beat one of the levels that, together with my lil' bro, we'd been trying to beat for at least a few days. I thought I was the shit. I fly into the house and look around for him, but I can't find him. It was a pretty big, sturdy house, so perhaps he was hiding or something I thought. I ask my grandma if she'd seen him. Apparently he'd asked to go outside soon after we left, but she had heard him come inside shortly after and didn't think much more of it. I go around calling his name, and even look outside, but he's just nowhere to be seen. After a few minutes of that, I'm not the only one starting to get worried. It's pretty much dark now and my grandpa comes outside to start looking with me. Meanwhile, my grandma is on the phone with my parents.

At this point, apparently my grandpa hears something, because he tells me to 'shh' and squints his eye for a half-second before calling my brother's at the wooded area near their house. My brother comes running full-speed towards us. At this point, my heart is beating a million beats per minute, until he gets closer and I notice that he's wearing a huge self-satisfied grin on his face. "Idiot..." I laugh and go to mess up his hair, but he flies past me and goes straight for our grandpa. Planting a firm hand on grandpa's side, he exlaims, 'Gotcha! Yer it!" and calls "timeout" (I'm guessing this is a tactic he learned at school.) before collapsing to the ground to recooperate, messing around in the dirt. At first, my grandma just looks kind of dumbfounded. I will never forget the way the expression on her face changed when the gears started to turn in her head. I'm not really thinking- I just think my brother's being an idiot- but then my grandpa suddenly tells me to go inside with my grandma. The next day, my parents are at the house and there are police there as well, talking to my brother. We end up going home earlier than usual and I remember my mom being particularly emotional, moreso than usual. The last vivid memory I have of that house was of a small marking in the dirt. When my brother and I were walking to the car to go home, I noticed something where he had been sitting the day before. It was a small tally chart with two letters at the top, a line down the middle. On one side, the letter "C". On the other, "P". My brother, Corey, often affectionately called our granddad 'papa,' because it was easier to say at a young age. Under each letter, there was exactly one tally.

When I got older, I discovered that the reason my grandfather had been so anxious to get to the store for repair parts, despite their house needing no obvious repairs, was that all of their tenants' contracts were up, and they had been making repairs to the empty mobile homes for the last few months before the next applicants came in that week.

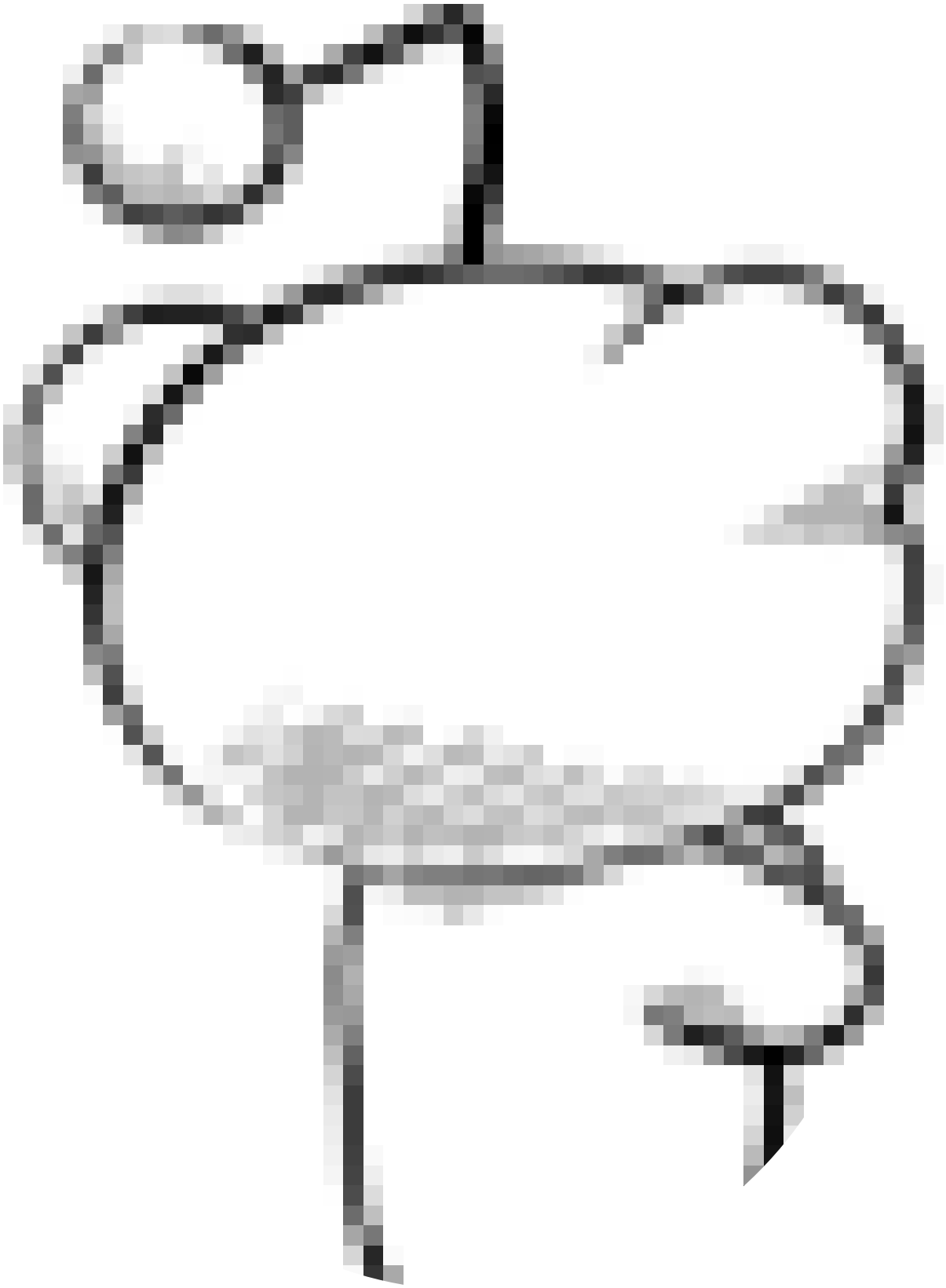
Edit: I know this is a really fucking long reddit post, but I don't know how to tell the story in a more condensed way. The details make it even more creepy in retrospect.

Reply Share

ca178858
• 13y ago

I'm not sure I get it... The implication is that he was playing tag with someone he thought was your grandpa?

Reply Share



[deleted]
• 13y ago

I honestly still don't know what happened towards the end.... Am I missing something?

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15 more replies

15 more replies

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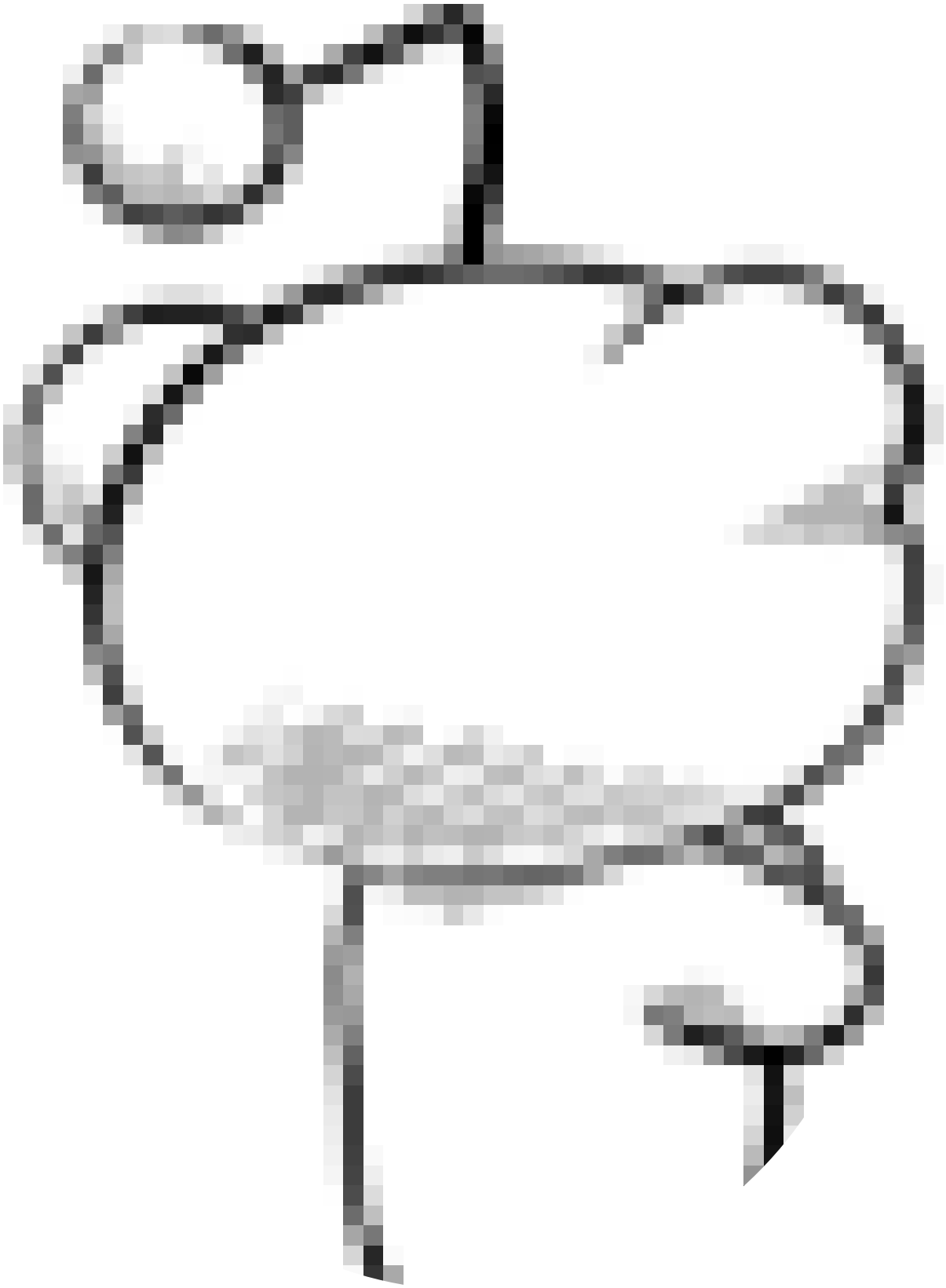
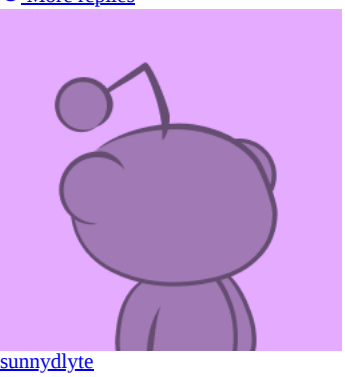


[deleted]
• 13y ago

I read and re-read it 3 times, still don't get it. Can you explain?

Reply Share

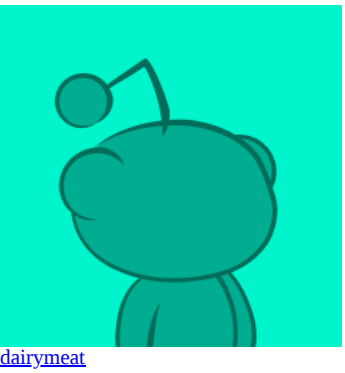
More replies



sunnydlyte
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This didn't happen to me but it happened to my friends uncle. He was on a business trip in india, but his flight there landed really late, so he had to stop at an old run down hotel in the middle of nowhere. He got checked into room 121, but was told by the manager not to ever look into room 120. He didn't really think too much of the warning so he just went to his room and tried to sleep. The curiosity of what was in the other room buggef him all night, so in the middle of the night, he got up and looked into the keyhole of room 120 and saw a girl sitting on a chair in the middle of the room. A little confused, he went back to his room. The next morning, he went and checked the room again and only saw the color red. He thought that the keyhole must have just accidentally been painted over, so he just left. Then he went and asked the manager what was wrong with the other room, and the manager said that a girl had died in that very room and now haunts it as a demon, and she could be recognized by her bloodshot red eyes.

EDIT: apparently this story is a fake and my friend lied to me. I didnt know and I apologize for the confusion



dairymeat
• 13y ago

wasn't this a pretty old creepypasta?

1 more reply
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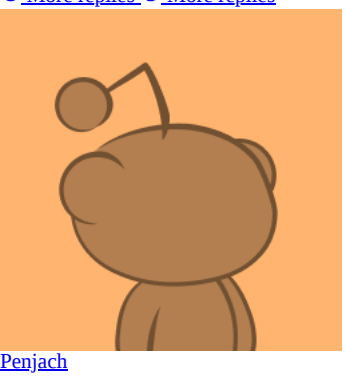
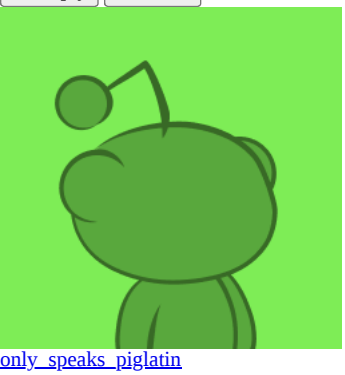


Penjach
• 13y ago

The horror of realising that it's 12 and that you didn't hear the alarm at 7 o'clock.

Reply Share



only_speaks_piglatin
• 13y ago

Oneway imetay, Iway awsay isthay unkdray uygay inway ethay iddlemay ofway ethay eetstray, ookinglay atway emay unnyfay. Itway asway earnay idnightmay. Ehay alkedway owardstay emay owlyslay, ustjay eforebay Iway otgay inway ymay arcay. Enwhay Iway otgay omehay, ehay asway almostway... aitingway orfay emay , aringstay atway emay omfray ethay iddlemay ofway ymay ivewaydray. Aredscay emay itlessshay enoughway otay allcay ethay opscay. Apparentlyway, itway asway anway incredibleway oincidencecay atthay ehay entway otay ethay ongwray ousehay, ichwhay appenedhay otay elongbay otay away ersonpay ehay adhay eepedcray outway eforebay. Eirdway itshay, anmay.

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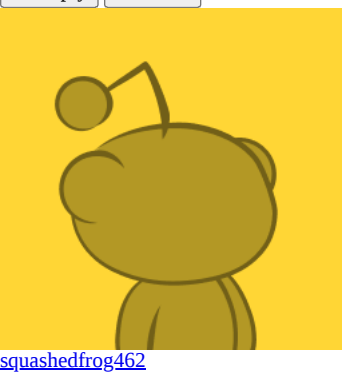
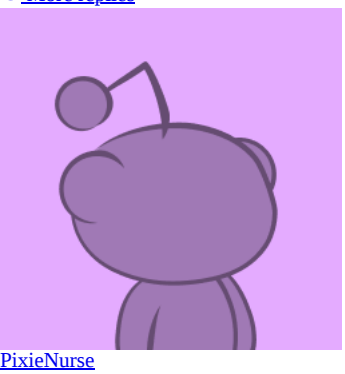


squashedfrog462
• 13y ago

My head hurts.

Reply Share

More replies



PixieNurse
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I wish I knew how to save this wonderful thread so I could come back to it at my leisure...I wish some smart person would come along and educate me on how to do such a thing...

Edit: I just wanted to thank everyone for stopping by and making me feel so special. It is nice to know that you all feel like my puny little post, amid the sea of all of these other posts, is worthy of your votes. They may be downvotes, but it is all the same to me. It still means you are all taking time out of your lives to read whatever crap I am writing here and even feeling compelled to vote on it! Wow. No really...you are all making me blush with all this attention. :)

http://i.imgur.com/DFbFAop.gif

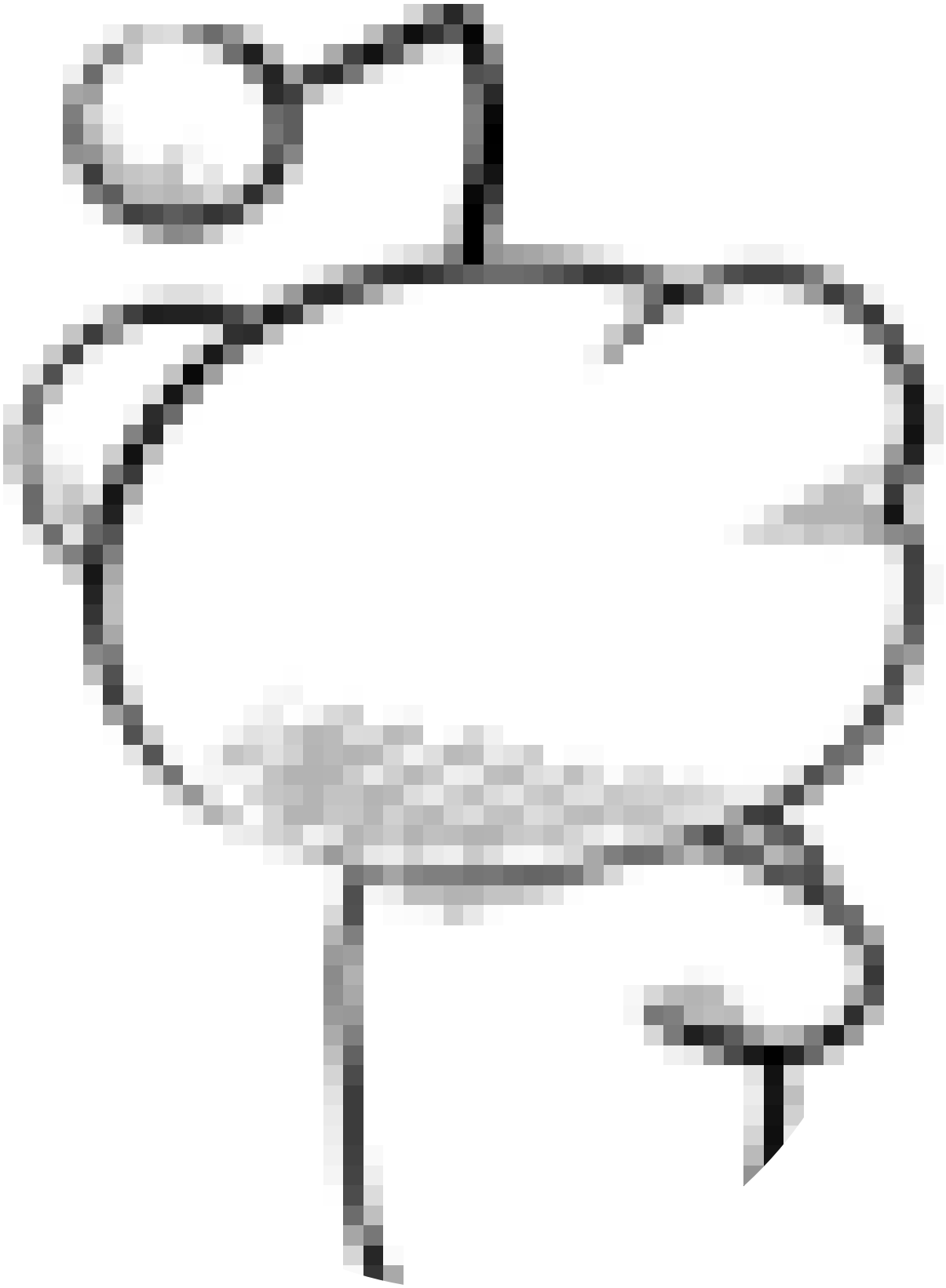
i_know_karate
• 13y ago

There's a save button.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

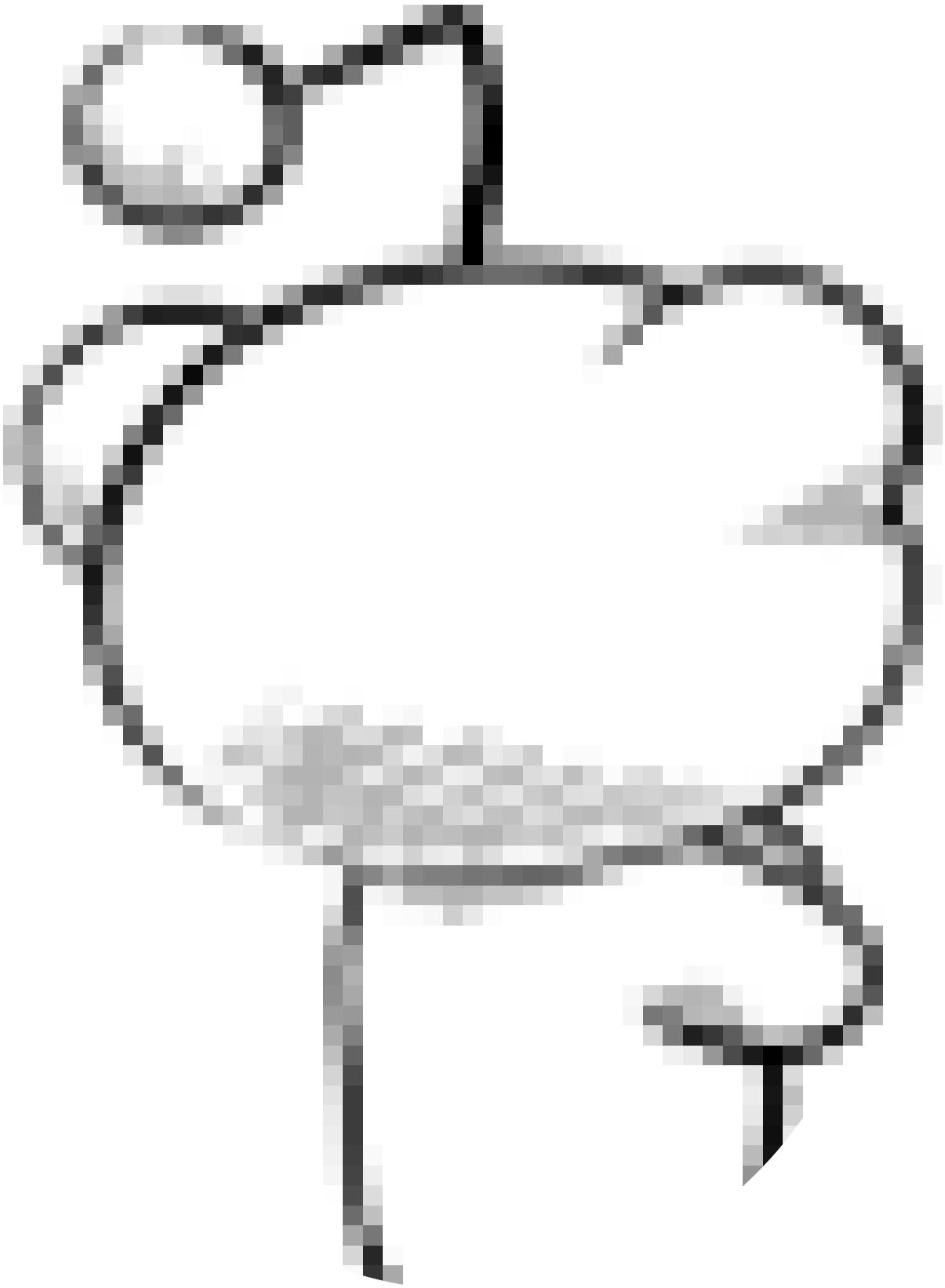
BashfulTurtle
• 13y ago

1. HPV is relegated to a carrier role in men.

2. Shit, I'm fucked.

Superduperscooper
• 13y ago

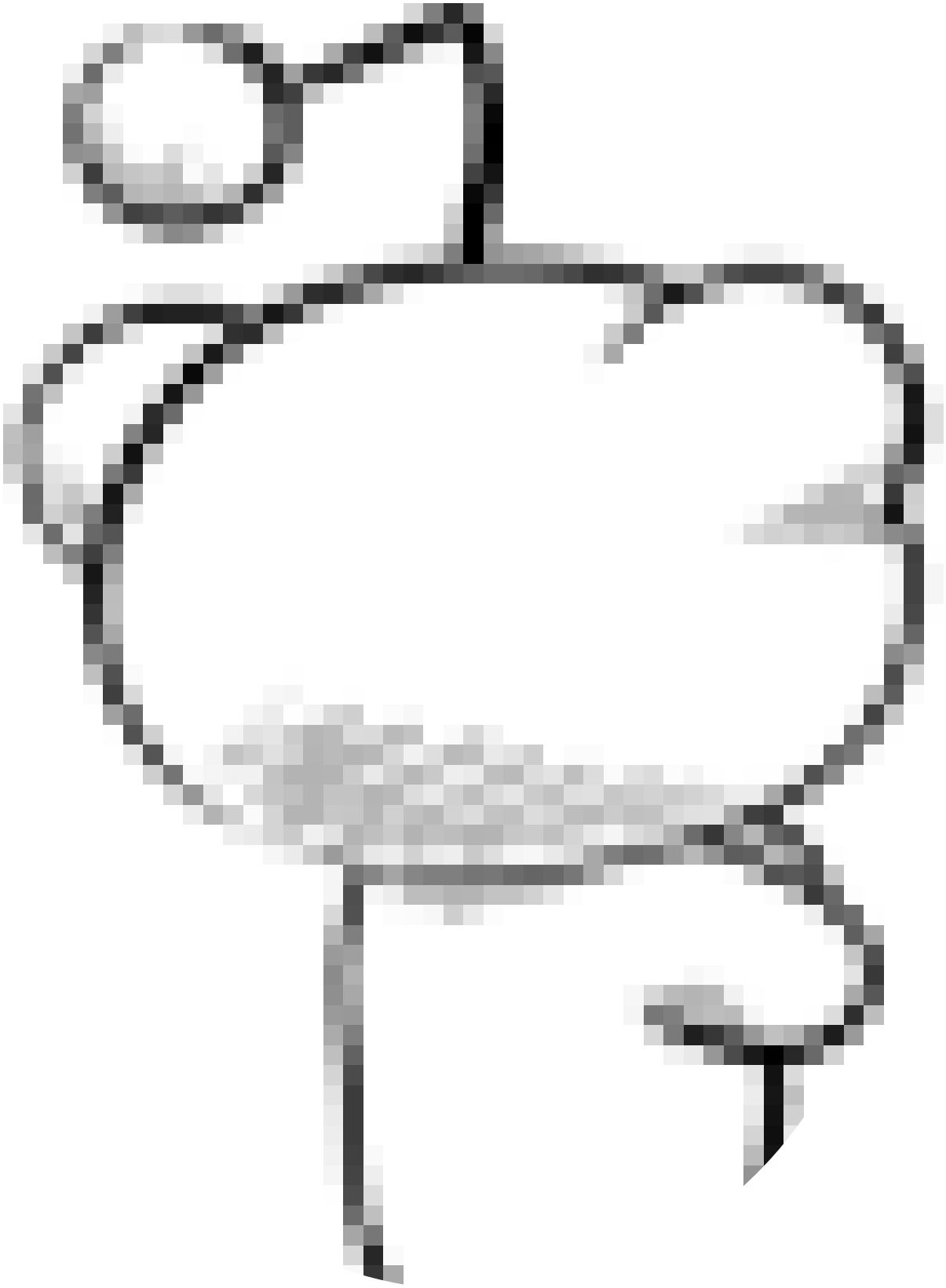
i have exactly 6660 comment karma right now.



pigPlatform
• 13y ago

Thanks for tell**shut the fuck up.**

More replies



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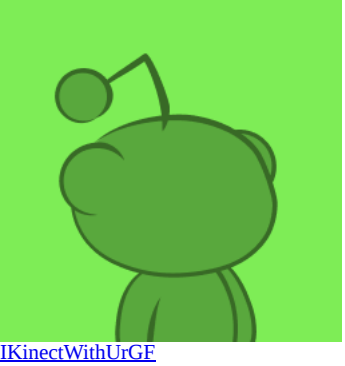
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user



IKinectWithUrGF
• 13y ago

You turned 360 degrees.

And nope-d away... closer to the painting?

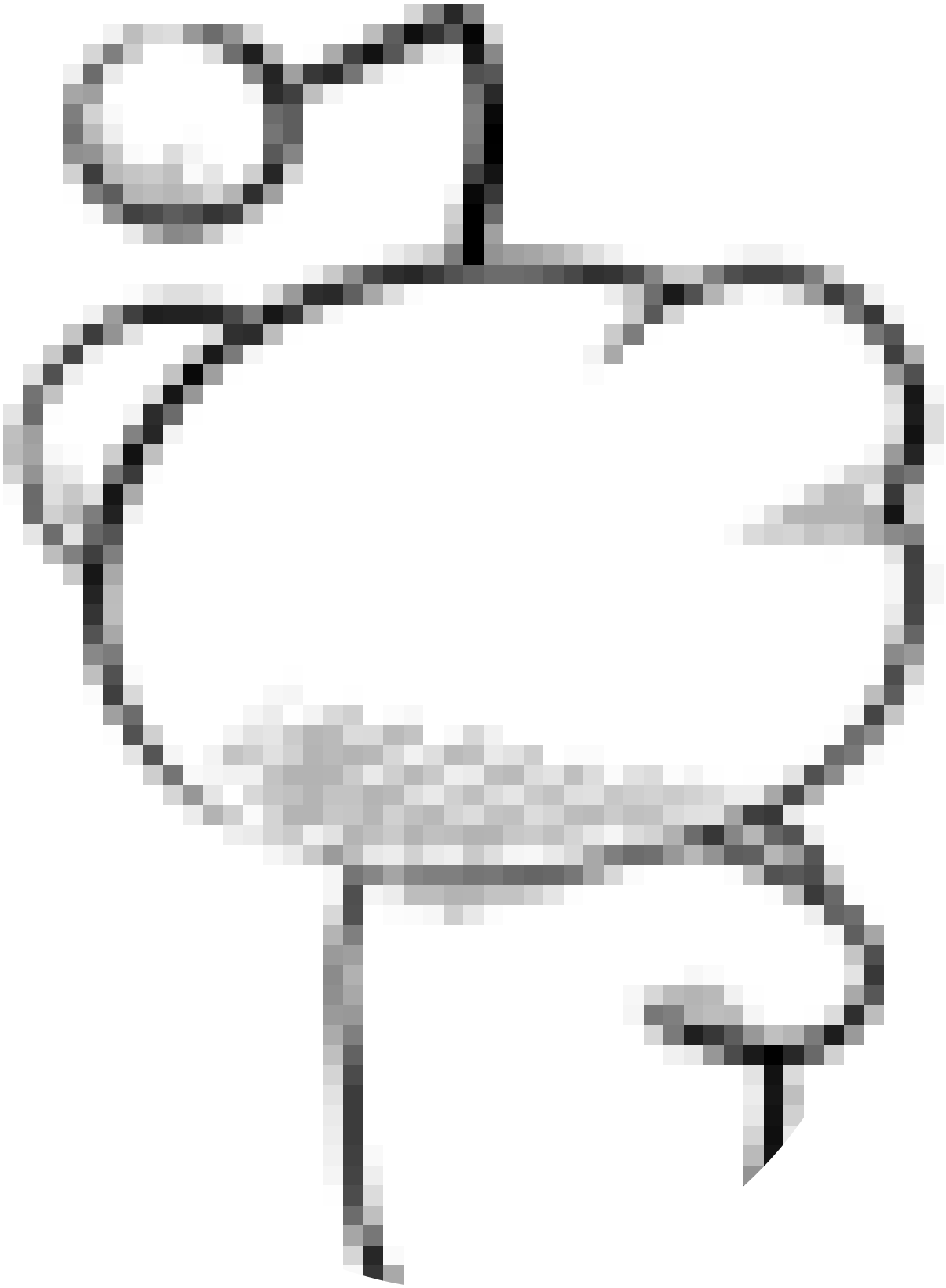
1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

GaryGibbon
• 13y ago

Wouldn't that send you directly towards the cockroach?

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

Karbear_debonair
• 13y ago

The "neck angle" drawing is creepy as hell.

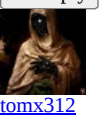
Gastronomicus
• 13y ago

Isn't this just Gollum?

whiskey_love_songs
• 13y ago

The creepiest thing that ever happened to me was my friend told me the story of something named Candlejack, later that night my friend just van-

Reply Share



tomx312
• 13y ago

Heahaheuehahaueueeha

Reply Share

More replies

donabro
• 13y ago

I still remember the original Saw movie trailer being the scariest thing I've ever seen. The one with the girl who has to dig the key out of her boyfriend's live body. I still refuse to see the movie.

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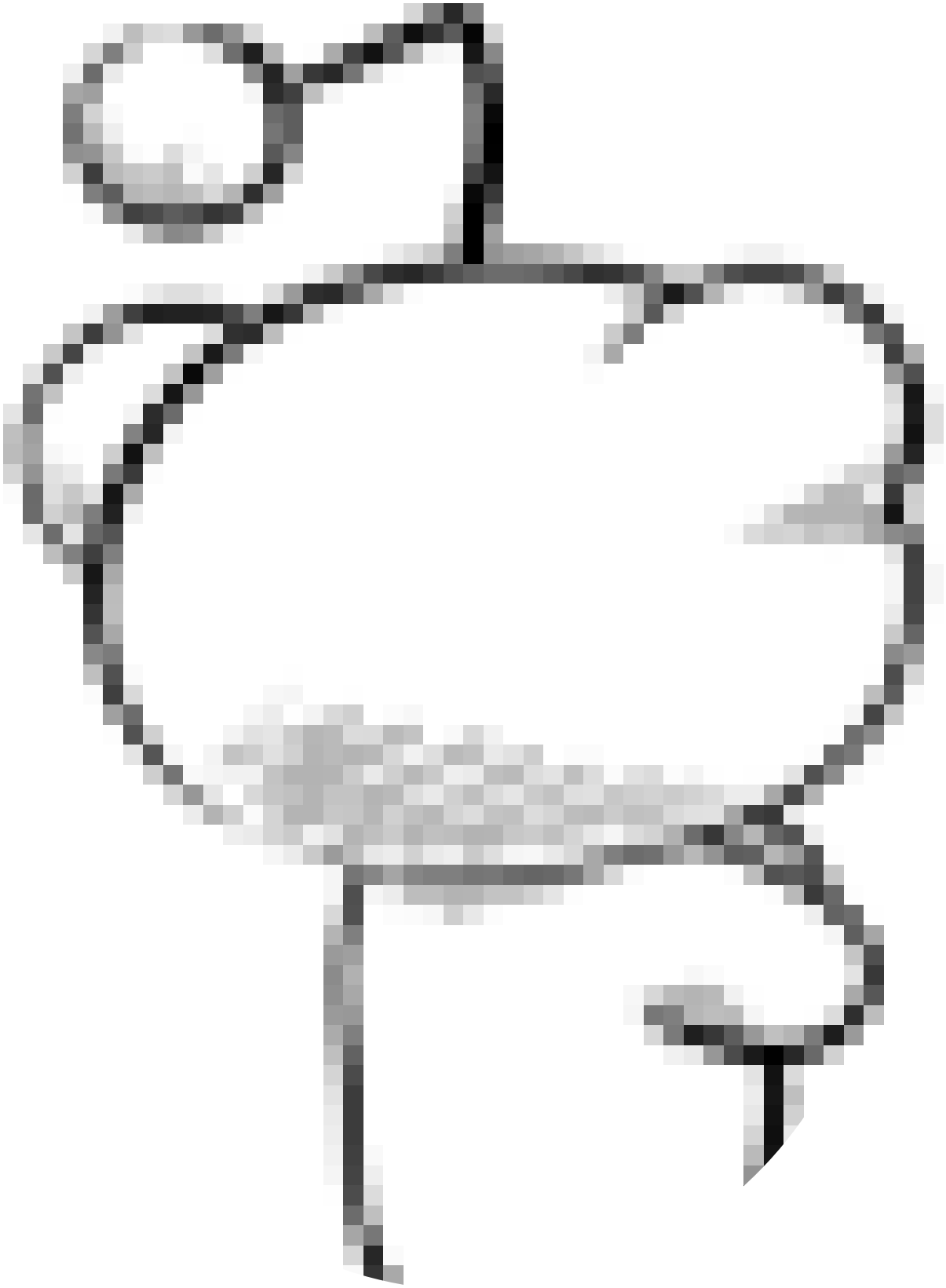

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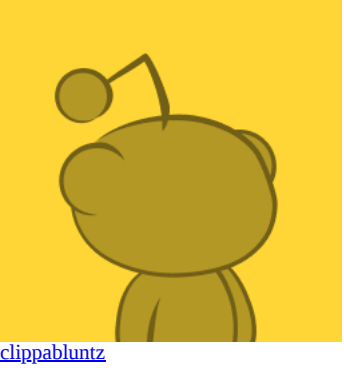
• 13y ago

ITT: don't buy creepy houses

Reply Share



clippabluntz
• 13y ago

Saw an obese woman fall off her slot machine and slam into a tile floor right in the middle of a casino. The pool of blood slowly growing from her head across the tile was fascinating, but the worst part was her husband was right next to her standing over the corpse. though I knew immediately she was dead, he seemed to think she would come out alive.

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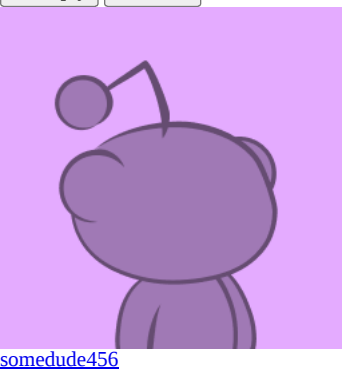

somedude456
• 13y ago

"I think I'm pregnant."

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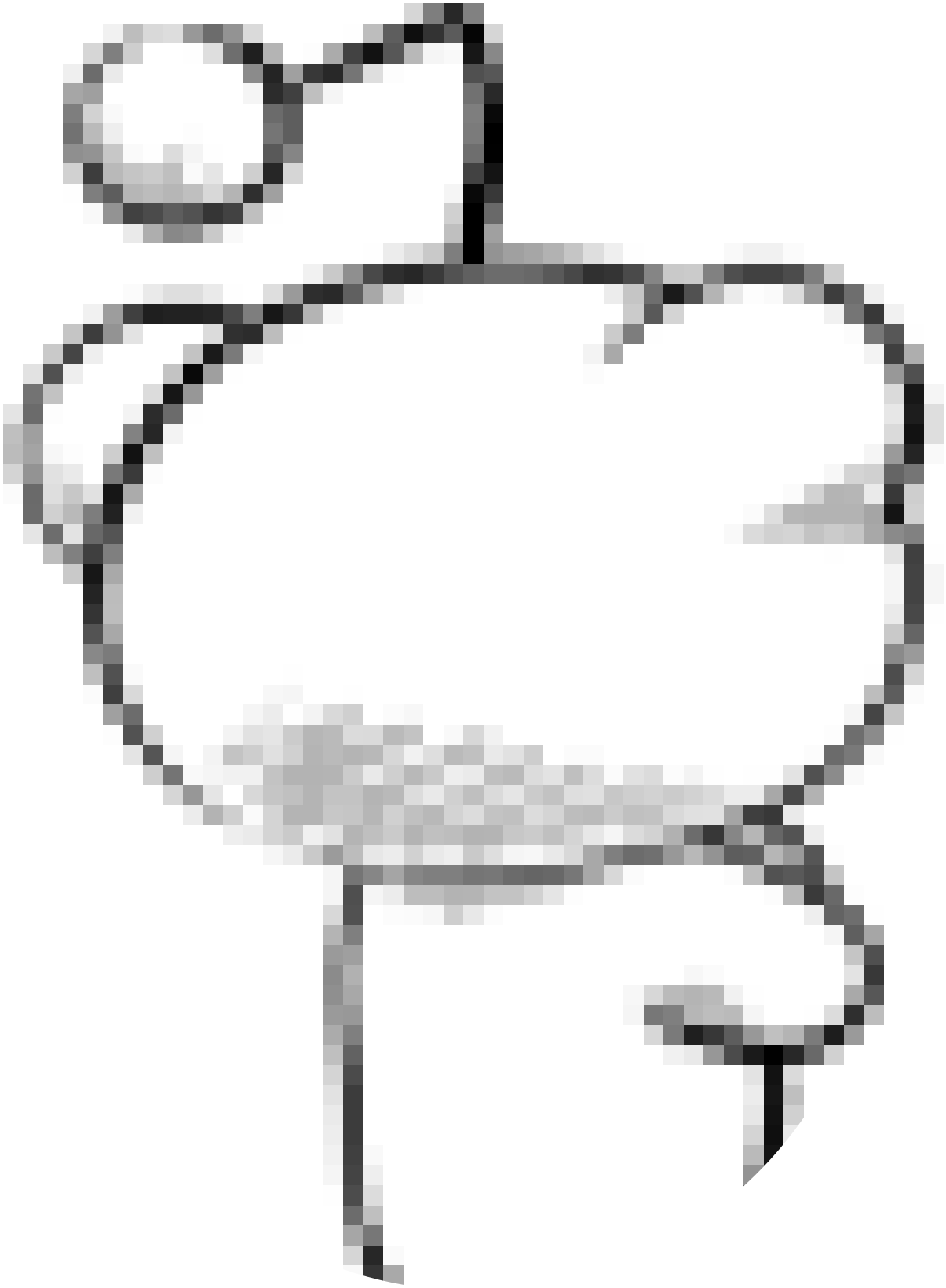

[deleted]
• 13y ago

The christmas episode from the first season of Tales From the Crypt is still probably the most genuinely *creepy* thing I've ever seen.

I don't know from scary in real life. I got into a pretty fucked up accident once and was mugged another time but I didn't have time to be scared maybe? One time on acid I thought that god and the devil were real and of equal power and were actually using our souls to power a war they were having in space and that lesser beings (cats and dogs etc) were their agents, or vessels through which they could directly communicate with us. That was fucking scary, not just because I believed it on its own but also once I started to realize I had been believing such a crazy thing the realization that my brain had let that shit happen scared me like nothing I had ever encountered before or since.

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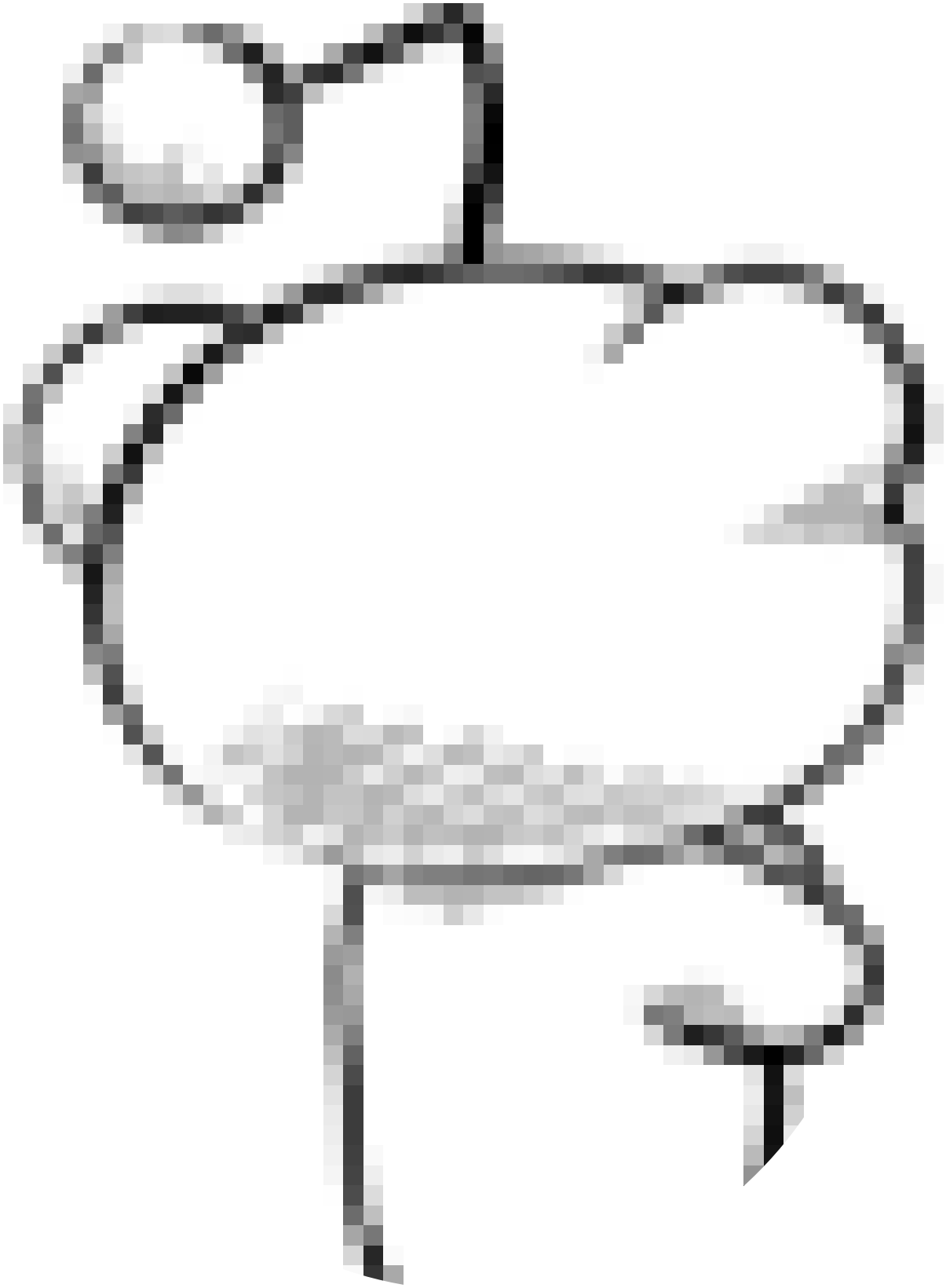

[deleted]
• 13y ago

A g-g-g-g-ghost! And then a skeleton popped out.

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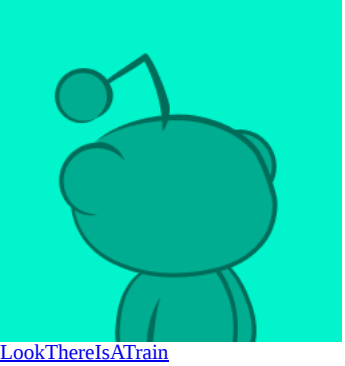

LookThereIsATrain
• 13y ago

The "blue balls" :((((((

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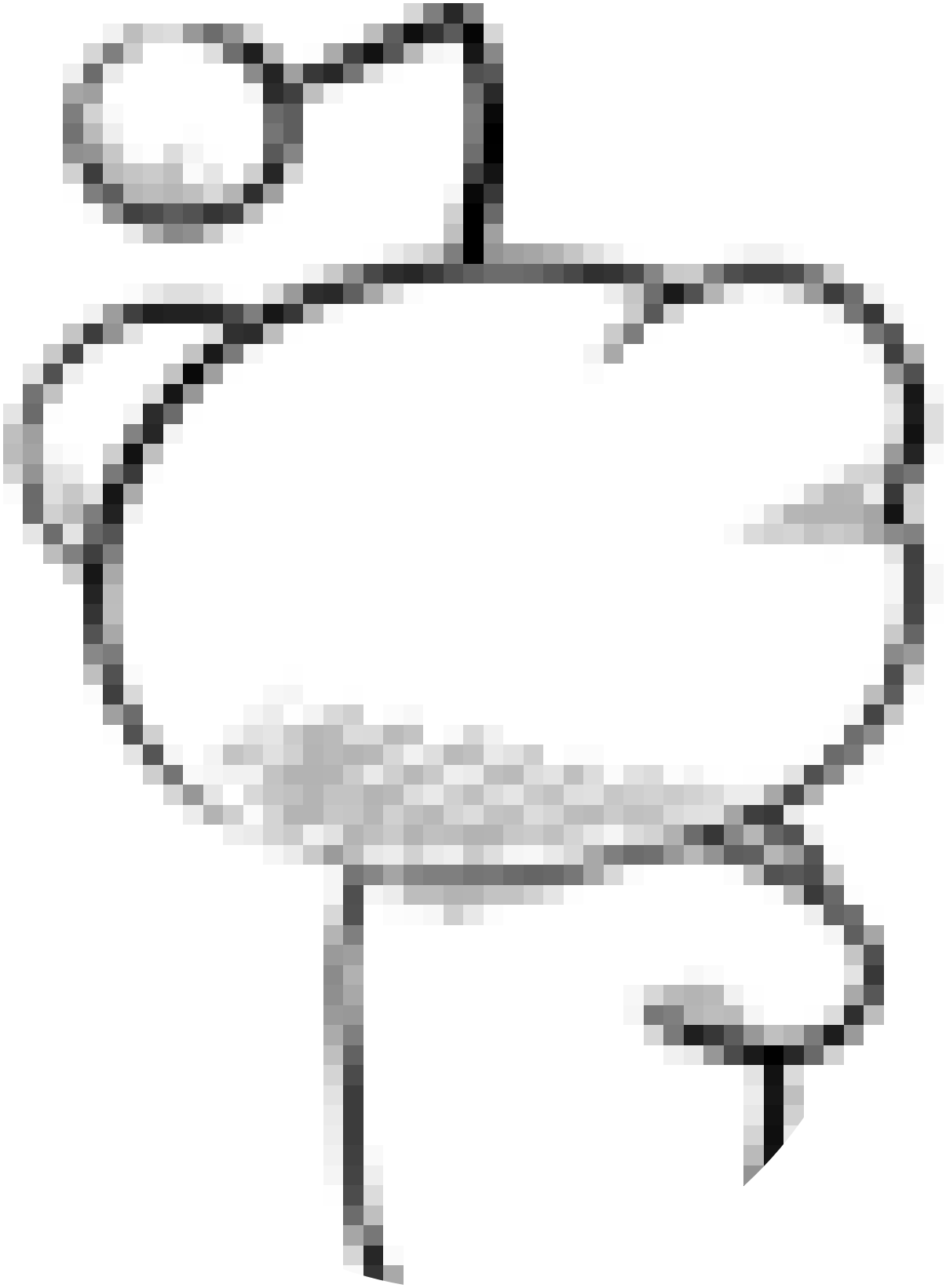
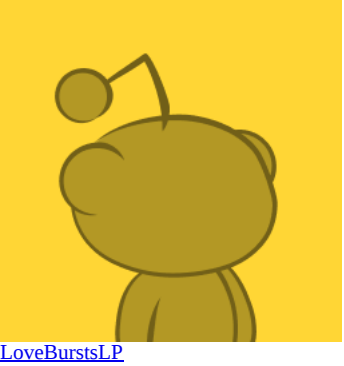


[deleted]
• 13y ago

about ten years ago, i broke up with this chick we shall call Mandy. Mandy broke into my house like a week later, cleaned my house very well, then left vaseline handprints on all the glass shit, like my mirrors and TV and oven door, etc. there were no notes or explanations or anything

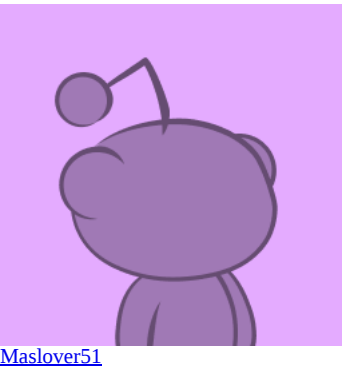
creeped the fuck out of me

Reply Share



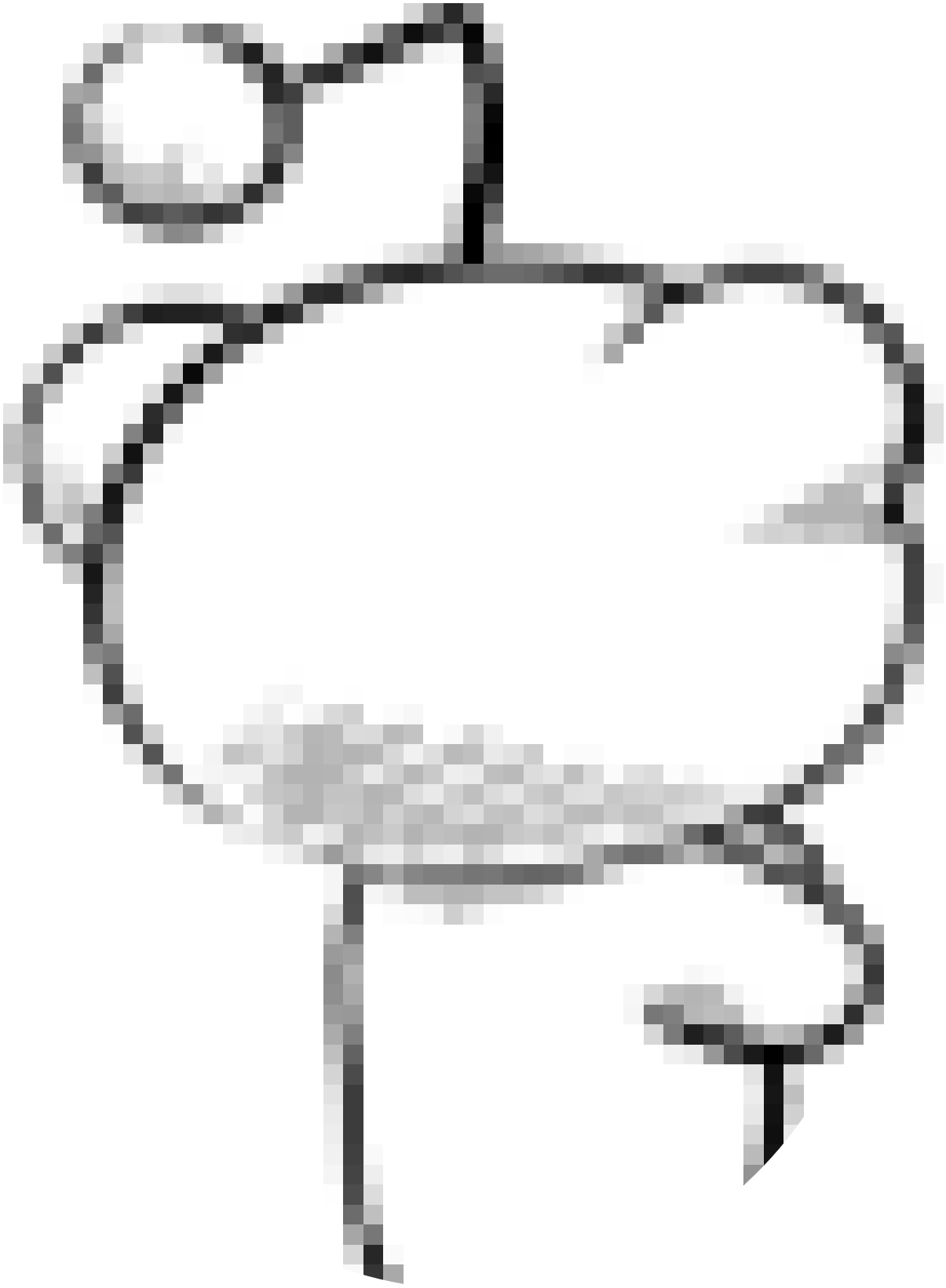
LoveBurstsLP
• 13y ago

I was 10 or so playing around with the wood in my fireplace when suddenly there's this ungodly whispering noise coming from the entire chimney. The first thing that came to my mind was that it sounded like the Basilisk from Harry Potter and the the snake language they did there. My parents were in another room with some guests and I almost shat myself. It was also very very loud and had no signs of what it could've been (like if it was the wind, the fire would've moved noticeably since it was so loud but nope).



Maslover51
• 13y ago

I sometimes hear sounds in my head. Whispers and screams. A lot of overlapping. Sometimes it gets really loud. It sounds like a freaking horror movie in there!!



[deleted]
• 13y ago

OP's momma

Ddodds
• 13y ago

I live on the second floor of a condo complex. It gets very hot so i leave my sliding glass door open with the screen door closed. One night i had been watching a scary movie. After the movie i ended up falling asleep on the couch. Waking up around 1am in a sweat i walk into my kitchen and found the screen door was completely open. I immediately thought of paranormal activity and something or someone was standing over me watching me sleep. So i figure get the gun...no ammo f$#%ing ammo shortage... Get a hunting knife and proceed to clear all corners in my house(twice) thinking someone could still be in there with me. To this day i have no explaination why the screen door was opened.

Retrix
• 13y ago

Lemongrab: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qmb9FisSd-c

dmoneypros
• 13y ago

Zak Bagans put me in a cell and caught an EVP right in front of me. Bone chilling.

Weedbro
• 13y ago

I once heard a story:

There was this girl who had pains in her tummy... She'd been walking for a few weeks with it and after that it hurted her so much she went to the doctor.

The doctor couldn't figure out what was wrong with her since the diagnostics didn't really pointed out towards something in her intestines. So she went on to a hospital to get a scan.

The pains only got worse, within a few hours/days she got the results... Apparently maggots were eating out her insides. And she had no clue how they got there.

There was only one solution. Her boyfriend worked in a morgue. He probably was a necrophiliac.

So she got eaten out from the inside because her bf had sex with dead people...

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

missminicooper
• 13y ago

My grandma died when I was 13, she passed away in the morning. That night when I was going to bed my cat refused to stay in my room. She always slept on the foot of my bed and she absolutely refused to stay in my room that night. I could see her sitting at the top of the stairs in the hall staring into my room. I also heard someone walking across the carpet in my room. Whatever the noise was, it sounded exactly like my grandma's shuffling footsteps. That freaked me out so bad that I actually spent the night in my parent's bed.

At the funeral, my aunt told me that my cousin had been visited by grandma that same night and was told to be good and watch over my aunt. My aunt died less than 2 years later and my cousin followed about 3 years after that.

theentlywhale
• 13y ago

www.rightxd.com/666

emkehh
• 13y ago

The scariest thing may have been when I found out about the bombs at the Boston marathon. I was on an overnight train ride from Madrid to Paris with no wifi or anything. My friend was on the phone with her mom and all of a sudden I hear her say "Is everyone okay? How many people died?" When she got off the phone she started crying and told the four people in her little compartment (myself included) what happened. I went to tell half the chaperones and this other girl went to tell the other half. Then all hell broke loose. In a matter of what seemed like seconds the aisle was completely full of high school kids panicking and crying and trying to call their families to see if they were okay. It was just really surreal, and the level of panic in the group may have been what scared me the most about the whole thing. edit: I should probably include the fact that I live about fifteen, twenty minutes from Boston.

Reply Share

Harrysoon
• 13y ago

Loads of weird stuff was happening in my house a few years ago. The moment I remember the most was when I went down into the basement where we have dryer to put some clothes in, I then spent a few minutes just tinkering around as it's where we just dump a load of stuff, so there's tools etc. It then all of a sudden got really cold and the draws and cupboards swung open down there.

Also another one I clearly remember was I was in the house alone, with just the dog we had at the time. Went to the toilet and he sat outside the door waiting for me. Starts barking and I hear someone coming up the stairs, but what I found weird is that at the time I didn't think anything was wrong that there's someone walking up the stairs when I know the house is empty. I just stayed in the bathroom listening. This "person" is then outside the bathroom and then says "Shhhh" to the dog, and the dog goes quiet, and I hear whoever it is carry on walking upstairs and I hear my Mum's bedroom door open. It's not until then I realise, "wait, shit...this isn't right" that I go and have a look and find nobody.

Reply Share

mightbedylan
• 13y ago

Was playing Amnesia late one night with a few of my friends. Just started a new game because they hadn't seen the game before. So I was just walking through the beginning halls, not really worried about anything because I knew that part of the game so well.

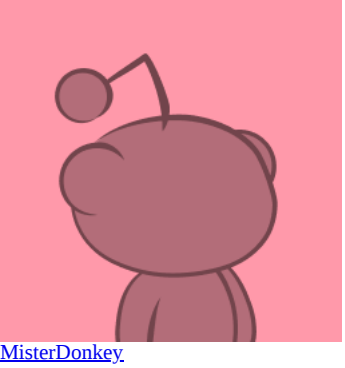
Suddenly a sound happened in game, It was like a door with a chain on it being shook three times in rhythm.

Boom, boom, boom...

But then after the third noise, I heard the sound again. But this time, it came from around me, somewhere. Not the game. I kept playing for a few seconds before I realized what I heard.. I turned and looked at my friends, who were just staring at me silently. I asked if they heard the same noise I heard, and sure enough we all did. We determined that the sound came from a bedroom, but nothing was in there that could have made a noise like the one we heard..

We noped out of Amnesia for the rest of the night.

Reply Share



MisterDonkey
• 13y ago

I was walking home at around dusk. Nearing 1/4 mile from home, I look back and catch a glimpse of a person dart across the road. I didn't think much strange of it except that it appeared to be in a kind of all-black bodysuit. Like a silhouette.

Turning back toward home, I see another black figure stalking across the road, and I notice there are more. They seem to be coordinating their movement into a formation. *Surely my eyes are screwing with me. It's just the darkness.* I look back again, thinking to myself, 'Okay, when I turn around I'll see there's nothing there.'

But they were there. Closer. In formation, seemingly choreographed.

Now I get that sinking feeling. Panic setting in.

I turn around again quickly, scanning the road. The figures were frenzied and closing in quickly, swarming. Moving simultaneously with one another. There were maybe a dozen of them.

The last thing I remember was thinking, 'This is real.'

I regained consciousness in some bushes along the side of that road in the spot where I had encountered the shadow people.

I still have no rational explanation for what happened.

Second to that would have to be watching a guy put a loaded single-shot pistol to another guy's head and pull the trigger. Twice.

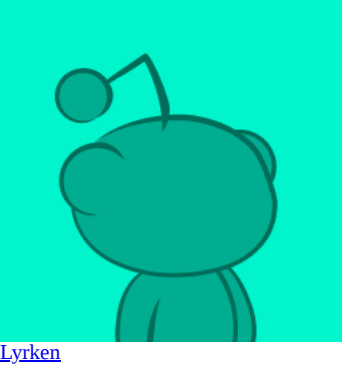
The cartridge was dented, but it never popped off. That man better appreciate being alive today.

Reply Share

JETEXAS
• 13y ago

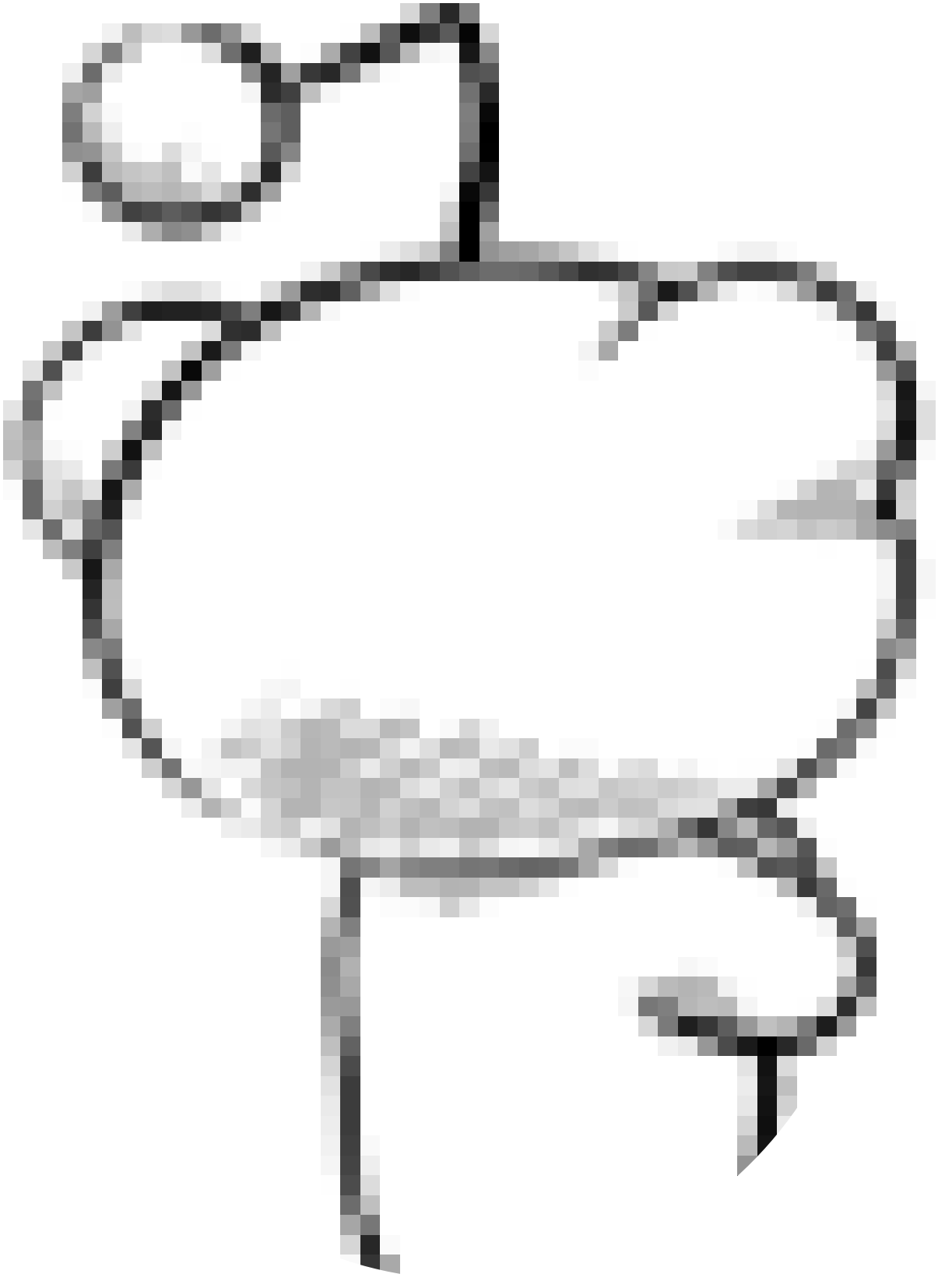
This clown in a bar on Halloween. I don't think he was dressed up.

Reply Share



Lyrken
• 13y ago

I was like 7 or 8 when i was walking near a lake when all of a sudden it felt like i got punched in the back like i was hit by God himself.

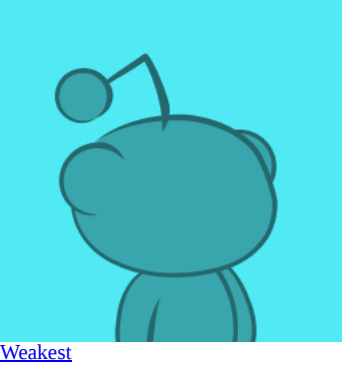


rsjd
• 13y ago

I heard my uncle talking to my pregnant aunt about burying the baby the next weekend after he's born. I was 16 at the time so I thought I understood exactly what he meant, and I thought it was murder. Now that I think about it, it was a pretty silly thing to think seeing how the baby in question was a miscarriage. In my defense, I didn't know the baby was a miscarriage until I talked to my dad about what I heard.

brisingrbrom
• 13y ago

Some cray stuff on TIL today



Weakest
• 13y ago

Boyfriend and girlfriend were making out on couch.

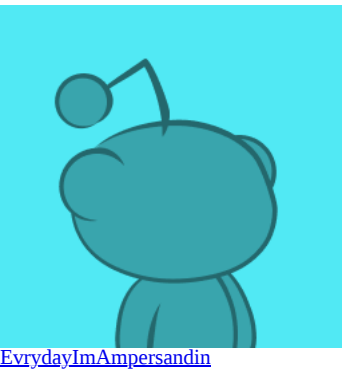
Phone rings

Boy answer phone. "Get your hands off my daughter" *Phone disconnects*

Boy says to girl, "Your dad was on the phone."

Girl says, "My dad died 3 years ago."

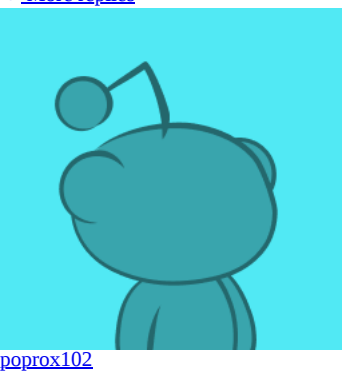
THEN WHO, WAS PHONE???!?!!!!



EvrydayImAmpersandin
• 13y ago

Phone was phone.

More replies

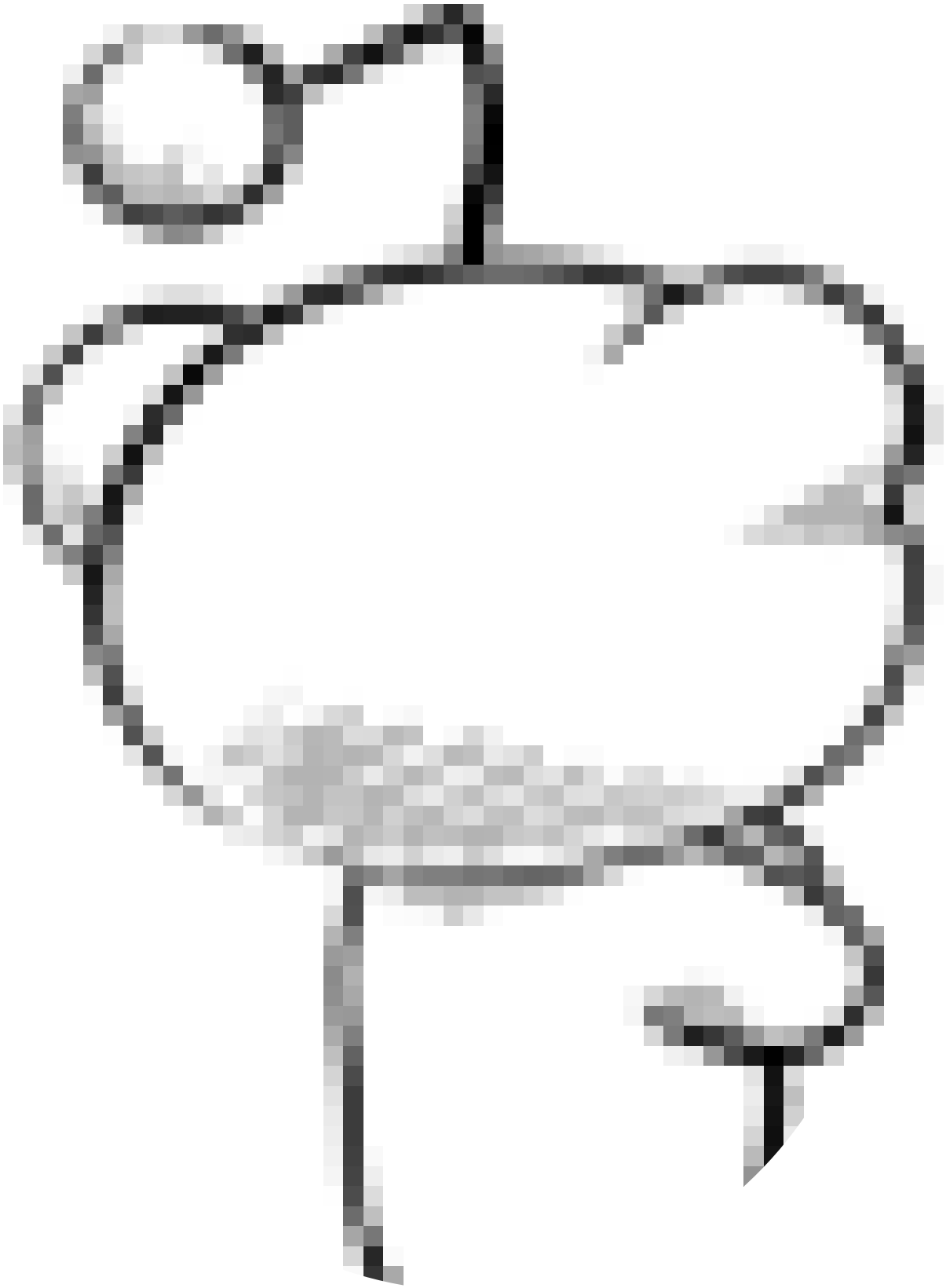


poprox102
• 13y ago

One time, I had to spend the night in a sort of abandoned cemetery for my brothers Eagle project, we were gonna help clean the cemetery up. Now the one thing that you want to know is that this cemetery belonged to the ghost town of Twin Buttes that was an early mining town and had been demolished in the sixties, also part of the cemetery was demolished. So the night that we were there we had a campfire and someone brought dowsing rods. Dowsing rods supposedly help you talk to ghosts or spirits. So me and two other people were messing around with the rods asking questions. I wasn't scared at first, but then we asked the so called spirit where certain graves were that were destroyed when the town was destroyed. So as we stray away from the group me and two other friends keep going into the cemetery. And when we are halfway across, our lights shine on something. It was a tall, pale woman. She wore clothes from the 1800's and had here hair in a bun. But when we saw her face, we realized that she didn't have a face. At that moment one of my friends said, "Lets go back to camp". The next morning I went to see if there was something that played tricks on us like a tree, but the there was nothing. Later on whenever I tell this story to others, they always call the woman Slenderwoman.

fataldarkness
• 13y ago

ITT: people who survived...



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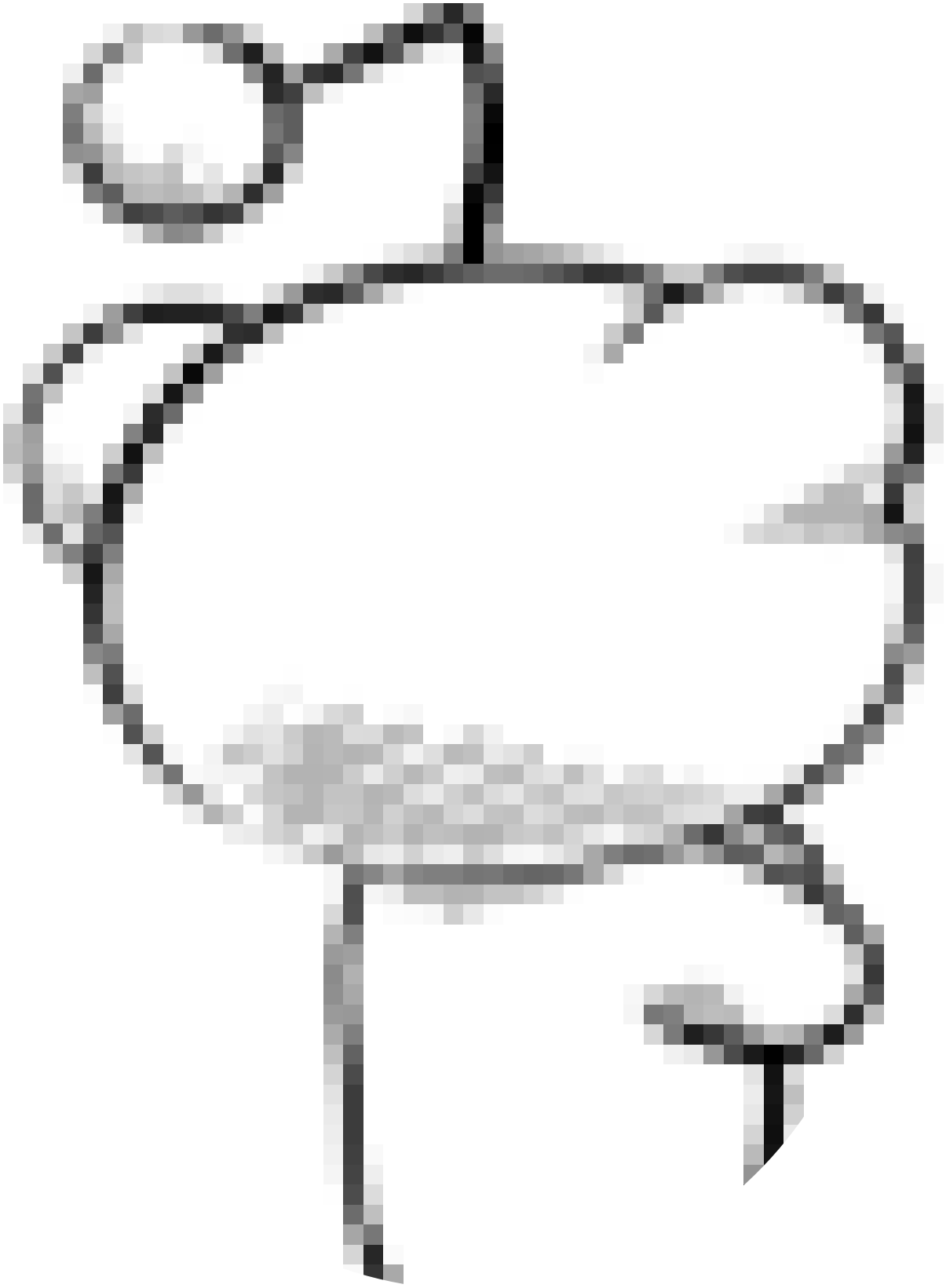
• 13y ago

4320 comments, no grifter. You guys aint seen shit.

pinkfloyd873
• 13y ago

420yolo.com
Headphone users, you've been warned.



Ravelair
• 13y ago

Hey, can anyone link that creepy comic where character sees a lady walking and it ends with a surprise?

Volvoviking
• 13y ago

Win8 gui.. I will need to use it soon.. Fsck..

Parttimebeliver
• 13y ago

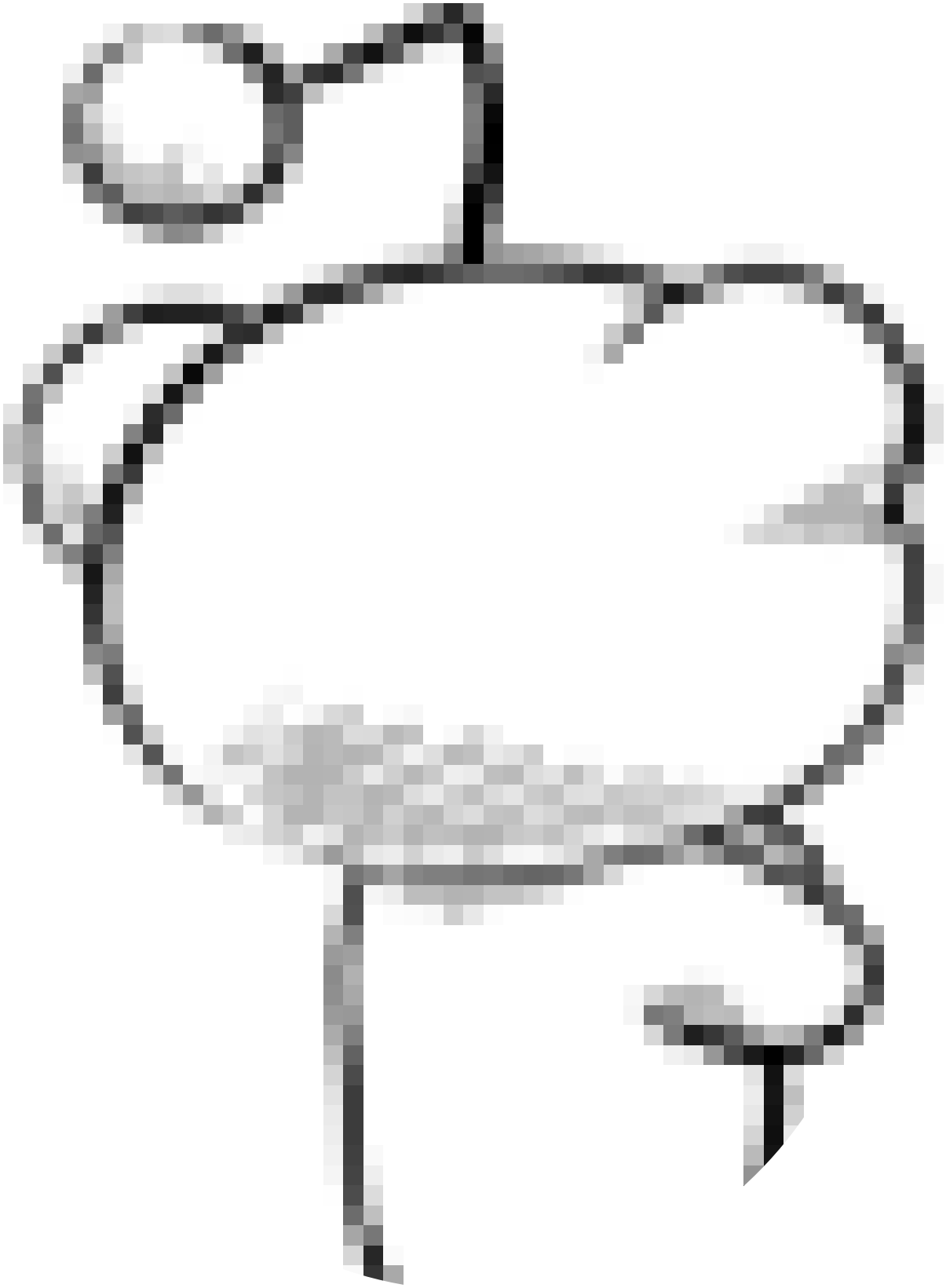
Probably this thread at 1:11am - At least my assignments going to be done because fuck knows im not going to sleep

christianmm
• 13y ago

I saw my boyfriend possesed as satan

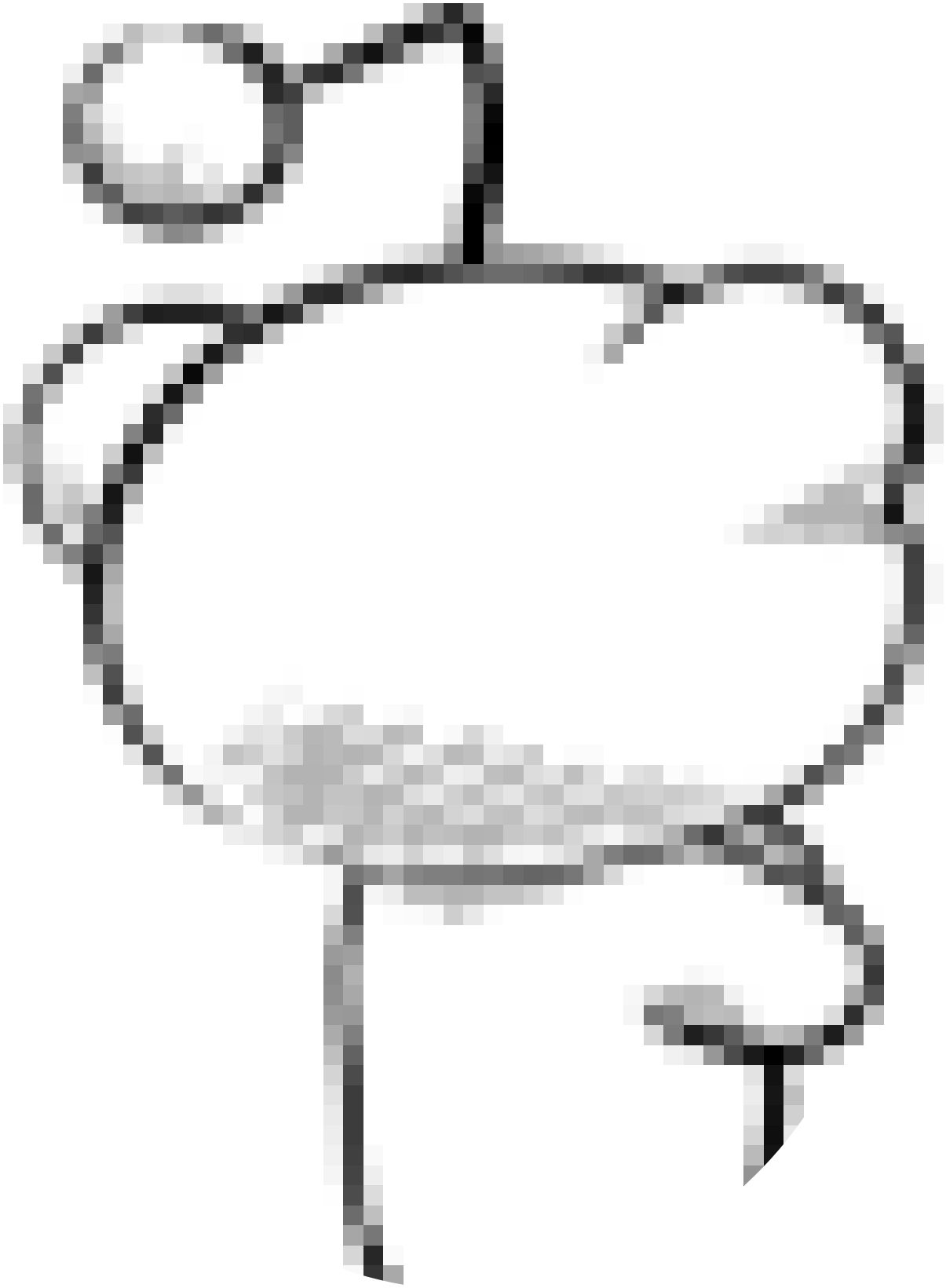
Went to the ER

saw my death



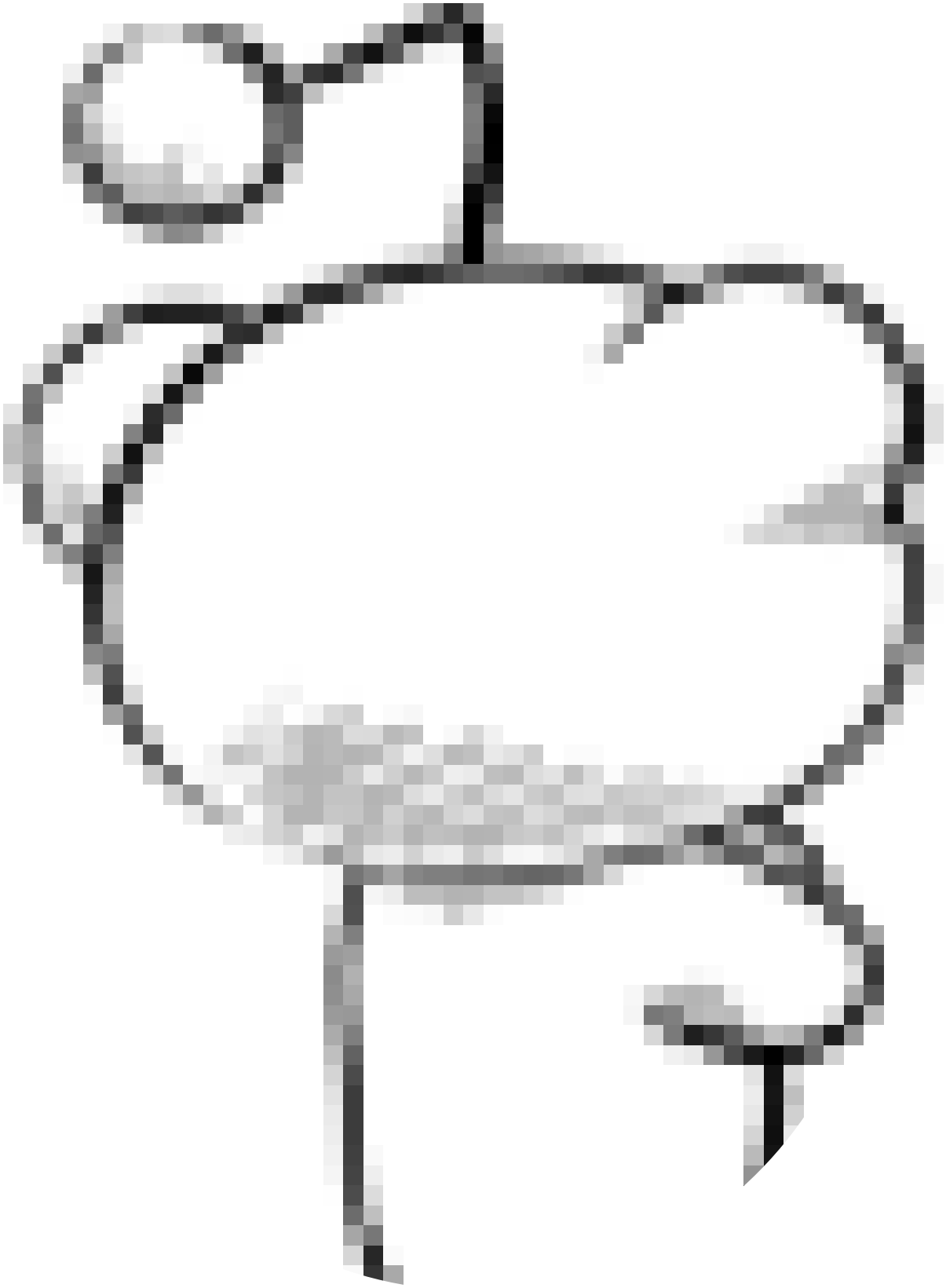
Walnutterzz
• 13y ago

Had bigfoot living around my house, couldn't play in the woods anymore after that encounter.



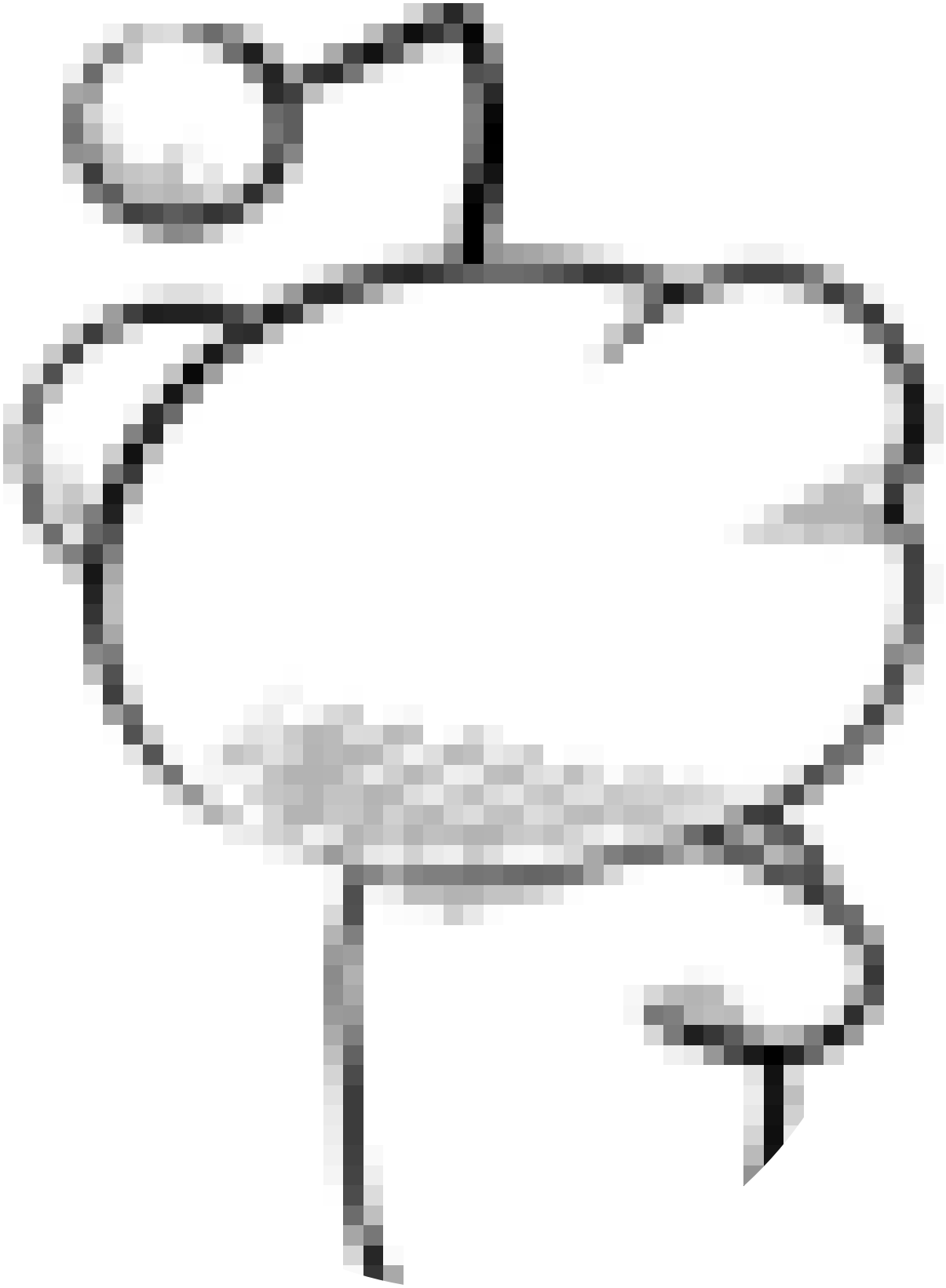
polarbearguy
• 13y ago

surprise transvestite!



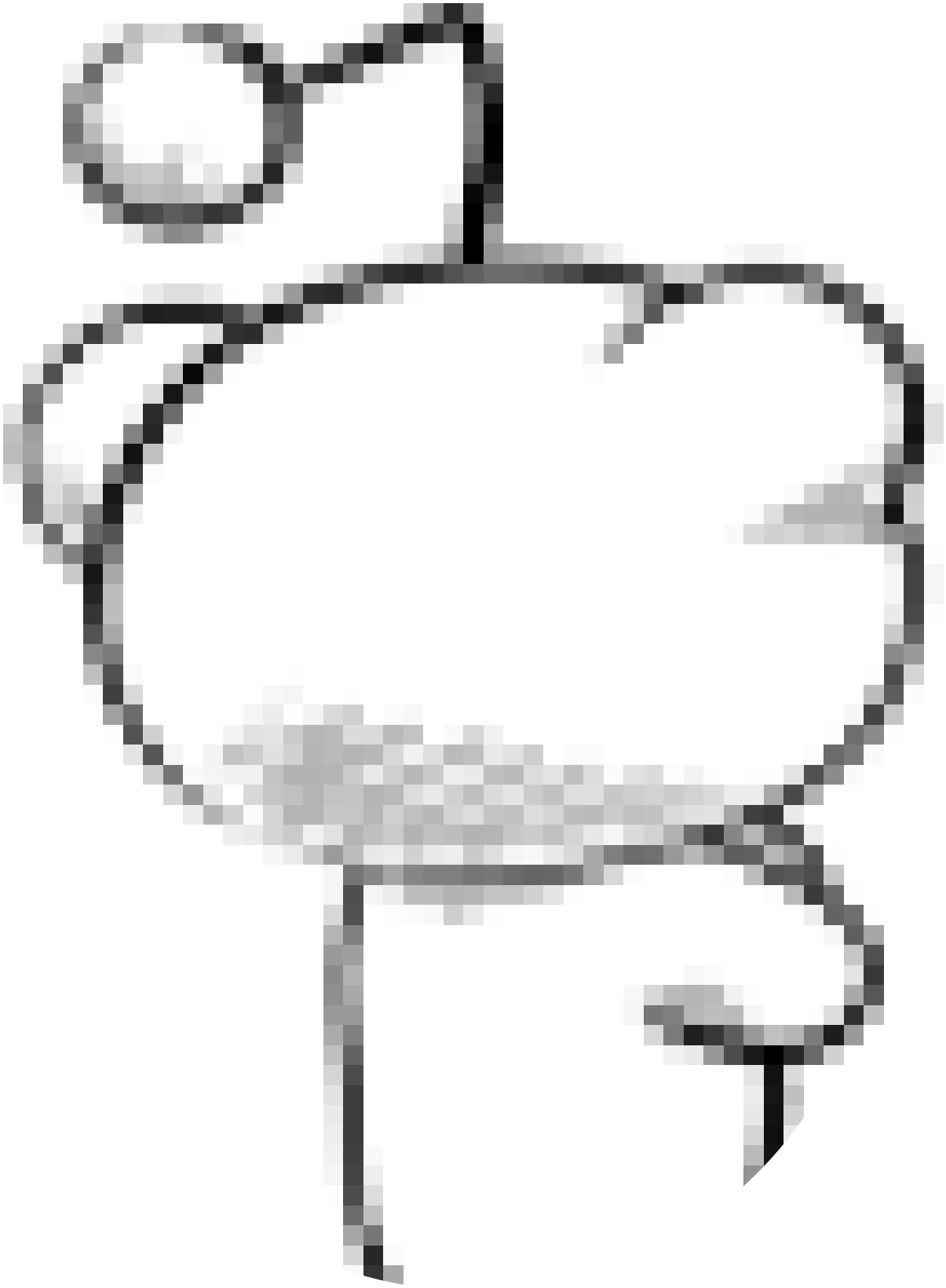
jules2718
• 13y ago

This happened about 15 yrs ago and I'm pretty sure it was nothing more than a night terror but still... I was the only one home and we lived in a pretty rundown row house. The door to my room didn't shut all the way and a light touch would push it open. I was in bed, lights turned off trying to fall asleep. I heard my roommate's dog scratch at the door and could hear his nails tapping against the wooden floor as he approached my bed. I felt him jump onto my mattress which was on the floor and felt hot, damp breath against my ear. I thought he was about to lick my face so I went to swat at him and when I did I couldn't move my body. Not like something was holding me but just like no control. I couldn't turn my face around either. I tried to scream but couldn't, finally I got mad and I guess that's when I "woke" up. I got up and went to my roommate's room. She wasn't home, nobody was, not even the dog. UGH...



skkrman10
• 13y ago

Lavender Town from Pokemon



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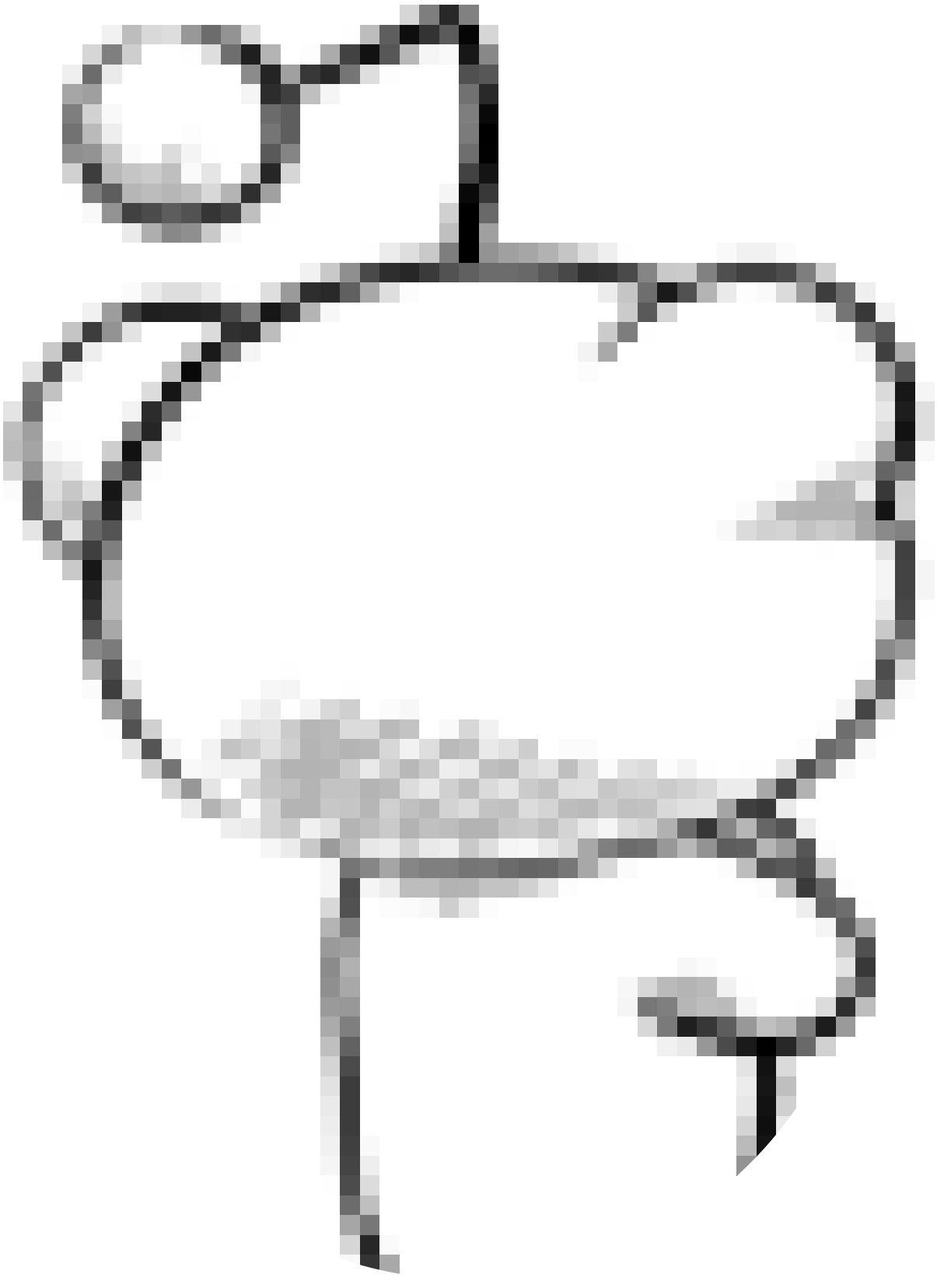
• 13y ago

There was a seismic event that happened at your domicile and that caused your shower to turn on.

You're welcome- that will be about tree-fiddy

mocchan
• 13y ago

The limbless woman in "13 Assassins."



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Cumguy

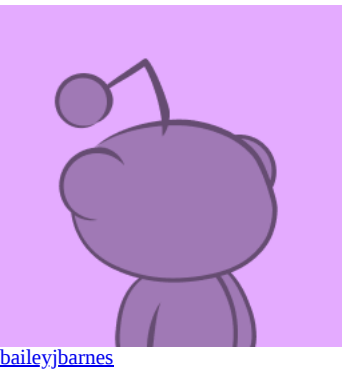
fingaa
• 13y ago

"Your dog died."

The idea of arriving home and someone telling me this scares the crap out of me.

thejadz
• 13y ago

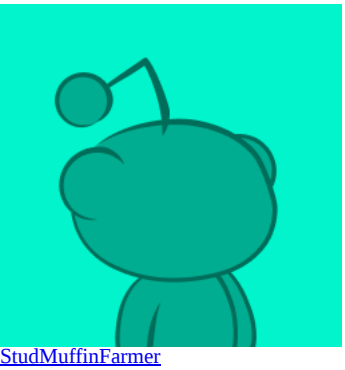
bigfoot



baileyjbarnes
• 13y ago

Went on like a stupid ghost hunting type thing with my friends in the ninth grade to a place called cry-baby bridge. I was suppossed to be haunted by I bunch of children a mother had killed there. Anyway, the bridge proved uneventful so we started going through the woods on the trail (I was driving) and at the end of the trail was an ancient looking abandoned church. Thinking this is way scarier-looking than the bridge (and we came out there to get scared cause we're stupid) we decided to go in. Inside all the pews had been ripped out, the place had trash all over it, and over the alter was a cross turned completely upside-down. I started walking towards it when I looked down and realized I had walked into the center of a pentagram written across the floor. At this point we quickly decided to leave, and as we step out the door another car is pulling up outside beside mine. We just stare at it for a second not knowing what to do when it pulls away onto a side road. (Also to give some context this was deeeeep in the woods all on dirt roads in the south, think deliverance country). We all rush into the car and started driving out of there, until I see the headlights behind me. The car was now following us! It began honking a lot and coming extremely close to the rear of my car. We drove for 15 mins out of the woods and the car was still following us, we got into normal traffic but that didn't deter him. I drove the 45 mins back into my hometown this this guy still on my ass and me and my friends were all freaking the fuck out. In the end I was able to lose him by flooring it to gain some distance and turning onto a road I was familiar with and immidiently turning onto a concealed side road, killing the engine and cutting off the lights. Watched in relief as the car drove by and down the road enough for us to leave without being seen. I have no idea why that beat up chevy was following us and I don't think I really want to know.

Other scariest things on my list would have to be getting a gun pulled on my by a guy who didn't want my money, he was just angry cause he thought I was beating on his door and ended up running away when a cop car pulled up. And also when one of my best friends drowned I had to try and give him CPR by myself a quarter mile off shore in the open water (we were on jet skies and mine floated away when i jumped in to save him), then waiting 30 mins for someone to see me waving my hand in the air to take us into shore. It's also one of my proudest moments because I did successfully get him breathing again and he's fine today.



StudMuffinFarmer
• 13y ago

Those books in elementary/middle school with the fucking disturbing pictures. This is what i'm talking about.

lurk_4_lyfe

• 13y ago

Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark. Fuck that shit still gives me nightmares.

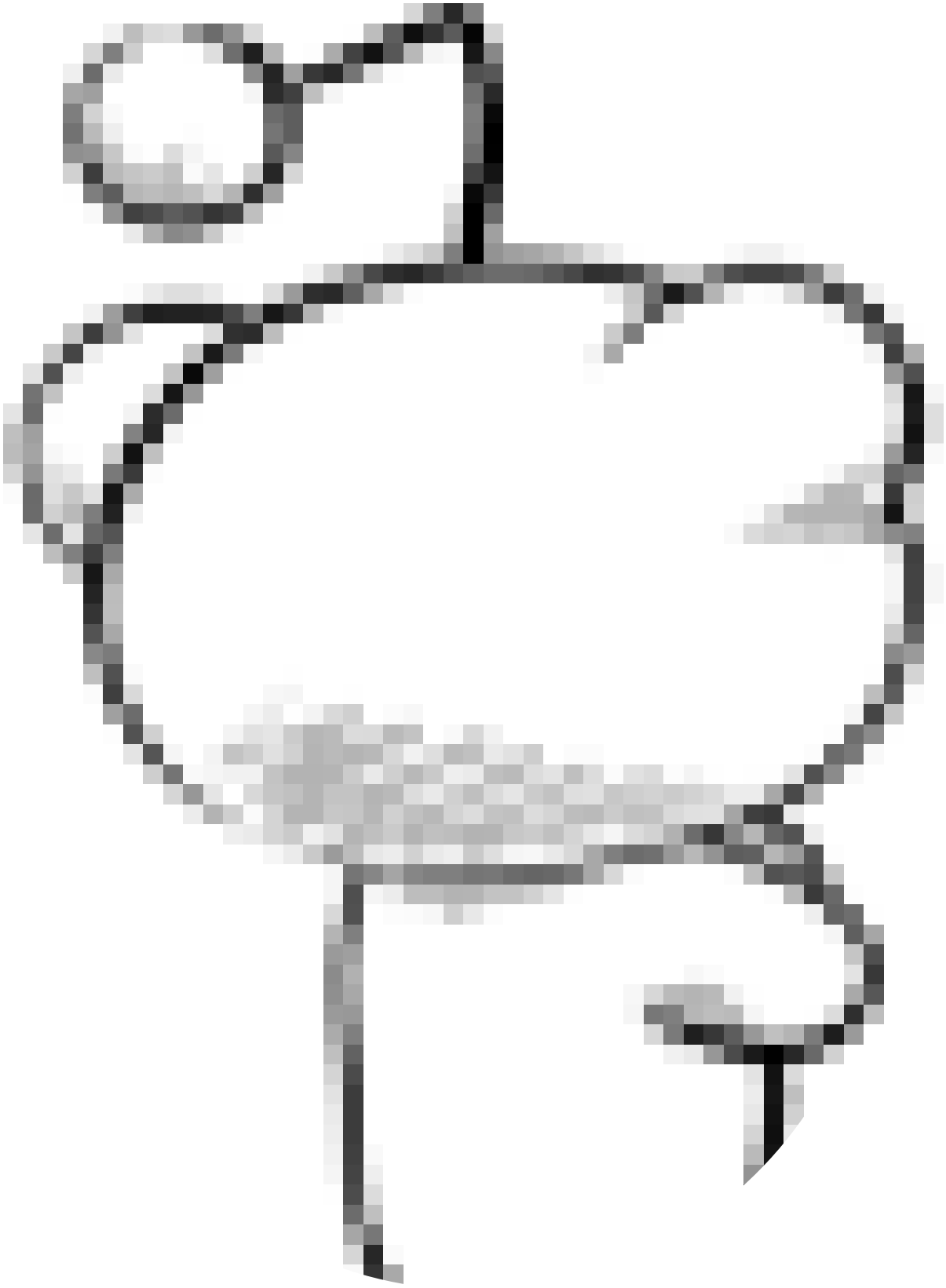
More replies

Zenmaster4

• 13y ago

This terrifies me:

http://comic.naver.com/webtoon/detail.nhn?titleId=350217&no=31&weekday=tue#



[deleted]
• 13y ago

boo!

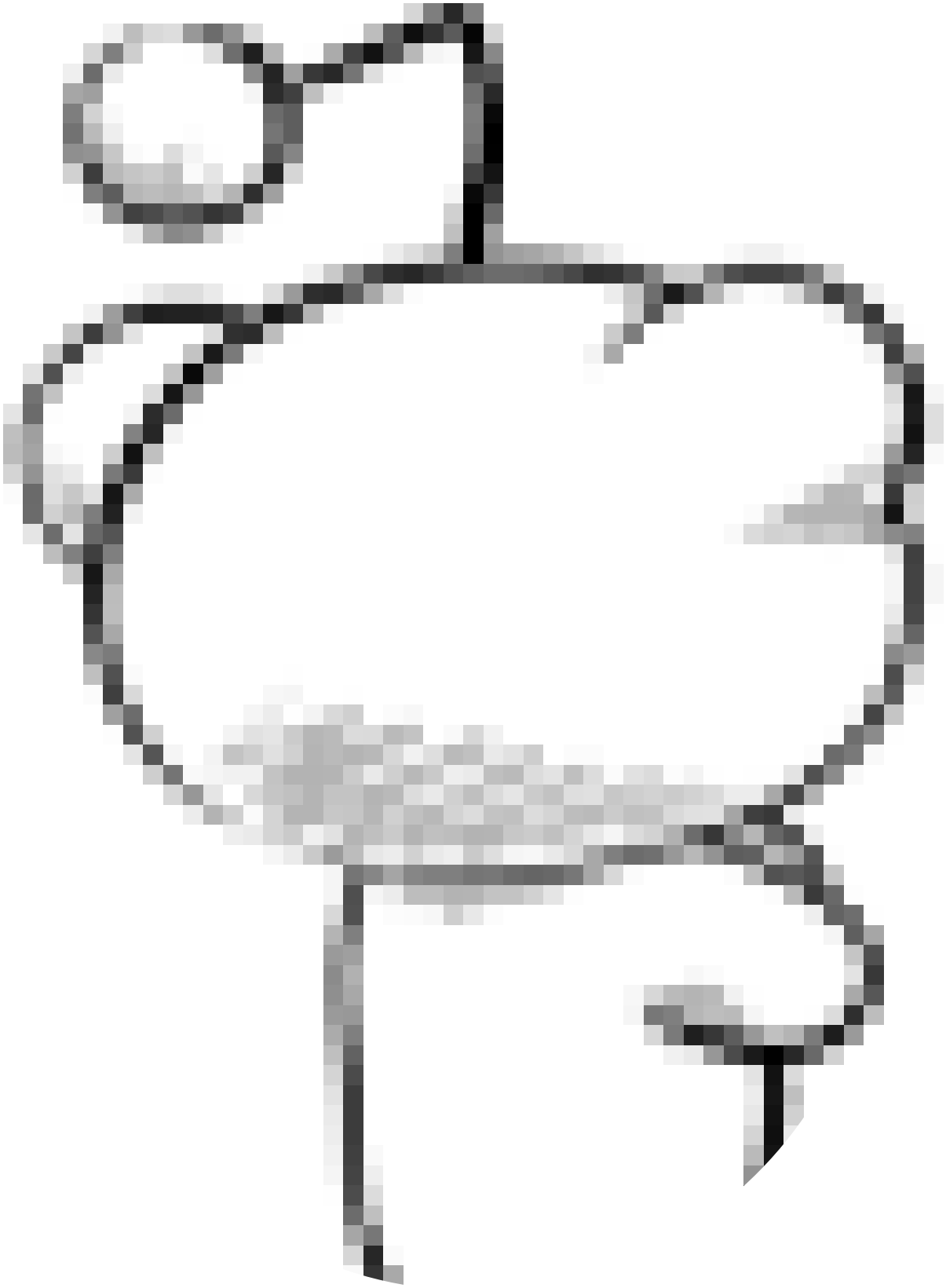
isperfectlycromulent
• 13y ago

Scariest thing? let's see, the Korean zombie comic. You know the one.

If you don't, you can read it here. There's moaning too so make sure your sound is on.

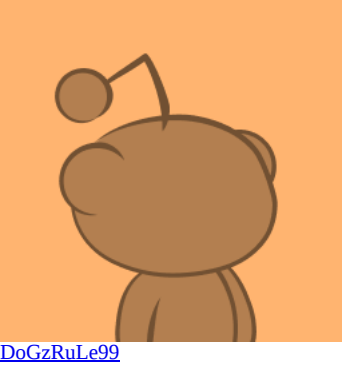
laccro
• 13y ago

Last night in Michigan, we had a couple of severe thunderstorms with tornado warnings, and this torrential rain, it was insane. So my friend was giving me a lift home after work, and we have to cross train tracks. Right when we get there, the gates go down. Keep in mind that it's pouring rain and foggy and we can barely see. Well we sit there for a couple minutes, no train comes. Couple more, still no train. The only light is the headlights. So we decide to make a U-turn and instead to take a back road home. Well of course this back road leads us through the woods on a super sketchy thin country road. We're going about 10mph due to low visibility. Lightning is flashing above us. I keep picturing a Human Centipede type situation. I'm the man so I had to act unafraid... Luckily the car didn't break down and we made it to the main road but wow was that shit scary.



Nicoleness
• 13y ago

When I was in first grade I was watching this girl on the swings. She kept getting as high as she could, then jumping off. I asked her kindly to stop, as there was a curb right in front of her and I got do nervous that she would hurt herself on it. She was mean to me and started cussing me out while she kept doing it. Then, I got angry. The very second I began to hope she would hurt herself, she did. She missed her landing and fell forward, the top of her skull clipping the curb. I felt a hand on my shoulder, which caused me to look away and up at the man who approached me. All I saw was a pale hand and the long black cost he wore. I heard the crack of the skull and looked back, watching silently as her blood soaked into the wood chips. The supervisors quickly tried to help her, and I just sat there and watched her bleed. I turned my head to ask the man if she would die, but he was gone. I still have no idea who he was, but I don't think he was real.

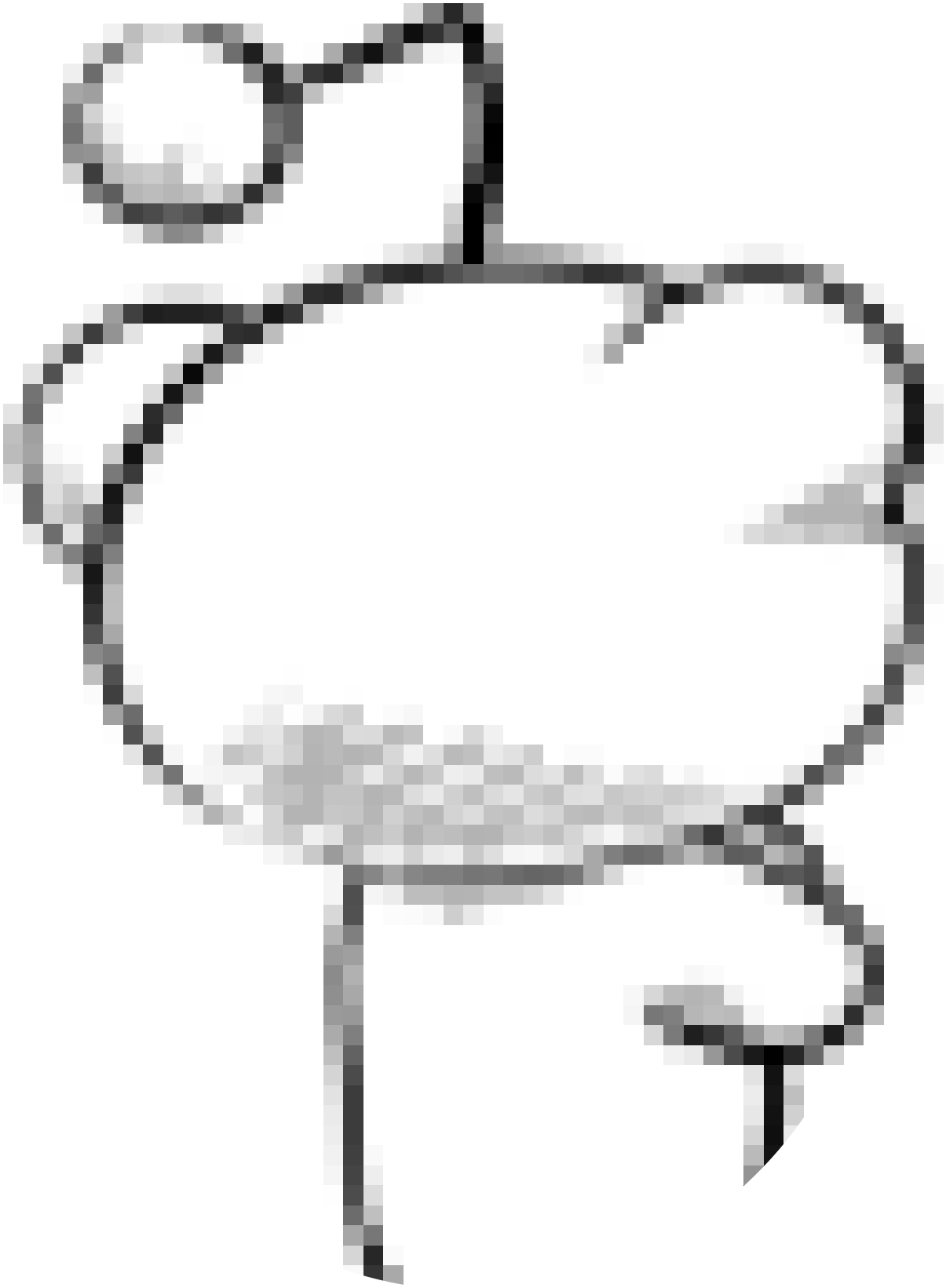


DoGzRuLe99
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

When i was fourteen I went to my friends house for a birthday party sleepover, he was turning fifteen, with a few other guys. Later at night we decided to go out side to play manhunt or something of the like. It was probably 11:30 pm or so on Friday the 13th (his birthday). Some of the guys were chatting up on a hill a little ways up the sidewalk (this is a suburb of Washington D.C., maybe 20 or so years old) and I and another friend were sitting on a curb quietly in the dark, there were not many lights on. All of a sudden, with no wind the bush behind (the entire thing, 15 feet long maybe) lurches forward into our backs. We sprinted away and told our friends and tried to make it happen again. It didn't.

Around the same time, before that I think, we were playing a game where you had to get to the base without getting tagged by the guard, me. I looked over and saw a friend crouching behind a tree in the dark between two rows of houses. All of a sudden he sprints away for no reason. I walk over to where he was to look for him and find that he wasn't there. Then I started to here whispering, things that I couldn't understand. I ran away and found my friend, who told me that the same thing happened to me. I wouldn't be surprised if workers had died and were haunting the place.

Edit: Just going to open my blinds to let some light in after reading other stories.



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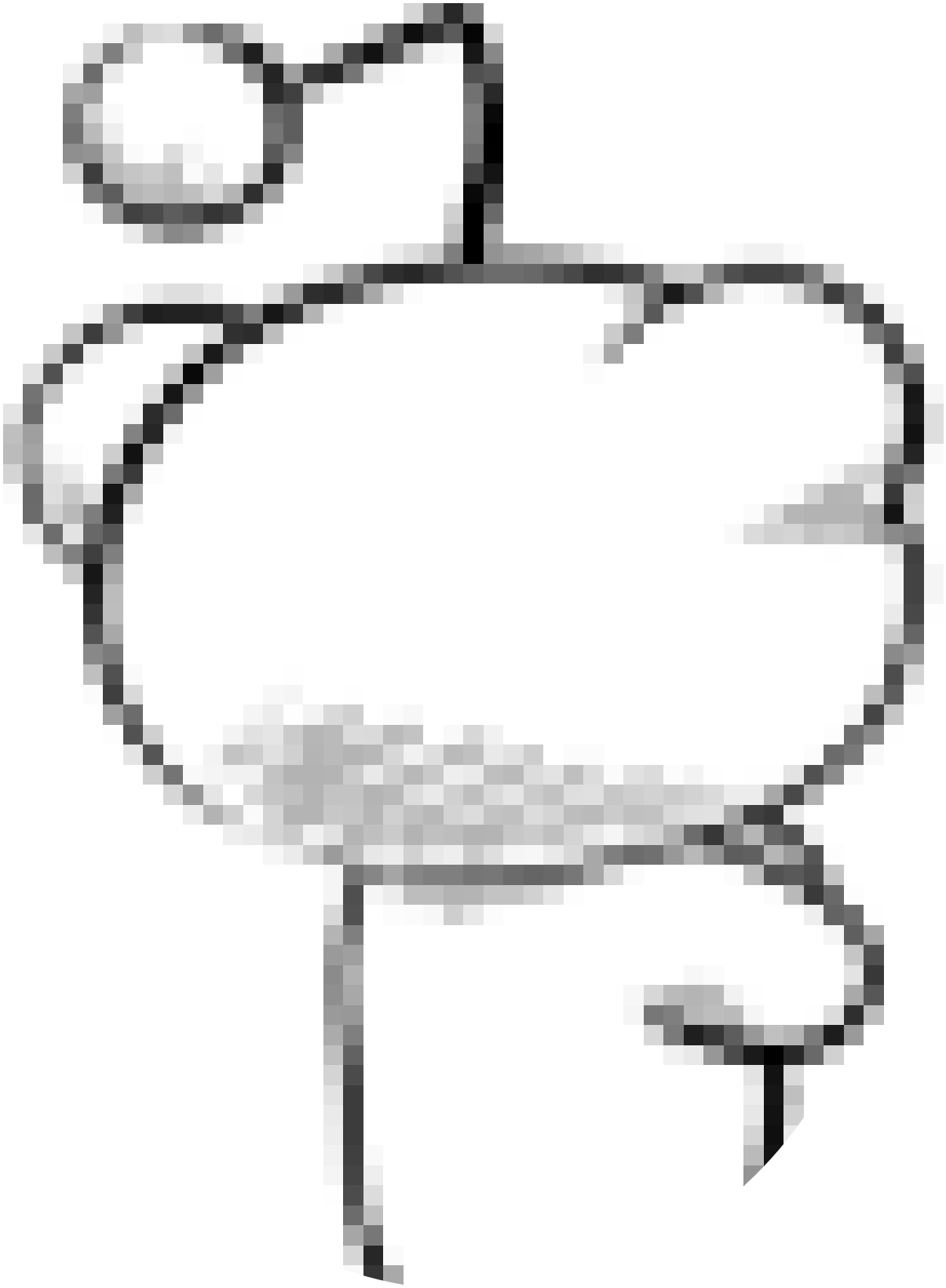
• 13y ago

The oddest thing I have witnessed.

I was about 9 years old, sleeping in my bed, when I awoke to the sound of water from a hose hitting the floor. I sat up straight in the bed, saw a stream of water. I got out and called out to my parents in the next room. My mom came, and there was definitely water on the ground. Her explanation was that I peed on the floor, and the sound of it must have woken me up. It wasn't raining outside, and there were no marks on the roof.

To this day, I am still not sure where the water come from. I know I didn't piss on the floor.



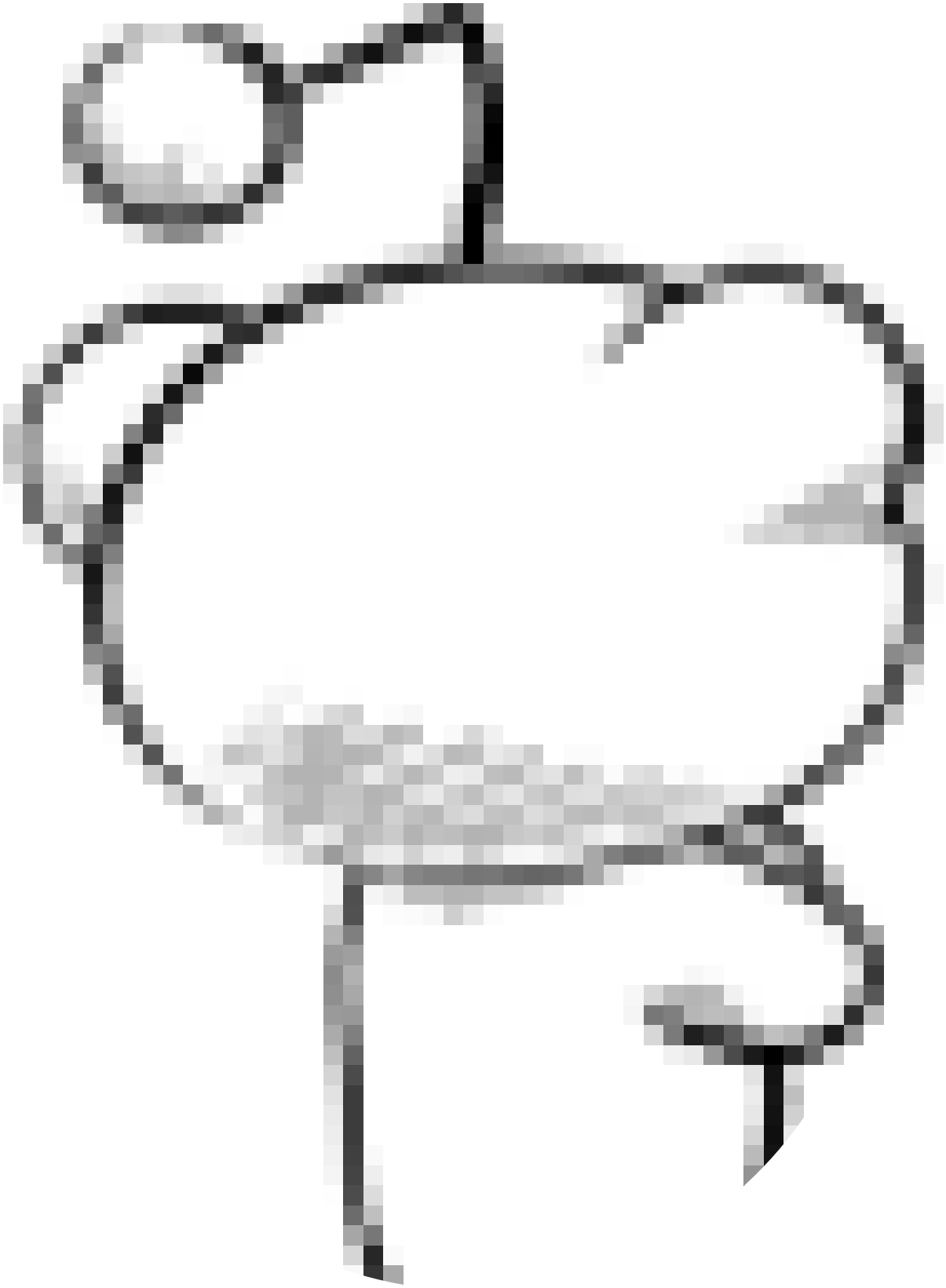
sonic4031
• 13y ago

Goatman.

http://imgur.com/bKJcu7B

cosmoboy
• 13y ago

My car stereo doesn't necessarily pick up all the sounds on any given CD. It's where I listen to most of my music. One day I was driving the work van when Queens of the Stone Age 'No One Knows' came on the radio. I love them, but I had no freaking idea that there was a whispering voice in the song. The first time I heard it I freaked the fuck out and nearly drove off the side of the road.



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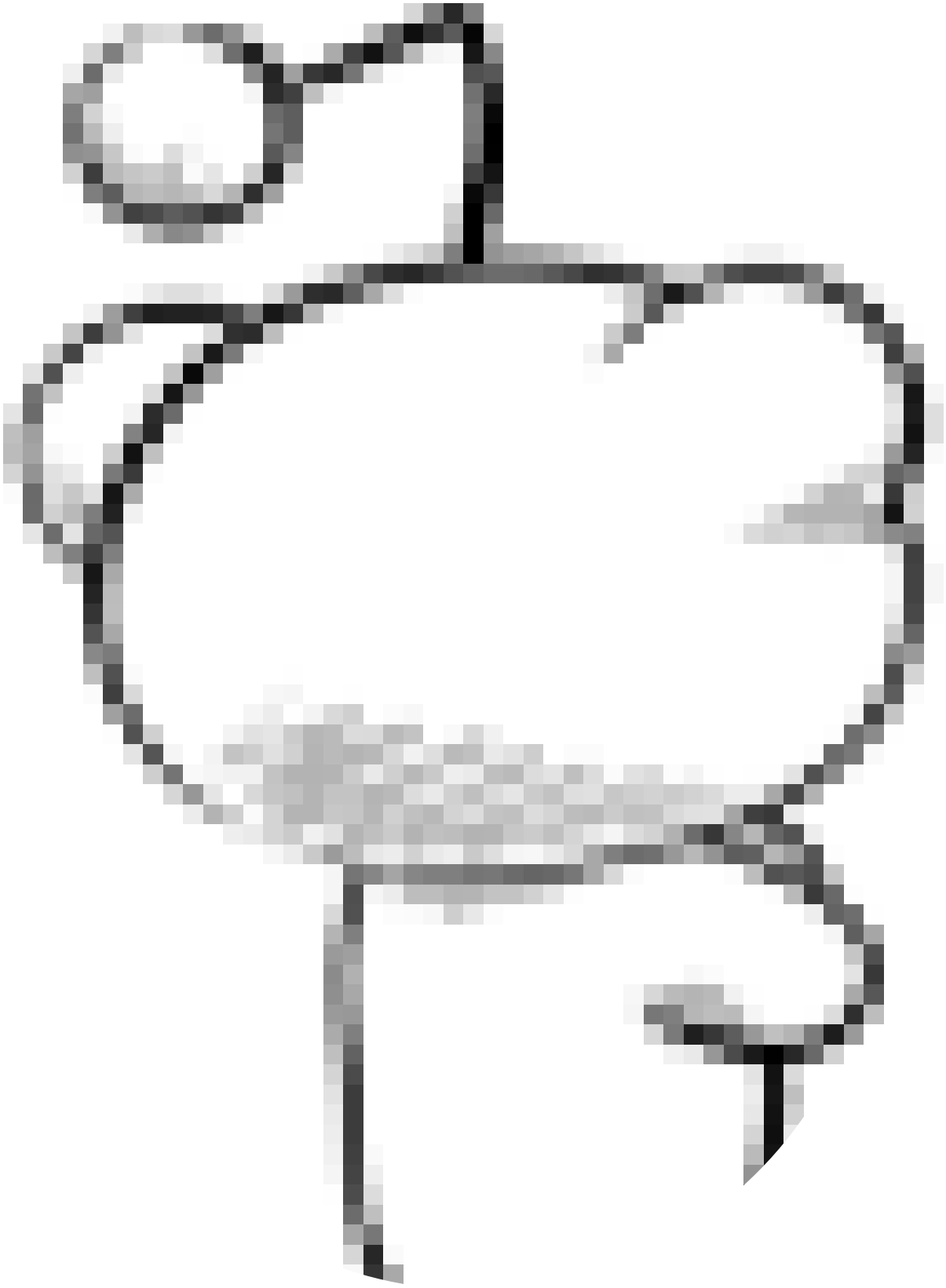
• 13y ago

The entire Sandusky/Penn State Rapefest



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• 13y ago

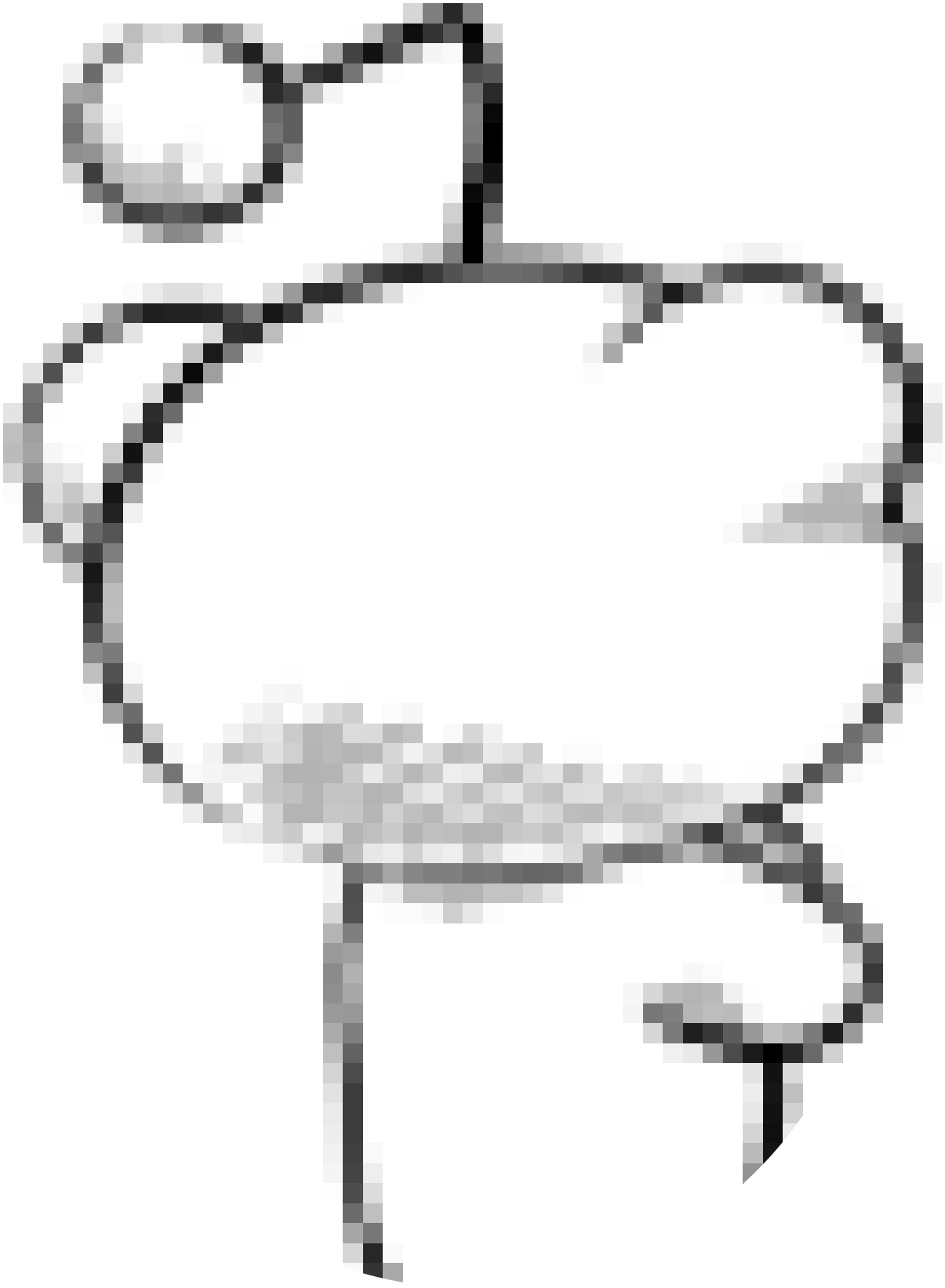
spacedicks

Calcifer643
• 13y ago

I was literally just watching the joe rogan podcast and I had just finished a huge bowl of keef. They were looking at sharks so I googled a couple of images and when I did I felt the most intense feeling like there was a shark floating behind me about to attack. It might just have been the weirdest feeling I have ever had.

Supernemon
• 13y ago

It's got to be this one: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZRuSS0iiFyo Cannibal Generals! That's definitely creepy.



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• 13y ago

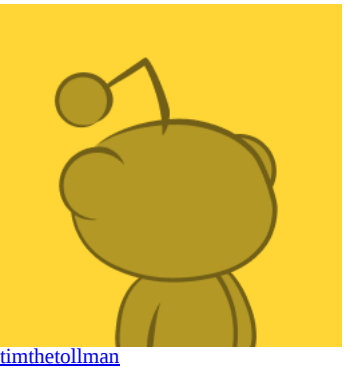
Comment deleted by user

paulfp007
• 13y ago

Sounds more like a night terror. You should look into the psychology of dreams. Could mean something.

awesomealex
• 13y ago

My next door neighbour killed his wife and his 10 year old son lived with his sister so the house next door to me was completely empty at the time. From my bedroom window there's a complete view of their garden. I got home from school one day and looked out of my window to see my neighbour standing completely still in his garden staring right at me. This was a shock to me as he was being held in prison before the trial. Thank god it was just a nightmare, for quite a while after something wasn't quite right.

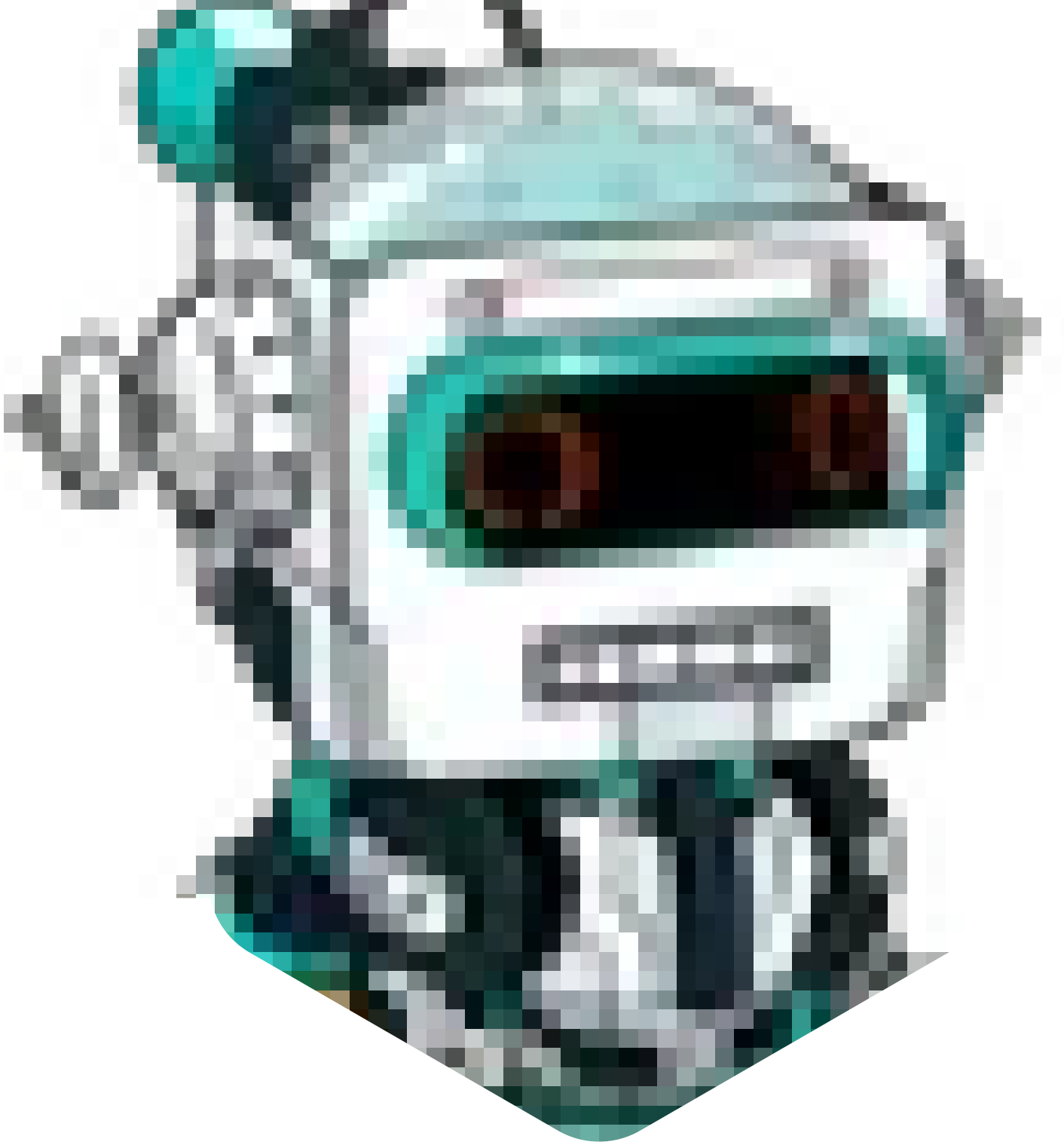


timthetollman
• 13y ago

A girl in my city was walking home one night and this guy pulls over asking her does she want a lift, she declines and apparently the guy starts getting more pushy about it. Eventually he drives off in the direction she is walking and a little down the road he pulls over, gets out of his car and opens the trunk. Another guy jumps out and they both drive off in the car.

I don't know if it's true or even when/how I heard it but it's still a freaky story.

Reply Share



Seduz
• 13y ago

Couple summers ago, a good friend of mine used to work at a gourmet grocery shop in NYC (Forager's Market in DUMBO for any resident new yorkers). I'd usually stop by around closing time to grab dinner with her and head back home together since we lived relatively close by.

One night on the walk back to the subway, around 10pm or so, we saw something extremely unnerving that we haven't really spoken to each other about since. On the walk back to the subway, we walked underneath one of the Brooklyn Bridge overpasses that offers a "short-cut" to the train we needed. The left wall of the overpass was fenced off as there was construction going on (there's also electrical stuff in there too, so there were warning about voltage etc etc). This fence had always been there and had been opened during the day for the construction workers. That night, however, there was something else behind the fence that we did not expect.

We noticed an extremely shabby looking man with the most piercing grey eyes staring back at us from behind the fence. There could have been no way for him to get behind there unless he had opened the fence and locked himself there on his own. The lighting of the overpass had given him an eerily blue glow. We figured he was a homeless person, but something told us that might not have been true. He stood there motionless, staring at us as we walked by. He didn't move or make a sound. We were stunned for 5 seconds or so and resolved to keep moving.

The next day, we walked by the overpass again and noticed the same old fence. No man to be seen. Construction rubble had been removed. Eerie blue light was no more, just a fluorescent white glow against the wall.

Super weird.

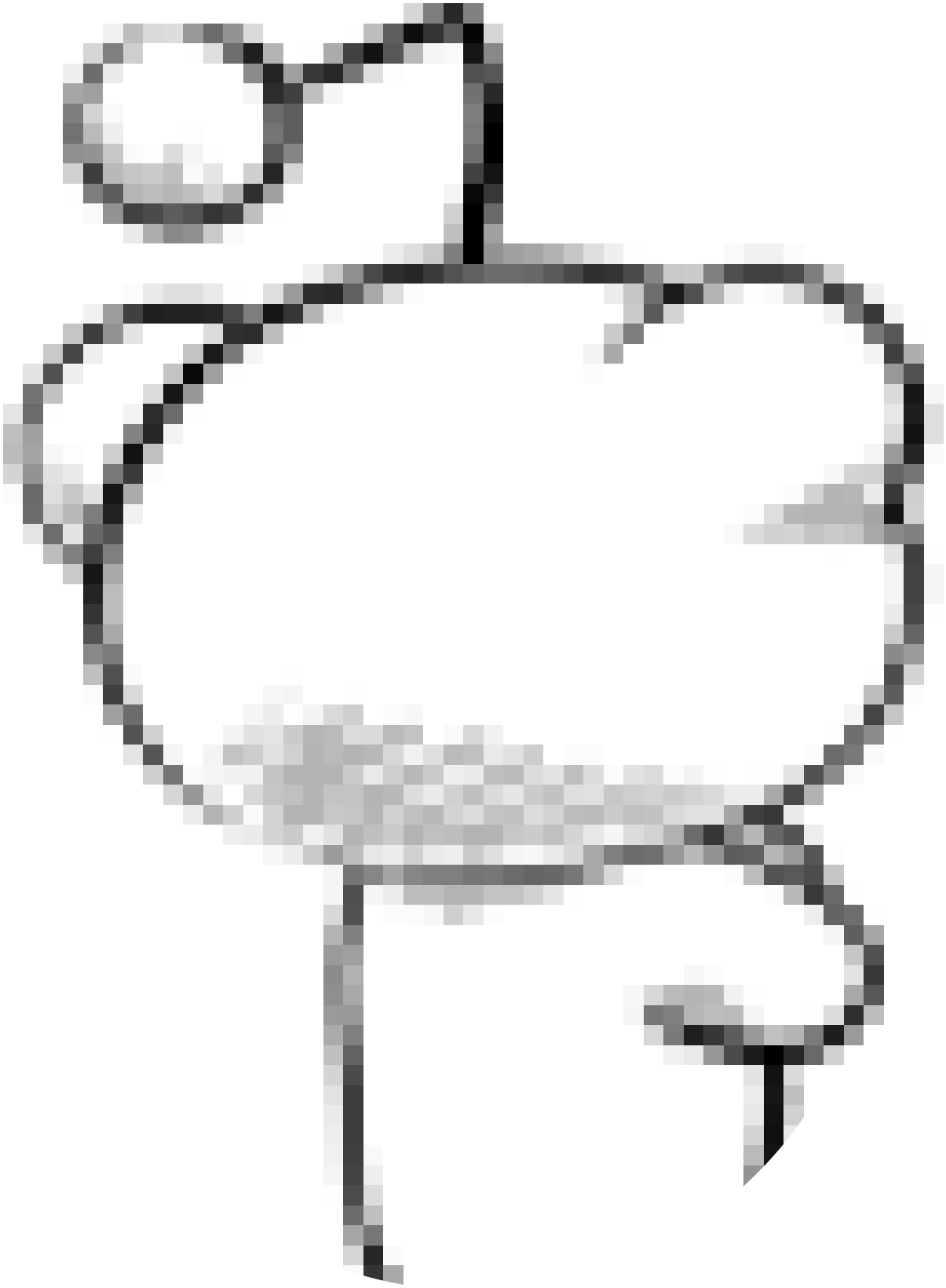
Here's a google maps image of the place for clarity.

Reply Share

papertygur
• 13y ago

Wow, this thread made me realize this house makes a lot of creepy noises when its quiet and I'm alone. Thanks Reddit, you ass!

Reply Share



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• 13y ago

Teletubbies.....

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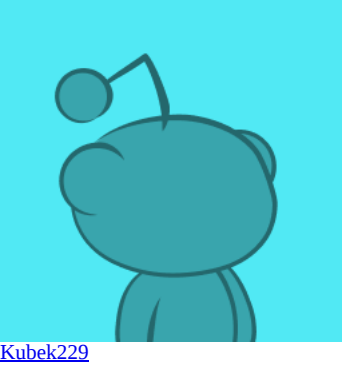
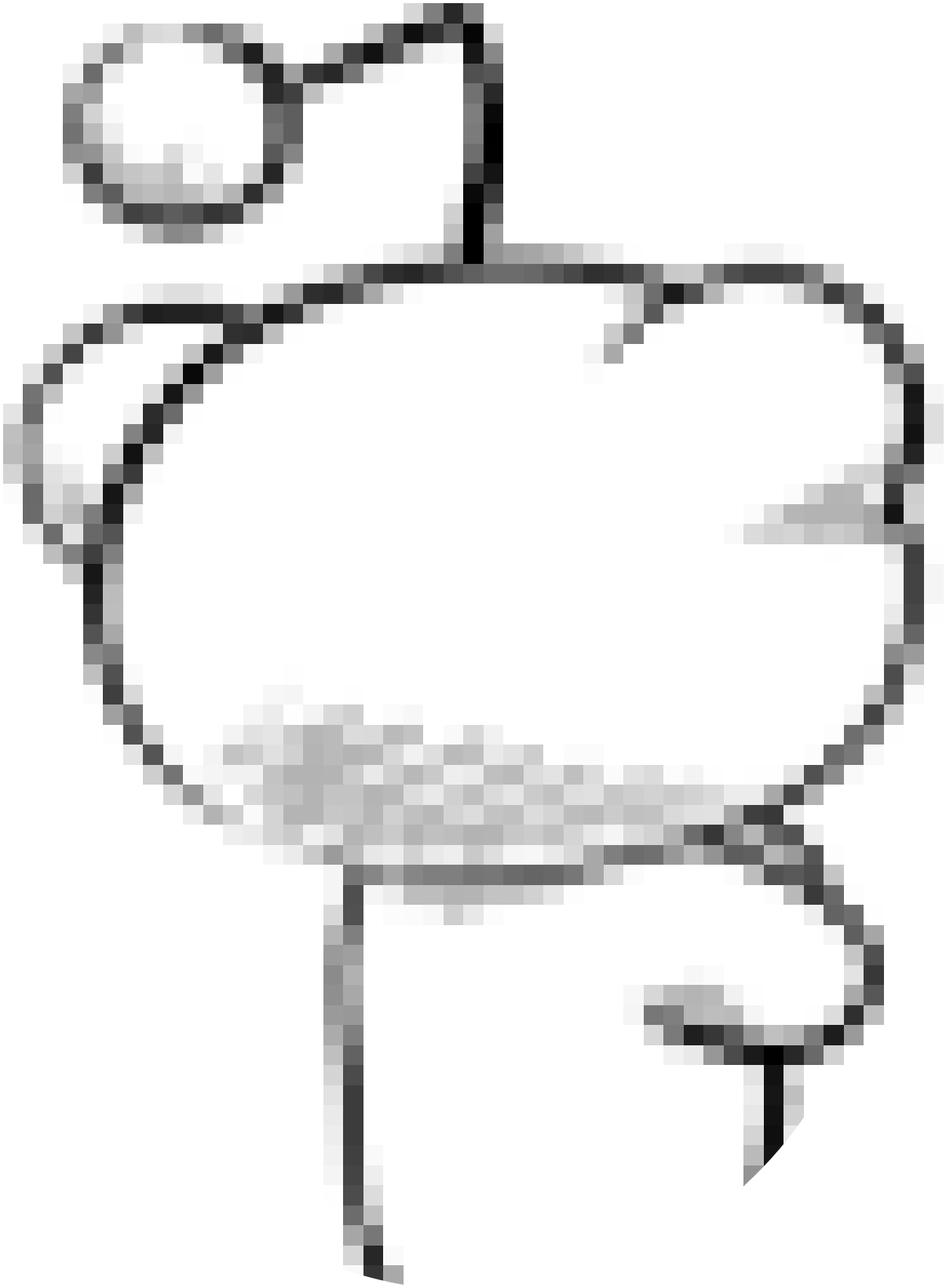


Kubek229
• 13y ago

I Just droped my last lays and It disappeard...

Reply Share



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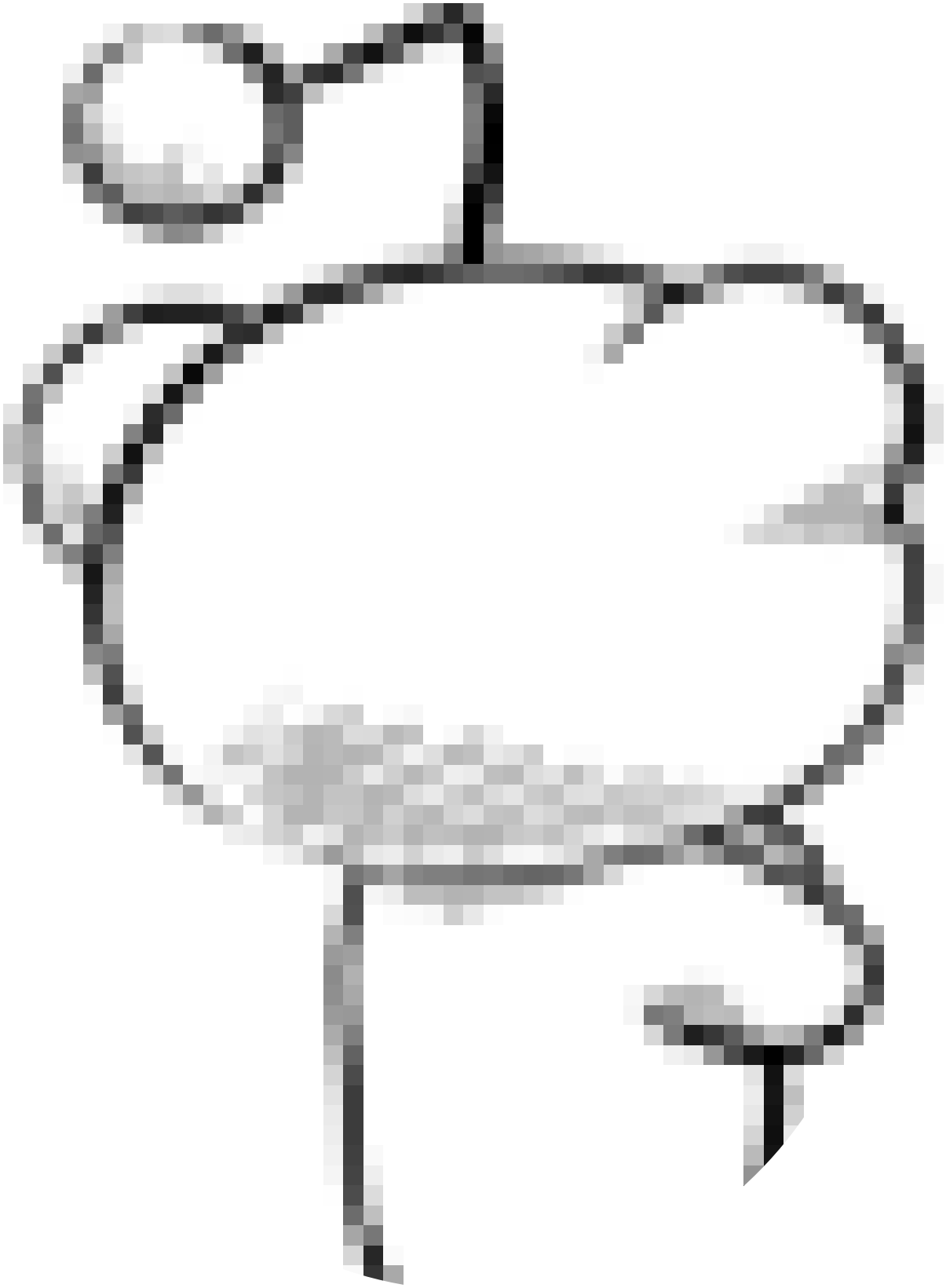
• 13y ago

Reading about the Toy Box Serial Killer. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Parker_Ray The tape he played for each victim has also been transcribed and is literally the worst, most horrifying thing I have ever read in the entirety of my life. http://www.documentingreality.com/forum/f240/david-parker-ray-toy-box-killings-tape-transcripts-79489/ Prepare to never want to leave the house.

Reply Share



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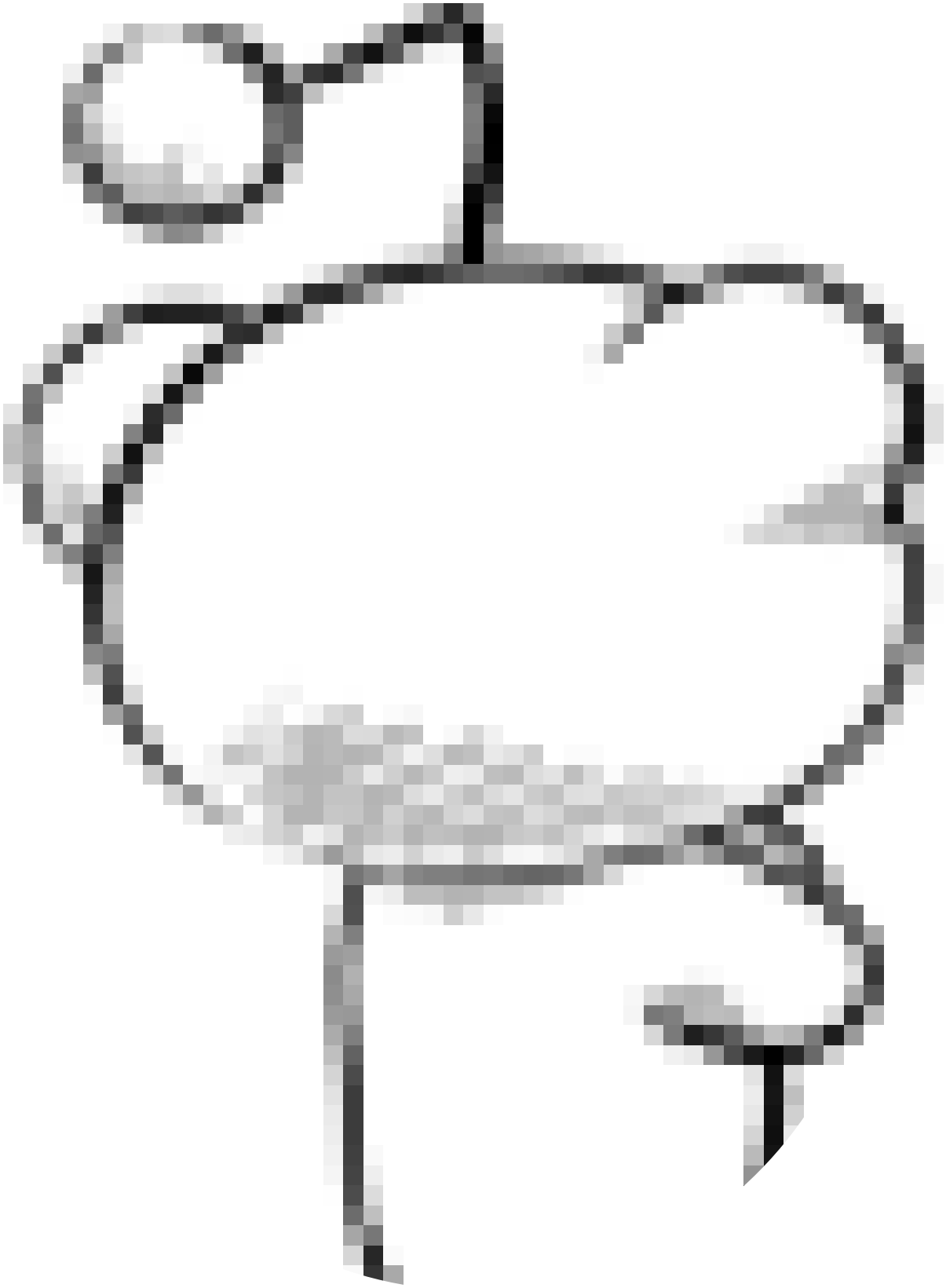
• 13y ago

Nobody said it yet? Fine.

Your mom.

Reply Share



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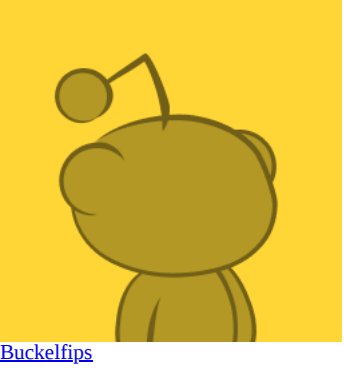
• 13y ago

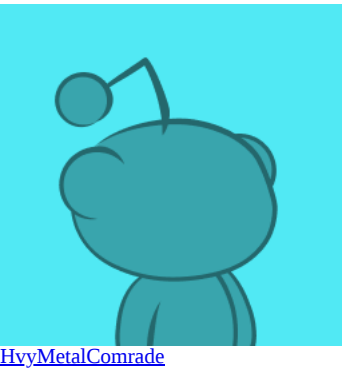
I saw Bigfoot. No one is ever going to believe me but I know what I saw and it was fucking huge. Story will be told if enough people want.

Reply Share



Buckelfips
• 13y ago

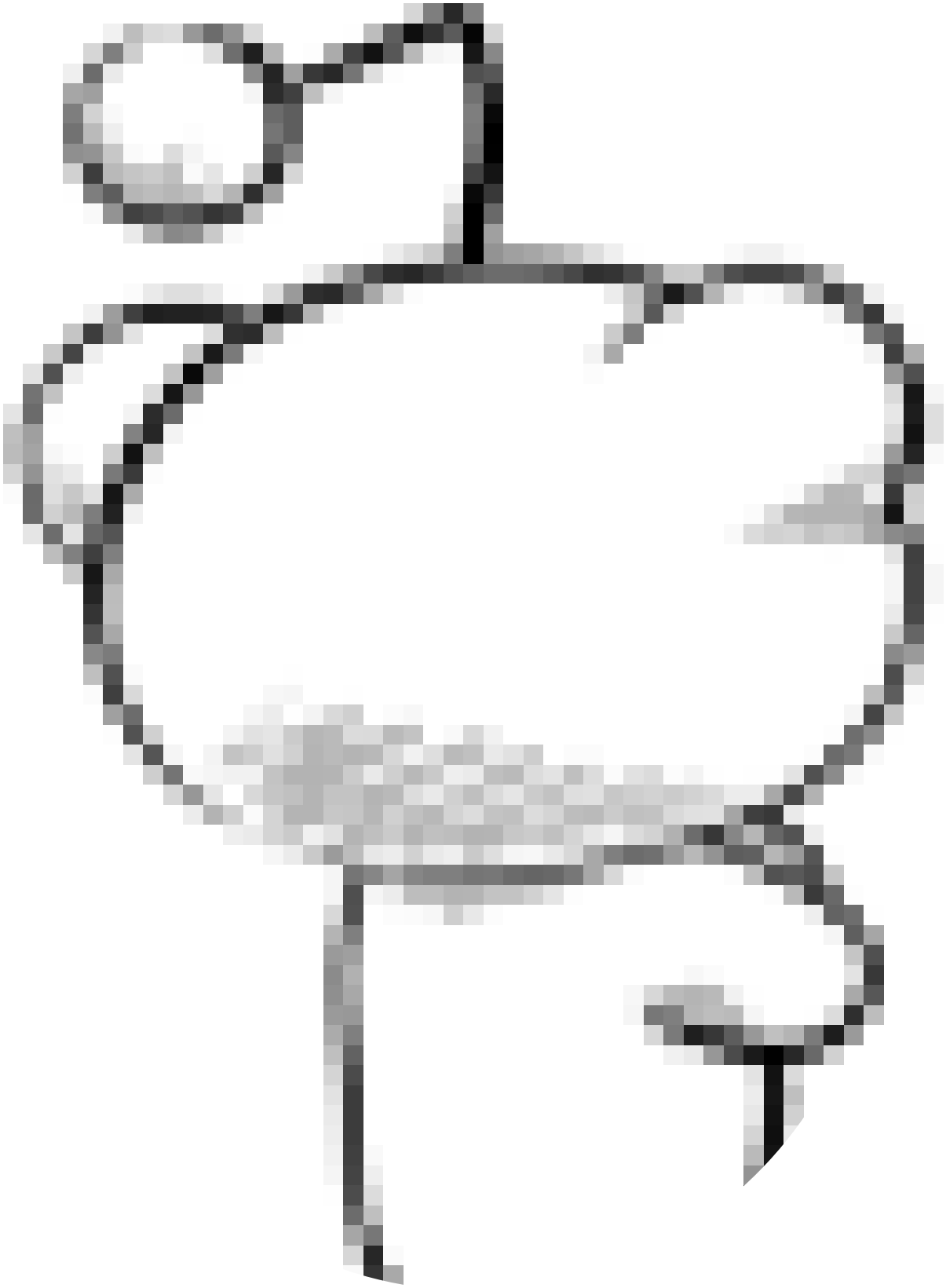
My Grandma died of leukaemia 10 years ago when I was 15. After one visit in the hospital I got a call from an unknown number: I couldn´t understand very much just a of backround noise and "I am through". I didn´t give a shit until my mom called 15 minutes later, telling me that Grandma finally died. I´m an athiest but anyway, it still gives me the creeps.



HvyMetalComrade
• 13y ago

Jeff the Killer. That face is terrifying. Also heres the creepypasta

Reply Share



Pinto15
• 13y ago

My friends and I were in the woods one night (yeah I know) and we felt an eerie chill in ye gentle breeze. We stopped and all took a few steps outwards and next thing we know our friend Chris has 3 deep claw marks on his neck. The blood trickled down and we heard a growl from the middle of our formation. Our friend Damien is the one that realized, we were standing in a pentagram. We didn't run or scream (surprisingly) we were speechless and we all walked out of the woods, one man watching every direction. We were terrified and have not ventured there since.

Reply Share

Noodles753
• 13y ago

About ten years ago at my old house, I woke up to a massive buzzing sound, such as the things you put on the bottom of the wall to stop the door. So I wake up at about 1:50 am and I hear the twanging sound of the door thing, and a pale, pulsating blue and green light coming from the closet. I tried to wake my wife but she told me to go back to sleep. I slowly walked over to the closet and opened it. There in the middle of the closet is a floating light. I put my hand by it and it felt warm. I tried to touch it and it burned my hand. At that moment the light went through the wall to my newborn sons room, I was so scared that I didn't realize the buzzing was done. I ran into my sons room to check but he was fine and nothing was wrong. Then I heard the buzzing was gone and I felt a sence of peace. So I walked back to my bed room and fell right to sleep. I told my wife and she told me I was crazy... Still creepes me out to this day.

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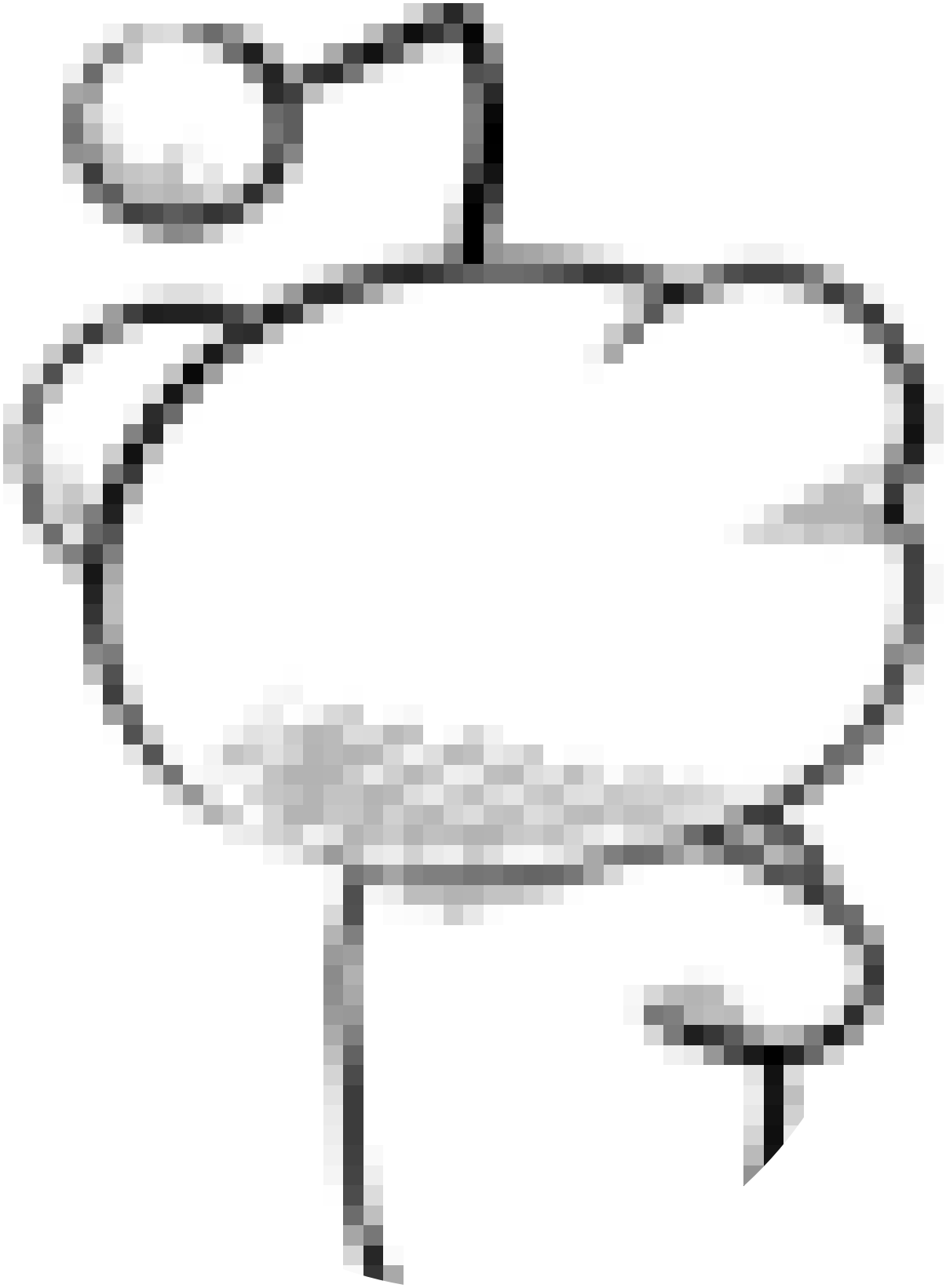

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• 13y ago

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISBeBuVKXL0&feature=youtube_gdata_player

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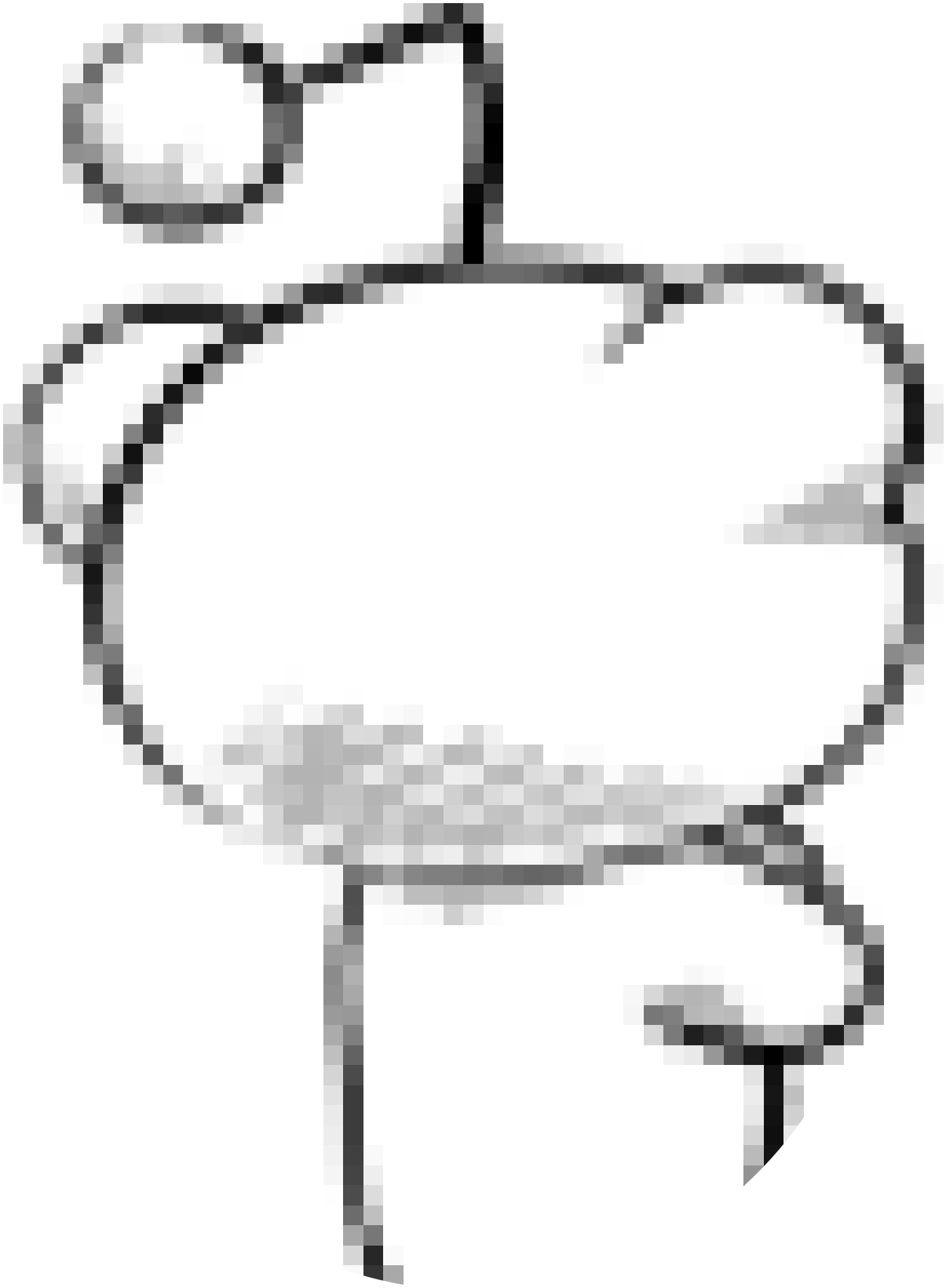

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• 13y ago

Why do I always end up reading these threads at 1 am!?

Reply Share

Alektruon
• 13y ago

Because you like down votes?

Reply Share

More replies

AmalgamatedMan
• 13y ago

Some schizophrenics sleep with a light on.

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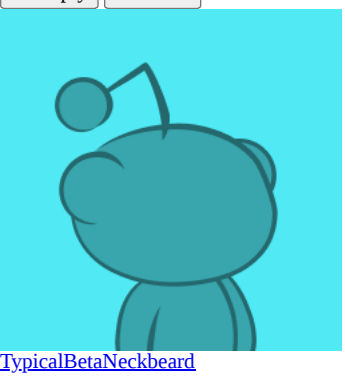
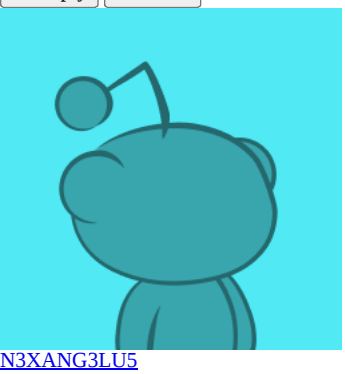


TypicalBetaNeckbeard
• 13y ago

I remember a similar thread on reddit from about a year ago, and the story that stood out was a guy stuck in a stalled subway car with some insane witch woman creeping closer to him while the lights were out. Took the cake that story did.

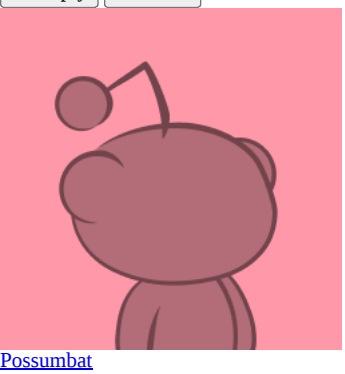
Reply Share



N3XANG3LU5
• 13y ago

Just now as I nervously clicked on a link...and my vacuum cleaner turned on. My dad had been fixing the plug in the other room, and had plugged it it into check.

Reply Share



Possumbat
• 13y ago

The movie vhs

Reply Share

death_style
• 13y ago

That movie sucks

Reply Share

More replies

SandNinjuh
• 13y ago

I run a local pawn shop and run it by myself. I have a relative who comes in and helps me on the weekends. But most of the time it is just me who is there all day. I sometimes will imagine in the middle of the night calling the store and then someone picking up. That would creep the fuck out of me.

Reply Share

nubzore
• 13y ago

r/nosleep

TundieRice
• 13y ago

I know it's been basically disproven but if you haven't seen it, go to thisman.org. It's pretty fucking creepy if you take it seriously. Maybe I'm just a pussy.

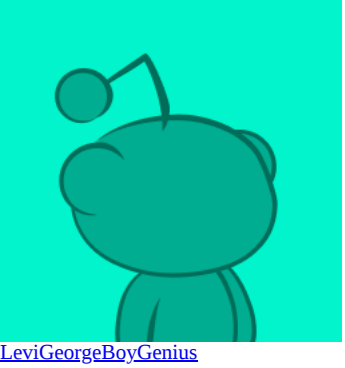
Blarghith
• 13y ago

My basement. I freaking hate my basement. It's filled with dark "barn wood" that was extremely popular in the 70s and even with the tiny windows open, it always feels a little dark. Even with the three big bright lights we have down there. My family thinks I'm nuts, but I really feel like there's something watching me down there. Plus, I hate turning the lights off down there. It feels like the something that's watching me is just waiting for the right moment to spring out and grab me. That's not the absolute worse part, I've had nightmares about this basement, where lights won't turn on and I know something's wrong (besides the lights not turning on), like something is just waiting and watching. The absolute worst part? My work computer is down there.

jibblies, jibblies, jibblies

Viggifox13
• 13y ago

The Scariest 10 Seconds Of My Life: i was in Denmark living with my father and my sister in his below level floor when i was laying in bed trying to sleep when i heard a little crunch sound next to me, i turned around and looked up and then i saw it. A Giant dark person With An Axe Hacking My Stomach Repeatedly And I Just. . . laid there scared shitless i started calling for my sister and begging her to come to me please come here as i laid there crying of fear. that was just a fraction of a second when it happend and now a am afraid to look anywhere else but one spot when i am trying to sleep



LeviGeorgeBoyGenius
• 13y ago

This is a weird one. No ghosts or murderers, or werewolves, just a thing I saw that I have never been able to explain. But I'm sure could be explained pretty easily. Two years ago I was driving to my friends house. It was a very clear night. While driving down a main road, I look at the moon, it's a crescent moon. As I am looking at it the shadow part of the moon completely swallows it up. There was no lunar eclipse expected that night, at least not that I could find information about. What scared me about it was how unexpected it was. Like the moon decided to fuck with me.

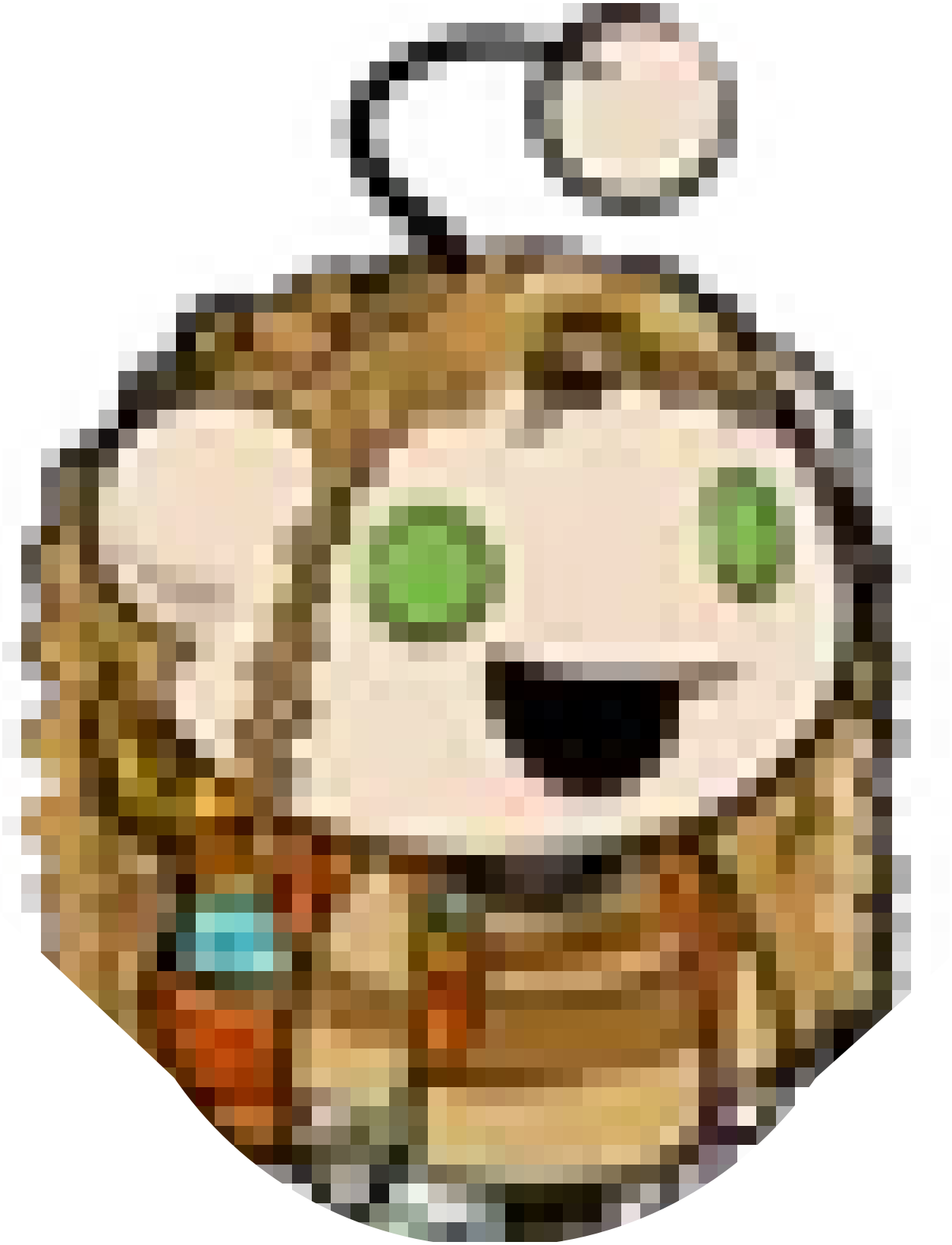
Reply Share

TJzzz
• 13y ago

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=noFCekWiUGE

NSFL - short video of a chef. a accident happens. screaming is involved. its a commercial.

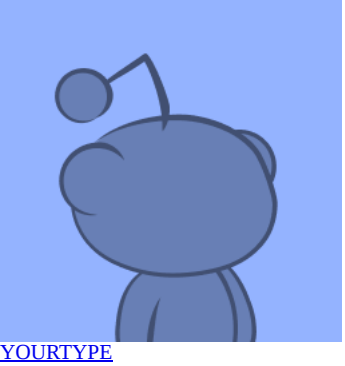
Reply Share



MatrixPA
• 13y ago

My ex-husband. Yikes.

Reply Share



YOURTYPE
• 13y ago

This video is pretty fucking creepy. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7N5OhNplEd4

Reply Share

Home_and_Away
• 13y ago

When I was in high school a bunch of us were over at a friends house watching scary movies, not my thing but that is what the group decided on. One kid had to leave early so that he wouldn't miss curfew, probably 30 minutes or so before the rest of us. After the movie finished we all said goodnight and walked to our cars as we all drove separately. As I unlock my car I do a quick paranoid check of the back seat and cargo (was an SUV) just to assure myself there was nothing there before I drove home. I was content that there was nothing in the car and was getting in the driver seat ready to head home when someone grab my leg from under my car. Screamed so loud and jumped up and quickly ran from the car back to the house when I heard my friends familiar laugh. Turns out the friend who left early waited 30 minutes or longer outside under my car just to scare and probably see me pee myself.

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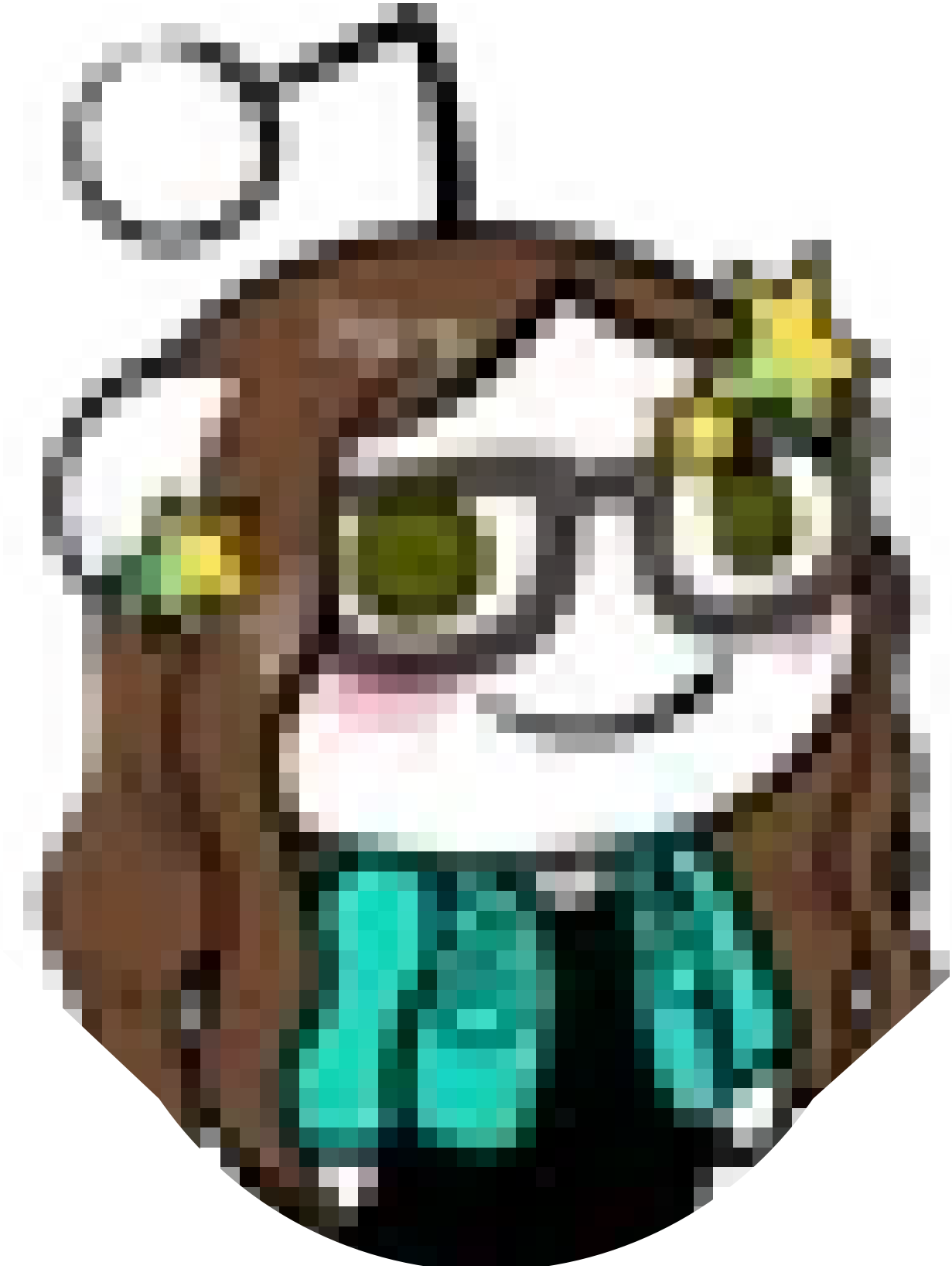


imriebelow
• 13y ago

I have to pee and I'm scared to go to the bathroom. Instead, I shall tell you a story my friend told me when we were in middle school. We call this the Demon Story, and I have never been able to forget it, thanks so much, Elissa!

My friend's family were Bible translating missionaries, and were living in Thailand at the time. At one point, her father became frustrated at his parishioners returning to worshiping spirits, etc. He went to a place where there were, I think, spirit houses, and kind of shouted at them to vent his anger. He then went home, and found his oldest child, a boy who had been in perfect health, not breathing, like someone was choking him.

At this part of the story I refused to listen any more, but, yeah, her brother was fine.

As a note, while, yes, this is a religious family, they're not particularly superstitious and are pretty much the least easily-frightened people I've ever met in my life.

tl;dr a demon spirit may or may not have tried to kill my friend's brother when they were little.

Reply Share

S4nguine
• 13y ago

Well... mi frend wunce sed dat he wus walkin in woods and sudinly a skellington popped out!

Reply Share

Mouseicle
• 13y ago

WOS THER BLUD?

Reply Share

More replies

HelpMeLoseMyFat
• 13y ago

I was outside, alone. I went camping out in the german countryside. I was at Rammstein AFB at the time, drove out to a remote location with a few friends to camp out for the weekend.

I had randomly awoke aroudn 2-3 AM from my sleep, I figured I would get some fresh air so I put on some pants and left the tent. Zipped it back up and looked up at the moon.

Beautiful full moon, the clear sky I could almost see inside of the craters; I went over to a nearby tree to take a leak and enjoy this very majestic moment.

That is when I heard a sound, off to my right, far beyond where the hillside curved, it sounded sort of like a metal cable being streched beyond it's breaking point, yelling out in sorrow from being pulled appart.

I looked to the three tents, nobody was awake, maybe they did not hear it.

It was a very dark night, inspite of the very bright full moon, I had just decided that the noise was nothing important when it happend again, only this time it was closer.

I could not ignore it again, it turns out I wouldn't be able to even if I wanted.

Right above me the sky began to glow, almost as bright as day, I remember it as if it was yesterday, the dark black sky turned a bright mid-day blue! Right before my eyes, night turned into day, I have never seen this happen, even using the brightest military spotlights for SAM sites.

Right in the massive patch of blue sky that had just opened up above me a very bright light appeared, I remember feeling heat, so much heat that I thought my skin was going to boil. I remember sneezing like I had just looked into the sun, sneezed around 3 times, eyes waterd, this I can never forget.

As I wiped away the tears from the sneeze I see something that will forever be etched into my very soul.

I look around to see if anybody was awake, it turns out my girlfriend at the time woke up and was standing right behind me, staring right up into the sky.

Just to make sure I wasn't having some sort of nightmare, I stepped next to her and asked her if she too could see it. And it was about dat time dat i realized dat this "girl friend" was about eight stories tall and a crustacean from the protozoic era!

I said "God dommit loch ness monster, we ain't got no treefiddy!"

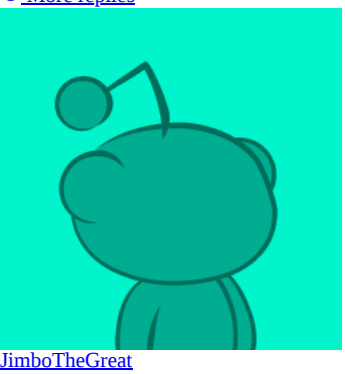
We ended up packing up the tents and calling our camping trip short and heading back to Rammstein early that weekend.

TL:DR : Camping in germany, the last time i've camped.

No_Song_Orpheus
• 13y ago

God damnit.

More replies



JimboTheGreat
• 13y ago

Slenderman O.O

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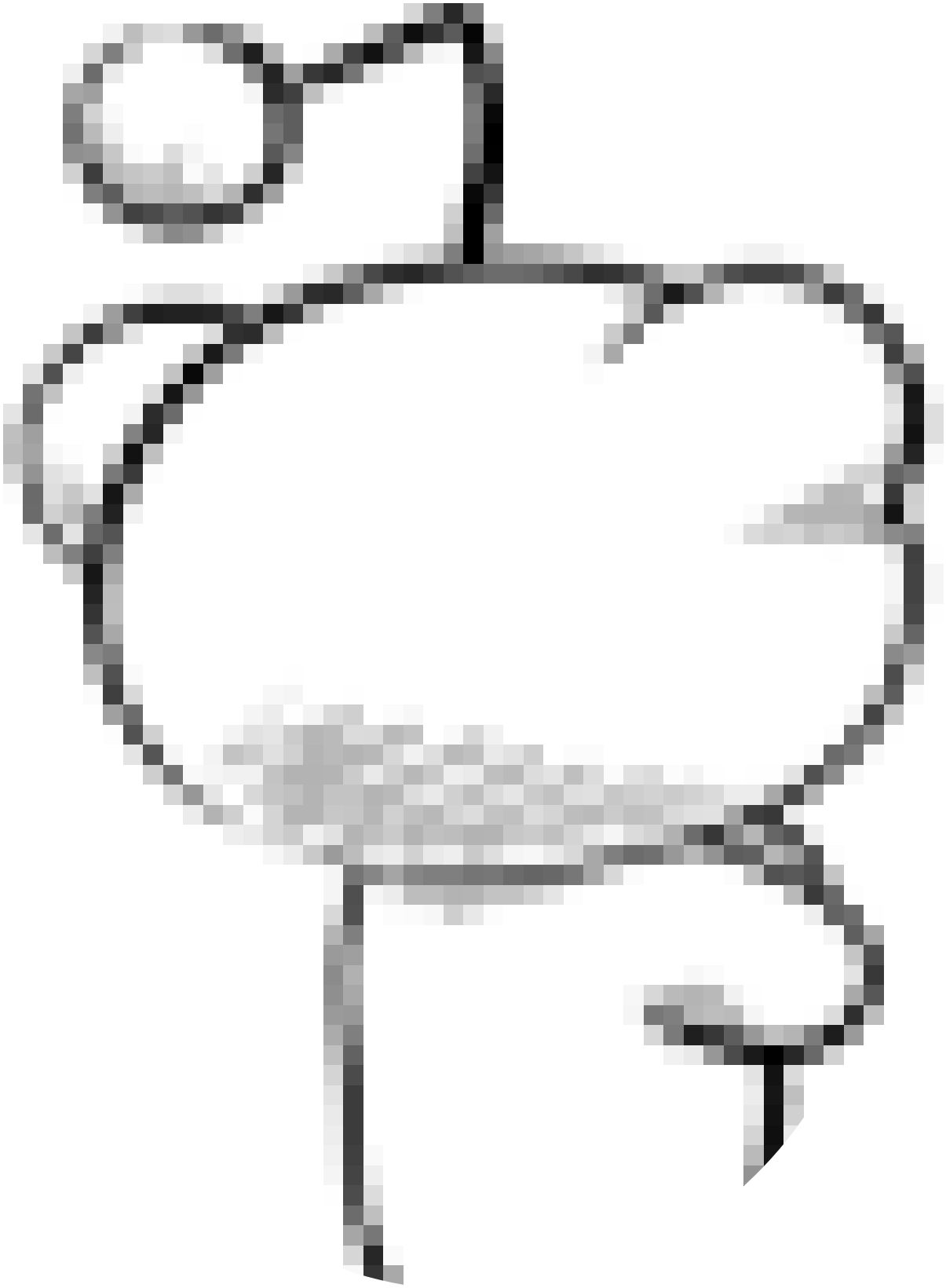

LordMcMutton
• 13y ago

Definitely my favorite monster, though his effectiveness is rather lessened these days due to him being all over the place.

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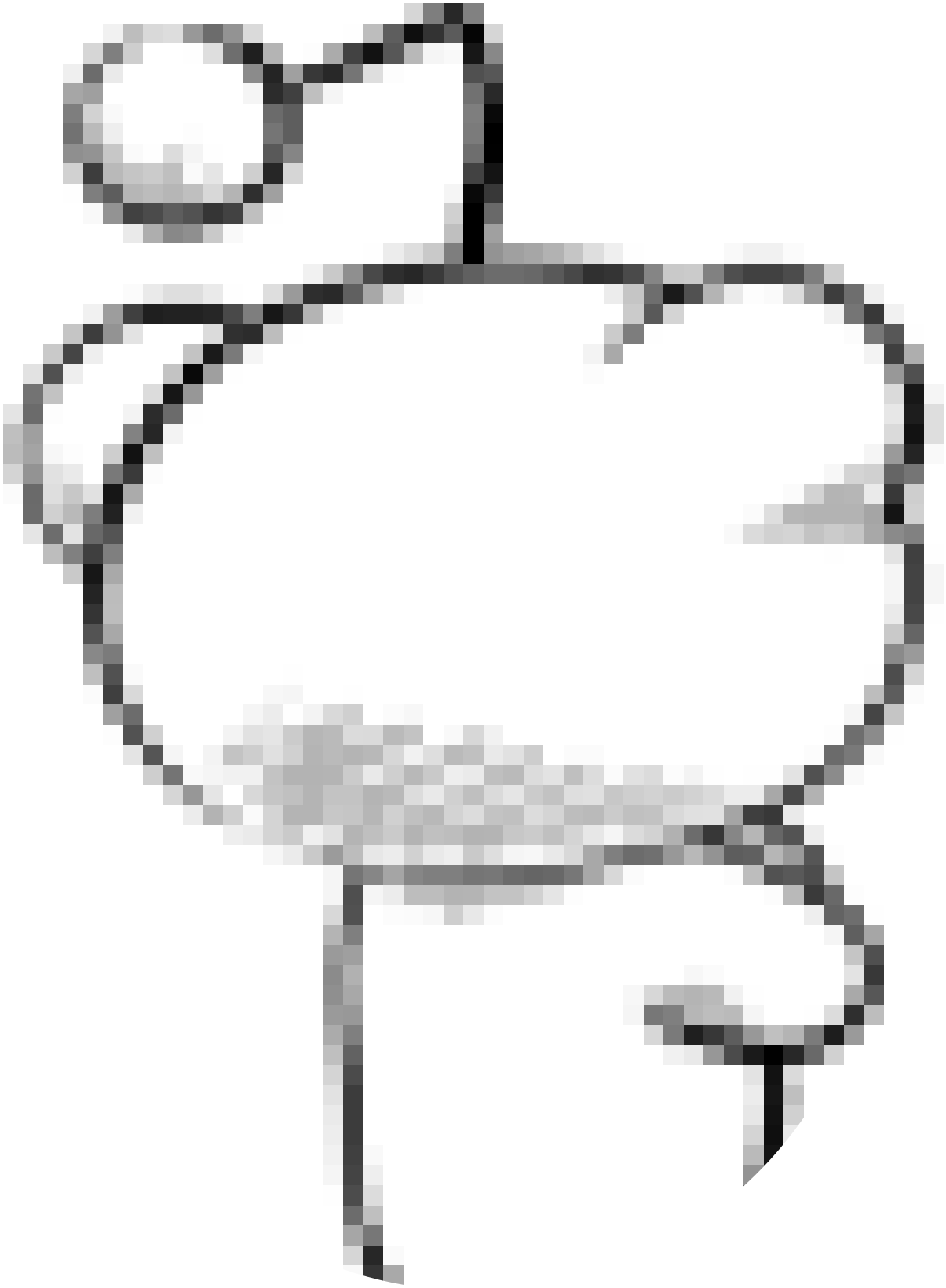

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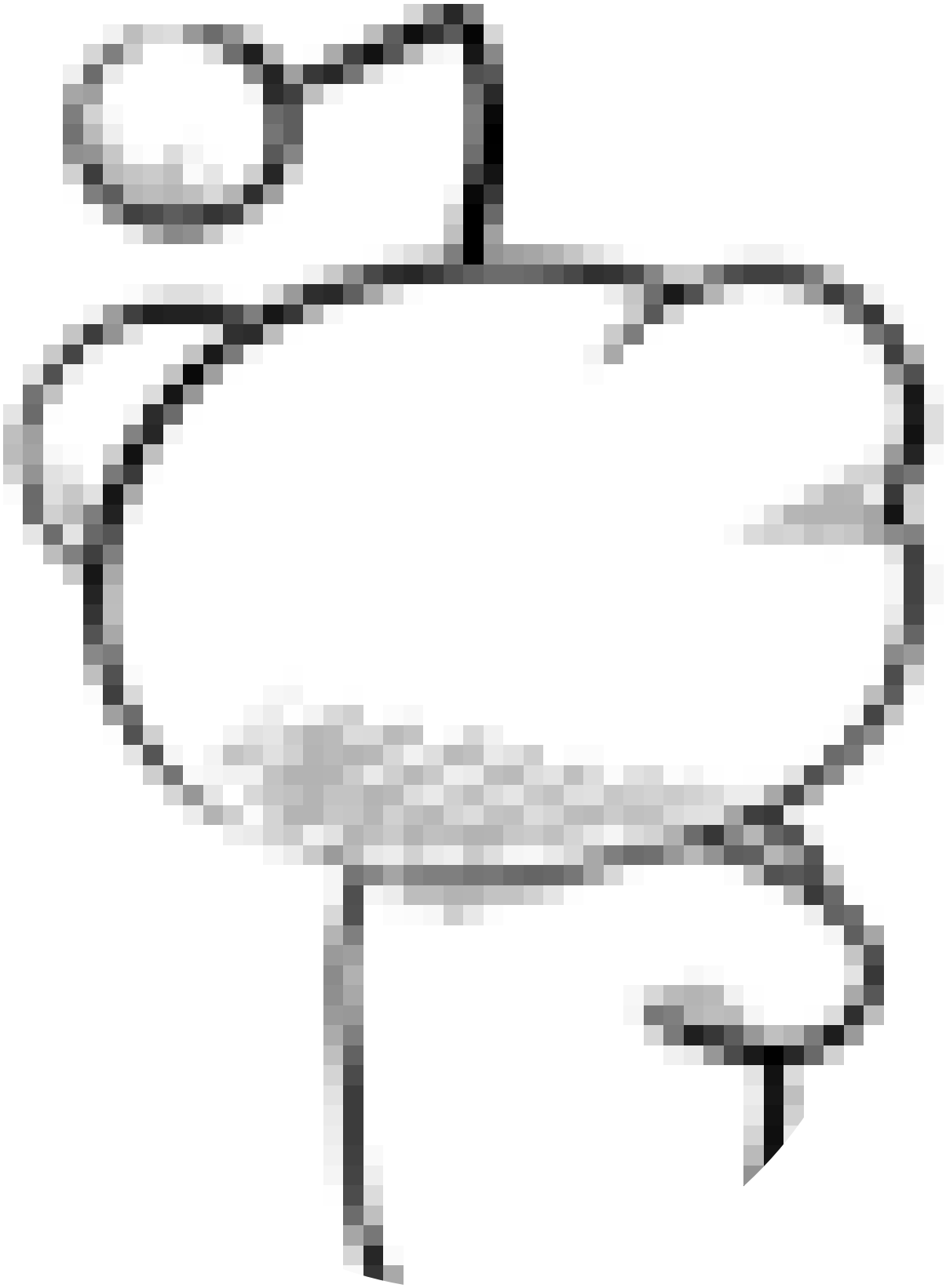
• 13y ago

What does it say about culture that, while monsters used to be blobs or beasts, the scariest one now is a tall, thin, well-dressed man with no face.

Who kills people brutally, sure, but the blobs and werewolves did that too.

2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies More replies



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• 13y ago

Freshman year in high school. We're on one of those team building trips at the very beginning of the year. Meet new people. Talk to some ladies. Everything was great until we were about to leave.

It was a pretty decent sized grade, we had three school buses to take back. I got in the one at the rear.

These buses were at the top of a hill, and everyone was loading their stuff into the back of their bus. I was sitting in the back, helping load the stuff on.

Suddenly, the bus I'm on slips out of gear and starts to roll slowly down the hill. Bags get run over and we're picking up speed going down the hill towards a small rock wall with a building behind it.

Keep in mind that I was in the back of the bus and the door was open. We were probably going about 15+ mph at this point.

The worst thing that could possibly happen, happens.

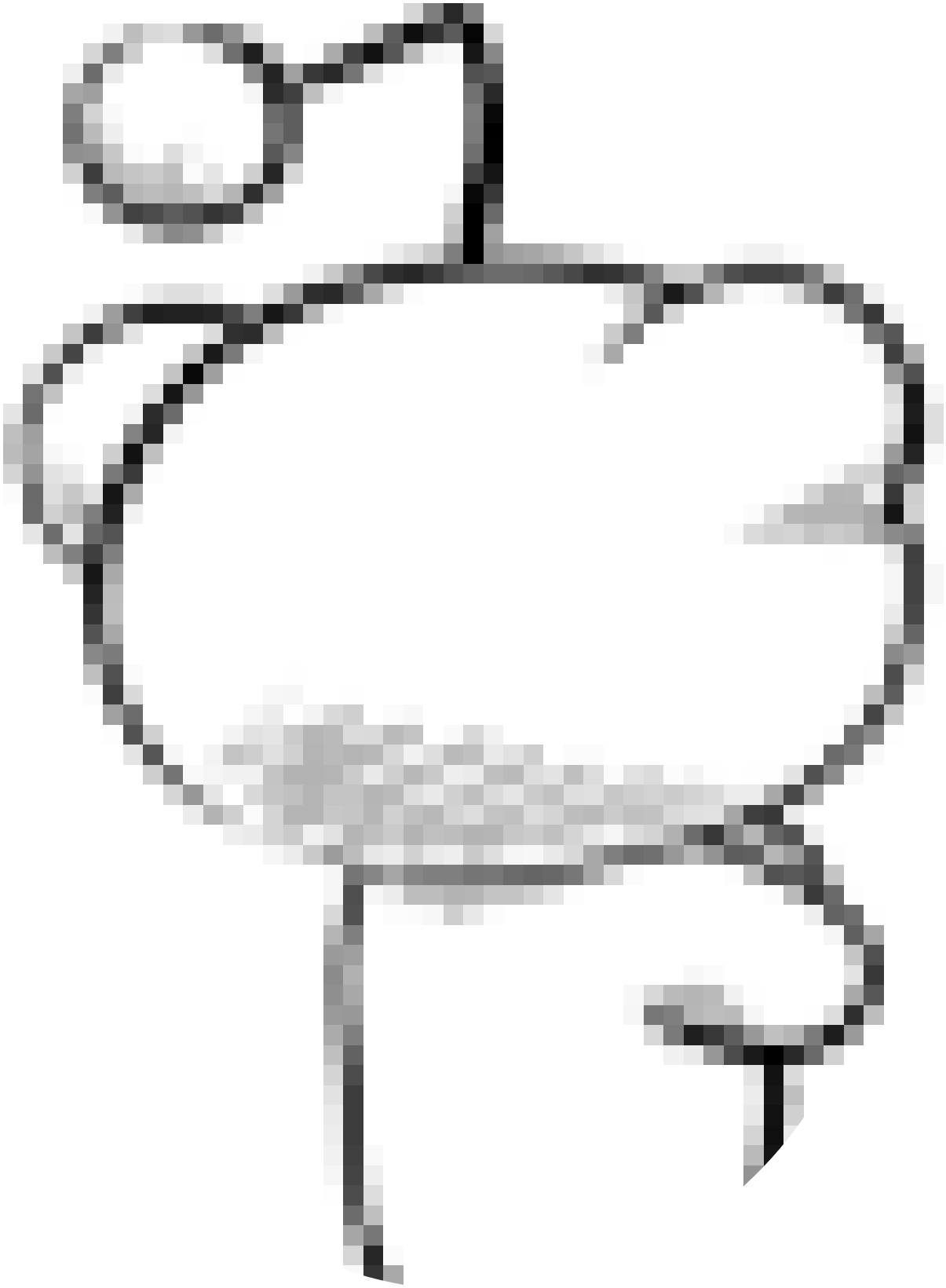
When we hit the low rock wall I fly out the back of the bus while the bus keeps rolling. I landed on a set of stairs and the bus flew over my head and crashed into the building.

Luckily the building was close to the small rock wall and I was on the stairs in between and I was trapped there. I couldn't get out. I thought I was going to die. I had bruises everywhere.

Eventually I was dug out of the rubble and saved. Probably the scariest thing that has ever happened to me; my own personal brush with death.

Oh and by the way I got a shit ton of pussy after that. Fuck yeah.

TL;DR: Almost died in a bus crash, but was worth it for the busloads of pussy I got as a result.



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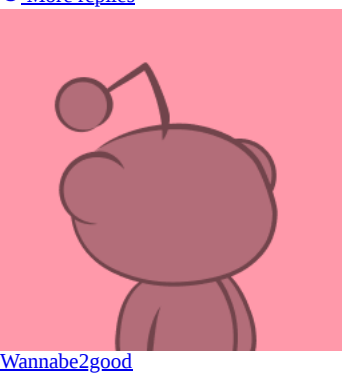
• 13y ago

But did you get buttloads and or shit tons of pussy after that? I can't quite tell.

More replies



Wannabe2good
• 13y ago

Obama

Falco1
• 13y ago

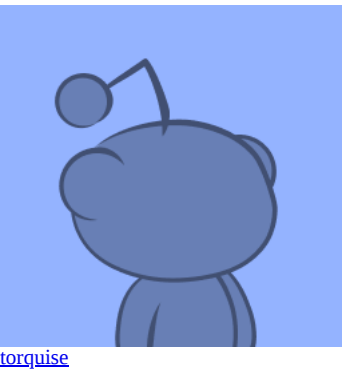
After living alone in my house for more than 2 years I've noticed weird noises coming from my attic mainly footsteps. I was always terrified of ghosts so I asked around if anyone has heard some stories about the location of my house. Surprisingly enough my house was built where a cemetery used to be.

The noises come occasionally it isn't a constant thing happening every night, but the noises started to become voices and the voices started to become threatening like "Get out" or "You don't belong here." After several cases of the voices getting more and more threatening and the footsteps getting louder and louder. I knew something had to be done. I tried avoiding my house by staying at my friends house, but it was like I got followed by the ghosts I dreamt every night about the voices and then bodies began to form.

When I knew nothing else can be done I decided it was time to call a priest and get a cleansing on the house. I asked if it was fine if I was to have some friends over when we did the cleansing because my friends helped me keep calm since they knew I was terrified of ghosts. The priest had no problems with that, but as long as they didn't interfere with the cleansing/prayers.

That next day I called my friends to come over to the house so we can be together when the priest gets there. Hours later the priest finally arrives and it started we linked hands we said prayers in the living room in the kitchen everywhere. But when it came to the attic even the priest felt edgy about going in there since he had a bad feeling.

We all inched our way to the door of the attic when we got closer and closer the energy of the spirits were getting stronger and stronger. Finally we Opened up the door, got on the floor and everybody walked the dinosaur.



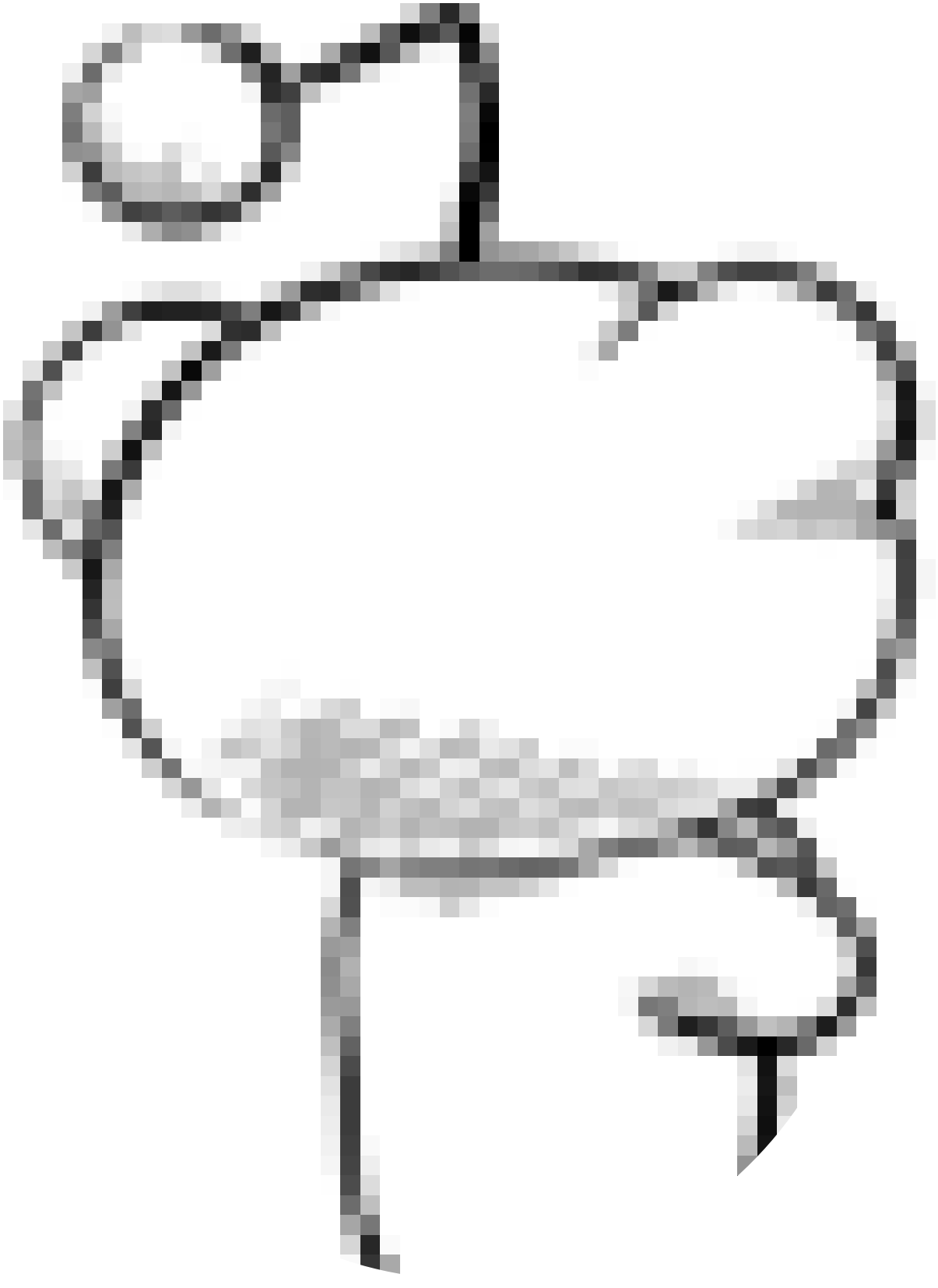
torquise
• 13y ago

The scariest thing was when my friend told me over treebook that there's an image of me floating around the Internet that everyone captions and makes people laugh with. I now have insecurity issues.

I am a sloth.

maxamus
• 13y ago

Back in 2008 Obama was elected President. That was kind of scary/creepy.



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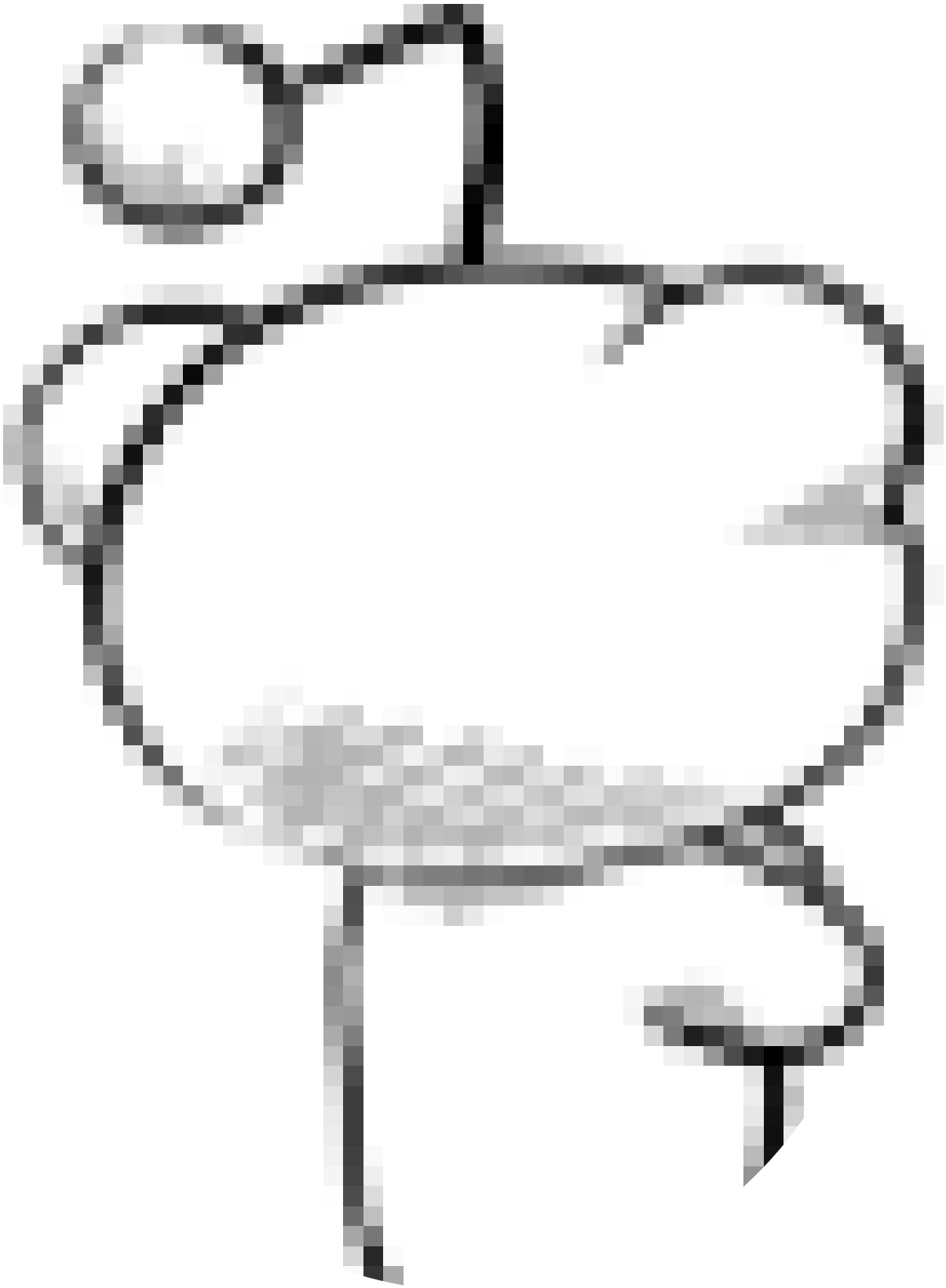
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

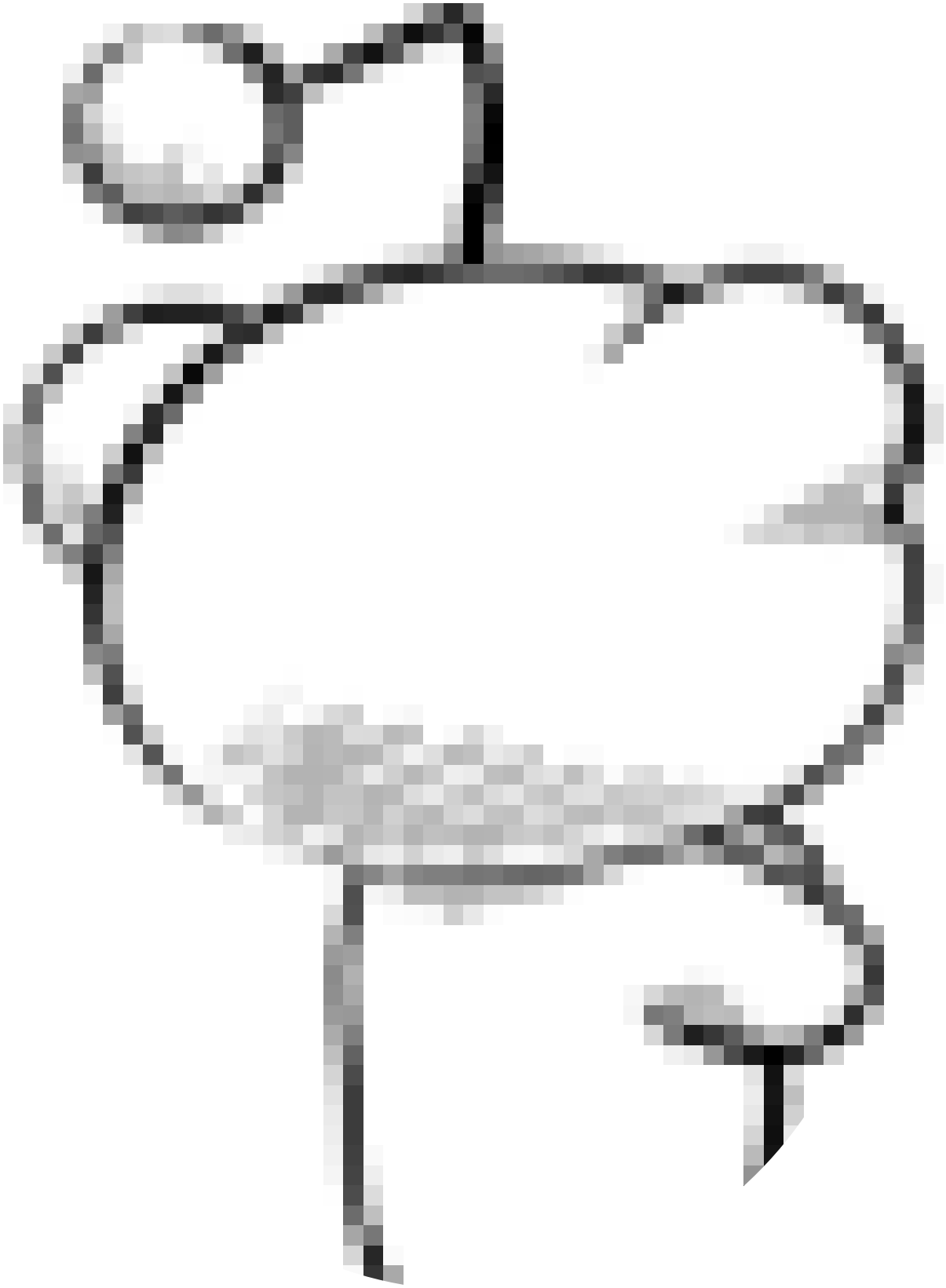


pigPlatform
• 13y ago

Maybe you forgot to shut off your laptop.

Maybe you got a notification.

Maybe someone on facebook messaged you "Bored at 2 am what to do?"



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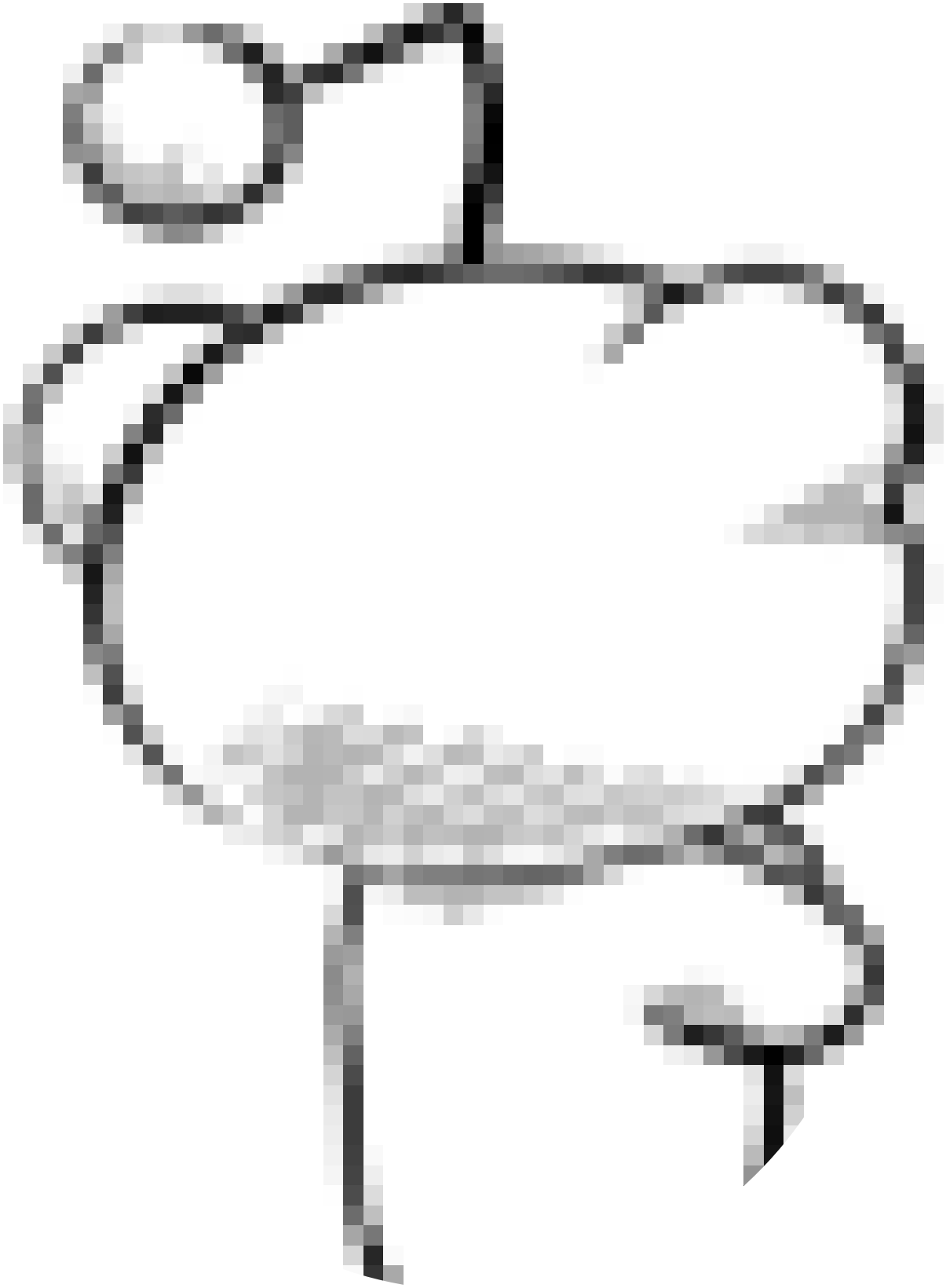
• 13y ago

Sticking with the theme of falling people

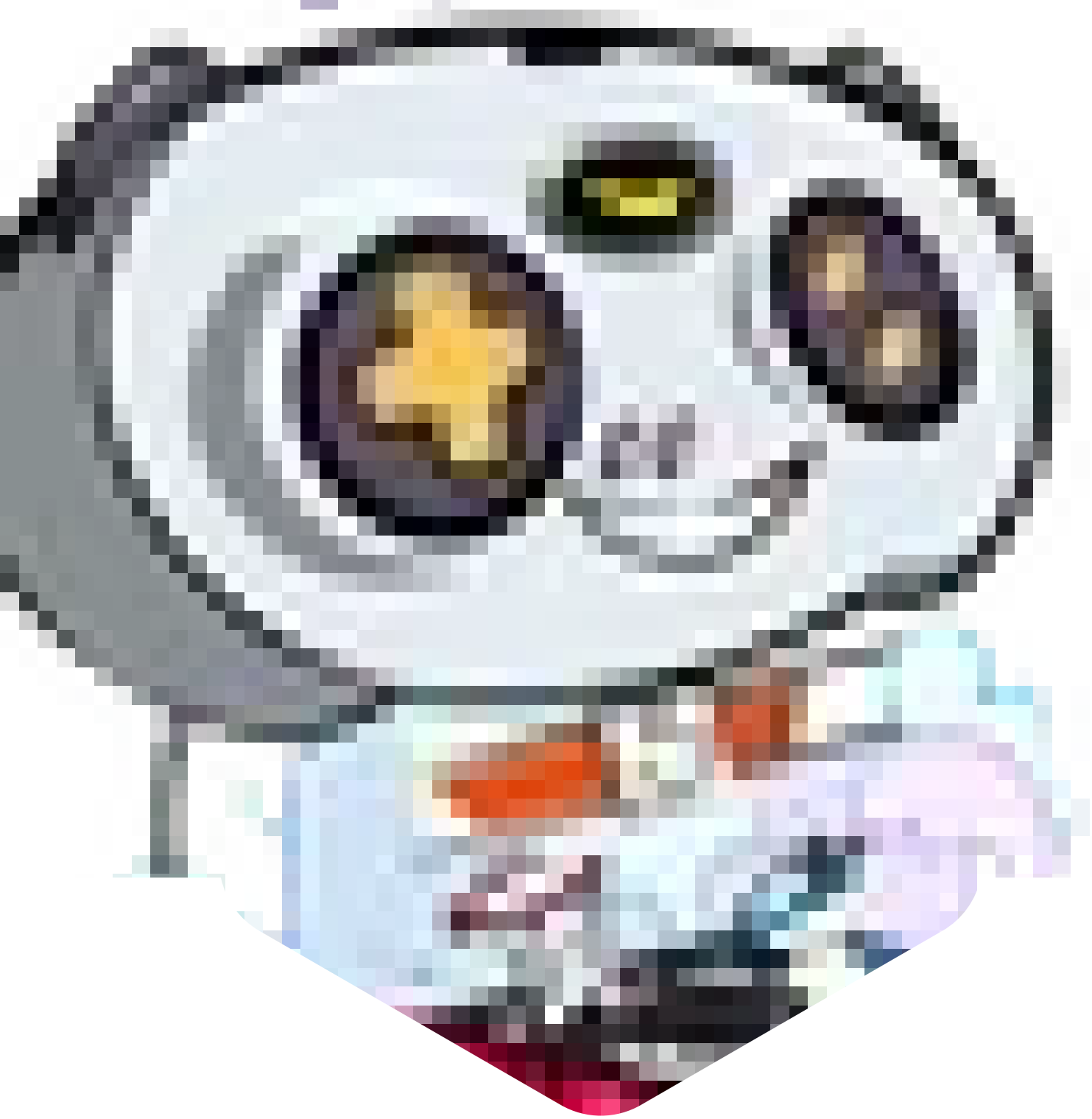


opposingpuddles
• 13y ago

should be on the top 10

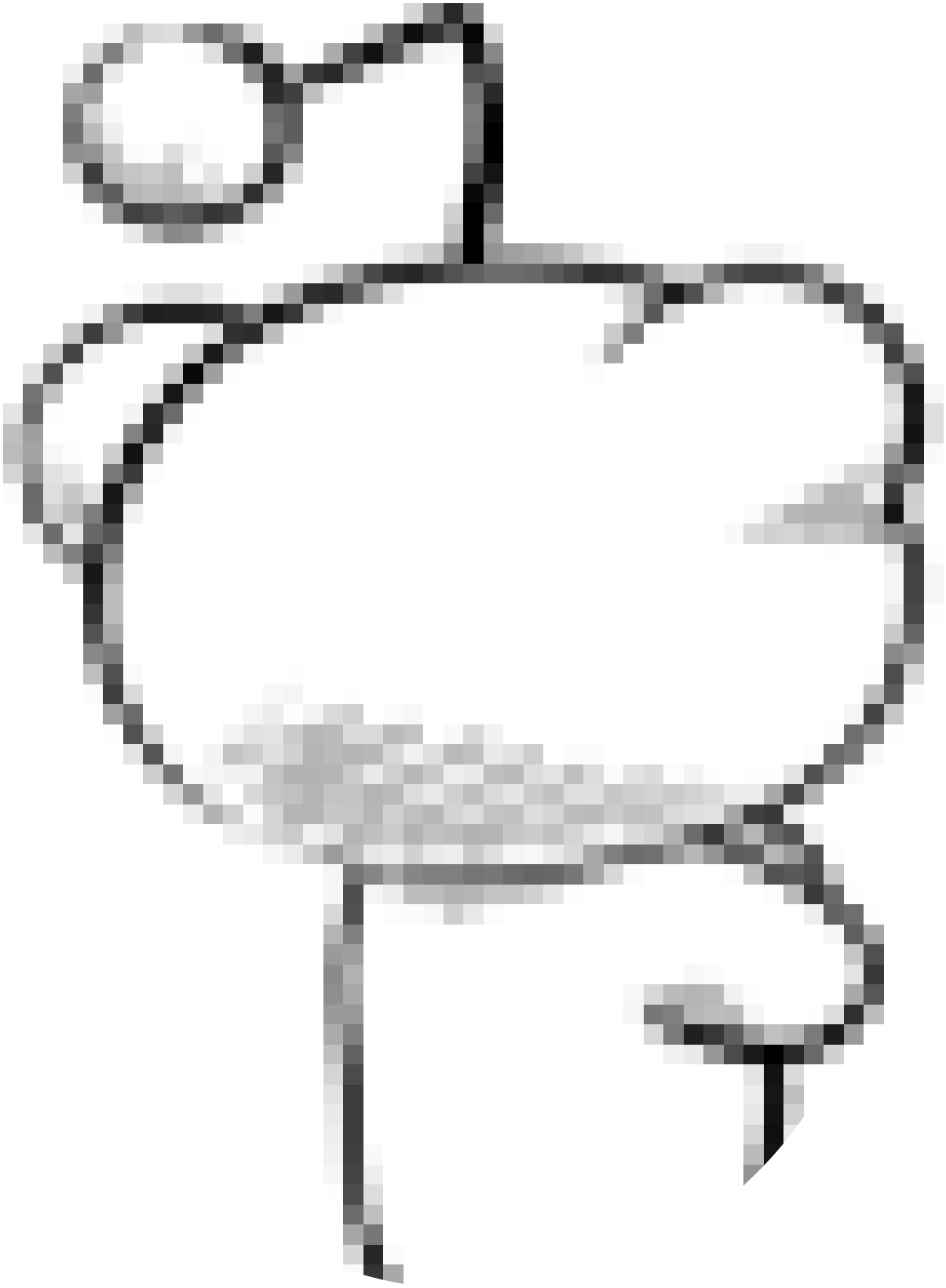
http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-D3iKrv-J3qc/ToHKUNNUgvI/AAAAAAABvgg/Fs3oN6KP0vc/s1600/008.JPG

NSFW or anyone!!!!!



Karl_Cross
• 13y ago

Whats creepy as fuck is that this question appears on Reddit at least once a week and nobody remembers it



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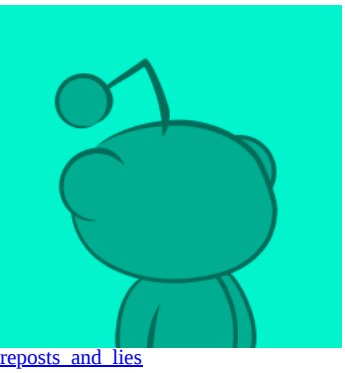
• 13y ago

My own reflection...*shudders*

MeanOfPhidias
• 13y ago

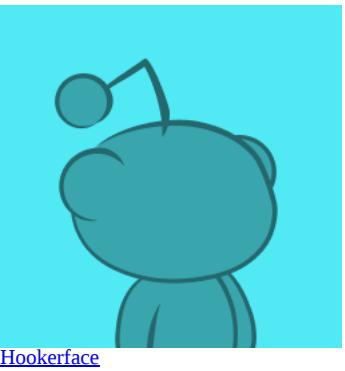
Death and taxes are certain. At least death doesn't keep getting worse



reposts_and_lies
• 13y ago

I cant really remember.

But this comic scared the crap out of me sometime ago on reddit. Enjoy.

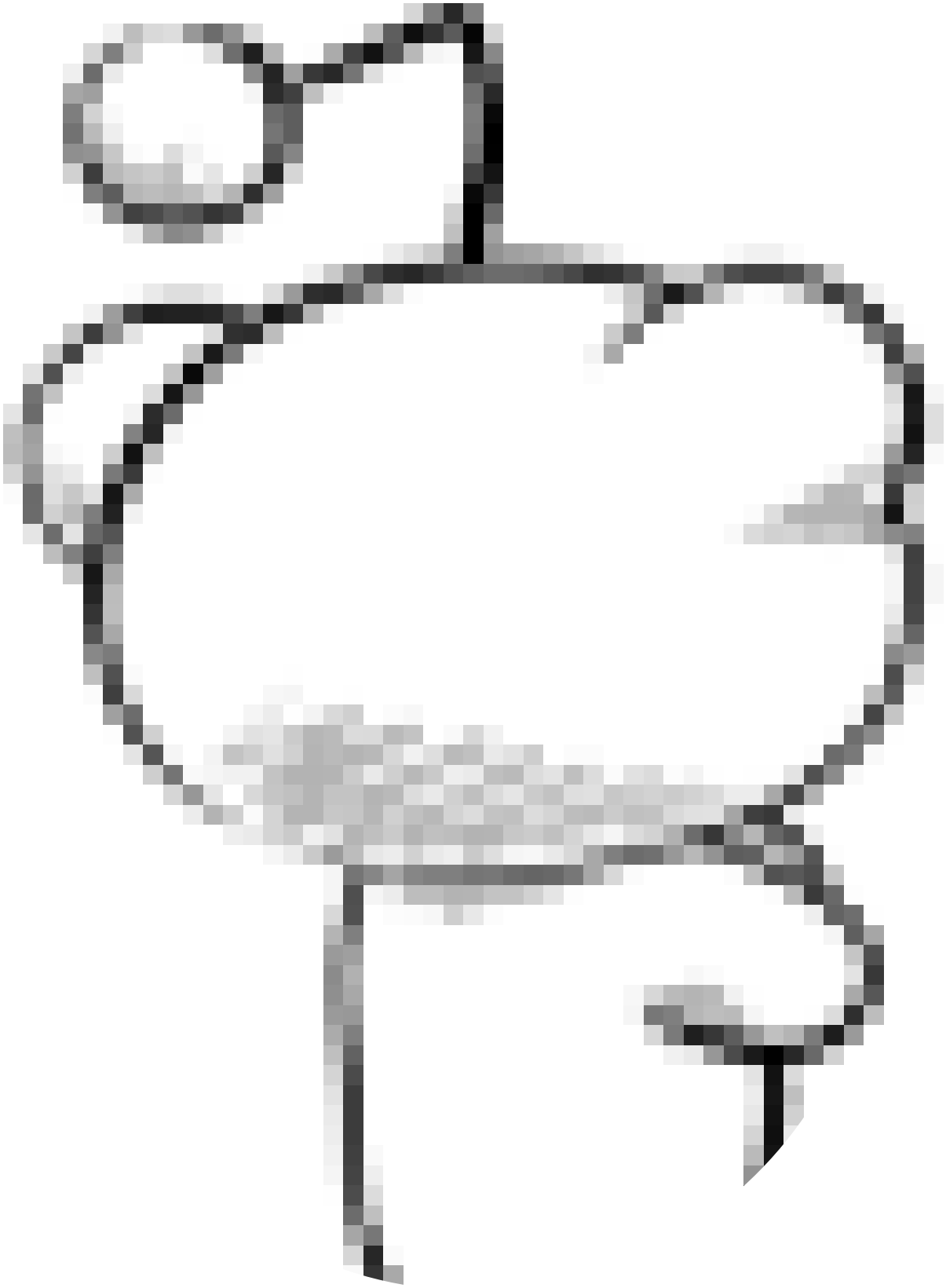


Hookerface
• 13y ago

This scared the shit out me the first time I saw it.

unanymousholdeng
• 13y ago

Saw this on a subreddit (r/195) the other day. For some reason it's really been fucking with me big time.



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• 13y ago

One night a few summers ago, I was going on a walk on my own. Now, I'm not the superstitious type, but after that night I believed in monsters. I saw someone else out for a walk.

He bumped into me and said, "Hey, katacarbix, where's my tree fiddy?"

I told him "I have no idea, man. How do you even know my name?"

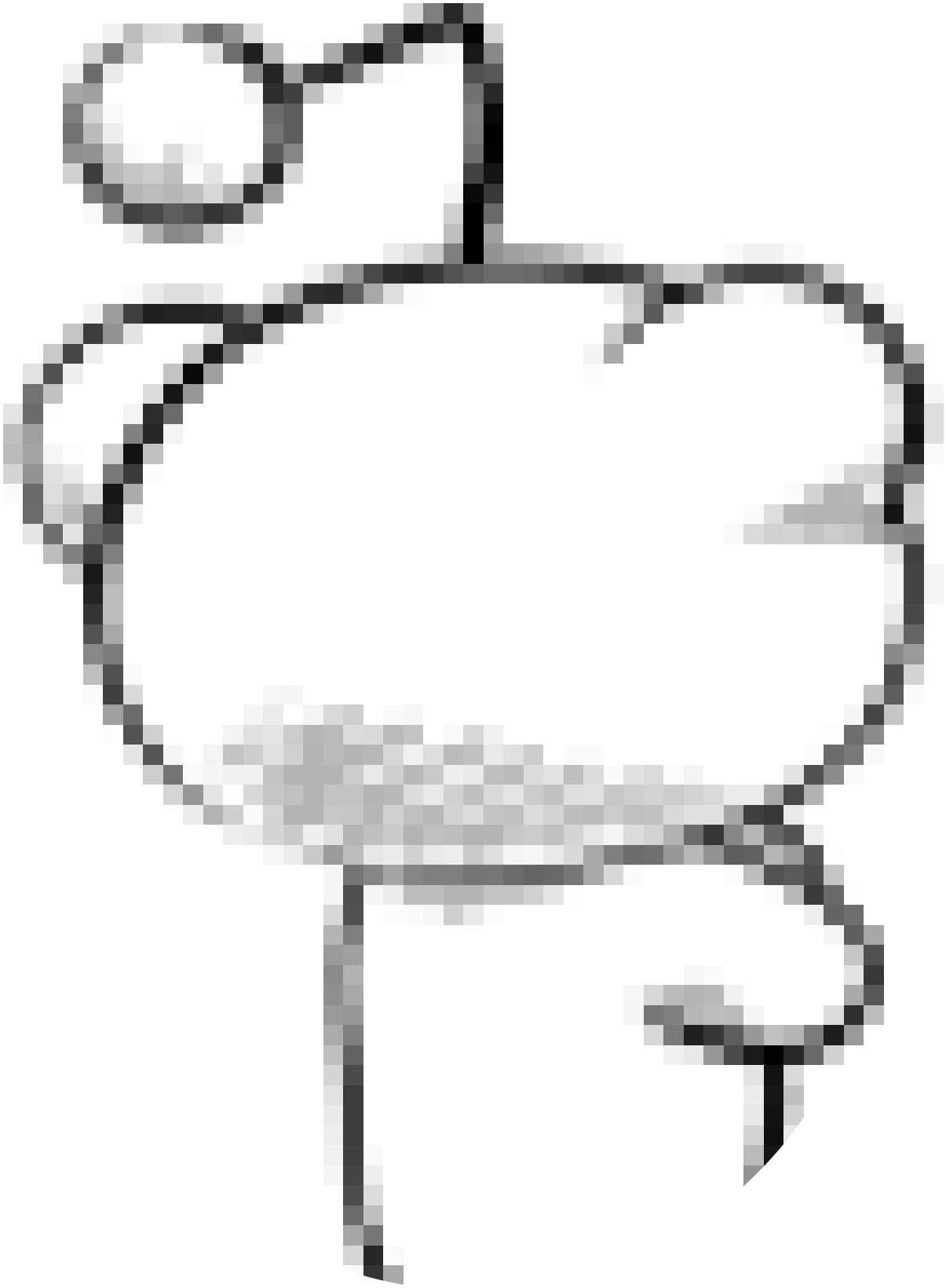
He started to walk away, but I grabbed him by the shirt and it ripped, revealing his true disguise. Turns out he was the Loch Ness monster all along.

life_is_football
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

This is a true story from my town, even made the newspaper and stuff.

Basically, there is this girl that is babysitting a 6 year old. After putting the kid to sleep, she decides to go to bed herself, but as a teenager she decides to check her phone first, while in bed, fully dressed. That is when she heard faint, heavy panting coming from under the bed. She detects danger, and with stone cold nuts of steel she yells for the 6 year old, telling him that she is going to take a shower, just in case something happens. Then she gently walked to the bathroom, locked the door and called the police. Turns out there was a guy under her bed, one of the nations most wanted criminals with multiple rapes on record.

Edit: She called for the 6 year old to trick the uninvited into believing she had not noticed him, therefore being able to get to the bathroom and call the police.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Did she have the 6 year old wait in the bathroom with her?

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies More replies

mjc7373
• 13y ago

This sounds like very well-written fiction to me.

Alektruon
• 13y ago

I'm sure some of it is, but some people really experience some word shit.

More replies

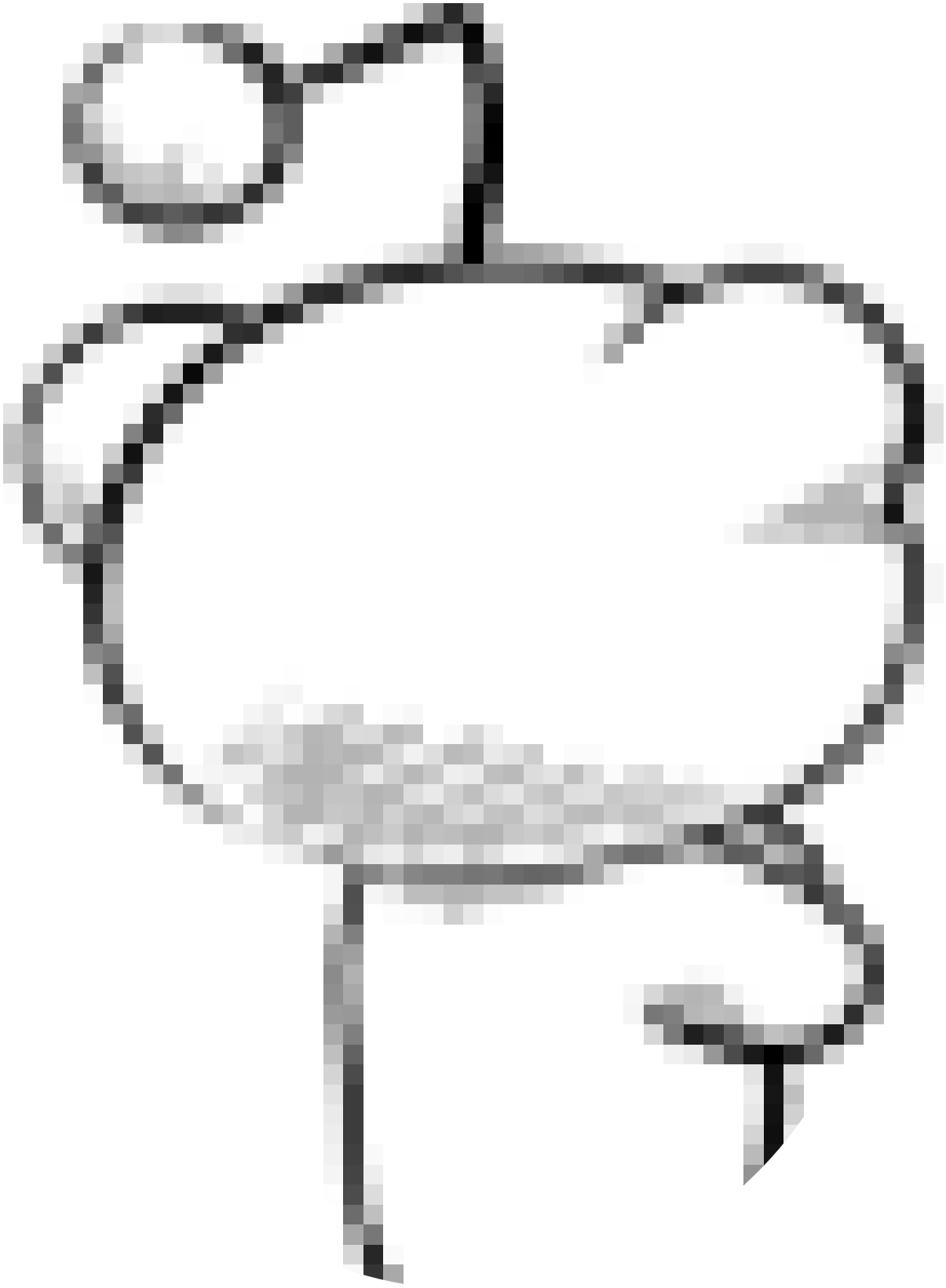
Zylvian
• 13y ago

A nightmare.

josephgordonreddit
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

Note to self: always have lighter fluid, matches, and an iron crowbar ready at all times. And possibly a priest.

EDIT: And salt.



MightyPirate88
• 13y ago

Why am I reading this thread at 11:30pm?

ItHappensAtMidnight
• 13y ago

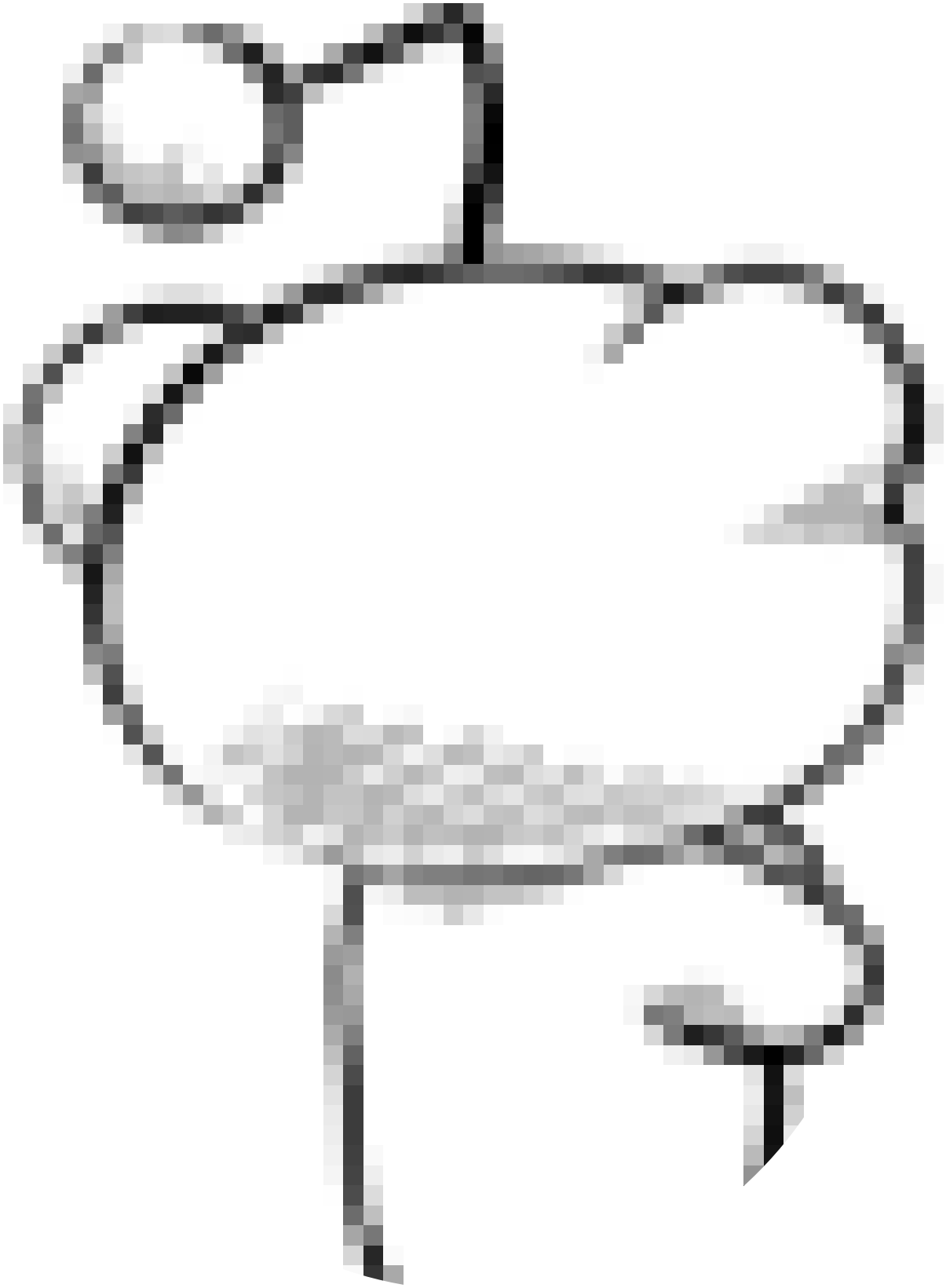
I had a dream where spongebob was flying after me. That was pretty scary.

butades
• 13y ago

Dude, just go to r/nosleep or r/LetsNotMeet.

DeaconSage
• 13y ago

I've been told this same story for my whole life. When my mom was younger one of her friends went over to baby sit these too kids. Well everything's going well and it's starting to get dark, not really late, just getting dark. The kids say hey want to play with this clown so she goes looking for a own toy and can't find one, when she comes back they playing around this big toy Colin about the size of a kindergartener. They play around for a while and eventually go to bed, my moms friend goes wandering around he house and watches some tv for a bit, and when she come back the toy clown is gone. She hears a noise come from above her and since she's in a one story house gets nervous and calls the cops. They show up to check it out, and come back down with a clown in handcuffs. Turns out a midget dressed as a clown had been living in that family's attic for years and they never knew. TLDR: Midget clown hides/lives in attic and plays with the kids who live there.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

...did he keep the makeup on 24/7 and made excursions out of the attic to replenish when he ran out or what?

Reply Share

More replies

awesome_pineapple
• 13y ago

The midnight game

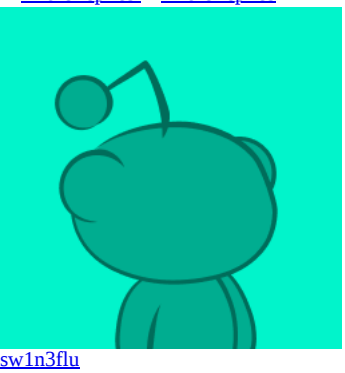
Rocky7072
• 13y ago

What is the midnight game?

1 more reply

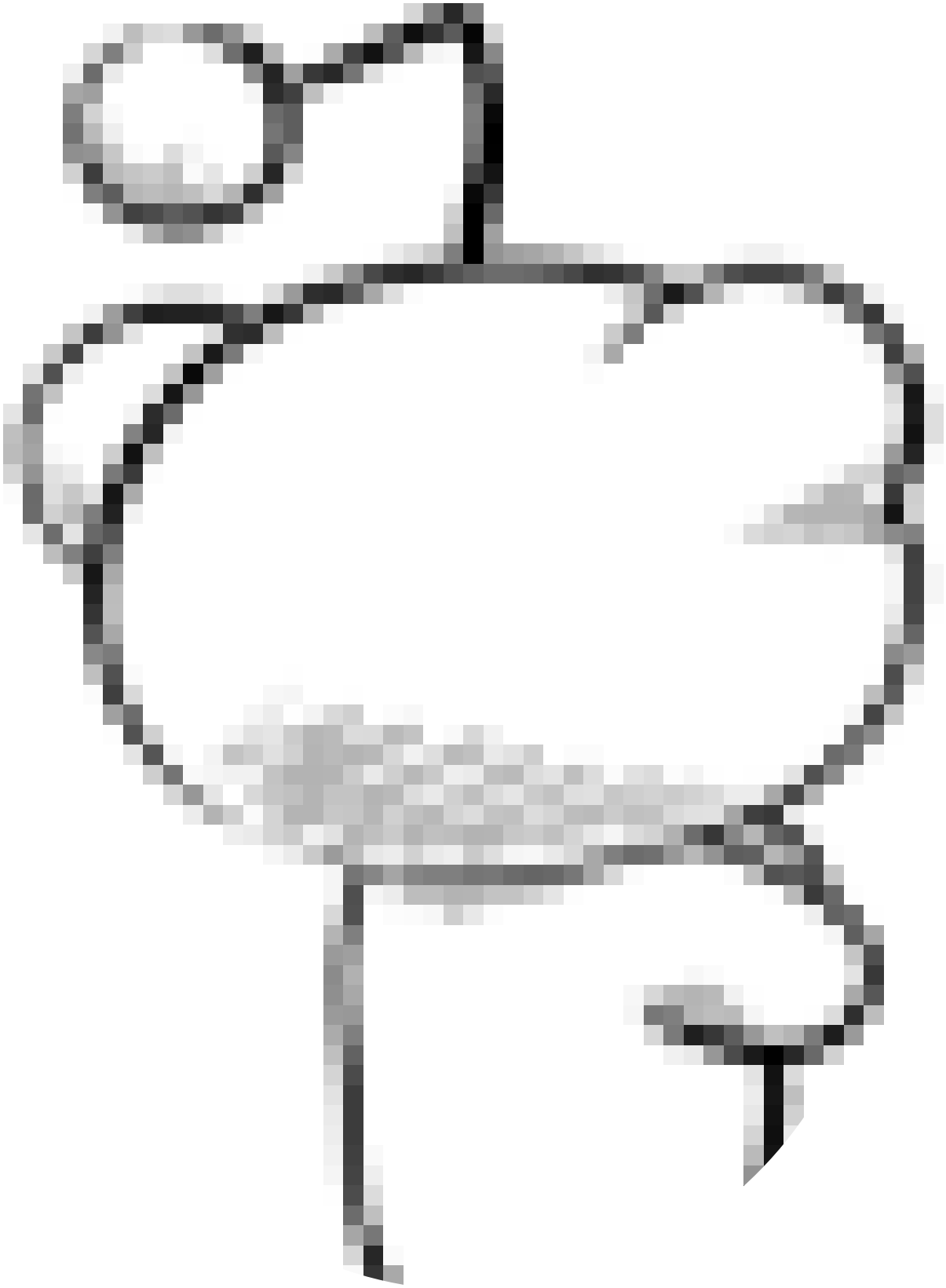
1 more reply

More replies More replies



sw1n3flu
• 13y ago

I was at a school auction and I walked home at about 9 or 10. I saw this really tall guy about 50 feet behind me, but I didn't think anything of it. A bit later I heard a short screech behind me so I looked and there he was, still pretty far away. I was pretty creeped out by that point so I walked faster, fortunately I was almost home. Then I heard a grunt and turned around, there he was 4 feet behind me. He then took a breath and said "I need about tree fitty."



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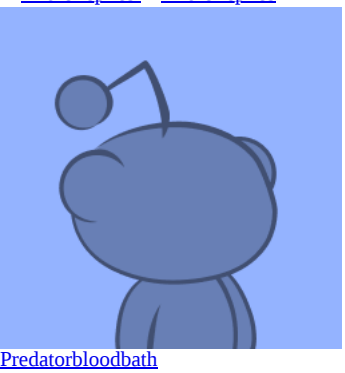
• 13y ago

These tree fitty posts are starting to get annoying now..

5 more replies

5 more replies

More replies More replies



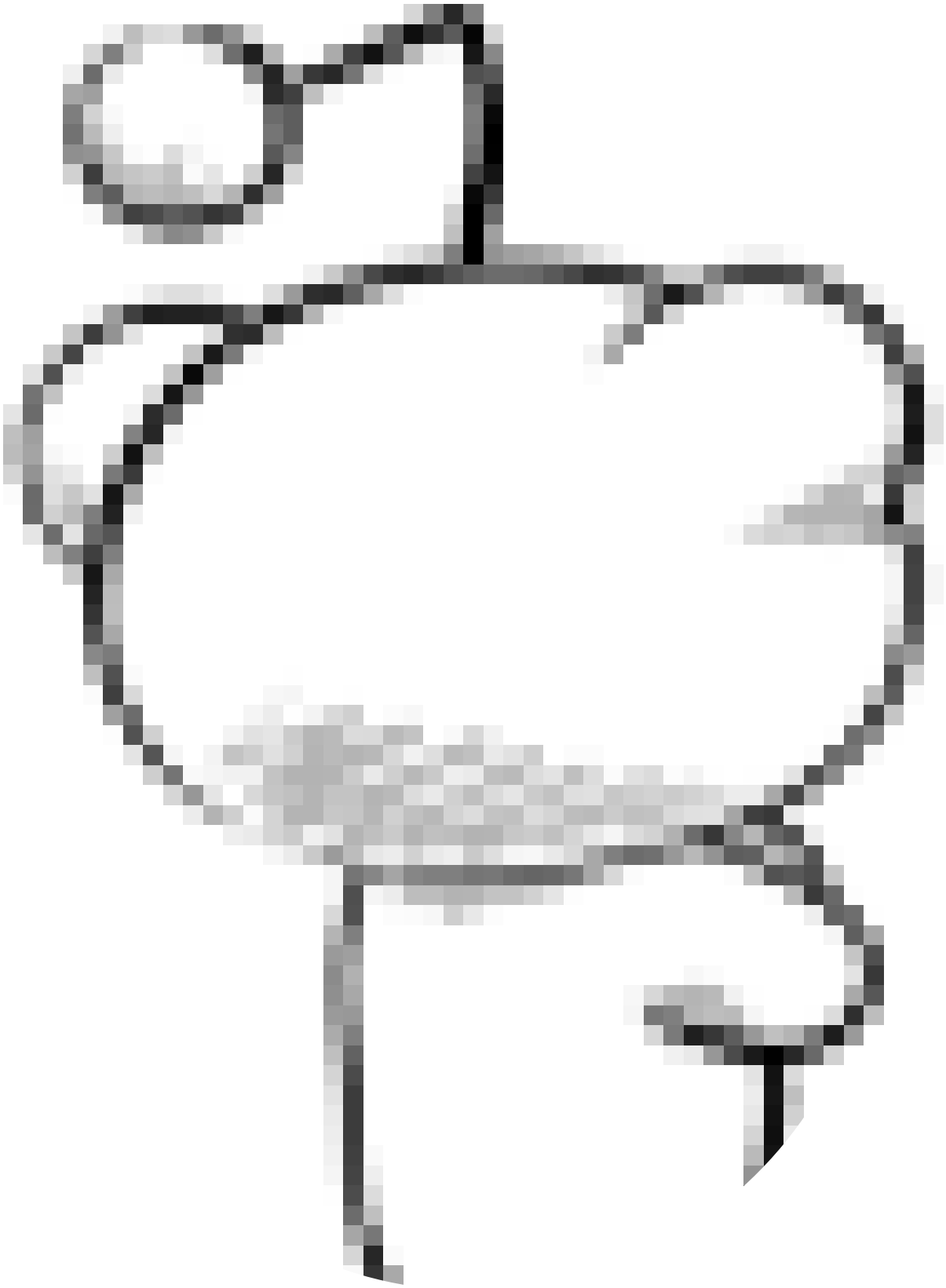
Predatorbloodbath
• 13y ago

I'm walking around some car park with houses around it and I see this old woman staring at something, she then mouthed "don't turn around" of course I turn around ,and it's night btw, and I see a man on all fours with no knees crawling around, I freaked the fuck out and called the police. Then it disappeared, shat myself that day .Tl;rd some knee less man on all fours crawls around while me and old lady stare at.

OldClunkyRobot
• 12y ago

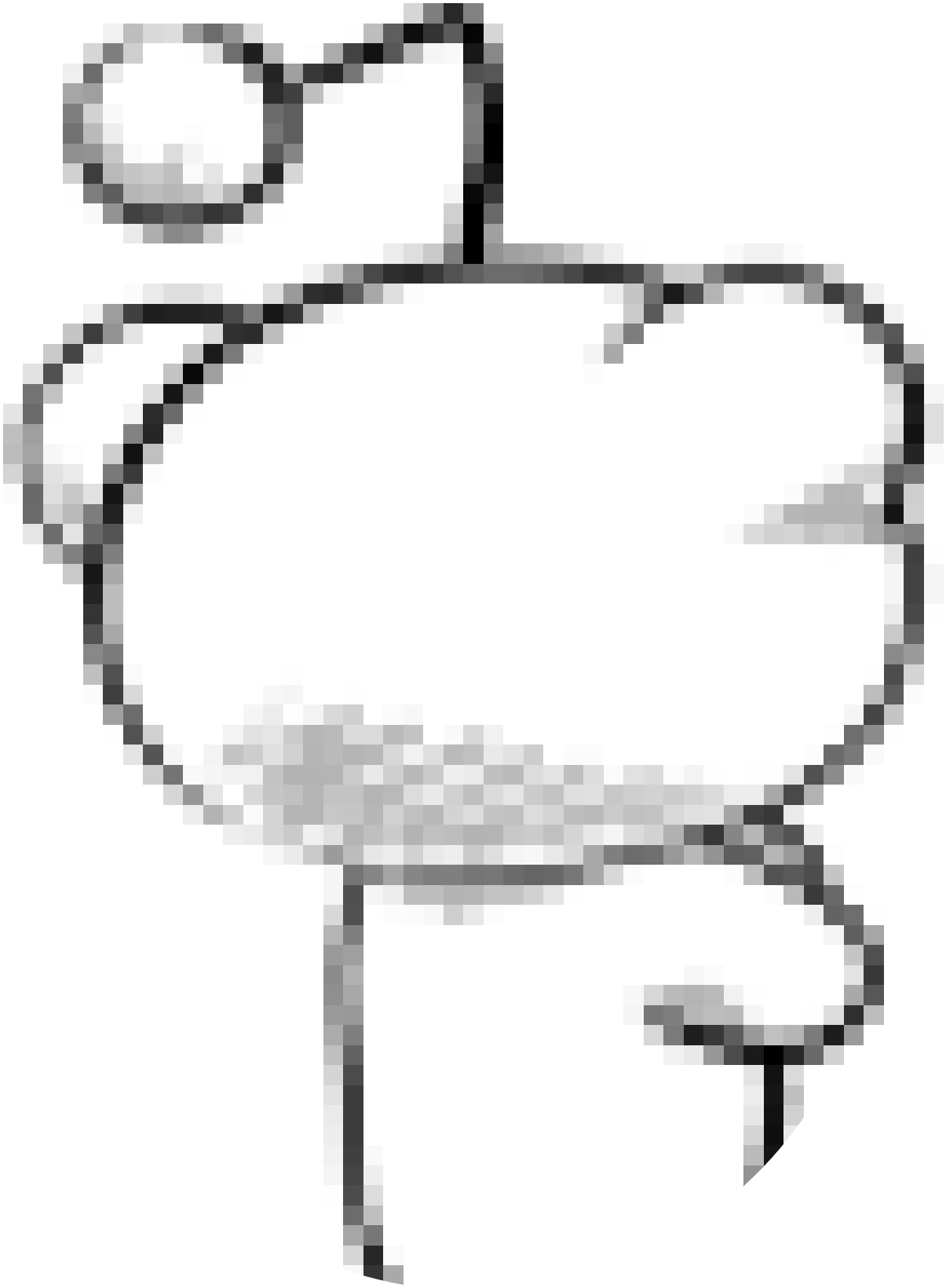
Creepy. No knees like his legs were super short?

More replies



dunstan_shlaes
• 13y ago

OP's mom.



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• 13y ago

About 2 years ago. I was house sitting for my uncle. One night me and my wife (gf at the time) were asleep and something woke me. I sat awake for a second and then I heard the sound again. It sounded like a crying baby. I swear to this day that I was fully conscious. I was terrified because we were the only ones in the house. I didn't know why on earth there might be someones infant child in my uncles house so I was legitimately worried as fuck! I tried wake my wife to ask her if she heard it as well. I had no ability to speak. I tried to open my jaw to move my mouth and still nothing. I was then really scared. Next I tried to move my arms to get going but I couldn't move them either. I think I laid there for a few minutes in fear/fatigue and just went back to bed.

In the morning I didn't say a word to my wife about it because I was so scared. I went to work and a few hours in I mentioned it to one of my co-workers.

TL;DR Was sleeping, heard baby crying. Tried to wake up and couldn't. Scared.

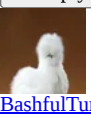
Reply Share

Gastronomicus
• 13y ago

> I tried to open my jaw to move my mouth and still nothing. I was then really scared. Next I tried to move my arms to get going but I couldn't move them either. I think I laid there for a few minutes in fear/fatigue and just went back to bed.

Classic sleep paralysis. You dreamt the noise dude.

Reply Share

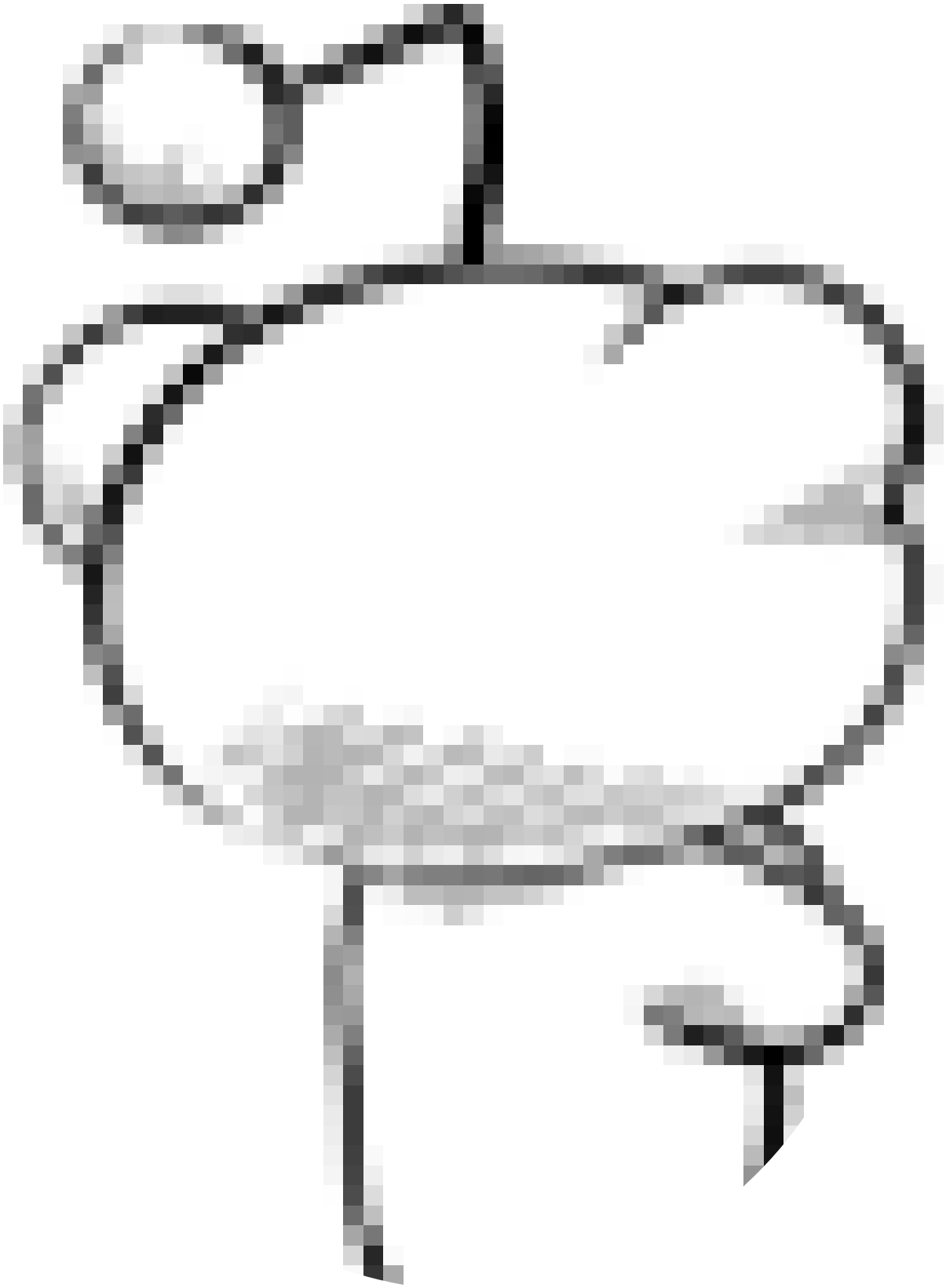


BashfulTurtle
• 13y ago

This sounds like sleep paralysis to the T.

Reply Share

More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

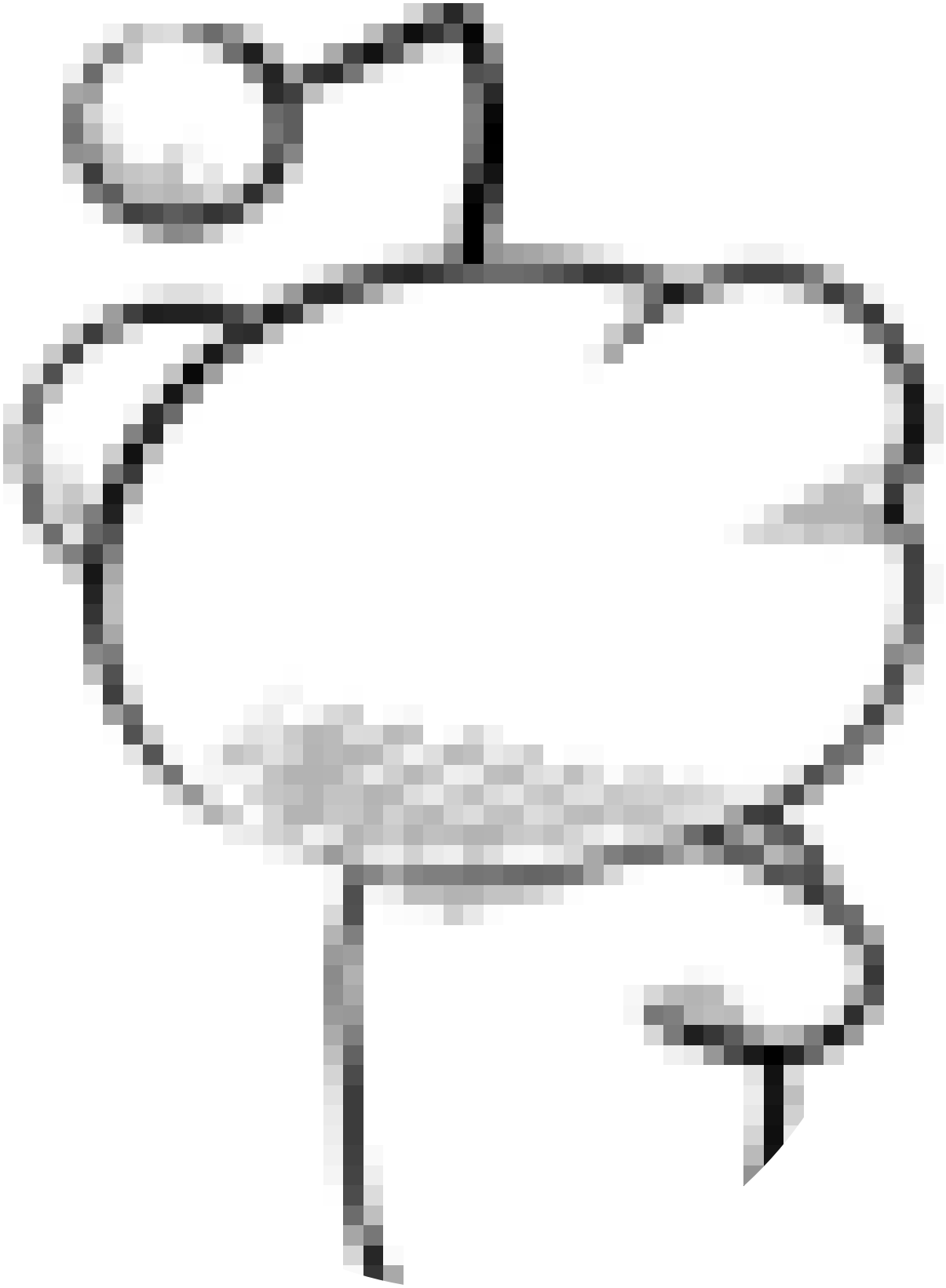
My wife when she qweefs. Always creeps me out.

Reply Share

Just2Comment
• 13y ago

the first time I slept at my GFs house I woke up to her sitting on top of me wanting to fuck...flattered,but kinda creeped me out lol

Reply Share



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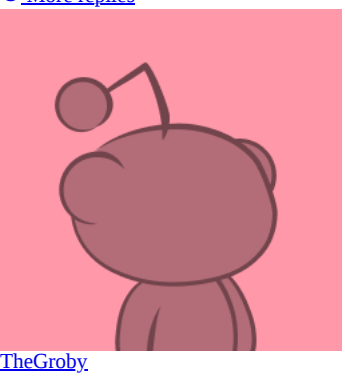
• 13y ago

pfft..i wake my boyfriend up with blowjobs all the time. Kind of a power trip

Reply Share

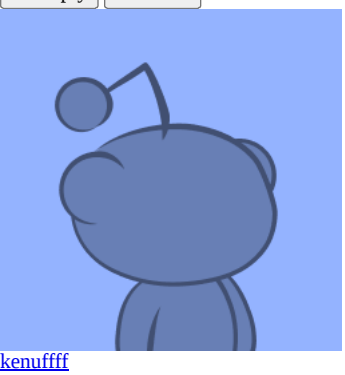
More replies



TheGroby
• 13y ago

A ginger

Reply Share



kenuffff
• 13y ago

i was on reddit one time, and read all these lame supernatural stories.

Reply Share

KHRZ
• 13y ago

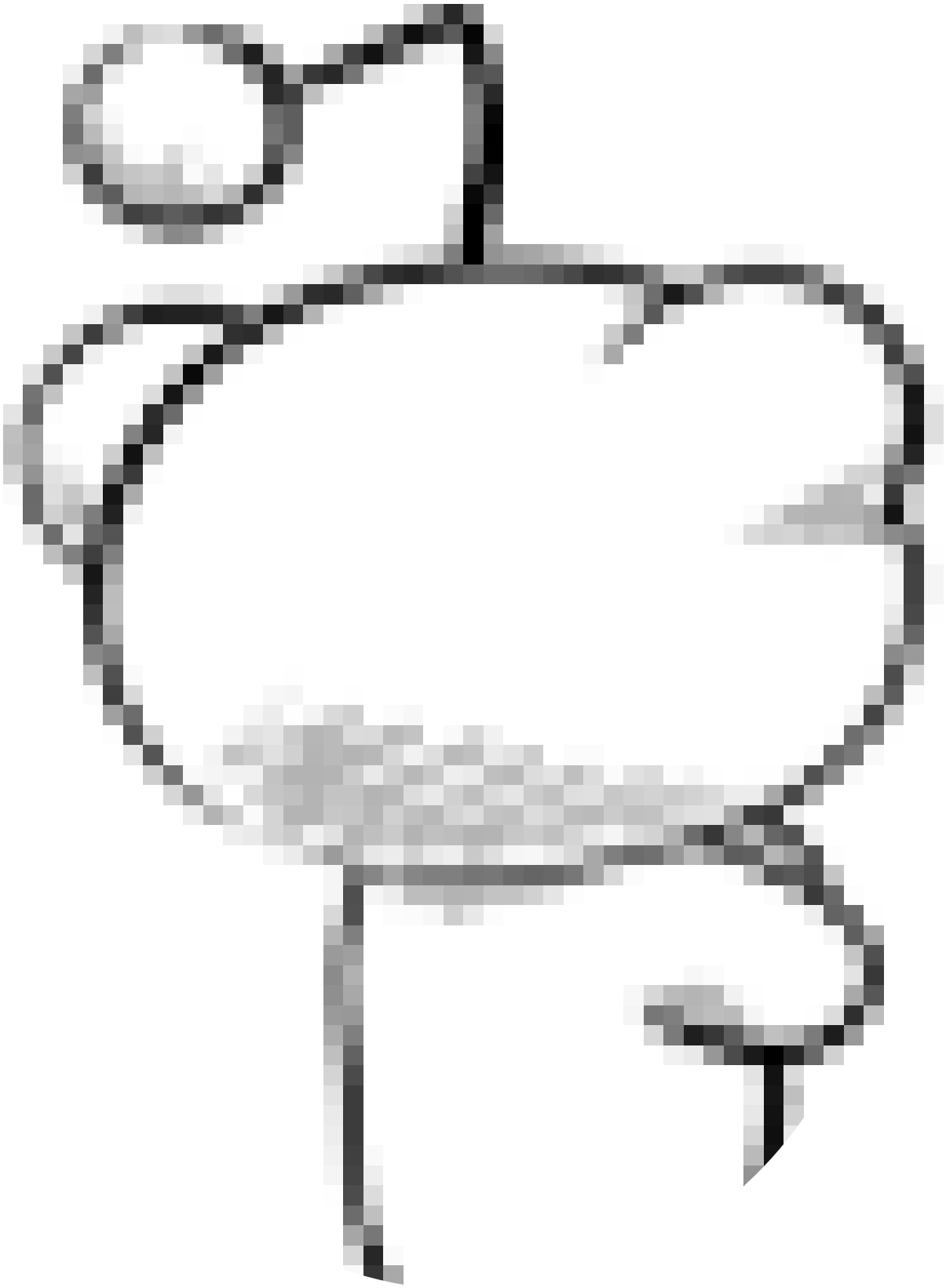
I asked my sister if she thinks my parents still like each other. She said no; my mother just won't divorse because she can't find someone else, and my father need her money. Then she told me just to stay friendly with them untill we inherit their money. I had long suspected it, and apparently my sister is a sociopath

Reply Share

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



[deleted]
• 13y ago

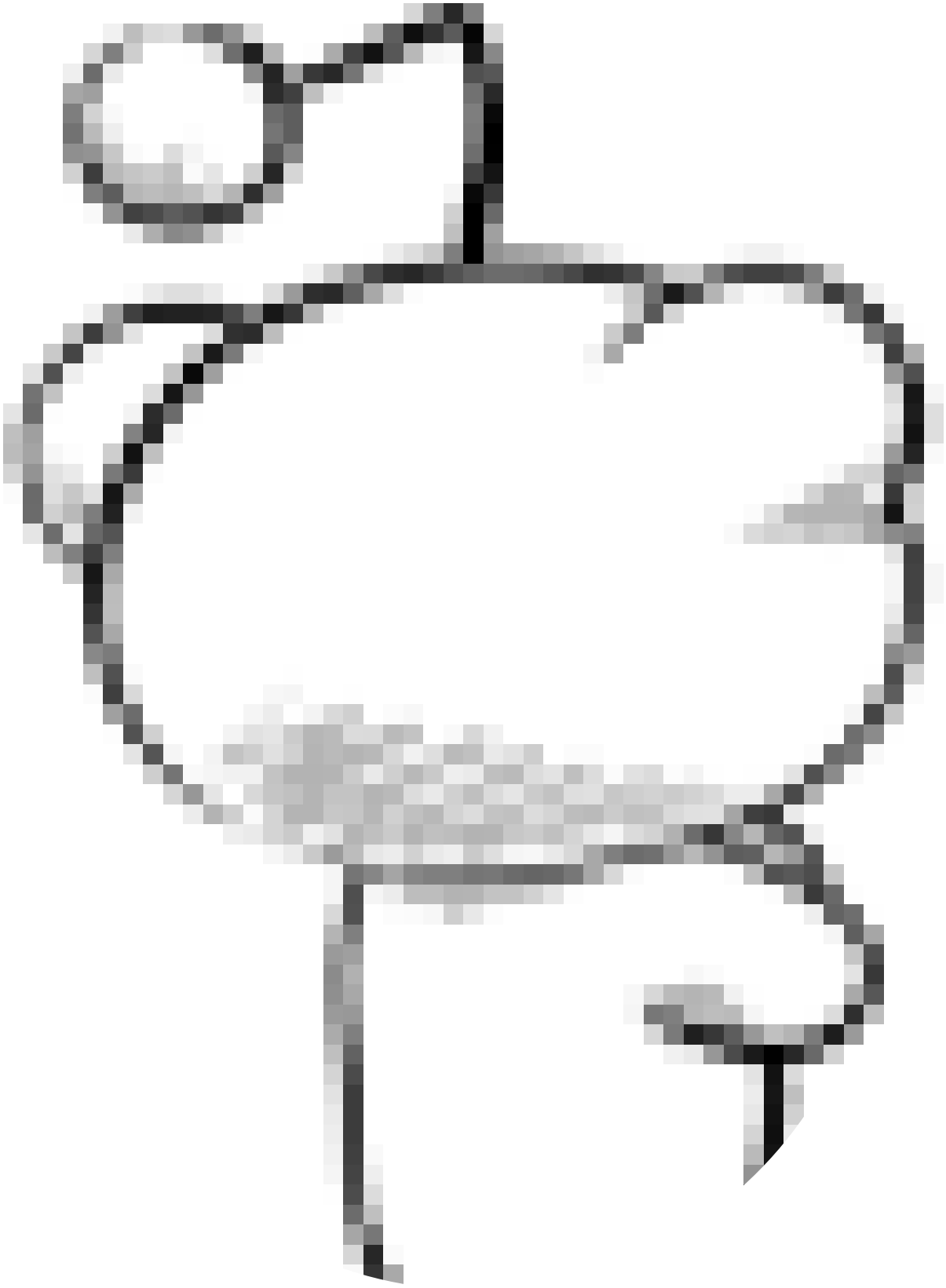
Why the fuck am I reading this months later, fuck u/wil , never checking your comment history again.

(Checked It to see if you only comment to respond to your name)

yip_yip_yip_uh_huh
• 13y ago

r/creepy. Get this crap off of AskReddit.

Reply Share

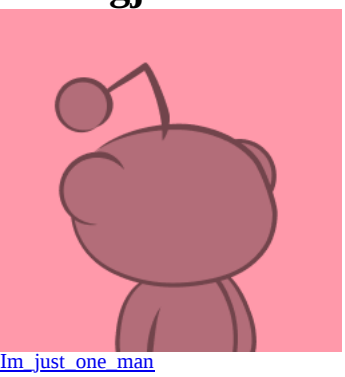


[deleted]
• 13y ago

In the very beginning of 2010 (sequel to 2001: a space odyssey) when the deep ass voice says "my god, it's full of stars!" Always creeps me the fuck out.

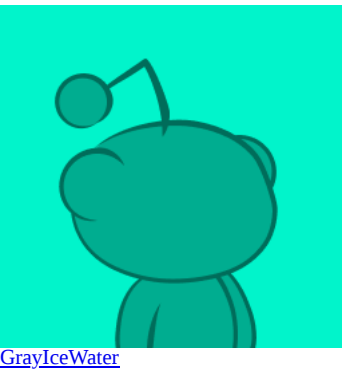
RoryGascoigne
• 13y ago

findingjandek



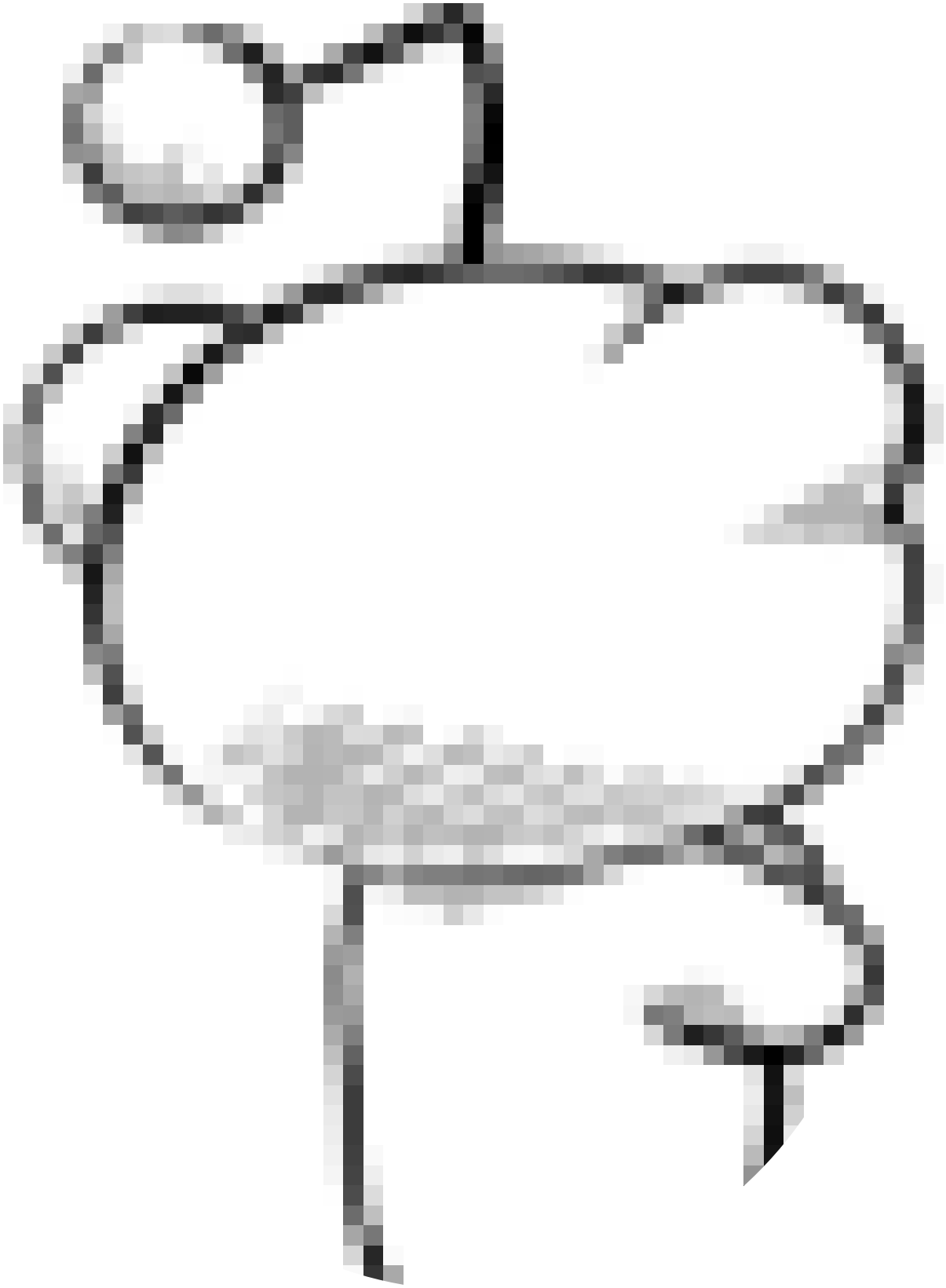
Im_just_one_man
• 13y ago

Orange



GrayIceWater
• 13y ago

Thanks for the edits? I'll never understand it.



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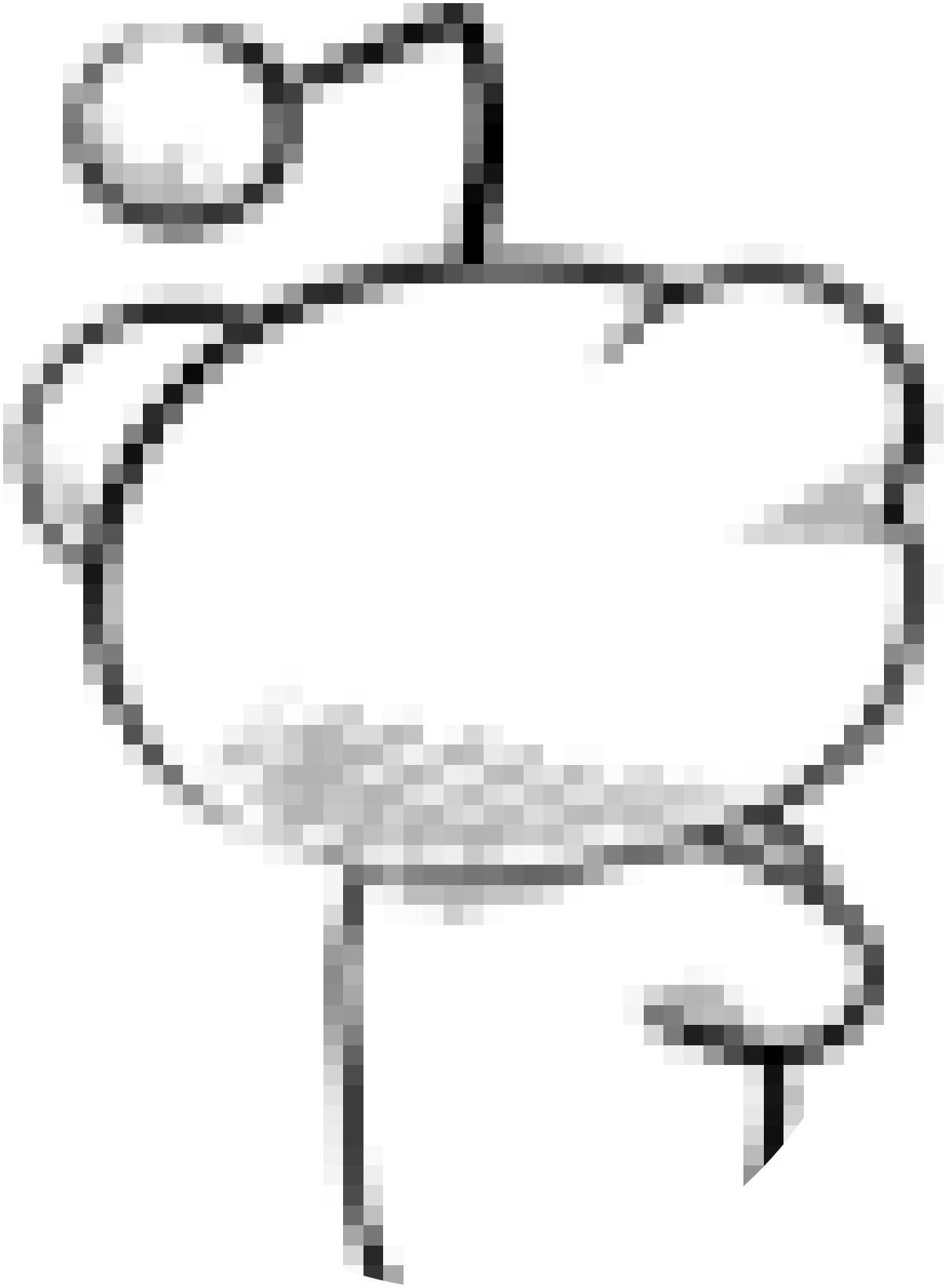
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

4 more replies

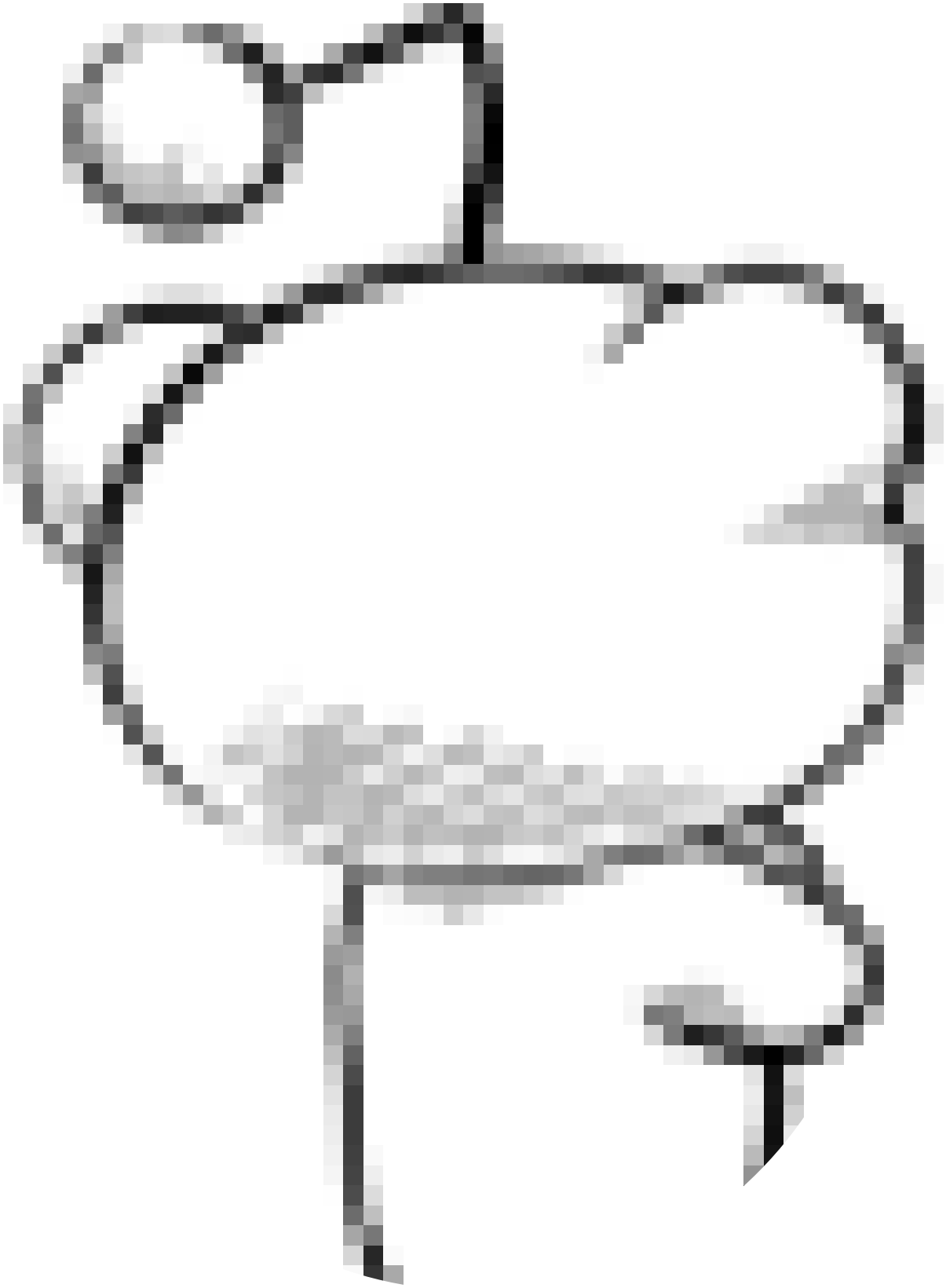
4 more replies

CallMeSandman
• 13y ago

Before I start, I don't have anything against gay or lesbians. Anyways, this is how it started. It was lunch time and I was hanging out with my friend Zachary, he then approaches these two guys (who are twins), and a beautiful blonde girl sitting with them. I'm only a sophomore in high school and they were seniors so I was a bit intimidated. Zachary sits next to the blonde girl, and I sit next to the twins, and one the twins ask Zachary, "who is this little fellow?" Zachary replies, "oh, that's Jorge". So, I smile at them and I make eye contact with the one next to me... He says "I bet your a BIG guy aren't you?".... I then was scared shitless and found out he was gay later that day.... He wanted the D... He wanted the D... I was only a sophomore :(

Ronsaki
• 13y ago

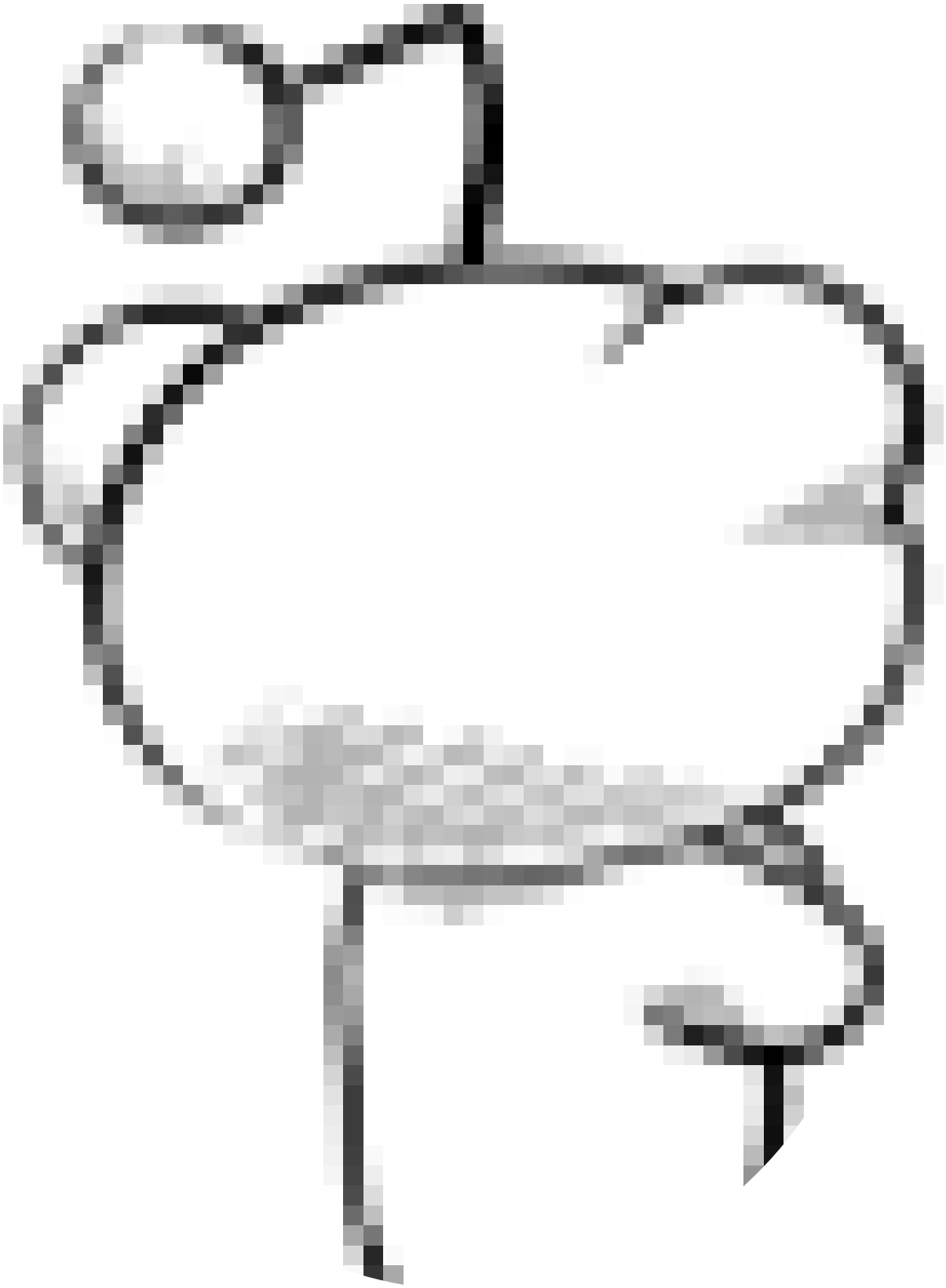
Here I am coming stoned home, sitting at a table and watching TV while eating. Next to me is my mother sleeping on the couch. I am enjoying the moment, when suddenly I spot weird thing. It looked very weird, like something wiggly small alive? was just chilling there in the mid air, not connected to anything. I am now even considering that I am having a hallucinaton, although I was aware that I smoked weed, and that's not a possibility. I get brave, come closer to it, and touch it. It's very dark, the only light is coming from TV. I am looking straight into it, focusing on it, all of a sudden my mom is awake, and looking at it also. And there was no question about it, it was a fucking worm hanging from the ceiling on some sort of a thin fabric fiber or something, I have no idea. We were in sort of a shock, I was stoned as hell, it was one of the weirdest things that happened to me ever. I still can't come up with a semi-possible story of how that happened, so any scientific or conspiracy theory is welcome.



carltoncarlton
• 13y ago

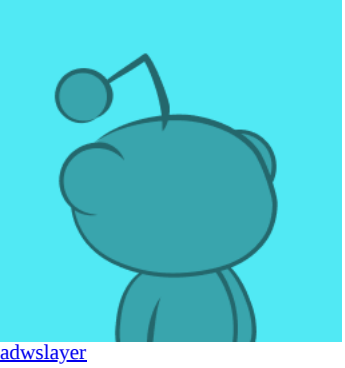
It was an insect.

More replies



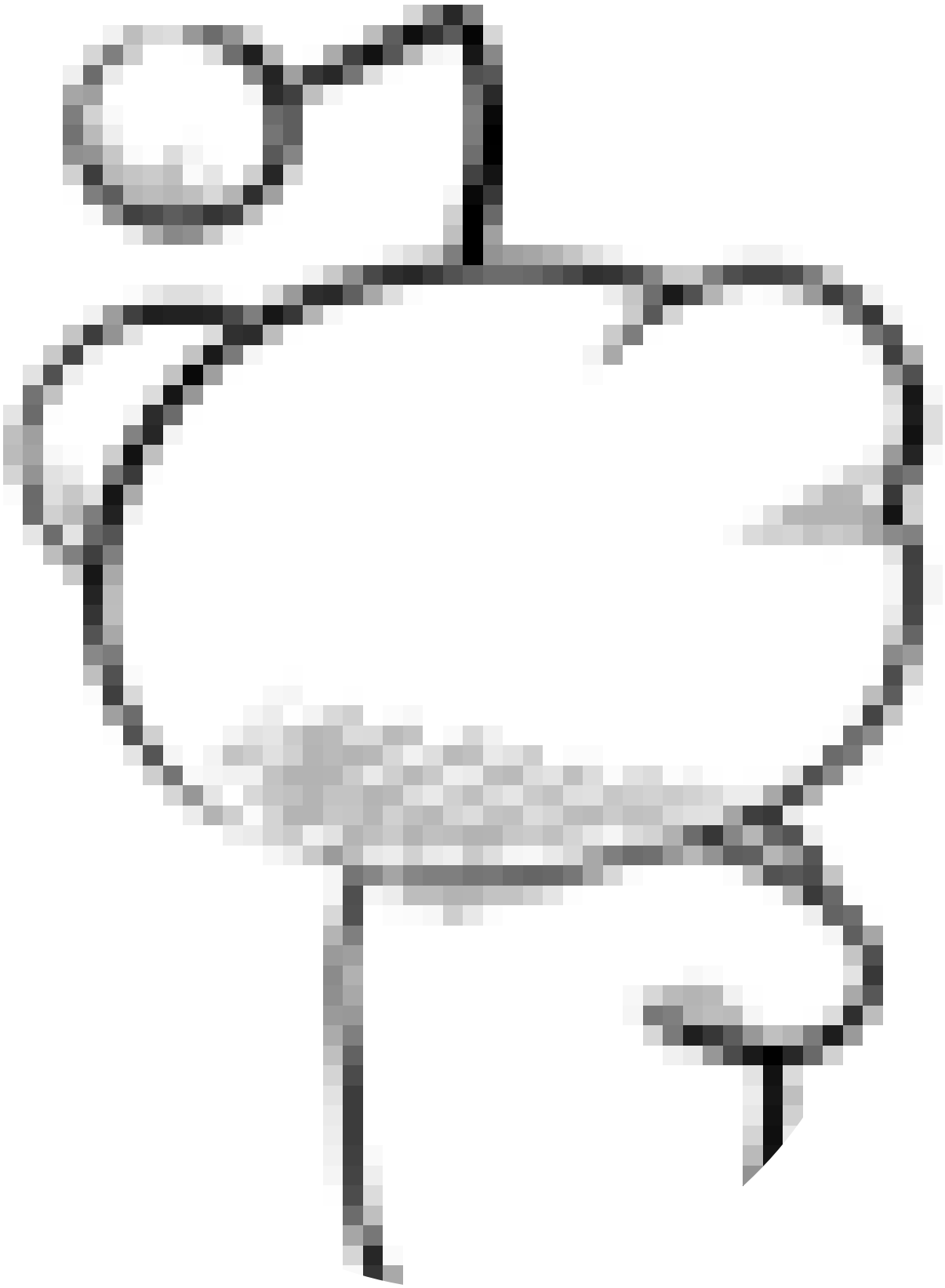
ibetthisisanewname
• 13y ago

ITT: People making up stories too short for r/nosleep. Smh.



adwslayer
• 13y ago

I'll just leave this here. You won't see it, *but it's there*...



[deleted]
• 13y ago

Comment deleted by user

YourNameHere
• 13y ago

Don't mean to be a grammar nazi, but you really took us down a garden path with one little pronoun.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies

adgal617
• 13y ago

Wut?

TrustTheDr
• 13y ago

A lot of the SCPs - This one stuck with me

Joshoc9
• 13y ago

About a year ago I was driving back from Los Angeles to Nashville. I was caravanning with two other friends, trying to make it to the halfway point of Amarillo, Texas to get some sleep. They had long passed me, and I was on I-40 in the middle of nowhere New Mexico.

Anyone who has ever driven across the country knows that there is not much civilization in a lot of those southwestern states outside of the known big cities. At midnight, it seemed even more abandoned than I remembered. Past Albuquerque, it is going to be hard to stop until one reaches Amarillo. But of course, nature called, and I had to pee.

I pulled over at a Shell gas station that is literally on the side of the interstate in the middle of the desert. It looked friendly enough from a distance, even having a Stuckey's on the inside. However, as I pulled in, I saw that it was closed. In fact, it looked as though the inside had not been opened in weeks. But I'm a guy, and I'm in the middle of nowhere, so I can just pee anywhere, right?

As I got out of my car, the wind was howling like a horror movie. I literally thought to myself "If there was ever a place to get away with murder, this is it." I decided to see if the doors were locked, and they were, so I went to the side of the building. I was about to relieve myself on the wall when I noticed a fence in the back with a trailer home behind it. I creepily tiptoed my way to the fence out of (stupid) curiosity, and noticed a flickering light inside the trailer. As I could imagine myself getting murdered mid-pee, I decided to go to the other side of the building.

Already feeling extremely eerie from the wind, the mystery trailer, and the the horrifying gas station music playing overhead ("That's My Daily's," anyone?), I cautiously went to the other side of the gas station. Right as I turned the corner, I stopped in my steps and covered my mouth quicker than I could let out a scream. About twenty feet away from me was a lifeless body lying on the ground. I stared in shock for about three seconds before sprinting back to my car screaming "Oh my god, oh my god."

I jumped in the car, sped off, and decided I could wait a few more hours to relieve myself.

CrzyClowns
• 13y ago

i was at a gas station that had a general store, some kid was leaving the store while a SUV was going back, it ran over the kid, the guy came out of the car, took the kid and got him inside the car, i guess he took him to a hospital, the sound the kid's bones made still makes me cringe

UncleCoyote
• 13y ago

Okay, I finally signed up to Reddit just to post this:

When I was in my early 20's, my wife and 2 year old daughter were living in an apartment complex in Upstate New York that was at one time in its many incarnations: a 20's brothel; a funeral home; and a child's daycare. They were small apartments consisting of a livingroom, small hallway that lead to the kitchen, and an upstair's bathroom / bedroom.

The livingroom was setup in such a way that to get into the kitchen, you had to walk past the end of the old battered couch and angle into the hall. My daughter, being two was a runner, and a fast little shit to boot.

One night, she was making a game of running past me and into the kitchen as I watched TV. I'd yell, go into the kitchen and grab her because I didn't want her whacking her head on the oversized table we had, and carry her back into the livingroom. Kids being kids, she made a game out of doing this every 15 minutes or so.

Watching TV, I hear a giggle, a tuft of blonde hair zips past my eyeline, and makes a b-line for the kitchen. More angry than I should have been at having my television show interrupted yet again, I yelled my daughter's name, jumped up and tore after her into the kitchen.

There was a giggle, one of the kitchen cabinet doors cracked shut and as I stomped towards it, my wife called out behind me, asking me what I was doing.

Rage in my eyes, I turned to face her, and my daughter whom she had been bathing when she heard me yelling, now wrapped in a towel.

I never opened the cabinet, and we moved out a month later.

Reply Share

Nyemenya
• 13y ago

When my kids were that age (now 11 & 8) they (mostly just my oldest when she was 2)would just stand in the hall and I would catch the reflection off the tv. All creepy and still. I would freak and she would be a statue till I picked her up and took her back to bed. My youngest, as often as yesterday, loves to creep into a room. I'll see a hand or foot slowly sliding in.

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atacms
• 13y ago

This takes place in Sandhills Gamelands were we conduct our land navigation test (find points on a map using a compass.) Now the land isn't military owned but is actually a huge gaming area in the back woods of North Carolina. The whole area is alive with all sorts of animals, bugs, and snakes and at times you spot you're occasional red-neck in the area.

I'm a few hours into a night test they had us doing, we had zero illumination from the moon so everything is pitch black. Mind you I've been doing this for some time now and I don't really freak out on a lot of the creepiness the woods bring at nights. At some point I was beating a large patch of draw or dense vegetation very hard to move and see through, into a large clearing following my azimuth on my compass I start crossing this grassy field.

Thats when I noticed this strange ghostly shapeless figure in front of me, I was doing bad on time and it was directly in the way of where I had to go so I kept trudging forward with no thought. As I got closer I realized whatever it is, it clearly exists and I felt like I needed to be a bit more cautious before crossing whatever it was so I held up my dummy rifle out in front of me, it passed through easily I followed up shortly after with the same ease.

I kept walking but kept looking over my shoulder back to it in case it would leave, move, or do anything but it just sort of chilled there until my sight was obstructed vegetation again.

Reply Share

LIEK_AN_LSD_TRIP
• 13y ago

I took a lot of shrooms once in the easter holidays, I was at home alone and took them at 1 pm. There was a Easter Mass happening near my apartment, and the first hours of the trip was a connection with god thing, hearing that beautiful Easter singing. Then, I saw a inverted pentagram when I closed my eyes that suprised me. After that, I had a very strange need to see horror movies and play any horror game, so I choose to play the Slender Man game while trippin. I played just one game I one lost because I couldn't stop looking to Slender Man when he first appeared, instead I ran to him laughing that he was only a videogame character. Well, after that I watched the new Silent Hill movie and when it was finished I was VERY FUCKING HIGH. Everyplace I looked, anywere, a very fucking disturbing Slender Man was looking at me, with that fucking noface of him. I runned into the kitchen and I saw him, I runned to the living room and I saw him, every fucking place in my apartment I saw him when I stopped and looked a random corner. I runned into my bedroom again and colapsed on the floor and closed my eyes saying: "You motherfucker you won't get me". Then I saw the inverted pentagram again, but this time with a Satan-like figure on it. I screamed: "THE FUCK NOT YOU SON OF A BITCH, MY MIND, MY MIND, MY FUCKING MIND" and I started to sing hindus prayers to scare off demons. After some hours, I was not high anymore and everything was normal again. That made me think I were schizophenic, and NEVER ever again to use shrooms (for some time).

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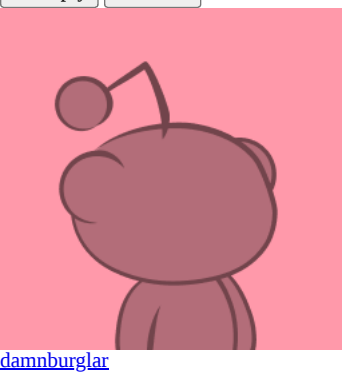


damnburglar
• 13y ago

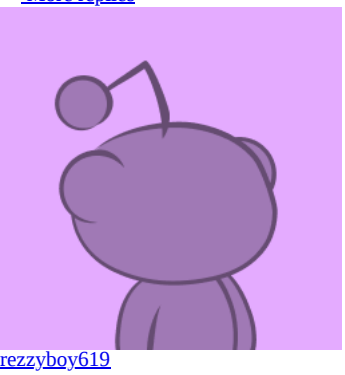
A year or three ago I read about a woman who was being creeped on by some guy on the bus. He told her she had beautiful teeth, and then followed that up with "I want them".

She remembers getting off the bus and then waking up n the ground (or something), her teeth pulled from her mouth.

damnburglar
• 13y ago

Not sure why this is getting down voted, it's pretty Damned creepy...

More replies



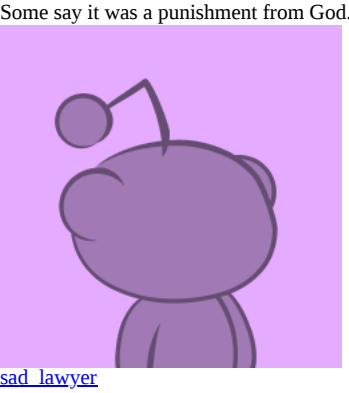
rezzyboy619
• 13y ago

This is a story back when I was a child living in Bangladesh.

I was at my aunt's house and my uncle brought forth pictures of a dead man. Me being only 5 years of age, my mother was hesitant of me seeing the pictures but I still whined and caught a glimpse of it. Boy was I scared at that time. It was a photo of a dead man in his grave being wrapped from head, almost constricted by a giant cobra.

Remember, Bangladesh is a heavily populated Muslim nation so this was the story that we were told. The dead guy was a Muslim who never prayed in his life. When he died, his family members tried to dig up the ground to bury him. Every time they would open up the ground, flocks of snakes would appear hissing. This happened several times until eventually, they found an area where there weren't any snakes. They buried him, said their prayers and went on their way. That night, as the grave keeper was locking up the cemetery, he heard strange hissing noises. It came from the grave that was buried earlier that day. They opened it up and witnessed the cobra, wrapping the dead body and being in the position to eat the dead man's face.

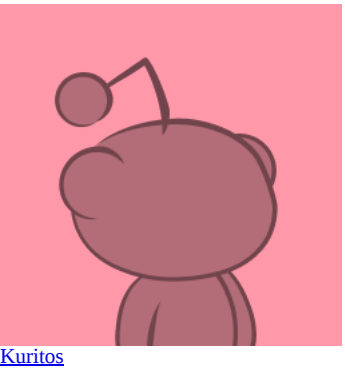
Some say it was a punishment from God. Some say that the snake will be in that position till Judgement day. All I can say is that I was scared shitless after I saw that photo.



sad_lawyer
• 13y ago

Creepiest: Standing at a bar waiting to order. I've got both elbows on the bar, credit card in one hand. Old dude next to me looks at me, looks at my hands, looks me in the eyes and says, "You got purty hands."

The way it all went down made me feel as though he were imagining my disembodied hands floating around in a jar on his desk.

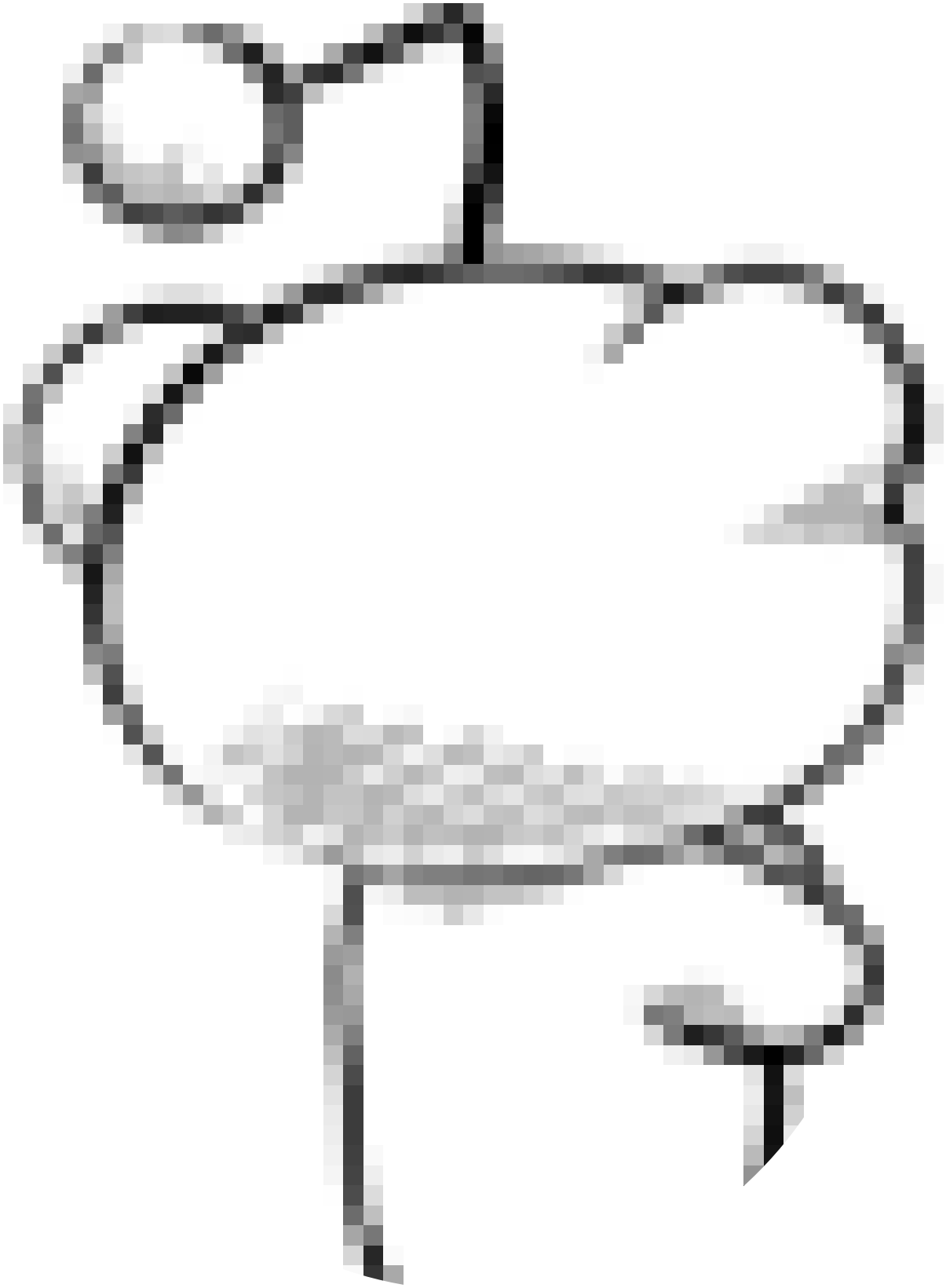


Kuritos
• 13y ago

A guy on /r/nosleep said he hears this at night in his house. Possibly fake but still.

Getzinator
• 13y ago

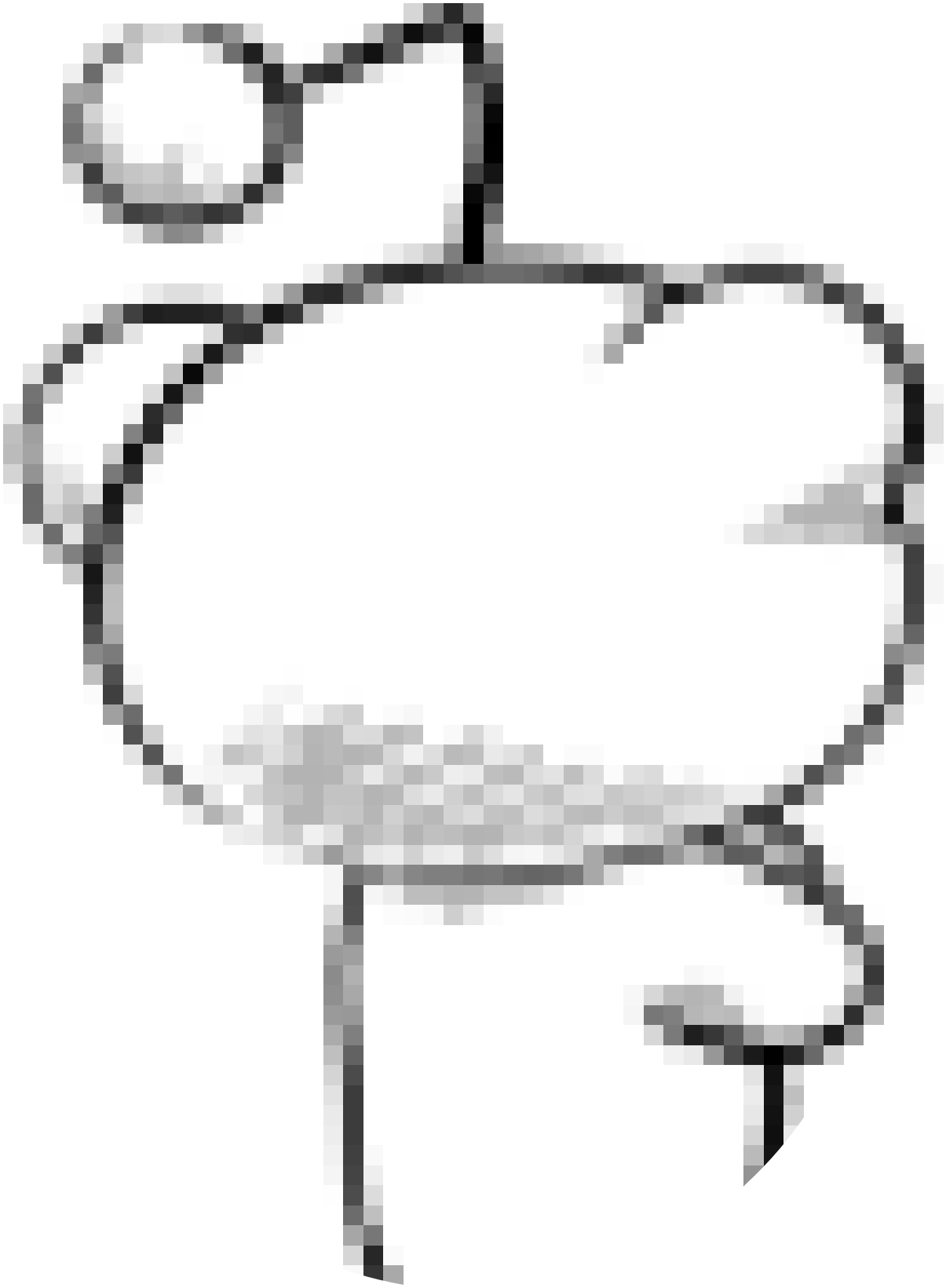
This comment on this picture.



[deleted]
• 13y ago

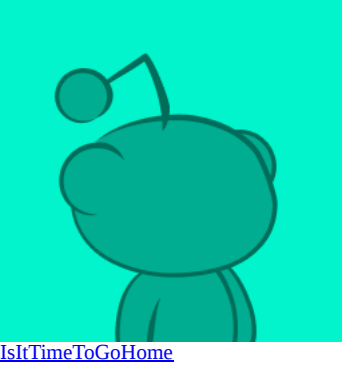
One time I was at home alone, laying on my bed. I was 22 years old and had graduated from college the year before. My cats were laying on the bed with me, at this point I had my cat Sydney for 9 years and had gotten her brother Pokey about 1 year before. It was the middle of summer in NJ and we didn't have air conditioning. It was a hot day. All of a sudden the room got ice cold, and the cats who had been sleeping on the bed both work up, raced down to the end up the bed and started hissing and growling at the doorway while their fur stood straight on end. This continued on for about a minute and then the room returned to normal temperature and they went back to bed. I ended up having Sydney for close to 20 years, I have had Pokey for over 10 now, and this was the sole time they did anything like this.

I found out the next day that someone I knew in college had killed themselves the previous day.



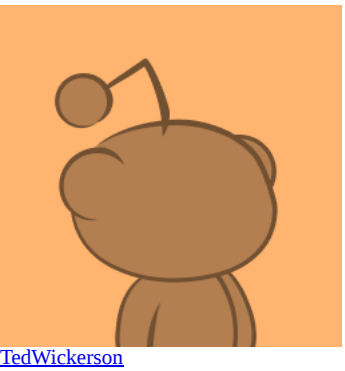
captainaubrey
• 13y ago

Once when I was a kid in Texas, we were playing capture the flag on the golf course behind our house with all the neighbor kids. It was dark and we were all moving around in various parts of the neighborhood. I was sneaking along by a neighbor's house when I was confronted by a man all in black. I can't recall his name or face. He said "I am the magician, go home, get a pack of cards, pick a card then call this number XXX (I can't remember the number) I'll tell you the card." I was freaked out but ran home grabbed a deck of cards and pulled one. I called this number and this voice said the name of the card then hung up. I tried to tell my mom, and friends, no one believed me. I forgot the number (for some reason I didn't write it down) but have never forgotten the incident. I am convinced I wasn't dreaming (I have lucid dreams and sleep paralysis so I know full well what a semi-waking hallucination feels/looks like), but can't understand or explain why or how this particular memory exists and how it could have actually happened. It confuses me still, more than 40 years later. I honestly can say it is the one completely unexplainable thing that has ever happened to me.



IsItTimeToGoHome
• 13y ago

The first thing that comes to mind.... I was sitting down at a local sandwich shop with my girlfriend. Guy sitting alone across from us is on his phone talking loudly (loud enough to hear clear without trying) and says "Ok then fuck it, kill the dog. He loves that fucking dog"...



TedWickerson
• 13y ago

This happened a couple of years ago when I was in college and living with two friends. There was actually three main incidents that stick with me to this day.

The first incident was early November 2008 and I remember that because Obama had been elected and there was a big celebration in my local community as it was a very liberal city. Anyways, I was doing laundry that morning because I didn't have class until 4. I was the only one at home and was in the basement changing out the washer and putting the clothes in the dryer. When I leaned over I heard a very distinct whisper, "I'm still here."

At first I thought it was my roommate's girlfriend who had a key and would come in whenever and hang out. So I turned around and talk to her and didn't see anyone. I checked the entire house and confirmed I was the only one there. I left the house and drove to school and didn't come home until my roommates were there and we talked about it.

The next year, again in November, I was up late brushing my teeth in the bathroom. My two roommates were in their rooms with the doors closed while I was watching a game on TV while brushing my teeth. As I leaned down to spit out my toothpaste I noticed a figure walk past the open door between the bathroom and the bedroom. At first I thought it was my roommate going to the kitchen. So I walked to the kitchen to talk to him only to be met with an empty, dark kitchen. I immediately went to my roommates bedroom and banged on the door and discussed the issue. Both roommates were slightly freaked, but also skeptical. The third incident freaked me out the most. I was in my room working on my thesis around 3 am. I was completely absorbed in my work as no one else was awake and it was just myself, Tupac playing in the background and my bedside fan on. As I turn from my computer to my desk I look at my door knob. I'm not sure why I looked at it, but I did. As I looked up, my locked door popped open. The handle didn't turn. There was no click. The lock didn't unlock. It literally just popped open and the door opened just an inch or two. This door never did this before or after this incident and there is no explanation as to why it would have. It's a heavy door that closes completely when not propped open. I sat there, frozen in fear.

I detailed the incident the next day with one of my roommates who is an amazing researcher. If there's anything about anyone, he will find it. So he digs into the house records and our landlord's as well. He finds out our landlord first bought the house in 2003 with his wife. Apparently his wife passed away from cancer in 2005. He looks into it further and finds out she was at home at the time of her passing. And to top it all off, I was living in the children's bedroom.

TL;DR - Ghost of my landlord's deceased wife whispers to me, walks to the kitchen, and opens my bedroom door to check in the kid's room in the middle of the night.

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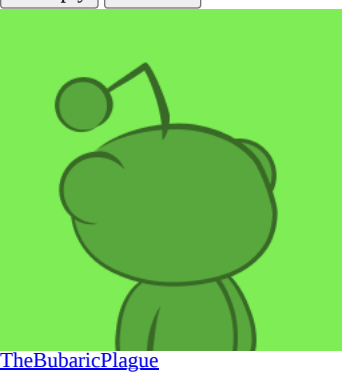

TheBubaricPlague
• 13y ago

This fucking video:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9C_HReR_McQ

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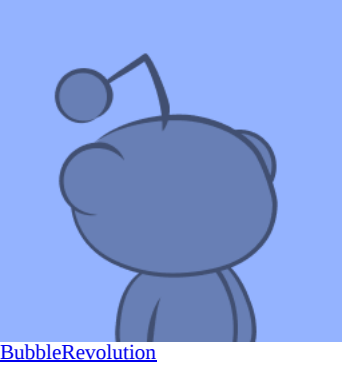

BubbleRevolution
• 13y ago • Edited 13y ago

I haven't experienced anything THAT creepy, but there is something I remember from my childhood that freaked me out. Although it sounds pretty stupid now that I think about it.

I was about 6 years old, and was camping with my family. Me and my cousin set out into the woods around the campsite to go exploring. We didn't too far down the trail when we stopped and stared at the brush in between the trees. There were two gigantic white rabbit ears, about the height of tennis racquets, sticking out of the brush. I stared for a few seconds, then looked at my cousin to see if she saw them, too. She did, and screamed "demented bunny rabbit" as we bolted back to the campsite. It doesn't sound that scary, but as a six-year old, it freaked me the fuck out.

Two years later we saw it again. In the same area, we saw something large and white hopping through the bushes. We ran back to camp screaming again. I went back to the campsite when I was 12, hoping to see it again and find out what it was, but I never did.

I honestly have no idea what it was, but I know it wasn't one of our parents/cousins playing a trick on us, as they were all present as we got back to the campsite. I highly doubt it was a giant rabbit, though. It could have possibly been some guy in a rabbit suit camping nearby, but that's an extremely odd thing to have while camping. Seems more logical than a giant rabbit, though.

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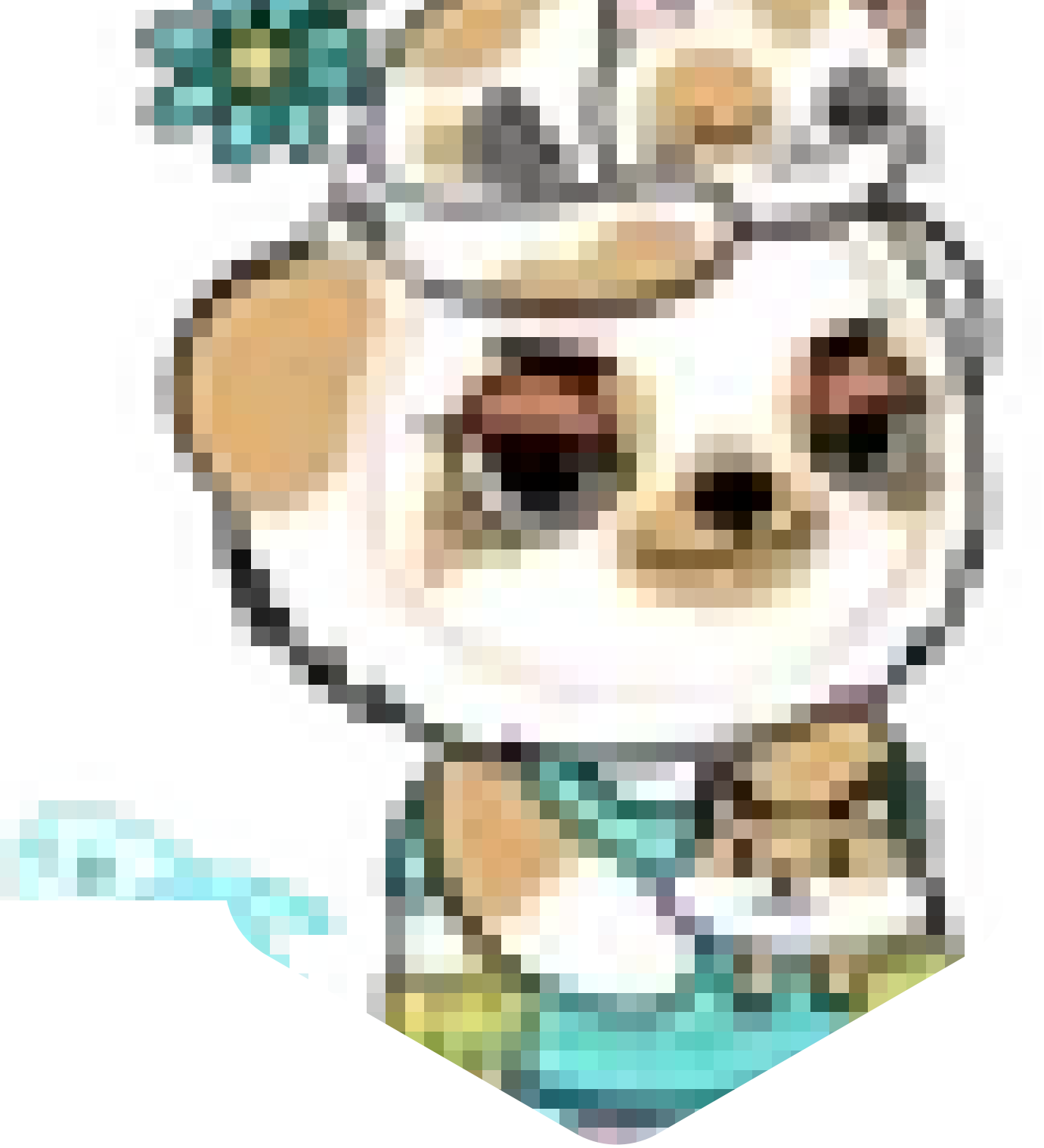

octoale
• 13y ago

It was a furry living out his rabbit dreams.

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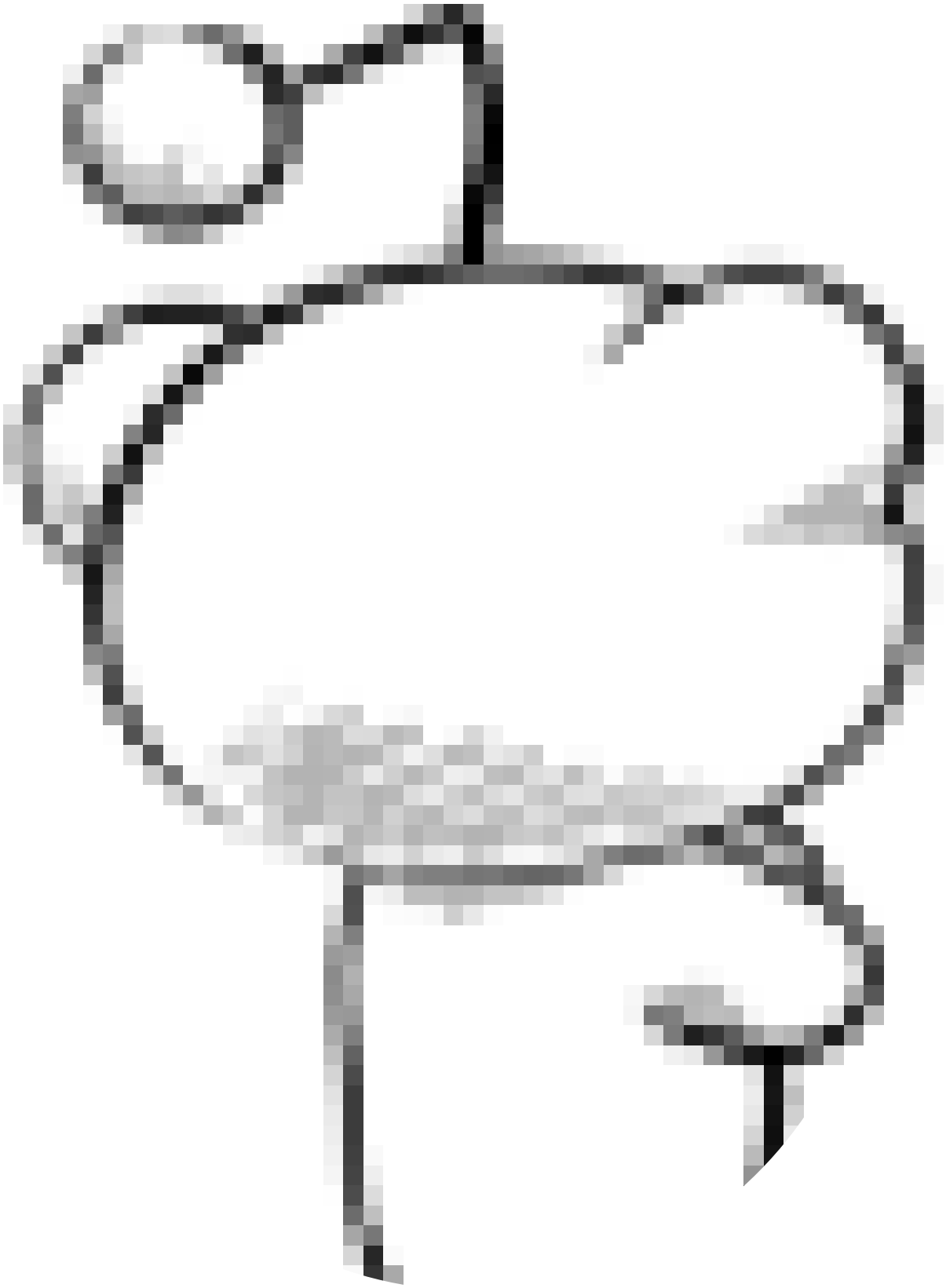

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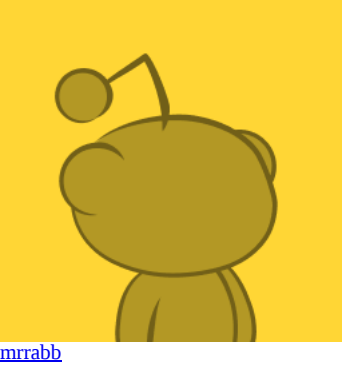

mrrabb
• 13y ago

Sounds like sleep paralysis. When you sleep, in order for you to not act out your dreams, your brain paralyzes the body. You woke up before the rest of your body could and often times it results in awful hallucinations, auditory and visual. Not to burst your bubble or anything, but that's probably what happened.

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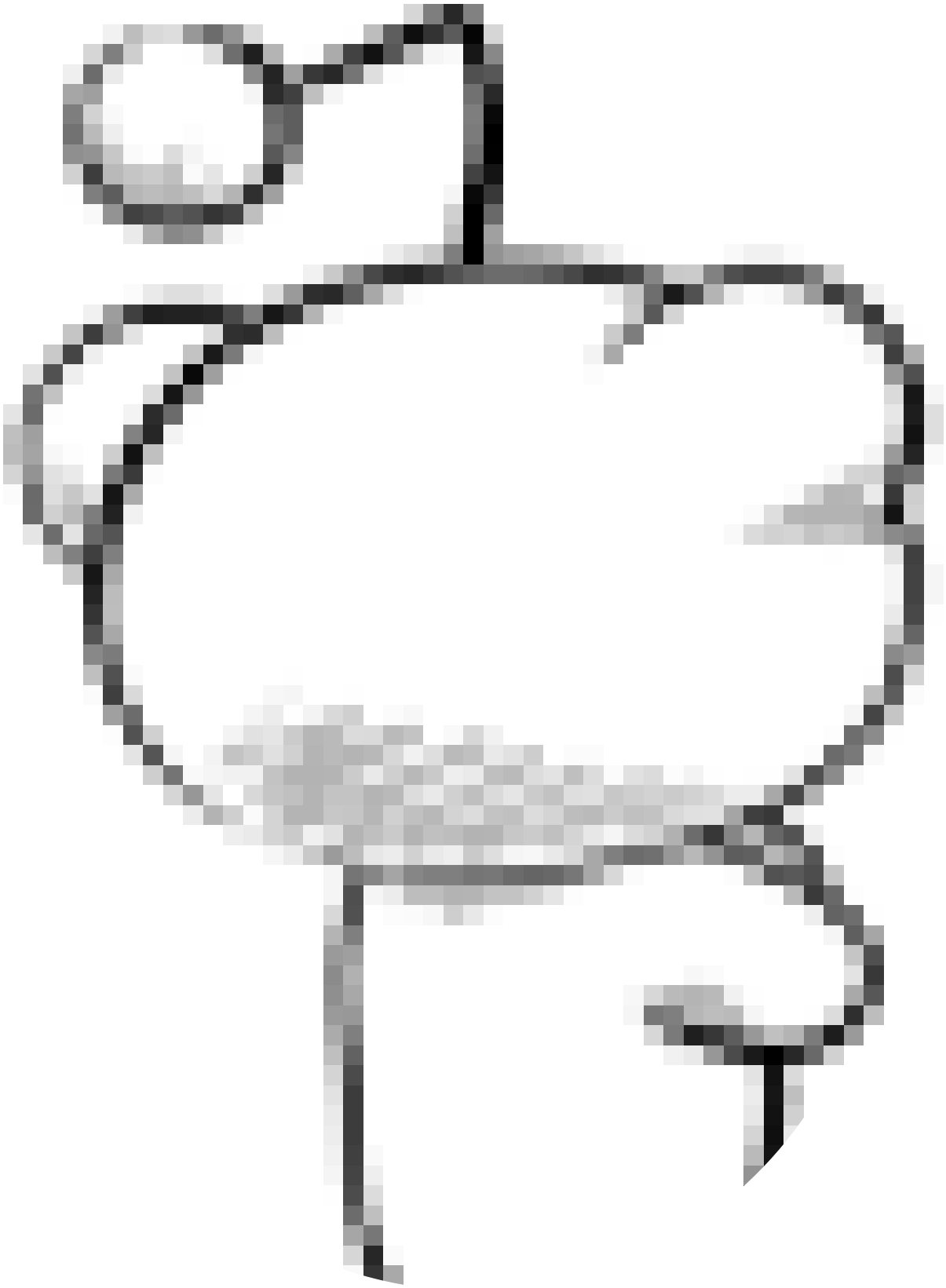

broncitoftw2
• 13y ago

Yeah, that sounds exactly like most people's experiences with sleep paralysis. Don't sweat it, there's no shadow people! :)

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Collapse Navigation

------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: image/png Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://emoji.redditm_t5_2qh1i/donkey_right PNG IHDR ZS*iH IDATx w e Y kk,+V Ml =?} m=S~ y I Go >8 B Y qaYU a + S A* 9,r R O u8w `8 g- 5 APJ s!.^P _ s EJ !  N n V lU [X a_lmu d4 =X+H& Q U q q d p 9 q L _v; Fi Wx ?9y?7 nl!\}Ag k/ f N[AY t} NL 8 6Q! @8 )K dB6 {4M G ^ -f i Z qL @ A aD c0N Q ) M o 7} _3 w8S:WJ y c 7 1 g _ G ~@> g J ! [L # %fZm IB d p8 *2 Ne yF#n D d -Z ZP! V d O Z hF jF ! 1 r% 4` 8k Cy>a G 6k v 4 q f3 j !q Qγ s 3 3 ll " }x 7b* d p Kn j Y 5 F G hz M U m f h ! ɥ V* a@# D y^1 n /F$ u 9y \ x k f 컬 n Y!D 4 箏.{ j q>f 辈 b+G ; D]b% r| m Z Q# G8 J+ V c,Y 9K y:u dEN$ < B , 9K 1J(T% VH î 0 ~ 3R yTN ? '' 1 S ! KK+ R.l]2;D P 7R s <V { {| \ =ʒ˃ 9 Ó aA?- _g ᶯN 6i7[;mẎ lmm" OEdi f %%.RHBH $!@JI *CQ I V 4UIYUxZQU% B]5XK 8W "$TBE a f =0Q+ VO i t=A) ` x {;^ o s .8 ln O? h< 6ɲ hLQ C6J̈X I pa IK _ lI l5 | (r x K.e}} yx G j!@A0% f Z i _g ) < R:1u 4 k $c ? 1xک #o Aa C $) q ) + |Vw N K ^7#%^ F p < & w #o&w qJ7\ 7 K s S< UY Ꮆ G^ C OR <( $?"DaȮE bm} #yY i {^eW QDUVL&c %EQ`+ (} S$ m s 4 T h 0 `y SU% <f c@* ¥0! `i~ (@H k+ IÆ hH%% F "'jDS' LF#p kj J) \ C b /D EU`\8Kë /R0D Ξ9^ 7 o Q9 k O W A1 uq !- X:Lp< # # s J C &  X e]k p 4 9 h b E V (nS e ;R'[H) ɲ g J q H) $Yp 0 w g9 H 0h h ᵲ[1 1 BG ( c D T * +dE M3V - M JE a~ Q Z6 J ` xDqL > z K^ w \6 f :j2O 5 .33 ¦ v Fw E$E Ulom $ = *1 6ص Y PJ 0 (X]]e< F B b8 $I BPW~ = ,eY YGQU c = eI #5%RH ($ Ë j* `-~ r| "HƑf+`fv F̈I 1ᵴ _\$l 2 ¤ c m o> 5 \Iȏ ڈ@cmAUe [:| ǎ (%L2 deFis n K i iI#n 9 (Y 6 4 a Xg 9 <ў :(K, 0Dz [=JIY %! PR c{ Ÿ!%R qLU E u yh Q v B8| Y $Kɳ 4 0 R :ůL XX l i d `c l p UA s 5 Ø8{ % s e e I e c v b ^g0 u SPf$i u%UU x2BJI Ťy D()q s s T dL#jL:d< /PRL 1AY %X e 7- =eA^H)q QU B M r U hO3 @i *K<:u V x @ X X 0@ L l Z

yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_doh7s/styles/profileIcon_4ap2izpqwypf1.jpeg?width=64&height=64&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=64%3A64%2Csmart&s=ddc1297874223a16c504cd9af8ced3ccc32776ce RIFFZ□WEBPVP8 N□□*@@>M□D"□□□□□(□ĶcX&=□□□□x62N□p□P□b□□y□z □□□□ S□□[□□□□□□~□□□□□.□□□龖□k□□□□□□□□-□c□□K>□N□□□c□□""T;□ □□a□□+!jQ□q@□□OO□□l^T□□5□b□□□V□□ □I□□□H簋□G□x^ □\z□:tu□□x%□□J:뫈ç□z□□□□□□>B□H□□□□□+l□P□z&VÀ]~□□e□□"D□r□□□□□□□=□{□□□\□K3O□.□□□EF□7□_O1a□□L□D□□:□□ □澀 XE□□f□□□□□:b6□□□XA[=e□u□□□□x□□e□□□□□"□□□□2S1 G□□□□^□□□j7□□□□□□□□`□□W□U8□Š□□□~□□□□□□□□4{□□9□□□5#L□bM□g□□□□m□□□8□□ B□□□□□WZ□□W□~□q□czi~E□□□□y□□]}□□F□W,l□t□□!N□□□aO~□□KM□x□□p□ □T□&□)□□v□□□□[□f&□□□□□D □□□'□T□□□□□□□□} □□z□□□□u□□□□H□B□zp □9□K□□□□□□□?□□□□□□□q□□)C[□□□□DЧ.C□1□□j□□□(□□A□□□□□{ □□□□.8□□□□□□n□#□□ □ {□□□□□□□□

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yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location:
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*revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } .rtjson-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } .rtjson-text-full p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } .rtjson-text-full p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/comment-forest-client-css-DHGvxlkb.css @charset "utf-8"; shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p { margin-top: 8px; margin-bottom: 8px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/hui-grid-client-css-DP-dfyG4.css @charset "utf-8"; flex-left-nav-container { --rtl-multiplier: 1; --hover-curve: var(--expand-curve, cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1)); --unhover-curve: var(--collapse-curve, cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1)); --hover-duration: var(--expand-duration, 300ms); --unhover-duration: var(--collapse-duraction, 250ms); --flex-nav-closed-size: 32px; --flex-nav-expanded-size: 272px; --closed-floating-translation: calc(var(--rtl-multiplier) * (var(--flex-nav-closed-size) - var(--flex-nav-expanded-size))); --open-floating-translation: 0%; --left-nav-box-shadow-none: 0 0 0 rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); --left-nav-box-shadow-hover: var(--elevation-lg); --left-nav-min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); --flex-nav-z-index: 100; position: relative; box-sizing: border-box; min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); border-inline-end: none !important; } flex-left-nav-container:dir(rtl) { --rtl-multiplier: -1; } @supports (height:100dvh) { flex-left-nav-container { --left-nav-min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { flex-left-nav-container { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } } flex-left-nav-container[no-animate], flex-left-nav-container[skip-animation] { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } flex-left-nav-container:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } flex-left-nav-container reddit-sidebar-nav#left-sidebar { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-nav-buttons { position: absolute; top: 20px; z-index: calc(var(--flex-nav-z-index) + 1); inset-inline-end: -16px; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-container { contain: layout; box-sizing: border-box; will-change: transform, box-shadow, border-inline-end; position: fixed; width: var(--flex-nav-expanded-size); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-none); min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents { will-change: opacity; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; transition: opacity var(--unhover-duration) var(--unhover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents[hidden] { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { display: block; z-index: var(--flex-nav-z-index); visibility: visible; opacity: 1; transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-nav-expand-button, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-nav-collapse-button { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-container { opacity: 1; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; transition: opacity var(--hover-duration) var(--hover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] { border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translateX(var(--closed-floating-translation)); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container { box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-hover); transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"].hovered #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; } .flex-grid--main-container-card { width: 100%; } .grid-container { --expand-duration: 250ms; --collapse-duration: 300ms; --expand-curve: cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1); --collapse-curve: cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1); box-sizing: border-box; grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { .grid-container { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } } .grid-container:has(flex-left-nav-container[no-animate]) { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .grid-container:not(.grid-full), .grid-container:not(.grid-full).flex-nav-expanded { --flex-nav-width: 272px; --transition-duration: var(--expand-duration); --transition-curve: var(--expand-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full).flex-nav-collapsed { --flex-nav-width: 32px; --transition-duration: var(--collapse-duration); --transition-curve: var(--collapse-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) { will-change: ; grid-template-columns: var(--flex-nav-width) 1fr; transition: grid-template-columns var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) .subgrid-container { will-change: max-width; max-width: calc(100vw - var(--flex-nav-width,0px)); transition: max-width var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1128px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1400px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-l { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xl { max-width: 756px; } } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/guides-suggested-queries-client-css-BbOsI5UO.css @charset "utf-8"; .guides-response-preview a { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; color: var(--color-primary-plain); text-decoration: none; } .guides-response-preview a:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain-visited); } .guides-response-preview a.no-visited:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .guides-response-preview a:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain-hover); } .guides-response-preview li { margin: 0px; list-style-type: disc; } .guides-response-preview p { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; margin-block: 0.5rem; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .guides-response-preview h3, .guides-response-preview h4 { margin: 0px; font-weight: 700; font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; display: block; margin-inline: 0px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } .guides-response-preview h3 { margin-block: 1em; } .guides-response-preview h4 { margin-block: 1.33em; } .guides-response-preview ul { margin: 0px; display: block; list-style-type: disc; margin-block: 1em; margin-inline: 0px; padding-inline-start: 40px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/nsfw-bypassable-modal-client-css-DFFxdNBl.css @charset "utf-8"; #blocking-modal-contents::part(panel) { max-width: min(90dvw, 656px); } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/google-one-tap-client-css-C556qdmX.css @charset "utf-8"; iframe#credential_picker_iframe { color-scheme: auto; margin-bottom: unset; z-index: 9998; pointer-events: auto; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-client-css-BYPk6fcZ.css @charset "utf-8"; #left-nav-drawer::part(base), #left-nav-drawer::part(overlay) { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } #left-nav-drawer::part(base) { align-items: start; flex-direction: column; justify-content: start; z-index: 5; } #left-nav-drawer::part(panel) { border-radius: 0px; box-shadow: none; max-height: none; width: 280px; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-large-client-css-Du4QHoPm.css @charset "utf-8"; click-card:not(:defined) [slot="content"] { display: none; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/qr-code-persistent-button-upsell-client-css-Bgh5zqyM.css @charset "utf-8"; .coachmark:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/search-input-desktop-client-css-tgqsYgQD.css @charset "utf-8"; reddit-header-large reddit-search-large[home-revamp-enabled]:defined, reddit-header-large reddit-search-large[show-ask-button]:defined { --color-input-secondary: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-secondary-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); --color-input-plain: var(--color-neutral-background); position: relative; height: var(--rem40); display: block; } reddit-header-large reddit-search-large[home-revamp-enabled]:defined:not(:focus-within)::before, reddit-header-large reddit-search-large[show-ask-button]:defined:not(:focus-within)::before { position: absolute; inset: -1px; border: 1px solid transparent; border-radius: var(--radius-full); background: linear-gradient(var(--color-neutral-background),var(--color-neutral-background)) padding-box,linear-gradient(90deg,var(--color-global-brand-orangered),#FFBF0B) border-box; content: ""; } reddit-header-large reddit-search-large[home-revamp-enabled]:defined:not(:focus-within)::after, reddit-header-large reddit-search-large[show-ask-button]:defined:not(:focus-within)::after { position: absolute; inset: -1px; border: 1px solid transparent; border-radius: var(--radius-full); background: linear-gradient(var(--color-neutral-background),var(--color-neutral-background)) padding-box,linear-gradient(90deg,var(--color-global-brand-orangered),#FFBF0B) border-box; content: ""; z-index: -1; filter: blur(4px); opacity: 0.75; } .fallback-with-gradient { --color-input-secondary: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-secondary-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); --color-input-plain: var(--color-neutral-background); height: var(--rem40); border: 1px solid transparent; border-radius: var(--radius-full); background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); position: relative; z-index: 0; } .fallback-with-gradient > * { position: relative; z-index: 1; } .fallback-with-gradient::after, .fallback-with-gradient::before { position: absolute; inset: -1px; background: linear-gradient(var(--color-neutral-background),var(--color-neutral-background)) padding-box,linear-gradient(90deg,var(--color-global-brand-orangered),#FFBF0B) border-box; content: ""; pointer-events: none; } .fallback-with-gradient::before { border: inherit; border-radius: inherit; z-index: 0; } .fallback-with-gradient::after { border: inherit; border-radius: inherit; z-index: -1; filter: blur(4px); opacity: 0.75; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-ea0808c1-a0b1-4a69-b669-03edaca4b091@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .qJTHM { user-select: none; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); direction: ltr; font-family: Roboto-Regular, arial, sans-serif; -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; font-weight: 400; margin: 0px; overflow: hidden; text-size-adjust: 100%; } .ynRLnc { left: -9999px; position: absolute; top: -9999px; } .L6cTce { display: none; } .bltWBb { overflow-wrap: break-word; word-break: break-word; } .hSRGPd { color: rgb(26, 115, 232); cursor: pointer; font-weight: 500; text-decoration: none; } .Bz112c-W3lGp { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .Bz112c-E3DyYd { height: 20px; width: 20px; } .Bz112c-r9oPif { height: 24px; width: 24px; } .Bz112c-u2z5K { height: 36px; width: 36px; } .Bz112c-uaxL4e { border-radius: 10px; } .LgbsSe-Bz112c { display: block; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf * { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .aZ2wEe > div { border-color: rgb(66, 133, 244); } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u { transition: height 0.2s linear; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-*

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child(1) { transition: width 0.3s linear; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(2) { background-image: linear-gradient(to right, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(to right, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(3) { background-image: linear-gradient(to right, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(to right, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .haAclf { display: inline-block; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; box-sizing: border-box; transition: background-color 0.218s, border-color 0.218s; user-select: none; appearance: none; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-image: none; border: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(60, 64, 67); cursor: pointer; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; height: 40px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; outline: none; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px 12px; position: relative; text-align: center; vertical-align: middle; white-space: nowrap; width: auto; } @media screen and (-ms-high-contrast:active) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border: 2px solid windowtext; color: windowtext; } } @media screen and (preferes-contrast:more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { font-size: 14px; height: 32px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; padding: 0px 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { font-size: 11px; height: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.3px; padding: 0px 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe { padding: 0px; width: 40px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { width: 32px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK { border-radius: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.pSzOP-SxQuSe { border-radius: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.purZT-SxQuSe { border-radius: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-v3pZbf-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); color: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 18px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 14px; min-width: 14px; width: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 10px; min-width: 10px; width: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin-left: 8px; margin-right: -4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-top-left-radius: 3px; border-bottom-left-radius: 3px; display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); height: 36px; margin-left: -10px; margin-right: 12px; min-width: 36px; width: 36px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 28px; margin-left: -8px; margin-right: 10px; min-width: 28px; width: 28px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 16px; margin-left: -6px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 16px; width: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 3px; margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-bN97Pc-sM5MNb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-flow: row; -webkit-box-pack: justify; justify-content: space-between; height: 100%; position: relative; width: 100%; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX { -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 500; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; vertical-align: top; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-weight: 300; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 0; flex-grow: 0; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { transition: background-color 0.218s; inset: 0px; position: absolute; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus { box-shadow: none; border-color: rgb(210, 227, 252); outline: none; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus-within { outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 2px; border-color: transparent; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.08); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.1); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.24); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.32); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .n1UuX-DkfjY { border-radius: 50%; display: flex; height: 20px; margin-left: -4px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 20px; width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-family: Roboto; font-size: 12px; text-align: left; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .ssJRIf, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .fmcmS { overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); fill: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 11px; font-weight: 400; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(232, 234, 237); fill: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); fill: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .Bz112c { height: 18px; margin: -3px -3px -3px 2px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 0px 3px 3px 0px; margin-left: 12px; margin-right: -10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .L5Fo6c-sM5MNb { border: 0px; display: block; left: 0px; position: relative; top: 0px; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-b9c0875f-f179-4248-a31e-0fb3331234d6@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; #shreddit-media-lightbox .lightboxed-content { display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; width: 100%; height: 100%; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .non-lightboxed-content { display: none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .media-lightbox-img { max-height: none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox::part(panel) { max-width: 100svw; max-height: 100svh; width: 100svw; height: 100svh; border-radius: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-bcb5604d-7e9a-4473-ac39-6f0a4e911799@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .rpl-scroll-lock { overflow: hidden !important; padding-right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } body.rpl-scroll-lock .fixed.right-0 { right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-f547b8c6-c14a-47a8-9b51-ea736c8491c9@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary { list-style-type: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .dx-zstack > * { grid-column-start: 1; grid-row-start: 1; } .text-outline-thin-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px; } .text-outline-thin-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px; } .border-dx-thick { border-width: 2px; } .border-dx-thin { border-width: 1px; } .rounded-dx-lg { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-dx-md { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-dx-sm { border-radius: 0.5rem; } :root { --dx-text-color-light: inherit; --dx-text-color-dark: inherit; --dx-bg-color-light: initial; --dx-bg-color-dark: initial; --dx-border-color-light: initial; --dx-border-color-dark: initial; } .dx-bg-color, .light .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-light); } .dx-border-color, .light .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-light); } .dx-text-color, .light .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-light); } .dark .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dark .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } .dark .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } } svg[rpl].rpl-rtl-icon:dir(rtl) { transform: scaleX(-1); } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0; } .-rotate-45, .-rotate-90, .-scale-x-100, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before, .enabled\:hover\:scale-\[1\.2\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\:scale-\[1\.03\], .group-open\:rotate-180, .hover\:scale-110, .hover\:scale-\[2\], .rotate-180, .rotate-45, .rotate-90, .scale-0, .scale-100, .scale-75, .scale-90, .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\], .scale-\[4\], .scale-\[\.68\], .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\], .skew-x-0, .transform, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-x: 0; --tw-translate-y: 0; --tw-rotate: 0; --tw-skew-x: 0; --tw-skew-y: 0; --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .snap-x { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: proximity; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\], .from-berrypurple-900, .from-black\/80, .from-orangered-500, .from-transparent, .group-hover\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-hover\)\], .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .to-lightblue-500, .to-orangered-400, .to-transparent, .via-black\/25, .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from-position: ; --tw-gradient-via-position: ; --tw-gradient-to-position: ; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ; --tw-slashed-zero: ; --tw-numeric-figure: ; --tw-numeric-spacing: ; --tw-numeric-fraction: ; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_0_2px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\], .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\], .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md, .shadow-none, .shadow-sm, .shadow-xs, .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm, :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .focus\:ring-1, .focus\:ring-2, .ring { --tw-ring-inset: ; --tw-ring-offset-width: 0px; --tw-ring-offset-color: #fff; --tw-ring-color: rgba(59,130,246,.5); --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\], .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { --tw-backdrop-blur: ; --tw-backdrop-brightness: ; --tw-backdrop-contrast: ; --tw-backdrop-grayscale: ; --tw-backdrop-hue-rotate: ; --tw-backdrop-invert: ; --tw-backdrop-opacity: ; --tw-backdrop-saturate: ; --tw-backdrop-sepia: ; } .\!container { width: 100% !important; } .container { width: 100%; } @media (min-width: 768px) { .\!container { max-width: 768px !important; } .container { max-width:
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768px; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .\!container { max-width: 960px !important; } .container { max-width: 960px; } } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .\!container { max-width: 1024px !important; } .container { max-width: 1024px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .\!container { max-width: 1200px !important; } .container { max-width: 1200px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .\!container { max-width: 1416px !important; } .container { max-width: 1416px; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .\!container { max-width: 1472px !important; } .container { max-width: 1472px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .\!container { max-width: 1920px !important; } .container { max-width: 1920px; } } .\!a { color: var(--color-a-default) !important; font-size: 1em !important; text-decoration: none !important; } .a { color: var(--color-a-default); font-size: 1em; text-decoration: none; } .\!a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover) !important; } .a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover); } .a.visited:not(.no-visited), .a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited); } .\!a.visited:not(.no-visited), .\!a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited) !important; } .\!button { background: var(--button-color-background) !important; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent) !important; border-radius: 999px !important; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow) !important; box-sizing: border-box !important; color: var(--button-color-text) !important; cursor: pointer !important; display: inline-block !important; font-style: !important; font-variant-ligatures: !important; font-variant-caps: !important; font-variant-numeric: !important; font-variant-east-asian: !important; font-variant-alternates: !important; font-variant-position: !important; font-variant-emoji: !important; font-weight: !important; font-stretch: !important; font-size: !important; font-family: !important; font-optical-sizing: !important; font-size-adjust: !important; font-kerning: !important; font-feature-settings: !important; font-variation-settings: !important; font-language-override: !important; height: var(--button-height) !important; line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2) !important; outline-offset: 0px !important; overflow: hidden !important; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)) !important; text-align: center !important; text-decoration: none !important; text-overflow: ellipsis !important; white-space: nowrap !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default) !important; } .button { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .\!button.icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .\!button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; } .button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } .\!button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { .\!button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } } .button.active, .button:active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } .\!button.active, .\!button:active, .button.\!active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active) !important; --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active) !important; } .button.anchor-disabled, .button:disabled, .button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { pointer-events: none !important; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button.disabled.pointer-all, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; } .\!button.disabled.pointer-all { pointer-events: all !important; } .button.disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } .button.\!disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; pointer-events: all !important; } .\!button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated) !important; } .button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } .button-shell { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .button-shell.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button-shell.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button-disabled { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); } .button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } .button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } .button-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); } .button-x-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } .button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover),var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-primarynext { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-primarynext-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-primarynext-background-hover),var(--color-primarynext-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-primarynext-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-secondary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } .button-tertiary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain, .button-plain-weak { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-weak { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text-weak); } .button-bordered, .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(transparent,transparent); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-secondary-plain); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); --button-border-width-activated: var(--line-sm); } .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .button-destructive { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-danger-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-danger-background-hover),var(--color-danger-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-
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content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-border-color-hover: transparent; --button-border-color-active: transparent; } .button-media { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-media-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-default: #fff; --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-media-background); } .button-media-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-media-background-selected); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-brand { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-brand-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-brand-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-brand-background-hover),var(--color-brand-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-success { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-success-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-success-background-hover),var(--color-success-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-success-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-inverted { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated); } .full-snoo-xs { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem48); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: -0.1875rem; } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xs > img { width: var(--rem36); } .full-snoo-sm { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem64); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-sm > img { width: var(--rem48); } .full-snoo-md { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem88); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-2xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-md > img { width: var(--rem64); } .full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } .full-snoo-xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem192); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xl > img { width: 8.8125rem; } .full-snoo-2xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem320); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-sm); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem22)*-1); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-2xl > img { width: 14.75rem; } .sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .\!visible { visibility: visible !important; } .visible { visibility: visible; } .invisible { visibility: hidden; } .collapse { visibility: collapse; } .static { position: static; } .fixed { position: fixed; } .absolute { position: absolute; } .\!relative { position: relative !important; } .relative { position: relative; } .sticky { position: sticky; } .inset-0 { inset: 0px; } .inset-1\/2 { inset: 50%; } .inset-x-0 { left: 0px; right: 0px; } .inset-y-0 { bottom: 0px; top: 0px; } .-bottom-1\/2 { bottom: -50%; } .-bottom-xl { bottom: -2rem; } .-end-px { inset-inline-end: -1px; } .-end-sm { inset-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-left-1\/2 { left: -50%; } .-left-\[1rem\] { left: -1rem; } .-left-\[99999px\] { left: -99999px; } .-left-full { left: -100%; } .-right-\[\.65rem\] { right: -0.65rem; } .-right-\[\.75rem\] { right: -0.75rem; } .-right-\[0\.0625rem\] { right: -0.0625rem; } .-right-\[0\.0825rem\] { right: -0.0825rem; } .-right-\[0\.125rem\] { right: -0.125rem; } .-right-\[6px\] { right: -6px; } .-right-px { right: -1px; } .-start-full { inset-inline-start: -100%; } .-top-2xl { top: -3rem; } .-top-2xs { top: -0.25rem; } .-top-\[35px\] { top: -35px; } .-top-\[6px\] { top: -6px; } .-top-\[9rem\] { top: -9rem; } .-top-full { top: -100%; } .-top-xs { top: -0.5rem; } .bottom-0 { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-100 { bottom: 100%; } .bottom-2xl { bottom: 3rem; } .bottom-\[-38px\] { bottom: -38px; } .bottom-\[-50px\] { bottom: -50px; } .bottom-\[-70px\] { bottom: -70px; } .bottom-\[-8px\] { bottom: -8px; } .bottom-\[0px\] { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-\[10px\] { bottom: 10px; } .bottom-\[13px\] { bottom: 13px; } .bottom-\[29px\] { bottom: 29px; } .bottom-\[2px\] { bottom: 2px; } .bottom-\[38px\] { bottom: 38px; } .bottom-\[3px\] { bottom: 3px; } .bottom-\[40px\] { bottom: 40px; } .bottom-\[42px\] { bottom: 42px; } .bottom-\[44px\] { bottom: 44px; } .bottom-\[48px\] { bottom: 48px; } .bottom-\[4px\] { bottom: 4px; } .bottom-\[52px\] { bottom: 52px; } .bottom-\[56px\] { bottom: 56px; } .bottom-\[5px\] { bottom: 5px; } .bottom-\[9\%\] { bottom: 9%; } .bottom-\[96px\] { bottom: 96px; } .bottom-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { bottom: var(--rem20); } .bottom-lg { bottom: 1.5rem; } .bottom-md { bottom: 1rem; } .bottom-sm { bottom: 0.75rem; } .bottom-xl { bottom: 2rem; } .bottom-xs { bottom: 0.5rem; } .end-0 { inset-inline-end: 0px; } .end-2xs { inset-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .end-\[-26px\] { inset-inline-end: -26px; } .end-\[-50px\] { inset-inline-end: -50px; } .end-\[-56px\] { inset-inline-end: -56px; } .end-\[-8px\] { inset-inline-end: -8px; } .end-\[17px\] { inset-inline-end: 17px; } .end-\[20px\] { inset-inline-end: 20px; } .end-\[23px\] { inset-inline-end: 23px; } .end-\[46px\] { inset-inline-end: 46px; } .end-\[4px\] { inset-inline-end: 4px; } .end-\[5\%\] { inset-inline-end: 5%; } .end-\[84px\] { inset-inline-end: 84px; } .end-\[calc\(50\%-380px\)\] { inset-inline-end: calc(50% - 380px); } .end-md { inset-inline-end: 1rem; } .end-sm { inset-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .end-xs { inset-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .left-0 { left: 0px; } .left-1\/2 { left: 50%; } .left-1\/4 { left: 25%; } .left-2\/4 { left: 50%; } .left-\[1\.25rem\] { left: 1.25rem; } .left-\[10px\] { left: 10px; } .left-\[16px\] { left: 16px; } .left-\[18px\] { left: 18px; } .left-\[2\.5rem\] { left: 2.5rem; } .left-\[2rem\] { left: 2rem; } .left-\[3px\] { left: 3px; } .left-\[4px\] { left: 4px; } .left-\[5\%\] { left: 5%; } .left-\[50\%\] { left: 50%; } .left-\[8px\] { left: 8px; } .left-\[9px\] { left: 9px; } .left-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { left: var(--rem20); } .left-md { left: 1rem; } .left-sm { left: 0.75rem; } .left-xs { left: 0.5rem; } .right-0 { right: 0px; } .right-1\/2 { right: 50%; } .right-1\/4 { right: 25%; } .right-\[0\.05rem\] { right: 0.05rem; } .right-\[0\.10rem\] { right: 0.1rem; } .right-\[15px\] { right: 15px; } .right-\[19px\] { right: 19px; } .right-\[29px\] { right: 29px; } .right-\[2rem\] { right: 2rem; } .right-\[318px\] { right: 318px; } .right-\[3px\] { right: 3px; } .right-\[40px\] { right: 40px; } .right-\[4px\] { right: 4px; } .right-\[52px\] { right: 52px; } .right-\[59px\] { right: 59px; } .right-\[5px\] { right: 5px; } .right-\[8px\] { right: 8px; } .right-\[9px\] { right: 9px; } .right-lg { right: 1.5rem; } .right-md { right: 1rem; } .right-sm { right: 0.75rem; } .right-xl { right: 2rem; } .right-xs { right: 0.5rem; } .start-0 { inset-inline-start: 0px; } .start-\[-12\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -12.5px; } .start-\[1\.25rem\] { inset-inline-start: 1.25rem; } .start-\[10px\] { inset-inline-start: 10px; } .start-\[11px\] { inset-inline-start: 11px; } .start-\[16px\] { inset-inline-start: 16px; } .start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: 2.5rem; } .start-\[28px\] { inset-inline-start: 28px; } .start-\[2px\] { inset-inline-start: 2px; } .start-\[4px\] { inset-inline-start: 4px; } .start-\[8px\] { inset-inline-start: 8px; } .start-\[\?rem\] { } .start-\[calc\(50\%-360px\)\] { inset-inline-start: calc(50% - 360px); } .start-md { inset-inline-start: 1rem; } .start-xl { inset-inline-start: 2rem; } .start-xs { inset-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .top-0 { top: 0px; } .top-1\/2 { top: 50%; } .top-100 { top: 100%; } .top-2\/4 { top: 50%; } .top-2xs { top: 0.25rem; } .top-3xl { top: 4rem; } .top-5xl { top: 8rem; } .top-\[-0\.25rem\] { top: -0.25rem; } .top-\[-1px\] { top: -1px; } .top-\[-20px\] { top: -20px; } .top-\[-47px\] { top: -47px; } .top-\[-8px\] { top: -8px; } .top-\[0\.125em\] { top: 0.125em; } .top-\[11px\] { top: 11px; } .top-\[12px\] { top: 12px; } .top-\[15\%\] { top: 15%; } .top-\[23px\] { top: 23px; } .top-\[2px\] { top: 2px; } .top-\[2rem\] { top: 2rem; } .top-\[37px\] { top: 37px; } .top-\[3px\] { top: 3px; } .top-\[48px\] { top: 48px; } .top-\[4px\] { top: 4px; } .top-\[50\%\] { top: 50%; } .top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .top-\[5px\] { top: 5px; } .top-\[72px\] { top: 72px; } .top-\[7px\] { top: 7px; } .top-\[8px\] { top: 8px; } .top-\[9px\] { top: 9px; } .top-\[calc\(50\%-230px\)\] { top: calc(50% - 230px); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+1px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } .top-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .top-lg { top: 1.5rem; } .top-md { top: 1rem; } .top-px { top: 1px; } .top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .top-xl { top: 2rem; } .top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .isolate { isolation: isolate; } .-z-10 { z-index: -10; } .z-0 { z-index: 0; } .z-1 { z-index: 1; } .z-10 { z-index: 10; } .z-2 { z-index: 2; } .z-20 { z-index: 20; } .z-30 { z-index: 30; } .z-40 { z-index: 40; } .z-5 { z-index: 5; } .z-50 { z-index: 50; } .z-\[-1\] { z-index: -1; } .z-\[1001\] { z-index: 1001; } .z-\[100\] { z-index: 100; } .z-\[10\] { z-index: 10; } .z-\[1\] { z-index: 1; } .z-\[20\] { z-index: 20; } .z-\[2\] { z-index: 2; } .z-\[3\] { z-index: 3; } .z-\[4\] { z-index: 4; } .z-\[9000\] { z-index: 9000; } .z-\[unset\] { z-index: unset; } .order-1 { order: 1; } .order-2 { order: 2; } .order-3 { order: 3; } .order-first { order: -9999; } .order-last { order: 9999; } .col-\[1\] { grid-column: 1; } .col-\[2_\/_-1\] { grid-column: 2 / -1; } .col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .col-span-5 { grid-column: span 5 / span 5; } .col-span-full { grid-column: 1 / -1; } .col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .col-end-1 { grid-column-end: 1; } .col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .col-end-\[-1\] { grid-column-end: -1; } .row-\[1\] { grid-row: 1; } .row-\[1_\/_2\] { grid-row: 1 / 2; } .row-span-1 { grid-row: span 1 / span 1; } .row-span-3 { grid-row: span 3 / span 3; } .row-span-full { grid-row: 1 / -1; } .row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .row-start-6 { grid-row-start: 6; } .row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .row-end-7 { grid-row-end: 7; } .row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .float-start { float: inline-start; } .float-right { float: right; } .float-left { float: left; } .\!m-0 { margin: 0px !important; } .-m-\[0\.5rem\] { margin: -0.5rem; } .-m-\[4px\] { margin: -4px; } .-m-xs { margin: -0.5rem; } .m-0 { margin: 0px; } .m-2xs { margin: 0.25rem; } .m-\[16px\] { margin: 16px; } .m-\[2px\] { margin: 2px; } .m-\[4px\] { margin: 4px; } .m-\[6px\] { margin: 6px; } .m-auto { margin: auto; } .m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .m-md { margin: 1rem; } .m-sm { margin: 0.75rem; } .m-xs { margin: 0.5rem; } .\!mx-0 { margin-left: 0px !important; margin-right: 0px !important; } .\!my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px !important; margin-top: -10px !important; } .-mx-md { margin-left: -1rem; margin-right: -1rem; } .-mx-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .mx-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mx-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; margin-right: -16px; } .mx-\[12px\] { margin-left: 12px; margin-right: 12px; } .mx-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 2px; } .mx-\[32px\] { margin-left: 32px; margin-right: 32px; } .mx-\[3rem\] { margin-left: 3rem; margin-right: 3rem; } .mx-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; margin-right: 40px; } .mx-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; margin-right: 4px; } .mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .mx-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .my-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; margin-top: 3rem; } .my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px; margin-top: -10px; } .my-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; margin-top: 10px; } .my-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; margin-top: 16px; } .my-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; margin-top: 18px; } .my-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; margin-top: 20px; } .my-\[6px\] { margin-bottom: 6px; margin-top: 6px; } .my-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { margin-bottom: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); margin-top: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); } .my-auto { margin-bottom: auto; margin-top: auto; } .my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top:
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1.5rem; } .my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .my-px { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .my-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; margin-top: 2rem; } .my-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; margin-top: 0.5rem; } .\!mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem !important; } .-mb-2xs { margin-bottom: -0.25rem; } .-mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-\[1rem\] { margin-bottom: -1rem; } .-mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .-mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .-mb-\[35px\] { margin-bottom: -35px; } .-mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .-mb-lg { margin-bottom: -1.5rem; } .-mb-px { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-sm { margin-bottom: -0.75rem; } .-mb-xl { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .-mb-xs { margin-bottom: -0.5rem; } .-me-2xs { margin-inline-end: -0.25rem; } .-me-\[10px\] { margin-inline-end: -10px; } .-me-\[7px\] { margin-inline-end: -7px; } .-me-md { margin-inline-end: -1rem; } .-me-sm { margin-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-me-xs { margin-inline-end: -0.5rem; } .-ml-2xs { margin-left: -0.25rem; } .-ml-lg { margin-left: -1.5rem; } .-ml-md { margin-left: -1rem; } .-ml-px { margin-left: -1px; } .-ml-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; } .-ml-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; } .-mr-2xs { margin-right: -0.25rem; } .-mr-\[7px\] { margin-right: -7px; } .-mr-md { margin-right: -1rem; } .-mr-sm { margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .-ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .-ms-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1 - var(--rem1)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem16)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem18\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem18)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem20)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem8)*-1); } .-ms-lg { margin-inline-start: -1.5rem; } .-ms-md { margin-inline-start: -1rem; } .-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .-ms-xs { margin-inline-start: -0.5rem; } .-mt-2xs { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .-mt-3xl { margin-top: -4rem; } .-mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: -1em; } .-mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: -1px; } .-mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .-mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: -36px; } .-mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .-mt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--page-y-padding)*-1); } .-mt-\[var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-large-height)*-1); } .-mt-md { margin-top: -1rem; } .-mt-xl { margin-top: -2rem; } .-mt-xs { margin-top: -0.5rem; } .mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; } .mb-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-3xl { margin-bottom: 4rem; } .mb-\[-1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .mb-\[-2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .mb-\[-32px\] { margin-bottom: -32px; } .mb-\[-40px\] { margin-bottom: -40px; } .mb-\[-4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .mb-\[0\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-\[0\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .mb-\[0px\] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-\[1\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 1.25rem; } .mb-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; } .mb-\[12px\] { margin-bottom: 12px; } .mb-\[14px\] { margin-bottom: 14px; } .mb-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; } .mb-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; } .mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 2.5rem; } .mb-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; } .mb-\[24px\] { margin-bottom: 24px; } .mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-\[300px\] { margin-bottom: 300px; } .mb-\[32px\] { margin-bottom: 32px; } .mb-\[36px\] { margin-bottom: 36px; } .mb-\[3px\] { margin-bottom: 3px; } .mb-\[40px\] { margin-bottom: 40px; } .mb-\[45px\] { margin-bottom: 45px; } .mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: 4px; } .mb-\[50px\] { margin-bottom: 50px; } .mb-\[52px\] { margin-bottom: 52px; } .mb-\[8px\] { margin-bottom: 8px; } .mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .mb-px { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .me-2xs { margin-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .me-\[-16px\] { margin-inline-end: -16px; } .me-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-end: -2px; } .me-\[-4px\] { margin-inline-end: -4px; } .me-\[-8px\] { margin-inline-end: -8px; } .me-\[12px\] { margin-inline-end: 12px; } .me-\[2px\] { margin-inline-end: 2px; } .me-\[3px\] { margin-inline-end: 3px; } .me-\[4px\] { margin-inline-end: 4px; } .me-\[6px\] { margin-inline-end: 6px; } .me-\[8px\] { margin-inline-end: 8px; } .me-\[calc\(var\(--size-button-sm-h\)-var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width-default\)\)\] { margin-inline-end: calc(var(--size-button-sm-h) - var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width-default)); } .me-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem4); } .me-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem6); } .me-auto { margin-inline-end: auto; } .me-lg { margin-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .me-sm { margin-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .me-xs { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .ml-2xl { margin-left: 3rem; } .ml-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; } .ml-\[-14px\] { margin-left: -14px; } .ml-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; } .ml-\[-1rem\] { margin-left: -1rem; } .ml-\[11px\] { margin-left: 11px; } .ml-\[15px\] { margin-left: 15px; } .ml-\[1px\] { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-left: 2.5rem; } .ml-\[2\.75rem\] { margin-left: 2.75rem; } .ml-\[28px\] { margin-left: 28px; } .ml-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; } .ml-\[2rem\] { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; } .ml-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; } .ml-\[6px\] { margin-left: 6px; } .ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .ml-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; } .ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .ml-px { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; } .mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .mr-2xl { margin-right: 3rem; } .mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mr-\[-16px\] { margin-right: -16px; } .mr-\[-8px\] { margin-right: -8px; } .mr-\[15px\] { margin-right: 15px; } .mr-\[2px\] { margin-right: 2px; } .mr-\[300px\] { margin-right: 300px; } .mr-\[4px\] { margin-right: 4px; } .mr-\[6px\] { margin-right: 6px; } .mr-\[8px\] { margin-right: 8px; } .mr-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-right: var(--rem6); } .mr-auto { margin-right: auto; } .mr-lg { margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .mr-sm { margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem; } .ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .ms-2xl { margin-inline-start: 3rem; } .ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ms-\[-\.25rem\] { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .ms-\[-14px\] { margin-inline-start: -14px; } .ms-\[-24px\] { margin-inline-start: -24px; } .ms-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .ms-\[-36px\] { margin-inline-start: -36px; } .ms-\[22px\] { margin-inline-start: 22px; } .ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: 2px; } .ms-\[30px\] { margin-inline-start: 30px; } .ms-\[34px\] { margin-inline-start: 34px; } .ms-\[36px\] { margin-inline-start: 36px; } .ms-\[38px\] { margin-inline-start: 38px; } .ms-\[3px\] { margin-inline-start: 3px; } .ms-\[4px\] { margin-inline-start: 4px; } .ms-\[6px\] { margin-inline-start: 6px; } .ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: var(--rem4); } .ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ms-md { margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .ms-px { margin-inline-start: 1px; } .ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .mt-2xl { margin-top: 3rem; } .mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .mt-4xl { margin-top: 6rem; } .mt-5xl { margin-top: 8rem; } .mt-\[-0\.125rem\] { margin-top: -0.125rem; } .mt-\[-0\.25rem\] { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .mt-\[-14px\] { margin-top: -14px; } .mt-\[-16px\] { margin-top: -16px; } .mt-\[-21px\] { margin-top: -21px; } .mt-\[-24px\] { margin-top: -24px; } .mt-\[-2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .mt-\[-40px\] { margin-top: -40px; } .mt-\[-4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .mt-\[-65vh\] { margin-top: -65vh; } .mt-\[-66px\] { margin-top: -66px; } .mt-\[-8px\] { margin-top: -8px; } .mt-\[1\.5rem\] { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-\[100px\] { margin-top: 100px; } .mt-\[10px\] { margin-top: 10px; } .mt-\[12px\] { margin-top: 12px; } .mt-\[14px\] { margin-top: 14px; } .mt-\[16px\] { margin-top: 16px; } .mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: 1em; } .mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: 1px; } .mt-\[1rem\] { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-top: 2.5rem; } .mt-\[20px\] { margin-top: 20px; } .mt-\[20vh\] { margin-top: 20vh; } .mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .mt-\[30px\] { margin-top: 30px; } .mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: 36px; } .mt-\[48px\] { margin-top: 48px; } .mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: 4px; } .mt-\[50px\] { margin-top: 50px; } .mt-\[60px\] { margin-top: 60px; } .mt-\[6px\] { margin-top: 6px; } .mt-\[76px\] { margin-top: 76px; } .mt-\[8px\] { margin-top: 8px; } .mt-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-top: var(--rem20); } .mt-auto { margin-top: auto; } .mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .box-border { box-sizing: border-box; } .box-content { box-sizing: initial; } .line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .line-clamp-1, .line-clamp-12 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-12 { -webkit-line-clamp: 12; } .line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .line-clamp-2, .line-clamp-3 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-3 { -webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .line-clamp-4, .line-clamp-5 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-5 { -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .line-clamp-6 { -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .line-clamp-6, .line-clamp-8 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-8 { -webkit-line-clamp: 8; } .\!block { display: block !important; } .block { display: block; } .inline-block { display: inline-block; } .inline { display: inline; } .\!flex { display: flex !important; } .flex { display: flex; } .inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .\!table { display: table !important; } .table { display: table; } .inline-table { display: inline-table; } .table-cell { display: table-cell; } .table-row-group { display: table-row-group; } .table-row { display: table-row; } .grid { display: grid; } .inline-grid { display: inline-grid; } .contents { display: contents; } .list-item { display: list-item; } .\!hidden { display: none !important; } .hidden { display: none; } .aspect-\[2\/1\] { aspect-ratio: 2 / 1; } .aspect-\[3\/4\] { aspect-ratio: 3 / 4; } .aspect-\[32\/9\] { aspect-ratio: 32 / 9; } .aspect-\[4\/3\] { aspect-ratio: 4 / 3; } .aspect-square { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .size-sm { height: 0.75rem; width: 0.75rem; } .\!h-\[24px\] { height: 24px !important; } .\!h-auto { height: auto !important; } .h-0 { height: 0px; } .h-100 { height: 100%; } .h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .h-2xs { height: 0.25rem; } .h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .h-\[\.25rem\] { height: 0.25rem; } .h-\[\.375rem\] { height: 0.375rem; } .h-\[\.625rem\] { height: 0.625rem; } .h-\[1\.25rem\] { height: 1.25rem; } .h-\[1\.5rem\] { height: 1.5rem; } .h-\[1\.7rem\] { height: 1.7rem; } .h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .h-\[100vh\] { height: 100vh; } .h-\[1024px\] { height: 1024px; } .h-\[104px\] { height: 104px; } .h-\[108px\] { height: 108px; } .h-\[10px\] { height: 10px; } .h-\[11\.5px\] { height: 11.5px; } .h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .h-\[1120px\] { height: 1120px; } .h-\[112px\] { height: 112px; } .h-\[114px\] { height: 114px; } .h-\[115px\] { height: 115px; } .h-\[118px\] { height: 118px; } .h-\[120px\] { height: 120px; } .h-\[124px\] { height: 124px; } .h-\[125px\] { height: 125px; } .h-\[126px\] { height: 126px; } .h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .h-\[129px\] { height: 129px; } .h-\[12px\] { height: 12px; } .h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .h-\[135\%\] { height: 135%; } .h-\[140px\] { height: 140px; } .h-\[144px\] { height: 144px; } .h-\[148px\] { height: 148px; } .h-\[14px\] { height: 14px; } .h-\[150px\] { height: 150px; } .h-\[151px\] { height: 151px; } .h-\[159px\] { height: 159px; } .h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .h-\[164px\] { height: 164px; } .h-\[168px\] { height: 168px; } .h-\[16px\] { height: 16px; } .h-\[170px\] { height: 170px; } .h-\[175px\] { height: 175px; } .h-\[176px\] { height: 176px; } .h-\[177px\] { height: 177px; } .h-\[17rem\] { height: 17rem; } .h-\[180px\] { height: 180px; } .h-\[184px\] { height: 184px; } .h-\[185px\] { height: 185px; } .h-\[18px\] { height: 18px; } .h-\[190px\] { height: 190px; } .h-\[192px\] { height: 192px; } .h-\[196px\] { height: 196px; } .h-\[1em\] { height: 1em; } .h-\[1px\] { height: 1px; } .h-\[1rem\] { height: 1rem; } .h-\[2\.25rem\] { height: 2.25rem; } .h-\[2\.5rem\] { height: 2.5rem; } .h-\[2\.875rem\] { height: 2.875rem; } .h-\[200px\] { height: 200px; } .h-\[209px\] { height: 209px; } .h-\[20px\] { height: 20px; } .h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .h-\[213px\] { height: 213px; } .h-\[218px\] { height: 218px; } .h-\[21px\] { height: 21px; } .h-\[228px\] { height: 228px; } .h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .h-\[24px\] { height: 24px; } .h-\[250px\] { height: 250px; } .h-\[268px\] { height: 268px; } .h-\[280px\] { height: 280px; } .h-\[285px\] { height: 285px; } .h-\[289px\] { height: 289px; } .h-\[28px\] { height: 28px; } .h-\[2px\] { height: 2px; } .h-\[2rem\] { height: 2rem; } .h-\[3\.25rem\] { height: 3.25rem; } .h-\[3\.2rem\] { height: 3.2rem; } .h-\[3\.5rem\] { height: 3.5rem; } .h-\[3\.75rem\] { height: 3.75rem; } .h-\[300px\] { height: 300px; } .h-\[305px\] { height: 305px; } .h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .h-\[316px\] { height: 316px; } .h-\[320px\] { height: 320px; } .h-\[324px\] { height: 324px; } .h-\[328px\] { height: 328px; } .h-\[32px\] { height: 32px; } .h-\[33px\] { height: 33px; } .h-\[348px\] { height: 348px; } .h-\[34px\] { height: 34px; } .h-\[350px\] { height: 350px; } .h-\[360px\] { height: 360px; } .h-\[36px\] { height: 36px; } .h-\[370px\] { height: 370px; } .h-\[374px\] { height: 374px; } .h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .h-\[396px\] { height: 396px; } .h-\[3rem\] { height: 3rem; } .h-\[4\.5rem\] { height: 4.5rem; } .h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .h-\[420px\] { height: 420px; } .h-\[42px\] { height: 42px; } .h-\[434px\] { height: 434px; } .h-\[44px\] { height: 44px; } .h-\[452px\] { height: 452px; } .h-\[455px\] { height: 455px; } .h-\[46px\] { height: 46px; } .h-\[470px\] { height: 470px; } .h-\[485px\] { height: 485px; } .h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .h-\[494px\] { height: 494px; } .h-\[4px\] { height: 4px; } .h-\[4rem\] { height: 4rem; } .h-\[5\.5rem\] { height: 5.5rem; } .h-\[500px\] { height: 500px; } .h-\[50px\] { height: 50px; } .h-\[50vh\] { height: 50vh; } .h-\[520px\] { height: 520px; } .h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .h-\[550px\] { height: 550px; } .h-\[55vh\] { height: 55vh; } .h-\[562px\] { height: 562px; } .h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .h-\[580px\] { height: 580px; } .h-\[584px\] { height: 584px; } .h-\[58px\] { height: 58px; } .h-\[5rem\] { height: 5rem; } .h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .h-\[60px\] { height: 60px; } .h-\[62px\] { height: 62px; } .h-\[63px\] { height: 63px; } .h-\[644px\] { height: 644px; } .h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .h-\[65px\] { height: 65px; } .h-\[66px\] { height: 66px; } .h-\[68px\] { height: 68px; } .h-\[6px\] { height: 6px; } .h-\[6rem\] { height: 6rem; } .h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .h-\[70px\] { height: 70px; } .h-\[70vh\] { height: 70vh; } .h-\[72px\] { height: 72px; } .h-\[73px\] { height: 73px; } .h-\[74px\] { height: 74px; } .h-\[768px\] { height: 768px; } .h-\[76px\] { height: 76px; } .h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .h-\[80vh\] { height: 80vh; } .h-\[82px\] { height: 82px; } .h-\[83px\] { height: 83px; } .h-\[84px\] { height: 84px; } .h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .h-\[8px\] { height: 8px; } .h-\[8rem\] { height: 8rem; } .h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .h-\[91px\] { height: 91px; } .h-\[92px\] { height: 92px; } .h-\[93px\] { height: 93px; } .h-\[96px\] { height: 96px; } .h-\[97px\] { height: 97px; } .h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .h-\[auto\] { height: auto; } .h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-
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header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-7\.5rem\)\] { height: calc(-7.5rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-8rem\)\] { height: calc(-8rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-120px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 120px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-2px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 2px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-48px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 48px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--shreddit-bottom-padding\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--shreddit-bottom-padding)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)-100px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 100px); } .h-\[var\(--accessory-container-height\)\] { height: var(--accessory-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .h-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-height\)\] { height: var(--icon-badge-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--list-height\)\] { height: var(--list-height); } .h-\[var\(--marketplace-modal-height\)\] { height: var(--marketplace-modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { height: var(--modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { height: var(--rem20); } .h-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { height: var(--rem28); } .h-\[var\(--rem32\)\] { height: var(--rem32); } .h-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { height: var(--rem36); } .h-auto { height: auto; } .h-dvh { height: 100dvh; } .h-fit { height: fit-content; } .h-full { height: 100%; } .h-header-large { height: var(--shreddit-header-large-height); } .h-header-small { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .h-lvh { height: 100lvh; } .h-md { height: 1rem; } .h-min { height: min-content; } .h-px { height: 1px; } .h-screen { height: 100vh; } .h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-screen-without-header-large { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 1px); } .h-sm { height: 0.75rem; } .h-xl { height: 2rem; } .h-xs { height: 0.5rem; } .\!max-h-0 { max-height: 0px !important; } .\!max-h-none { max-height: none !important; } .max-h-0 { max-height: 0px; } .max-h-2xl { max-height: 3rem; } .max-h-3xl { max-height: 4rem; } .max-h-\[1\.5rem\] { max-height: 1.5rem; } .max-h-\[1000px\] { max-height: 1000px; } .max-h-\[100vw\] { max-height: 100vw; } .max-h-\[107px\] { max-height: 107px; } .max-h-\[1120px\] { max-height: 1120px; } .max-h-\[13\.125rem\] { max-height: 13.125rem; } .max-h-\[130\%\] { max-height: 130%; } .max-h-\[130px\] { max-height: 130px; } .max-h-\[140px\] { max-height: 140px; } .max-h-\[148px\] { max-height: 148px; } .max-h-\[150px\] { max-height: 150px; } .max-h-\[18px\] { max-height: 18px; } .max-h-\[18rem\] { max-height: 18rem; } .max-h-\[1920px\] { max-height: 1920px; } .max-h-\[192px\] { max-height: 192px; } .max-h-\[19rem\] { max-height: 19rem; } .max-h-\[2\.5em\] { max-height: 2.5em; } .max-h-\[2\.5rem\] { max-height: 2.5rem; } .max-h-\[20rem\] { max-height: 20rem; } .max-h-\[228px\] { max-height: 228px; } .max-h-\[232px\] { max-height: 232px; } .max-h-\[25\.5rem\] { max-height: 25.5rem; } .max-h-\[250px\] { max-height: 250px; } .max-h-\[253px\] { max-height: 253px; } .max-h-\[25vh\] { max-height: 25vh; } .max-h-\[260px\] { max-height: 260px; } .max-h-\[276px\] { max-height: 276px; } .max-h-\[294px\] { max-height: 294px; } .max-h-\[2em\] { max-height: 2em; } .max-h-\[2rem\] { max-height: 2rem; } .max-h-\[300px\] { max-height: 300px; } .max-h-\[30vh\] { max-height: 30vh; } .max-h-\[320px\] { max-height: 320px; } .max-h-\[330px\] { max-height: 330px; } .max-h-\[336px\] { max-height: 336px; } .max-h-\[348px\] { max-height: 348px; } .max-h-\[350px\] { max-height: 350px; } .max-h-\[370px\] { max-height: 370px; } .max-h-\[375px\] { max-height: 375px; } .max-h-\[385px\] { max-height: 385px; } .max-h-\[38px\] { max-height: 38px; } .max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .max-h-\[40px\] { max-height: 40px; } .max-h-\[40vh\] { max-height: 40vh; } .max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .max-h-\[472px\] { max-height: 472px; } .max-h-\[480px\] { max-height: 480px; } .max-h-\[500px\] { max-height: 500px; } .max-h-\[50vh\] { max-height: 50vh; } .max-h-\[520px\] { max-height: 520px; } .max-h-\[532px\] { max-height: 532px; } .max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .max-h-\[560px\] { max-height: 560px; } .max-h-\[590px\] { max-height: 590px; } .max-h-\[596px\] { max-height: 596px; } .max-h-\[600px\] { max-height: 600px; } .max-h-\[62px\] { max-height: 62px; } .max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .max-h-\[651px\] { max-height: 651px; } .max-h-\[67vh\] { max-height: 67vh; } .max-h-\[70vh\] { max-height: 70vh; } .max-h-\[711px\] { max-height: 711px; } .max-h-\[740px\] { max-height: 740px; } .max-h-\[768px\] { max-height: 768px; } .max-h-\[80\%\] { max-height: 80%; } .max-h-\[80px\] { max-height: 80px; } .max-h-\[80vh\] { max-height: 80vh; } .max-h-\[90vh\] { max-height: 90vh; } .max-h-\[95vh\] { max-height: 95vh; } .max-h-\[calc\(100dvh_-_8rem\)\] { max-height: calc(-8rem + 100dvh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-128px\)\] { max-height: calc(-128px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-240px\)\] { max-height: calc(-240px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-300px\)\] { max-height: calc(-300px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-64px\)\] { max-height: calc(-64px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-15px-10px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 25px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-33px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 33px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-6\.25rem\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 6.25rem); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--dvh-unit\)\*100-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--dvh-unit)*100 - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-220px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - 220px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-var\(--size-5xl\)\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - var(--size-5xl)); } .max-h-\[max\(23vw\,250px\)\] { max-height: max(23vw, 250px); } .max-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { max-height: min(20vw, 150px); } .max-h-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-height: min(230px, 100%); } .max-h-\[unset\] { max-height: unset; } .max-h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { max-height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .max-h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { max-height: var(--modal-height); } .max-h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { max-height: var(--rem20); } .max-h-dvh { max-height: 100dvh; } .max-h-full { max-height: 100%; } .max-h-none { max-height: none; } .max-h-screen { max-height: 100vh; } .max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-xl { max-height: 2rem; } .min-h-0 { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-2xl { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-3xl { min-height: 4rem; } .min-h-4xl { min-height: 6rem; } .min-h-5xl { min-height: 8rem; } .min-h-\[0px\] { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-\[1\.5rem\] { min-height: 1.5rem; } .min-h-\[100px\] { min-height: 100px; } .min-h-\[100vh\] { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-\[106px\] { min-height: 106px; } .min-h-\[10px\] { min-height: 10px; } .min-h-\[10rem\] { min-height: 10rem; } .min-h-\[128px\] { min-height: 128px; } .min-h-\[12px\] { min-height: 12px; } .min-h-\[132px\] { min-height: 132px; } .min-h-\[144px\] { min-height: 144px; } .min-h-\[150px\] { min-height: 150px; } .min-h-\[15rem\] { min-height: 15rem; } .min-h-\[180px\] { min-height: 180px; } .min-h-\[18px\] { min-height: 18px; } .min-h-\[1rem\] { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-\[2\.5rem\] { min-height: 2.5rem; } .min-h-\[2\.875rem\] { min-height: 2.875rem; } .min-h-\[200px\] { min-height: 200px; } .min-h-\[20px\] { min-height: 20px; } .min-h-\[240px\] { min-height: 240px; } .min-h-\[24px\] { min-height: 24px; } .min-h-\[260px\] { min-height: 260px; } .min-h-\[28px\] { min-height: 28px; } .min-h-\[2lh\] { min-height: 2lh; } .min-h-\[2rem\] { min-height: 2rem; } .min-h-\[3\.25rem\] { min-height: 3.25rem; } .min-h-\[30px\] { min-height: 30px; } .min-h-\[30rem\] { min-height: 30rem; } .min-h-\[310px\] { min-height: 310px; } .min-h-\[32px\] { min-height: 32px; } .min-h-\[34px\] { min-height: 34px; } .min-h-\[350px\] { min-height: 350px; } .min-h-\[36px\] { min-height: 36px; } .min-h-\[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .min-h-\[3rem\] { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-\[4\.5rem\] { min-height: 4.5rem; } .min-h-\[400px\] { min-height: 400px; } .min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .min-h-\[42px\] { min-height: 42px; } .min-h-\[44px\] { min-height: 44px; } .min-h-\[45\%\] { min-height: 45%; } .min-h-\[500px\] { min-height: 500px; } .min-h-\[506px\] { min-height: 506px; } .min-h-\[56px\] { min-height: 56px; } .min-h-\[584px\] { min-height: 584px; } .min-h-\[58px\] { min-height: 58px; } .min-h-\[5rem\] { min-height: 5rem; } .min-h-\[600px\] { min-height: 600px; } .min-h-\[60px\] { min-height: 60px; } .min-h-\[60vh\] { min-height: 60vh; } .min-h-\[640px\] { min-height: 640px; } .min-h-\[64px\] { min-height: 64px; } .min-h-\[65vh\] { min-height: 65vh; } .min-h-\[70px\] { min-height: 70px; } .min-h-\[75vh\] { min-height: 75vh; } .min-h-\[7rem\] { min-height: 7rem; } .min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .min-h-\[84px\] { min-height: 84px; } .min-h-\[900px\] { min-height: 900px; } .min-h-\[90px\] { min-height: 90px; } .min-h-\[93px\] { min-height: 93px; } .min-h-\[auto\] { min-height: auto; } .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\], .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh_-_var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--page-y-padding\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--page-y-padding)); } .min-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { min-height: min(20vw, 150px); } .min-h-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { min-height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .min-h-full { min-height: 100%; } .min-h-md { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-px { min-height: 1px; } .min-h-screen { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .min-h-sm { min-height: 0.75rem; } .min-h-xl { min-height: 2rem; } .\!w-auto { width: auto !important; } .\!w-lg { width: 1.5rem !important; } .\!w-md { width: 1rem !important; } .w-0 { width: 0px; } .w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .w-1\/4 { width: 25%; } .w-1\/6 { width: 16.6667%; } .w-100 { width: 100%; } .w-11\/12 { width: 91.6667%; } .w-2\/3 { width: 66.6667%; } .w-2xl { width: 3rem; } .w-2xs { width: 0.25rem; } .w-3\/4 { width: 75%; } .w-3\/5 { width: 60%; } .w-3\/6 { width: 50%; } .w-3xl { width: 4rem; } .w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .w-4xl { width: 6rem; } .w-5\/6 { width: 83.3333%; } .w-5xl { width: 8rem; } .w-\[\.25rem\] { width: 0.25rem; } .w-\[\.375rem\] { width: 0.375rem; } .w-\[\.625rem\] { width: 0.625rem; } .w-\[1\.25rem\] { width: 1.25rem; } .w-\[1\.5rem\] { width: 1.5rem; } .w-\[10\%\] { width: 10%; } .w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .w-\[100vw\] { width: 100vw; } .w-\[1024px\] { width: 1024px; } .w-\[1080px\] { width: 1080px; } .w-\[10px\] { width: 10px; } .w-\[11\.5px\] { width: 11.5px; } .w-\[110px\] { width: 110px; } .w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .w-\[112px\] { width: 112px; } .w-\[113px\] { width: 113px; } .w-\[114px\] { width: 114px; } .w-\[1164px\] { width: 1164px; } .w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .w-\[124px\] { width: 124px; } .w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .w-\[12px\] { width: 12px; } .w-\[12rem\] { width: 12rem; } .w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .w-\[138px\] { width: 138px; } .w-\[14\%\] { width: 14%; } .w-\[140px\] { width: 140px; } .w-\[142px\] { width: 142px; } .w-\[145px\] { width: 145px; } .w-\[146px\] { width: 146px; } .w-\[15\%\] { width: 15%; } .w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .w-\[156px\] { width: 156px; } .w-\[15rem\] { width: 15rem; } .w-\[160px\] { width: 160px; } .w-\[164px\] { width: 164px; } .w-\[165px\] { width: 165px; } .w-\[16px\] { width: 16px; } .w-\[170px\] { width: 170px; } .w-\[172px\] { width: 172px; } .w-\[174px\] { width: 174px; } .w-\[176px\] { width: 176px; } .w-\[178px\] { width: 178px; } .w-\[180px\] { width: 180px; } .w-\[184px\] { width: 184px; } .w-\[187px\] { width: 187px; } .w-\[190px\] { width: 190px; } .w-\[196px\] { width: 196px; } .w-\[19px\] { width: 19px; } .w-\[1em\] { width: 1em; } .w-\[1px\] { width: 1px; } .w-\[1rem\] { width: 1rem; } .w-\[2\.25rem\] { width: 2.25rem; } .w-\[2\.5rem\] { width: 2.5rem; } .w-\[2\.875rem\] { width: 2.875rem; } .w-\[20\%\] { width: 20%; } .w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .w-\[204px\] { width: 204px; } .w-\[20px\] { width: 20px; } .w-\[20rem\] { width: 20rem; } .w-\[212px\] { width: 212px; } .w-\[215px\] { width: 215px; } .w-\[219px\] { width: 219px; } .w-\[22\.5rem\] { width: 22.5rem; } .w-\[220px\] { width: 220px; } .w-\[224px\] { width: 224px; } .w-\[225px\] { width: 225px; } .w-\[22px\] { width: 22px; } .w-\[230px\] { width: 230px; } .w-\[236px\] { width: 236px; } .w-\[23px\] { width: 23px; } .w-\[240px\] { width: 240px; } .w-\[24px\] { width: 24px; } .w-\[24rem\] { width: 24rem; } .w-\[25\%\] { width: 25%; } .w-\[250px\] { width: 250px; } .w-\[25rem\] { width: 25rem; } .w-\[260px\] { width: 260px; } .w-\[262px\] { width: 262px; } .w-\[266px\] { width: 266px; } .w-\[268px\] { width: 268px; } .w-\[270px\] { width: 270px; } .w-\[272px\] { width: 272px; } .w-\[273px\] { width: 273px; } .w-\[27rem\] { width: 27rem; } .w-\[28\%\] { width: 28%; } .w-\[280px\] { width: 280px; } .w-\[288px\] { width: 288px; } .w-\[28px\] { width: 28px; } .w-\[293px\] { width: 293px; } .w-\[2px\] { width: 2px; } .w-\[2rem\] { width: 2rem; } .w-\[3\.25rem\] { width: 3.25rem; } .w-\[3\.5rem\] { width: 3.5rem; } .w-\[30\%\] { width: 30%; } .w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .w-\[304px\] { width: 304px; } .w-\[306px\] { width: 306px; } .w-\[314px\] { width: 314px; } .w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .w-\[322px\] { width: 322px; } .w-\[324px\] { width: 324px; } .w-\[327px\] { width: 327px; } .w-\[328px\] { width: 328px; } .w-\[329px\] { width: 329px; } .w-\[32px\] { width: 32px; } .w-\[32rem\] { width: 32rem; } .w-\[330px\] { width: 330px; } .w-\[336px\] { width: 336px; } .w-\[342px\] { width: 342px; } .w-\[343px\] { width: 343px; } .w-\[346px\] { width: 346px; } .w-\[348px\] { width: 348px; } .w-\[35\%\] { width: 35%; } .w-\[350px\] { width: 350px; } .w-\[360px\] { width: 360px; } .w-\[368px\] { width: 368px; } .w-\[36px\] { width: 36px; } .w-\[370px\] { width: 370px; } .w-\[373px\] { width: 373px; } .w-\[375px\] { width: 375px; } .w-\[380px\] { width: 380px; } .w-\[384px\] { width: 384px; } .w-\[388px\] { width: 388px; } .w-\[38px\] { width: 38px; } .w-\[396px\] { width: 396px; } .w-\[3rem\] { width: 3rem; } .w-\[4\.5rem\] { width: 4.5rem; } .w-\[40\%\] { width: 40%; } .w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .w-\[40px\] { width: 40px; } .w-\[430px\] { width: 430px; } .w-\[448px\] { width: 448px; } .w-\[44px\] { width: 44px; } .w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .w-\[450px\] { width: 450px; } .w-\[452px\] { width: 452px; } .w-\[456px\] { width: 456px; } .w-\[468px\] { width: 468px; } .w-\[46px\] { width: 46px; } .w-\[480px\] { width: 480px; } .w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .w-\[494px\] { width: 494px; } .w-\[4rem\] { width: 4rem; } .w-\[5\.5rem\] { width: 5.5rem; } .w-\[50\%\] { width: 50%; } .w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .w-\[50px\] { width: 50px; } .w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .w-\[524px\] { width: 524px; } .w-\[52px\] { width: 52px; } .w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .w-\[53px\] { width: 53px; } .w-\[55\%\] { width: 55%; } .w-\[550px\] { width: 550px; } .w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .w-\[584px\] { width: 584px; } .w-\[58px\] { width: 58px; } .w-\[5rem\] { width: 5rem; } .w-\[60\%\] { width: 60%; } .w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .w-\[608px\] { width: 608px; } .w-\
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[60px\] { width: 60px; } .w-\[62\.4px\] { width: 62.4px; } .w-\[62px\] { width: 62px; } .w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .w-\[64px\] { width: 64px; } .w-\[66px\] { width: 66px; } .w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .w-\[69\%\] { width: 69%; } .w-\[692px\] { width: 692px; } .w-\[69px\] { width: 69px; } .w-\[6rem\] { width: 6rem; } .w-\[70\%\] { width: 70%; } .w-\[70px\] { width: 70px; } .w-\[70vw\] { width: 70vw; } .w-\[728px\] { width: 728px; } .w-\[72px\] { width: 72px; } .w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .w-\[736px\] { width: 736px; } .w-\[74px\] { width: 74px; } .w-\[75\%\] { width: 75%; } .w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .w-\[8\%\] { width: 8%; } .w-\[80\%\] { width: 80%; } .w-\[800px\] { width: 800px; } .w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .w-\[84px\] { width: 84px; } .w-\[85\%\] { width: 85%; } .w-\[86px\] { width: 86px; } .w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .w-\[8px\] { width: 8px; } .w-\[90\%\] { width: 90%; } .w-\[90px\] { width: 90px; } .w-\[90vw\] { width: 90vw; } .w-\[92px\] { width: 92px; } .w-\[94px\] { width: 94px; } .w-\[95\%\] { width: 95%; } .w-\[950px\] { width: 950px; } .w-\[95px\] { width: 95px; } .w-\[95vw\] { width: 95vw; } .w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .w-\[96px\] { width: 96px; } .w-\[97px\] { width: 97px; } .w-\[990px\] { width: 990px; } .w-\[calc\(100\%\+4px\)\] { width: calc(100% + 4px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-110px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 110px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 16px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-1rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 1rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 24px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-2rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-32px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 32px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-3rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 3rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-70px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 70px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-84px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 84px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-var\(--spacer-xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100% - var(--spacer-xl)); } .w-\[calc\(100\%_-_5rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 5rem); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-2rem\)\] { width: calc(-2rem + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-80px\)\] { width: calc(-80px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .w-\[calc\(50\%\+0\.5px\)\] { width: calc(50% + 0.5px); } .w-\[inherit\] { width: inherit; } .w-\[var\(--accessory-container-width\)\] { width: var(--accessory-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--confirmation-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--confirmation-modal-width); } .w-\[var\(--content-width\)\] { width: var(--content-width); } .w-\[var\(--emote-size\)\] { width: var(--emote-size); } .w-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { width: var(--gallery-max-h); } .w-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-width\)\] { width: var(--icon-badge-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { width: var(--rem20); } .w-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { width: var(--rem28); } .w-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { width: var(--rem36); } .w-\[var\(--right-rail-width\)\] { width: var(--right-rail-width); } .w-\[var\(--wv-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--wv-modal-width); } .w-auto { width: auto; } .w-fit { width: fit-content; } .w-full { width: 100%; } .w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .w-max { width: max-content; } .w-md { width: 1rem; } .w-min { width: min-content; } .w-px { width: 1px; } .w-screen { width: 100vw; } .w-sm { width: 0.75rem; } .w-xl { width: 2rem; } .w-xs { width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-0 { min-width: 0px; } .min-w-100 { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-2xs { min-width: 0.25rem; } .min-w-4xl { min-width: 6rem; } .min-w-5xl { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[0\.5rem\] { min-width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-\[1\.5rem\] { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-\[100px\] { min-width: 100px; } .min-w-\[120px\] { min-width: 120px; } .min-w-\[130px\] { min-width: 130px; } .min-w-\[150px\] { min-width: 150px; } .min-w-\[15rem\] { min-width: 15rem; } .min-w-\[170px\] { min-width: 170px; } .min-w-\[174px\] { min-width: 174px; } .min-w-\[175px\] { min-width: 175px; } .min-w-\[180px\] { min-width: 180px; } .min-w-\[183px\] { min-width: 183px; } .min-w-\[18rem\] { min-width: 18rem; } .min-w-\[1rem\] { min-width: 1rem; } .min-w-\[2\.5rem\] { min-width: 2.5rem; } .min-w-\[2\.875rem\] { min-width: 2.875rem; } .min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .min-w-\[20px\] { min-width: 20px; } .min-w-\[20rem\] { min-width: 20rem; } .min-w-\[220px\] { min-width: 220px; } .min-w-\[23px\] { min-width: 23px; } .min-w-\[256px\] { min-width: 256px; } .min-w-\[272px\] { min-width: 272px; } .min-w-\[277px\] { min-width: 277px; } .min-w-\[280px\] { min-width: 280px; } .min-w-\[288px\] { min-width: 288px; } .min-w-\[28px\] { min-width: 28px; } .min-w-\[2rem\] { min-width: 2rem; } .min-w-\[3\.25rem\] { min-width: 3.25rem; } .min-w-\[300px\] { min-width: 300px; } .min-w-\[312px\] { min-width: 312px; } .min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .min-w-\[320px\] { min-width: 320px; } .min-w-\[32px\] { min-width: 32px; } .min-w-\[34px\] { min-width: 34px; } .min-w-\[350px\] { min-width: 350px; } .min-w-\[358px\] { min-width: 358px; } .min-w-\[368px\] { min-width: 368px; } .min-w-\[36px\] { min-width: 36px; } .min-w-\[384px\] { min-width: 384px; } .min-w-\[38px\] { min-width: 38px; } .min-w-\[3rem\] { min-width: 3rem; } .min-w-\[4\.5rem\] { min-width: 4.5rem; } .min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .min-w-\[40px\] { min-width: 40px; } .min-w-\[42px\] { min-width: 42px; } .min-w-\[432px\] { min-width: 432px; } .min-w-\[46px\] { min-width: 46px; } .min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .min-w-\[50px\] { min-width: 50px; } .min-w-\[52px\] { min-width: 52px; } .min-w-\[55\%\] { min-width: 55%; } .min-w-\[5rem\] { min-width: 5rem; } .min-w-\[610px\] { min-width: 610px; } .min-w-\[632px\] { min-width: 632px; } .min-w-\[69px\] { min-width: 69px; } .min-w-\[70px\] { min-width: 70px; } .min-w-\[75px\] { min-width: 75px; } .min-w-\[80px\] { min-width: 80px; } .min-w-\[85px\] { min-width: 85px; } .min-w-\[8rem\] { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { min-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .min-w-\[var\(--dropdown-menu-width\)\] { min-width: var(--dropdown-menu-width); } .min-w-fit { min-width: fit-content; } .min-w-full { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-lg { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-max { min-width: max-content; } .min-w-px { min-width: 1px; } .\!max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px !important; } .max-w-0 { max-width: 0px; } .max-w-100 { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-2xl { max-width: 42rem; } .max-w-3xl { max-width: 48rem; } .max-w-4xl { max-width: 56rem; } .max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-\[100px\] { max-width: 100px; } .max-w-\[100vw\] { max-width: 100vw; } .max-w-\[1080px\] { max-width: 1080px; } .max-w-\[1088px\] { max-width: 1088px; } .max-w-\[10rem\] { max-width: 10rem; } .max-w-\[110px\] { max-width: 110px; } .max-w-\[115px\] { max-width: 115px; } .max-w-\[120px\] { max-width: 120px; } .max-w-\[12rem\] { max-width: 12rem; } .max-w-\[1340px\] { max-width: 1340px; } .max-w-\[140px\] { max-width: 140px; } .max-w-\[148px\] { max-width: 148px; } .max-w-\[14rem\] { max-width: 14rem; } .max-w-\[1500px\] { max-width: 1500px; } .max-w-\[150px\] { max-width: 150px; } .max-w-\[160px\] { max-width: 160px; } .max-w-\[164px\] { max-width: 164px; } .max-w-\[169px\] { max-width: 169px; } .max-w-\[170px\] { max-width: 170px; } .max-w-\[176px\] { max-width: 176px; } .max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .max-w-\[220px\] { max-width: 220px; } .max-w-\[236px\] { max-width: 236px; } .max-w-\[240px\] { max-width: 240px; } .max-w-\[24px\] { max-width: 24px; } .max-w-\[250px\] { max-width: 250px; } .max-w-\[260px\] { max-width: 260px; } .max-w-\[262px\] { max-width: 262px; } .max-w-\[274px\] { max-width: 274px; } .max-w-\[285px\] { max-width: 285px; } .max-w-\[294px\] { max-width: 294px; } .max-w-\[300px\] { max-width: 300px; } .max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } .max-w-\[336px\] { max-width: 336px; } .max-w-\[340px\] { max-width: 340px; } .max-w-\[343px\] { max-width: 343px; } .max-w-\[348px\] { max-width: 348px; } .max-w-\[350px\] { max-width: 350px; } .max-w-\[352px\] { max-width: 352px; } .max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .max-w-\[370px\] { max-width: 370px; } .max-w-\[375px\] { max-width: 375px; } .max-w-\[378px\] { max-width: 378px; } .max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .max-w-\[38px\] { max-width: 38px; } .max-w-\[392px\] { max-width: 392px; } .max-w-\[400px\] { max-width: 400px; } .max-w-\[40px\] { max-width: 40px; } .max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px; } .max-w-\[453px\] { max-width: 453px; } .max-w-\[460px\] { max-width: 460px; } .max-w-\[480px\] { max-width: 480px; } .max-w-\[500px\] { max-width: 500px; } .max-w-\[532px\] { max-width: 532px; } .max-w-\[540px\] { max-width: 540px; } .max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .max-w-\[560px\] { max-width: 560px; } .max-w-\[562px\] { max-width: 562px; } .max-w-\[570px\] { max-width: 570px; } .max-w-\[584px\] { max-width: 584px; } .max-w-\[600px\] { max-width: 600px; } .max-w-\[608px\] { max-width: 608px; } .max-w-\[61vw\] { max-width: 61vw; } .max-w-\[640px\] { max-width: 640px; } .max-w-\[652px\] { max-width: 652px; } .max-w-\[688px\] { max-width: 688px; } .max-w-\[700px\] { max-width: 700px; } .max-w-\[720px\] { max-width: 720px; } .max-w-\[725px\] { max-width: 725px; } .max-w-\[732px\] { max-width: 732px; } .max-w-\[736px\] { max-width: 736px; } .max-w-\[750px\] { max-width: 750px; } .max-w-\[756px\] { max-width: 756px; } .max-w-\[764px\] { max-width: 764px; } .max-w-\[768px\] { max-width: 768px; } .max-w-\[80\%\] { max-width: 80%; } .max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .max-w-\[8rem\] { max-width: 8rem; } .max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .max-w-\[90px\] { max-width: 90px; } .max-w-\[90vw\] { max-width: 90vw; } .max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .max-w-\[950px\] { max-width: 950px; } .max-w-\[96\%\] { max-width: 96%; } .max-w-\[960px\] { max-width: 960px; } .max-w-\[973px\] { max-width: 973px; } .max-w-\[990px\] { max-width: 990px; } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 16px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-60px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 60px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%_-_2rem\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .max-w-\[calc\(100dvw_-_20rem\)\] { max-width: calc(-20rem + 100dvw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { max-width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-xl)); } .max-w-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-width: min(230px, 100%); } .max-w-\[unset\] { max-width: unset; } .max-w-\[var\(--flair-max-width\)\] { max-width: var(--flair-max-width); } .max-w-\[var\(--gallery-max-w\)\] { max-width: var(--gallery-max-w); } .max-w-\[var\(--size-switch-input-w\)\] { max-width: var(--size-switch-input-w); } .max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .max-w-fit { max-width: fit-content; } .max-w-full { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-lg { max-width: 32rem; } .max-w-md { max-width: 28rem; } .max-w-none { max-width: none; } .max-w-screen-l { max-width: 1416px; } .max-w-screen-m { max-width: 1200px; } .max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .max-w-xl { max-width: 36rem; } .max-w-xs { max-width: 20rem; } .flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1\] { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1_0_0\] { flex: 1 0 0px; } .flex-\[1_1_9rem\] { flex: 1 1 9rem; } .flex-\[2\] { flex: 2 1 0%; } .flex-\[3\] { flex: 3 1 0%; } .flex-\[4\] { flex: 4 1 0%; } .flex-\[5\] { flex: 5 1 0%; } .flex-auto { flex: 1 1 auto; } .flex-initial { flex: 0 1 auto; } .flex-none { flex: 0 0 auto; } .flex-shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .flex-shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink-\[1000\] { flex-shrink: 1000; } .flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .grow { flex-grow: 1; } .grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .basis-0 { flex-basis: 0px; } .basis-1\/2 { flex-basis: 50%; } .basis-100 { flex-basis: 100%; } .basis-\[126px\] { flex-basis: 126px; } .basis-\[140px\] { flex-basis: 140px; } .basis-\[18\%\] { flex-basis: 18%; } .basis-\[20px\] { flex-basis: 20px; } .basis-\[210px\] { flex-basis: 210px; } .basis-\[232px\] { flex-basis: 232px; } .basis-\[28px\] { flex-basis: 28px; } .basis-\[38\%\] { flex-basis: 38%; } .basis-\[400px\] { flex-basis: 400px; } .basis-\[40px\] { flex-basis: 40px; } .basis-\[42\%\] { flex-basis: 42%; } .basis-\[66\%\] { flex-basis: 66%; } .basis-\[70\%\] { flex-basis: 70%; } .basis-\[80\%\] { flex-basis: 80%; } .basis-\[80px\] { flex-basis: 80px; } .basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .basis-\[calc\(50\%\+44px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% + 44px); } .basis-auto { flex-basis: auto; } .basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .table-auto { table-layout: auto; } .table-fixed { table-layout: fixed; } .border-collapse { border-collapse: collapse; } .border-separate { border-collapse: initial; } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0.5rem; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0.5rem; border-spacing: var(--tw-border-spacing-x) var(--tw-border-spacing-y); } .origin-bottom { transform-origin: center bottom; } .origin-bottom-right { transform-origin: right bottom; } .origin-center { transform-origin: center center; } .origin-left { transform-origin: left center; } .origin-top-left { transform-origin: left top; } .-rotate-45, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: -45deg; } .-rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: -90deg; } .-rotate-90, .rotate-180 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; } .rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: 45deg; } .rotate-45, .rotate-90 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: 90deg; } .skew-x-0 { --tw-skew-x: 0deg; } .scale-0, .skew-x-0 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-0 { --tw-scale-x: 0; --tw-scale-y: 0; } .scale-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .scale-100, .scale-75 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-75 { --tw-scale-x: .75; --tw-scale-y: .75; } .scale-90 { --tw-scale-x: .9; --tw-scale-y: .9; } .scale-90, .scale-\[\.68\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[\.68\] { --tw-scale-x: .68; --tw-scale-y: .68; } .scale-\[1\.2\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; } .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[2\] { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .scale-\[4\] { --tw-scale-x: 4; --tw-scale-y: 4; } .scale-x-100, .scale-\[4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; } .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-x-\[-1\] { --tw-
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scale-x: -1; } .transform { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .transform-none { transform: none; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.2s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.2s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.5s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.5s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } @keyframes fade-in { 0% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); opacity: 0; } 75% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } 100% { background-color: unset; opacity: 1; } } .animate-\[fade-in_1000ms_ease-in_backwards\] { animation: 1s ease-in 0s 1 normal backwards running fade-in; } .animate-\[spin_2s_linear_infinite\] { animation: 2s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.0s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.2s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.2s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes typing-indicator-bounce { 0% { transform: translate(0px); } 20% { transform: translateY(-3px); } 40% { transform: translate(0px); } } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.4s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.4s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes blink { 50% { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } } .animate-blink { animation: 0.9s step-end 0s infinite normal none running blink; } @keyframes ping { 75%, 100% { opacity: 0; transform: scale(2); } } .animate-ping { animation: 1s cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1) 0s infinite normal none running ping; } .animate-pulse { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } @keyframes spin { 100% { transform: rotate(1turn); } } .animate-spin { animation: 1s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .cursor-auto { cursor: auto; } .cursor-default { cursor: default; } .cursor-grab { cursor: grab; } .cursor-help { cursor: help; } .cursor-none { cursor: none; } .cursor-not-allowed { cursor: not-allowed; } .cursor-nwse-resize { cursor: nwse-resize; } .cursor-pointer { cursor: pointer; } .cursor-text { cursor: text; } .cursor-wait { cursor: wait; } .cursor-zoom-in { cursor: zoom-in; } .cursor-zoom-out { cursor: zoom-out; } .touch-none { touch-action: none; } .select-none { user-select: none; } .select-text { user-select: text; } .select-all { user-select: all; } .select-auto { user-select: auto; } .resize-none { resize: none; } .resize-y { resize: vertical; } .resize { resize: both; } .snap-x { scroll-snap-type: x var(--tw-scroll-snap-strictness); } .snap-mandatory { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: mandatory; } .snap-start { scroll-snap-align: start; } .scroll-m-\[60px\] { scroll-margin: 60px; } .scroll-m-\[80px\] { scroll-margin: 80px; } .scroll-mt-3xl { scroll-margin-top: 4rem; } .scroll-mt-4xl { scroll-margin-top: 6rem; } .list-inside { list-style-position: inside; } .list-disc { list-style-type: disc; } .list-none { list-style-type: none; } .appearance-none { appearance: none; } .auto-cols-\[calc\(50\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(50% - 0.5rem); } .auto-cols-fr { grid-auto-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-flow-row { grid-auto-flow: row; } .grid-flow-col { grid-auto-flow: column; } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(106px, auto); } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(140px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(140px, auto); } .auto-rows-fr { grid-auto-rows: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-1 { grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-6 { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-7 { grid-template-columns: repeat(7, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_110px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 110px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_4fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 4fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_80px_80px_80px_80px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 80px 80px 80px 80px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_min-content\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr min-content; } .grid-cols-\[24px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 24px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[24px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: 24px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[259px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 259px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[2rem_1fr_2rem\] { grid-template-columns: 2rem 1fr 2rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_2px_1rem_2px_1rem\] { grid-template-columns: auto 2px 1rem 2px 1rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_auto_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: auto auto 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(6\,minmax\(32px\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(32px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_100px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 100px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_106px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 106px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_110px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 110px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(106px, auto)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(8rem\,_1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(8rem, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-1 { grid-template-rows: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-\[1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr auto; } .grid-rows-\[2fr\,1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 2fr 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[32px\] { grid-template-rows: 32px; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto auto; } .\!flex-row { flex-direction: row !important; } .flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .flex-col-reverse { flex-direction: column-reverse; } .flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .flex-wrap-reverse { flex-wrap: wrap-reverse; } .flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .place-content-between { place-content: space-between; } .place-content-evenly { place-content: space-evenly; } .place-items-center { place-items: center; } .content-center { align-content: center; } .content-start { align-content: flex-start; } .content-end { align-content: flex-end; } .content-stretch { align-content: stretch; } .items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .items-center { align-items: center; } .items-baseline { align-items: baseline; } .items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .justify-center { justify-content: center; } .justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .justify-around { justify-content: space-around; } .justify-evenly { justify-content: space-evenly; } .justify-stretch { justify-content: stretch; } .justify-items-start { justify-items: start; } .justify-items-end { justify-items: end; } .justify-items-center { justify-items: center; } .\!gap-0 { gap: 0px !important; } .gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .gap-2xl { gap: 3rem; } .gap-2xs { gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-3xl { gap: 4rem; } .gap-\[0\.5rem\] { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-\[0\.625rem\] { gap: 0.625rem; } .gap-\[0\.75rem\] { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-\[1\.5rem\] { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-\[12px\] { gap: 12px; } .gap-\[15\%\] { gap: 15%; } .gap-\[16px\] { gap: 16px; } .gap-\[1rem\] { gap: 1rem; } .gap-\[2\.5rem\] { gap: 2.5rem; } .gap-\[20px\] { gap: 20px; } .gap-\[24px\] { gap: 24px; } .gap-\[2px\] { gap: 2px; } .gap-\[3px\] { gap: 3px; } .gap-\[40px\] { gap: 40px; } .gap-\[4px\] { gap: 4px; } .gap-\[6px\] { gap: 6px; } .gap-\[6rem\] { gap: 6rem; } .gap-\[75px\] { gap: 75px; } .gap-\[8px\] { gap: 8px; } .gap-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { gap: var(--rem4); } .gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .gap-px { gap: 1px; } .gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-x-2xl { column-gap: 3rem; } .gap-x-2xs { column-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .gap-x-\[10px\] { column-gap: 10px; } .gap-x-\[12px\] { column-gap: 12px; } .gap-x-\[2px\] { column-gap: 2px; } .gap-x-\[5px\] { column-gap: 5px; } .gap-x-\[8px\] { column-gap: 8px; } .gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .gap-x-sm { column-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-x-xl { column-gap: 2rem; } .gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-y-2xs { row-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-y-\[20px\] { row-gap: 20px; } .gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-y-md { row-gap: 1rem; } .gap-y-sm { row-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .gap-y-xs { row-gap: 0.5rem; } .space-x-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .space-y-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(0px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(0px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-\[14px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(14px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(14px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-sm > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(.75rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(.75rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .divide-x-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-x-reverse: 0; border-left-width: calc(0rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-x-reverse))); border-right-width: calc(0rem*var(--tw-divide-x-reverse)); } .divide-y > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(.0625rem*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(.0625rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-y-\[2px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(2px*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(2px*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-solid > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-style: solid; } .divide-neutral-border-weak > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .place-self-center { place-self: center; } .self-start { align-self: flex-start; } .self-end { align-self: flex-end; } .self-center { align-self: center; } .self-stretch { align-self: stretch; } .justify-self-start { justify-self: start; } .justify-self-end { justify-self: end; } .overflow-auto { overflow: auto; } .overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .overflow-clip { overflow: clip; } .\!overflow-visible { overflow: visible !important; } .overflow-visible { overflow: visible; } .overflow-scroll { overflow: scroll; } .overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .overflow-y-hidden { overflow-y: hidden; } .overflow-x-clip { overflow-x: clip; } .overflow-x-visible { overflow-x: visible; } .overflow-x-scroll { overflow-x: scroll; } .overflow-y-scroll { overflow-y: scroll; } .overscroll-auto { overscroll-behavior: auto; } .overscroll-contain { overscroll-behavior: contain; } .overscroll-none { overscroll-behavior: none; } .scroll-smooth { scroll-behavior: smooth; } .truncate { overflow: hidden; white-space: nowrap; } .overflow-ellipsis, .text-ellipsis, .truncate { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .text-clip { text-overflow: clip; } .whitespace-normal { white-space: normal; } .whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .whitespace-pre { white-space: pre; } .whitespace-pre-line { white-space: pre-line; } .whitespace-pre-wrap { white-space: pre-wrap; } .text-wrap { text-wrap: wrap; } .text-nowrap { text-wrap: nowrap; } .text-balance { text-wrap: balance; } .text-pretty { text-wrap: pretty; } .break-normal { overflow-wrap: normal; word-break: normal; } .break-words { overflow-wrap: break-word; } .break-all { word-break: break-all; } .\!rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem !important; } .\!rounded-none { border-radius: 0px !important; } .rounded-1 { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-5 { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-6 { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-8 { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-\[\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[0\.125rem\] { border-radius: 0.125rem; } .rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[100px\] { border-radius: 100px; } .rounded-\[10px\] { border-radius: 10px; } .rounded-\[128px\] { border-radius: 128px; } .rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .rounded-\[14px\] { border-radius: 14px; } .rounded-\[15px\] { border-radius: 15px; } .rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .rounded-\[20px\] { border-radius: 20px; } .rounded-\[22px\] { border-radius: 22px; } .rounded-\[24px\] { border-radius: 24px; } .rounded-\[256px\] { border-radius: 256px; } .rounded-\[2px\] { border-radius: 2px; } .rounded-\[3\.25rem\] { border-radius: 3.25rem; } .rounded-\[3px\] { border-radius: 3px; } .rounded-\[4px\] { border-radius: 4px; } .rounded-\[50\%\] { border-radius: 50%; } .rounded-\[52px\] { border-radius: 52px; } .rounded-\[6px\] { border-radius: 6px; } .rounded-\[8px\] { border-radius: 8px; } .rounded-\[9\%\/6\.8\%\] { border-radius: 9% / 6.8%; } .rounded-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { border-radius: var(--rem8); } .rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-none { border-radius: 0px; } .rounded-sm { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-b-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-b-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-b-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-b-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-l-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-top-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-l-\[6px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; } .rounded-l-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-top-left-radius: 8px; } .rounded-l-full { border-bottom-left-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-left-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-l-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-r-\[12px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-r-\[6px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-r-full { border-bottom-right-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-right-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-r-sm { border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-s-\[16px\] { border-end-start-radius: 16px; border-start-start-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[0\.5rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-t-\[12px\] { border-top-left-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[1rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1rem; border-top-right-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-t-\[20px\] { border-top-left-radius: 20px; border-top-right-radius: 20px; } .rounded-t-\[6px\] { border-top-left-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-t-\[8px\] { border-top-left-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-t-lg { border-top-left-radius: 2rem; border-top-right-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-t-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-t-sm { border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem;
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border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-bl-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-bl-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-bl-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; } .rounded-br-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-br-none { border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-ee-\[0\.5rem\] { border-end-end-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-ee-\[6px\] { border-end-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-es-\[12px\] { border-end-start-radius: 12px; } .rounded-es-\[6px\] { border-end-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-\[6px\] { border-start-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-md { border-start-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-ss-\[6px\] { border-start-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-ss-md { border-start-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tr-\[16px\] { border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[8px\] { border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .\!border-0 { border-width: 0px !important; } .border { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-0 { border-width: 0px; } .border-\[0\.125rem\] { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-\[0\.5px\] { border-width: 0.5px; } .border-\[1px\] { border-width: 1px; } .border-\[2px\] { border-width: 2px; } .border-\[3px\] { border-width: 3px; } .border-\[4px\] { border-width: 4px; } .border-\[5px\] { border-width: 5px; } .border-lg { border-width: 0.25rem; } .border-md { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-sm { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-x-0 { border-left-width: 0px; border-right-width: 0px; } .border-y-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; } .border-y-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b, .border-y-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .border-b-\[1px\] { border-bottom-width: 1px; } .border-b-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-e-0 { border-inline-end-width: 0px; } .border-l { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-l-0 { border-left-width: 0px; } .border-l-\[1px\] { border-left-width: 1px; } .border-l-md { border-left-width: 0.125rem; } .border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r-0 { border-right-width: 0px; } .border-r-sm { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s-0 { border-inline-start-width: 0px; } .border-s-\[1px\] { border-inline-start-width: 1px; } .border-s-lg { border-inline-start-width: 0.25rem; } .border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .border-t-\[1px\] { border-top-width: 1px; } .border-t-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-solid { border-style: solid; } .border-dashed { border-style: dashed; } .border-dotted { border-style: dotted; } .border-hidden { border-style: hidden; } .border-none { border-style: none; } .border-\[#dadce0\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(218 220 224/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-\[var\(--color-a-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-a-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-divider-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-divider-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-neutral-border-weak\)\] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-\[var\(--color-ui-modalbackground\)\] { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-action-downvote { border-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .border-action-secondary { border-color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .border-action-upvote { border-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .border-alert-caution { border-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .border-alienblue-300 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black\/20 { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .border-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-350 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-450 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-danger-background { border-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .border-danger-content { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .border-global-gold { border-color: var(--color-global-gold); } .border-global-offline { border-color: var(--color-global-offline); } .border-global-online { border-color: var(--color-global-online); } .border-global-orangered { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .border-global-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-inverted-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-border); } .border-mintgreen-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-neutral-background { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .border-neutral-background-container { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .border-neutral-background-gilded { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); } .border-neutral-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .border-neutral-background-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .border-neutral-background-weak-hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .border-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-neutral-border-medium { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .border-neutral-border-strong { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .border-neutral-border-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-neutral-content { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .border-neutral-content-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .border-poopbrown-950 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 11 4/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-primary { border-color: var(--color-primary); } .border-primary-border { border-color: var(--color-primary-border); } .border-puregray-700 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(48 48 48/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-puregray-900 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-secondary-background { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .border-secondary-background-hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .border-secondary-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .border-tone-2 { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .border-tone-3 { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-tone-4 { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-tone-5 { border-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .border-transparent { border-color: transparent; } .border-ui-modalbackground { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-warning-content { border-color: var(--color-warning-content); } .border-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-white-opacity-20 { border-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .border-b-neutral-border { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-b-neutral-border-weak { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-e-neutral-border { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-e-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-alienblue-500 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-left-color: rgb(24 112 244/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-l-neutral-border { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-l-neutral-border-weak { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-tone-3 { border-left-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-r-neutral-border { border-right-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-top-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-t-neutral-border-weak { border-top-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-tone-4 { border-top-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-t-transparent { border-top-color: transparent; } .border-opacity-10 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.1; } .border-opacity-20 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.2; } .\!bg-\[var\(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background) !important; } .\!bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker) !important; } .\!bg-transparent { background-color: initial !important; } .bg-\[\#00E2B7\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#82959b\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(130 149 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#B6E9FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(182 233 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#BFEEB8\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(191 238 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C5C5C5\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(197 197 197/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C6DCFF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(198 220 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D8D4FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 212 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#F2C8FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(242 200 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FF9C1A\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 156 26/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFC5EC\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 197 236/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFCCD2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 204 210/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFD5C6\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 213 198/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFE88F\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 232 143/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#d7dfe2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(215 223 226/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#ffffff\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[--slider-bg\] { background-color: var(--slider-bg); } .bg-\[--slider-fill\] { background-color: var(--slider-fill); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--button-color-background-default\)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-default); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-background-disabled\)\] { background-color: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-6\)\] { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--shreddit-content-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-content-background); } .bg-\[rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.6\)\] { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-\[var\(--color-banner-plain\)\] { background-color: var(--color-banner-plain); } .bg-\[var\(--color-caution-background\)\] { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-\[var\(--rpl-hovercard-background-color\)\] { background-color: var(--rpl-hovercard-background-color); } .bg-action-downvote { background-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .bg-action-upvote { background-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .bg-alert-caution { background-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .bg-alienblue-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(220 226 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(184 197 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 240 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-berrypurple-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(243 218 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black-opacity-60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black-opacity-80 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .bg-black\/20 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .bg-black\/50 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.5); } .bg-black\/60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black\/70 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .bg-brand-background { background-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .bg-brand-secondary-limegreen_base { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(174 239 15/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-category-spoiler { background-color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .bg-caution-background { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-coolgray-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-150 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(201 215 222/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(127 148 159/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(102 119 128/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-550 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-danger-background { background-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker); } .bg-downvote-background { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background); } .bg-global-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-brand-orangered { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-orangered { background-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .bg-global-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-interactive-background-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); } .bg-interactive-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .bg-inverted-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-background); } .bg-kiwigreen-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 245 160/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(88 225 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-25 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 253 231/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(221 248 215/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 110 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-lightblue-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(2 185 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-media-background { background-color: var(--color-media-background); } .bg-mintgreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mintgreen-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 135 109/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mods-filtered-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background); } .bg-mods-reported-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background); } .bg-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .bg-neutral-background-container { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .bg-neutral-background-container-strong { background-color: var(--
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color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-gilded-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-highlighted-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-medium { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .bg-neutral-background-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .bg-neutral-background-weak-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .bg-neutral-border { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .bg-neutral-border-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .bg-neutral-content { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .bg-neutral-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .bg-neutral-content-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .bg-online { background-color: var(--color-online); } .bg-opacity-08 { background-color: var(--color-opacity-08); } .bg-orangered-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 180 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(230 223 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-primary { background-color: var(--color-primary); } .bg-primary-background { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .bg-puregray-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(251 219 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-sakurapink-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 56 187/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-scrim { background-color: var(--color-scrim); } .bg-secondary-background { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .bg-secondary-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .bg-secondary-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .bg-secondary-plain { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .bg-streak-not-reached-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background); } .bg-streak-progress { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-progress); } .bg-success-background { background-color: var(--color-success-background); } .bg-tone-1 { background-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .bg-tone-3 { background-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .bg-tone-4 { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .bg-tone-5 { background-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .bg-tone-6 { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-tone-7 { background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } .bg-transparent { background-color: initial; } .bg-ui-canvas { background-color: var(--color-ui-canvas); } .bg-ui-modalbackground { background-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .bg-warning-background { background-color: var(--color-warning-background); } .bg-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-white\/30 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.3); } .bg-white\/60 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.6); } .bg-yellow-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 226 132/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 191 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 136 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 243 192/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 220 200/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(228 108 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-opacity-0 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0; } .bg-opacity-15 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.15; } .bg-opacity-55 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.55; } .bg-opacity-60 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.6; } .bg-opacity-70 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.7; } .bg-opacity-\[0\.07\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.07; } .bg-\[image\:var\(--color-avatar-gradient\)\] { background-image: var(--color-avatar-gradient); } .bg-\[image\:var\(--small-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--small-banner); } .bg-gradient-to-bl { background-image: linear-gradient(to bottom left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-br { background-image: linear-gradient(to bottom right,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-l { background-image: linear-gradient(to left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-r { background-image: linear-gradient(to right,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-t { background-image: linear-gradient(to top,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-none { background-image: none; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--gallery-gradient-bg,var(--color-neutral-background)) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-berrypurple-900 { --tw-gradient-from: #300643 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(48,6,67,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-black\/80 { --tw-gradient-from: rgba(0,0,0,.8) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-orangered-500 { --tw-gradient-from: #d93900 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(217,57,0,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-transparent { --tw-gradient-from: transparent var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .via-black\/25 { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),rgba(0,0,0,.25) var(--tw-gradient-via-position),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-to: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-lightblue-500 { --tw-gradient-to: #007fae var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-orangered-400 { --tw-gradient-to: #ff4500 var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-transparent { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-100\% { --tw-gradient-to-position: 100%; } .bg-\[length\:100\%_177px\] { background-size: 100% 177px; } .bg-\[length\:296px\] { background-size: 296px; } .bg-contain { background-size: contain; } .bg-cover { background-size: cover; } .bg-clip-content { background-clip: content-box; } .bg-\[center_35\%\] { background-position: center 35%; } .bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .bg-left { background-position: 0px center; } .bg-top { background-position: center top; } .bg-no-repeat { background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-danger-content\)\] { fill: var(--color-danger-content); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-coins); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-moderator\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-online\)\] { fill: var(--color-online); } .fill-action-primary { fill: var(--color-action-primary); } .fill-current { fill: currentcolor; } .fill-global-brand-orangered { fill: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .fill-neutral-border { fill: var(--color-neutral-border); } .fill-neutral-border-medium { fill: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .fill-neutral-content-weak { fill: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .fill-primary-background { fill: var(--color-primary-background); } .fill-secondary-plain { fill: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .object-contain { object-fit: contain; } .object-cover { object-fit: cover; } .object-fill { object-fit: fill; } .object-scale-down { object-fit: scale-down; } .object-center { object-position: center center; } .object-top { object-position: center top; } .\!p-0 { padding: 0px !important; } .\!p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem !important; } .p-0 { padding: 0px; } .p-2xl { padding: 3rem; } .p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem; } .p-3xl { padding: 4rem; } .p-\[10px\] { padding: 10px; } .p-\[12px\] { padding: 12px; } .p-\[16px\] { padding: 16px; } .p-\[1px\] { padding: 1px; } .p-\[1rem\] { padding: 1rem; } .p-\[2\.5rem\] { padding: 2.5rem; } .p-\[2\.75rem\] { padding: 2.75rem; } .p-\[20px\] { padding: 20px; } .p-\[24px\] { padding: 24px; } .p-\[2px\] { padding: 2px; } .p-\[4px\] { padding: 4px; } .p-\[56px\] { padding: 56px; } .p-\[6px\] { padding: 6px; } .p-\[72px\] { padding: 72px; } .p-\[8px\] { padding: 8px; } .p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .p-md { padding: 1rem; } .p-px { padding: 1px; } .p-sm { padding: 0.75rem; } .p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .p-xs { padding: 0.5rem; } .\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\!px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem !important; padding-right: 0.25rem !important; } .\!px-md { padding-left: 1rem !important; padding-right: 1rem !important; } .\!px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem !important; padding-right: 0.75rem !important; } .\!px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem !important; padding-right: 0.5rem !important; } .\!py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px !important; padding-top: 0px !important; } .px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .px-\[10px\] { padding-left: 10px; padding-right: 10px; } .px-\[11px\] { padding-left: 11px; padding-right: 11px; } .px-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; padding-right: 12px; } .px-\[16px\] { padding-left: 16px; padding-right: 16px; } .px-\[1rem\] { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-\[20px\] { padding-left: 20px; padding-right: 20px; } .px-\[2px\] { padding-left: 2px; padding-right: 2px; } .px-\[2rem\] { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-\[30\.5px\] { padding-left: 30.5px; padding-right: 30.5px; } .px-\[3px\] { padding-left: 3px; padding-right: 3px; } .px-\[40px\] { padding-left: 40px; padding-right: 40px; } .px-\[4px\] { padding-left: 4px; padding-right: 4px; } .px-\[4rem\] { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .px-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; padding-right: 6px; } .px-\[80px\] { padding-left: 80px; padding-right: 80px; } .px-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; padding-right: 8px; } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem16\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[var\(--horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--horizontal-padding); } .px-\[var\(--list-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--list-padding); padding-right: var(--list-padding); } .px-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); padding-right: var(--rem10); } .px-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem14); padding-right: var(--rem14); } .px-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem6); padding-right: var(--rem6); } .px-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem8); padding-right: var(--rem8); } .px-\[var\(--topbar-horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); } .px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-px { padding-left: 1px; padding-right: 1px; } .px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .px-xl { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .py-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; padding-top: 3rem; } .py-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; padding-top: 0.25rem; } .py-\[1\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-\[10px\] { padding-bottom: 10px; padding-top: 10px; } .py-\[12px\] { padding-bottom: 12px; padding-top: 12px; } .py-\[19px\] { padding-bottom: 19px; padding-top: 19px; } .py-\[1px\] { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-\[2\.875rem\] { padding-bottom: 2.875rem; padding-top: 2.875rem; } .py-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; padding-top: 20px; } .py-\[27px\] { padding-bottom: 27px; padding-top: 27px; } .py-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; padding-top: 2px; } .py-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; padding-top: 3px; } .py-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; padding-top: 40px; } .py-\[44px\] { padding-bottom: 44px; padding-top: 44px; } .py-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; padding-top: 6px; } .py-\[7px\] { padding-bottom: 7px; padding-top: 7px; } .py-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; padding-top: 8px; } .py-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); padding-top: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); } .py-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem10); padding-top: var(--rem10); } .py-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem14); padding-top: var(--rem14); } .py-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem6); padding-top: var(--rem6); } .py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; padding-top: 1rem; } .py-px { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .py-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; padding-top: 2rem; } .py-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; padding-top: 0.5rem; } .\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .pb-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .pb-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; } .pb-5xl { padding-bottom: 8rem; } .pb-\[\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pb-\[0\.4rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.4rem; } .pb-\[16px\] { padding-bottom: 16px; } .pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .pb-\[22px\] { padding-bottom: 22px; } .pb-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; } .pb-\[30px\] { padding-bottom: 30px; } .pb-\[36px\] { padding-bottom: 36px; } .pb-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; } .pb-\[4px\] {
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padding-bottom: 4px; } .pb-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; } .pb-\[64px\] { padding-bottom: 64px; } .pb-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; } .pb-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; } .pb-\[calc\(var\(--spacer-xl\)\+env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--spacer-xl) + env(safe-area-inset-bottom)); } .pb-\[env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\] { padding-bottom: env(safe-area-inset-bottom); } .pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .pb-px { padding-bottom: 1px; } .pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .pe-2xl { padding-inline-end: 3rem; } .pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .pe-3xl { padding-inline-end: 4rem; } .pe-\[10px\] { padding-inline-end: 10px; } .pe-\[12px\] { padding-inline-end: 12px; } .pe-\[2px\] { padding-inline-end: 2px; } .pe-\[3px\] { padding-inline-end: 3px; } .pe-\[40px\] { padding-inline-end: 40px; } .pe-\[6px\] { padding-inline-end: 6px; } .pe-\[calc\(var\(--rem6\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-end: calc(var(--rem6) - var(--rem1)); } .pe-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem12); } .pe-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem14); } .pe-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem16); } .pe-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem8); } .pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .pe-sm { padding-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .pl-0 { padding-left: 0px; } .pl-2xl { padding-left: 3rem; } .pl-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .pl-\[115px\] { padding-left: 115px; } .pl-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; } .pl-\[26px\] { padding-left: 26px; } .pl-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; } .pl-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; } .pl-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); } .pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; } .pl-md { padding-left: 1rem; } .pl-px { padding-left: 1px; } .pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; } .pl-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .pr-2xl { padding-right: 3rem; } .pr-2xs { padding-right: 0.25rem; } .pr-\[15px\] { padding-right: 15px; } .pr-\[4px\] { padding-right: 4px; } .pr-\[50px\] { padding-right: 50px; } .pr-\[6px\] { padding-right: 6px; } .pr-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-right: var(--rem14); } .pr-lg { padding-right: 1.5rem; } .pr-md { padding-right: 1rem; } .pr-sm { padding-right: 0.75rem; } .pr-xl { padding-right: 2rem; } .pr-xs { padding-right: 0.5rem; } .ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ps-\[10px\] { padding-inline-start: 10px; } .ps-\[110px\] { padding-inline-start: 110px; } .ps-\[115px\] { padding-inline-start: 115px; } .ps-\[12px\] { padding-inline-start: 12px; } .ps-\[15px\] { padding-inline-start: 15px; } .ps-\[1rem\] { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-\[20px\] { padding-inline-start: 20px; } .ps-\[2px\] { padding-inline-start: 2px; } .ps-\[32px\] { padding-inline-start: 32px; } .ps-\[3px\] { padding-inline-start: 3px; } .ps-\[4px\] { padding-inline-start: 4px; } .ps-\[6px\] { padding-inline-start: 6px; } .ps-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--rem1)); } .ps-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem10); } .ps-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem12); } .ps-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem14); } .ps-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem16); } .ps-lg { padding-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ps-xl { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } .ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .pt-2xs { padding-top: 0.25rem; } .pt-3xl { padding-top: 4rem; } .pt-\[0\.6rem\] { padding-top: 0.6rem; } .pt-\[10px\] { padding-top: 10px; } .pt-\[12px\] { padding-top: 12px; } .pt-\[13px\] { padding-top: 13px; } .pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .pt-\[2px\] { padding-top: 2px; } .pt-\[40px\] { padding-top: 40px; } .pt-\[42px\] { padding-top: 42px; } .pt-\[4px\] { padding-top: 4px; } .pt-\[50px\] { padding-top: 50px; } .pt-\[52px\] { padding-top: 52px; } .pt-\[64px\] { padding-top: 64px; } .pt-\[6px\] { padding-top: 6px; } .pt-\[72px\] { padding-top: 72px; } .pt-\[80px\] { padding-top: 80px; } .pt-\[8px\] { padding-top: 8px; } .pt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { padding-top: var(--page-y-padding); } .pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .pt-xl { padding-top: 2rem; } .pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .text-left { text-align: left; } .text-center { text-align: center; } .text-right { text-align: right; } .text-justify { text-align: justify; } .text-start { text-align: start; } .text-end { text-align: end; } .indent-0 { text-indent: 0px; } .align-baseline { vertical-align: initial; } .align-top { vertical-align: top; } .align-middle { vertical-align: middle; } .align-bottom { vertical-align: bottom; } .align-text-bottom { vertical-align: text-bottom; } .font-mono { font-family: var(--font-mono); } .font-sans { font-family: var(--font-sans); } .\!text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem !important; line-height: 1.25rem !important; } .text-10 { font-size: 0.625rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-11 { font-size: 0.6875rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-12, .text-12\/4 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-13 { font-size: 0.8125rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-14, .text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-15 { font-size: 0.9375rem; } .text-15, .text-16 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16 { font-size: 1rem; } .text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .text-48 { font-size: 3rem; line-height: 3rem; } .text-64 { font-size: 4rem; line-height: 4rem; } .text-\[1\.4rem\] { font-size: 1.4rem; } .text-\[1\.75rem\] { font-size: 1.75rem; } .text-\[10px\] { font-size: 10px; } .text-\[11px\] { font-size: 11px; } .text-\[12px\] { font-size: 12px; } .text-\[13px\] { font-size: 13px; } .text-\[14px\] { font-size: 14px; } .text-\[15px\] { font-size: 15px; } .text-\[16px\] { font-size: 16px; } .text-\[17px\] { font-size: 17px; } .text-\[2\.25rem\] { font-size: 2.25rem; } .text-\[2\.5rem\] { font-size: 2.5rem; } .text-\[2\.625rem\] { font-size: 2.625rem; } .text-\[24px\] { font-size: 24px; } .text-\[2em\] { font-size: 2em; } .text-\[2rem\] { font-size: 2rem; } .text-\[3\.5rem\] { font-size: 3.5rem; } .text-\[32px\] { font-size: 32px; } .text-\[32px\]\/\[44\.52px\] { font-size: 32px; line-height: 44.52px; } .text-\[34px\] { font-size: 34px; } .text-\[3rem\] { font-size: 3rem; } .text-\[40px\] { font-size: 40px; } .text-\[4rem\] { font-size: 4rem; } .text-\[56px\] { font-size: 56px; } .text-\[5rem\] { font-size: 5rem; } .text-\[60px\] { font-size: 60px; } .text-\[72px\]\/\[80px\] { font-size: 72px; line-height: 80px; } .text-\[88px\] { font-size: 88px; } .text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .text-body-2 { font-size: var(--font-body-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-2-line-height); } .text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .text-caption-2 { font-size: var(--font-caption-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-2-line-height); } .text-display { font-size: var(--font-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-display-line-height); } .text-headline { font-size: var(--font-headline-size); font-weight: var(--font-headline-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-headline-kerning); line-height: var(--font-headline-line-height); } .text-huge-display { font-size: var(--font-huge-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-huge-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-huge-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-huge-display-line-height); } .text-inherit { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .text-label-1 { font-size: var(--font-label-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-1-line-height); } .text-label-2 { font-size: var(--font-label-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-2-line-height); } .text-title-1 { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .text-title-3 { font-size: var(--font-title-3-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-3-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-3-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-3-line-height); } .font-\[500\] { font-weight: 500; } .font-\[600\] { font-weight: 600; } .font-\[800\] { font-weight: 800; } .font-\[900\] { font-weight: 900; } .font-\[var\(--font-title-h4\)\] { font-weight: var(--font-title-h4); } .font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .font-medium { font-weight: 500; } .font-normal { font-weight: 400; } .font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } .uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .lowercase { text-transform: lowercase; } .capitalize { text-transform: capitalize; } .normal-case { text-transform: none; } .italic { font-style: italic; } .not-italic { font-style: normal; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ordinal; font-variant-numeric: var(--tw-ordinal) var(--tw-slashed-zero) var(--tw-numeric-figure) var(--tw-numeric-spacing) var(--tw-numeric-fraction); } .leading-3 { line-height: 0.75rem; } .leading-4 { line-height: 1rem; } .leading-5 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .leading-6 { line-height: 1.5rem; } .leading-7 { line-height: 1.75rem; } .leading-8 { line-height: 2rem; } .leading-9 { line-height: 2.25rem; } .leading-\[--emote-line-height\] { line-height: var(--emote-line-height); } .leading-\[0\.85rem\] { line-height: 0.85rem; } .leading-\[0\] { line-height: 0; } .leading-\[1\.25\] { line-height: 1.25; } .leading-\[14px\] { line-height: 14px; } .leading-\[20px\] { line-height: 20px; } .leading-\[28px\] { line-height: 28px; } .leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .leading-\[52px\] { line-height: 52px; } .leading-\[58px\] { line-height: 58px; } .leading-\[64px\] { line-height: 64px; } .leading-\[68px\] { line-height: 68px; } .leading-\[96px\] { line-height: 96px; } .leading-none { line-height: 1; } .leading-normal { line-height: 1.5; } .leading-relaxed { line-height: 1.625; } .leading-tight { line-height: 1.25; } .tracking-\[-0\.2px\] { letter-spacing: -0.2px; } .tracking-\[1\.2px\] { letter-spacing: 1.2px; } .tracking-normal { letter-spacing: 0px; } .tracking-tight { letter-spacing: -0.025em; } .tracking-tighter { letter-spacing: -0.05em; } .tracking-wide { letter-spacing: 0.025em; } .tracking-widest { letter-spacing: 0.1em; } .\!text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content) !important; } .\!text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong) !important; } .\!text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1) !important; } .text-\[\#0F1A1C\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(15 26 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#131313\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#949798\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#B06400\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(176 100 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#C33700\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(195 55 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#FF4500\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#fffc\] { color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.8); } .text-\[color\:inherit\] { color: inherit; } .text-\[color\:var\(--button-color-text-default\)\] { color: var(--button-color-text-default); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-a-default\)\] { color: var(--color-a-default); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-input-helper-text\)\] { color: var(--color-input-helper-text); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-2\)\] { color: var(--color-tone-2); } .text-\[var\(--color-alert-negative\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-negative); } .text-\[var\(--color-alert-positive\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-positive); } .text-\[var\(--color-banner-plain-text\)\] { color: var(--color-banner-plain-text); } .text-\[var\(--color-caution-onBackground\)\] { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } .text-\[var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { color: var(--color-identity-coins); } .text-action-downvote { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .text-action-secondary { color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .text-action-upvote { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .text-ai-plain { color: var(--color-ai-plain); } .text-alert-caution { color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .text-alert-negative { color: var(--color-alert-negative); } .text-alienblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-alienblue-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-berrypurple-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 0 163/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-brand-background { color: var(--color-brand-background); } .text-brand-onBackground { color: var(--color-brand-onBackground); } .text-category-nsfw { color: var(--color-category-nsfw); } .text-category-spoiler { color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .text-caution-onBackground { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } .text-caution-plain { color: var(--color-caution-plain); } .text-coolgray-200 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-350 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-450 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-50 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-525 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(87 111 118/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-550 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-650 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(72 84 91/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(61 73 78/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-750 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-850 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(33 39 42/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-900 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-950 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-current { color: currentcolor; } .text-danger-background { color: var(--color-danger-background); } .text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content); } .text-danger-plain { color: var(--color-danger-plain); } .text-global-admin { color: var(--color-global-admin); } .text-global-alienblue { color: var(--color-global-alienblue); } .text-global-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-brand-orangered { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-focus { color: var(--color-global-focus); } .text-global-gold { color: var(--color-global-gold); } .text-global-moderator { color: var(--color-global-moderator); } .text-global-nsfw { color: var(--color-global-nsfw); } .text-global-offline { color: var(--color-global-offline); } .text-global-online { color: var(--color-global-online); } .text-global-orangered { color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .text-global-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-identity-admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } .text-identity-moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .text-interactive-content-disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .text-inverted-neutral-content { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content); } .text-inverted-neutral-content-strong {
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color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content-strong); } .text-inverted-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-onBackground); } .text-inverted-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain); } .text-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-kiwigreen-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 83 6/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-lightblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(2 157 213/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-media-onBackground { color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .text-media-onbackground { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .text-media-onbackground-weak { color: var(--color-media-onbackground-weak); } .text-mintgreen-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-mods-filtered-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground); } .text-mods-reported-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground); } .text-neutral-background { color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .text-neutral-border-medium { color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .text-neutral-border-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .text-neutral-content { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .text-neutral-content-disabled { color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .text-online { color: var(--color-online); } .text-orangered-300 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-orangered-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(132 33 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(106 92 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-primary { color: var(--color-primary); } .text-primary-background { color: var(--color-primary-background); } .text-primary-onBackground { color: var(--color-primary-onBackground); } .text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .text-puregray-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 118 118/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 79 64/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 0 15/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-sakurapink-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(222 1 159/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-secondary { color: var(--color-secondary); } .text-secondary-background { color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .text-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .text-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .text-secondary-plain-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .text-secondary-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .text-streak-not-reached-text { color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text); } .text-success-background { color: var(--color-success-background); } .text-success-content { color: var(--color-success-content); } .text-success-plain { color: var(--color-success-plain); } .text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1); } .text-tone-2 { color: var(--color-tone-2); } .text-tone-3 { color: var(--color-tone-3); } .text-tone-7 { color: var(--color-tone-7); } .text-upvote-content { color: var(--color-upvote-content); } .text-warning-content { color: var(--color-warning-content); } .text-warning-onBackground { color: var(--color-warning-onBackground); } .text-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yellow-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(91 66 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yelloworange-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(115 51 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .underline { text-decoration-line: underline; } .line-through { text-decoration-line: line-through; } .\!no-underline { text-decoration-line: none !important; } .no-underline { text-decoration-line: none; } .decoration-solid { text-decoration-style: solid; } .decoration-dotted { text-decoration-style: dotted; } .caret-transparent { caret-color: transparent; } .opacity-0 { opacity: 0; } .opacity-10 { opacity: 0.1; } .opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .opacity-20 { opacity: 0.2; } .opacity-25 { opacity: 0.25; } .opacity-30 { opacity: 0.3; } .opacity-35 { opacity: 0.35; } .opacity-40 { opacity: 0.4; } .opacity-50 { opacity: 0.5; } .opacity-55 { opacity: 0.55; } .opacity-60 { opacity: 0.6; } .opacity-75 { opacity: 0.75; } .opacity-80 { opacity: 0.8; } .opacity-90 { opacity: 0.9; } .opacity-\[--slider-opacity\] { opacity: var(--slider-opacity); } .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 0 0 4px var(--color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 0 4px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 2px 0 0 var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 2px 0 0 var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px -40px 21px var(--color-neutral-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px -40px 21px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 0px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 0px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 8px 0px; --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 8px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 2px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 2px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 3px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 3px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 4px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 4px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-md { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-md); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-md); } .shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .shadow-none, .shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .shadow-xs { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-xs); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-xs); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0\.75rem\] { --tw-shadow-color: 0.75rem; --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .shadow-neutral-border-weak { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .outline-none { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .outline { outline-style: solid; } .outline-0 { outline-width: 0px; } .outline-1 { outline-width: 1px; } .outline-2 { outline-width: 2px; } .outline-4 { outline-width: 4px; } .outline-\[3px\] { outline-width: 3px; } .-outline-offset-1 { outline-offset: -1px; } .outline-offset-0 { outline-offset: 0px; } .outline-offset-2 { outline-offset: 2px; } .outline-offset-\[\.25rem\] { outline-offset: 0.25rem; } .outline-offset-\[0\.125rem\] { outline-offset: 0.125rem; } .outline-offset-\[0\.1875rem\] { outline-offset: 0.1875rem; } .outline-offset-\[2px\] { outline-offset: 2px; } .outline-\[\#FF9C1A\] { outline-color: rgb(255, 156, 26); } .outline-\[--color-neutral-border-strong\] { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .outline-\[var\(--color-brand-background\)\] { outline-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .outline-action-upvote { outline-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .outline-danger-content { outline-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .outline-global-brand-orangered { outline-color: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .outline-global-white { outline-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .outline-lightblue-300 { outline-color: rgb(2, 185, 251); } .outline-neutral-background-medium { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .outline-neutral-border-weak { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .outline-transparent { outline-color: transparent; } .ring { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(3px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .blur-\[6px\] { --tw-blur: blur(6px); } .blur-\[6px\], .drop-shadow { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .drop-shadow { --tw-drop-shadow: drop-shadow(0 1px 2px rgba(0,0,0,.1)) drop-shadow(0 1px 1px rgba(0,0,0,.06)); } .grayscale { --tw-grayscale: grayscale(100%); } .grayscale, .invert { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .invert { --tw-invert: invert(100%); } .backdrop-blur-2xl { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(2.5rem); } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(16px); } .backdrop-blur-sm { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(0.25rem); } .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .transition { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke, opacity, box-shadow, transform, filter, backdrop-filter; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-height\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-height; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-width\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-width; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[opacity\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[transform\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[width\,height\,border-radius\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: width, height, border-radius; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-all { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: all; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-colors { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-opacity { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-transform { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .delay-100 { transition-delay: 0.1s; } .delay-200 { transition-delay: 0.2s; } .delay-300 { transition-delay: 0.3s; } .duration-1000 { transition-duration: 1s; } .duration-150 { transition-duration: 0.15s; } .duration-200 { transition-duration: 0.2s; } .duration-300 { transition-duration: 0.3s; } .duration-500 { transition-duration: 0.5s; } .duration-75 { transition-duration: 75ms; } .duration-\[1500ms\] { transition-duration: 1.5s; } .duration-\[250ms\] { transition-duration: 0.25s; } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.22\,1\,0\.36\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.22, 1, 0.36, 1); } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.54\,1\.15\,1\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.54, 1.15, 1, 1); } .ease-in { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 1, 1); } .ease-in-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .ease-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1); } .will-change-transform { will-change: transform; } .leading-inherit { line-height: inherit; } .\@container { container-type: inline-size; } .text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-24-scalable { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-title-1-scalable { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .scalable-text, .text-10-scalable, .text-11-scalable, .text-12-scalable, .text-13-scalable, .text-14-scalable, .text-15-scalable, .text-16-scalable, .text-17-scalable, .text-18-scalable, .text-19-scalable, .text-20-scalable, .text-24-scalable, .text-32-scalable, .text-48-scalable, .text-64-scalable, .text-body-1-scalable, .text-body-2-scalable, .text-caption-1-scalable, .text-caption-2-scalable, .text-display-scalable, .text-headline-scalable, .text-huge-display-scalable, .text-inherit-scalable, .text-label-1-scalable, .text-label-2-scalable, .text-title-1-scalable, .text-title-2-scalable, .text-title-3-scalable, .text-undefined-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .scrollbar-hide { scrollbar-width: none; } .scrollbar-hide::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; width: 0px !important; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4 { --tw-translate-x: -50%; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: -6rem; } .-translate-x-\[4px\] { --tw-translate-x: -4px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4 { --tw-translate-y: -50%; } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\] { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-\[2px\] { --tw-translate-y: -2px; } .-translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: -100%; } .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-0 { --tw-translate-x: 0px; } .translate-x-1\/2 {
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--tw-translate-x: 50%; } .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: 6rem; } .translate-x-full { --tw-translate-x: 100%; } .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-px { --tw-translate-x: 1px; } .translate-y-0 { --tw-translate-y: 0px; } .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-1\/2 { --tw-translate-y: 50%; } .translate-y-4xl { --tw-translate-y: 6rem; } .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: 100%; } .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-y: 1px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .\[--button-border-color\:var\(--color-global-white\)\] { --button-border-color: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--button-color-text\:var\(--color-global-white\)\] { --button-color-text: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--color-neutral-background-hover\:var\(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover\)\] { --color-neutral-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .\[--emote-size\:\$\{expectedEmoteSize\}\] { --emote-size: ${expectedEmoteSize}; } .\[--emote-size\:20px\] { --emote-size: 20px; } .\[--emote-size\:60px\] { --emote-size: 60px; } .\[backface-visibility\:hidden\] { backface-visibility: hidden; } .\[box-shadow\:0_-6px_8px_var\(--color-tone-5\)\] { box-shadow: 0 -6px 8px var(--color-tone-5); } .\[caret-color\:var\(--color-tone-1\)\] { caret-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .\[color\:transparent\] { color: transparent; } .\[font-size\:var\(--emote-size\)\] { font-size: var(--emote-size); } .\[perspective\:1000px\] { perspective: 1000px; } .\[q\:foo\] { } .\[scope\:community-\/r\/bar\/\] { } .\[sort\:comments\] { } .\[text-shadow\:1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,-1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_1px_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_-1px_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\] { text-shadow: 1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),-1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),0 1px 0 var(--color-media-background),0 -1px 0 var(--color-media-background); } .\[time\:all\] { } .\[transform-style\:preserve-3d\] { transform-style: preserve-3d; } .\[transform\:rotateY\(180deg\)\] { transform: rotateY(180deg); } .\[transform\:translate3d\(0\,0\,0\)\] { transform: translateZ(0px); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } } .*\:m-0 > * { margin: 0px; } .*\:rounded-1 > * { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .first-letter\:capitalize::first-letter { text-transform: capitalize; } .marker\:hidden ::marker { display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain ::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .marker\:hidden::marker { display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .selection\:text-transparent ::selection { color: transparent; } .selection\:text-transparent::selection { color: transparent; } .placeholder\:text-neutral-content-weak::placeholder { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .before\:absolute::before { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .before\:left-\[-1rem\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .before\:start-0::before { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .before\:top-0::before, .before\:top-\[0\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .before\:top-lg::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 1.5rem; } .before\:top-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0.75rem; } .before\:mx-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .before\:ml-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.75rem; } .before\:ms-md::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .before\:block::before { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .before\:h-\[--emote-size\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: var(--emote-size); } .before\:h-full::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .before\:w-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: 0.25rem; } .before\:w-\[--emote-size\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: var(--emote-size); } .before\:origin-top-left::before { content: var(--tw-content); transform-origin: left top; } .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); --tw-scale-x: var(--emote-scale); --tw-scale-y: var(--emote-scale); transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .before\:rounded-full::before { border-radius: 624.938rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-y-0::before { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-l-\[1px\]::before { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-r-\[0px\]::before { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-solid::before { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-tone-4::before { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-secondary-background::before { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-\[size\:--emote-size\]::before { background-size: var(--emote-size); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:text-12::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .before\:text-14::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .before\:content-\[\'\'\]::before { --tw-content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[\'·\'\]::before { --tw-content: "·"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[\'•\'\]::before { --tw-content: "•"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[attr\(priority\)\]::before { --tw-content: attr(priority); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:invisible::after { content: var(--tw-content); visibility: hidden; } .after\:absolute::after { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .after\:left-\[-1rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .after\:start-0::after { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .after\:top-0::after, .after\:top-\[0\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .after\:col-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-start: 1; } .after\:col-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-end: 2; } .after\:row-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-start: 1; } .after\:row-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-end: 2; } .after\:clear-both::after { clear: both; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:ms-\[0\.375rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 0.375rem; } .after\:box-border::after { box-sizing: border-box; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:block::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .after\:table::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: table; } .after\:h-\[20px\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 20px; } .after\:h-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .after\:w-100::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:w-\[24px\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 24px; } .after\:w-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:resize-y::after { content: var(--tw-content); resize: vertical; } .after\:whitespace-pre-wrap::after { content: var(--tw-content); white-space: pre-wrap; } .after\:rounded-l-\[6px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:rounded-bl-\[12px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-sm::after { border-width: 0.0625rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-y-0::after { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-b-\[1px\]::after { border-bottom-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-e-0::after { border-inline-end-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-l-\[1px\]::after { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-r-\[0px\]::after { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-solid::after { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-neutral-border-weak::after { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-tone-4::after { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:px-md::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .after\:py-sm::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .after\:font-mono::after { content: var(--tw-content); font-family: var(--font-mono); } .after\:leading-5::after { content: var(--tw-content); line-height: 1.25rem; } .after\:content-\[\'\'\]::after { --tw-content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .first\:ml-0:first-child { margin-left: 0px; } .first\:ms-0:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .first\:ms-md:first-child { margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .first\:ms-xs:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .first\:mt-0:first-child { margin-top: 0px; } .first\:pl-md:first-child { padding-left: 1rem; } .last\:mb-0:last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .last\:me-0:last-child { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .last\:me-md:last-child { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .last\:me-xs:last-child { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .last\:mr-0:last-child { margin-right: 0px; } .last\:hidden:last-child { display: none; } .last\:border-0:last-child { border-width: 0px; } .last\:border-b-0:last-child { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .last\:border-none:last-child { border-style: none; } .last\:pb-0:last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; } .last\:pr-md:last-child { padding-right: 1rem; } .last-of-type\:mb-0:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } .visited\:border-\[var\(--color-a-visited\)\]:visited { border-color: var(--color-a-visited); } .visited\:bg-transparent:visited { background-color: initial; } .visited\:text-inherit:visited { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain) !important; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak) !important; } .visited\:\!text-white:visited { color: rgb(255, 255, 255) !important; } .visited\:text-media-onbackground:visited { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .visited\:text-neutral-background-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .visited\:text-neutral-content-strong:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .visited\:text-neutral-content-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .visited\:text-secondary:visited { color: var(--color-secondary); } .visited\:text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .visited\:text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .visited\:no-underline:visited { text-decoration-line: none; } .empty\:hidden:empty { display: none; } .empty\:pr-0:empty { padding-right: 0px; } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-medium:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-strong:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .focus-within\:opacity-100:focus-within { opacity: 1; } .focus-within\:outline:focus-within { outline-style: solid; } .focus-within\:outline-1:focus-within { outline-width: 1px; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .hover\:scale-110:hover { --tw-scale-x: 1.1; --tw-scale-y: 1.1; } .hover\:scale-110:hover, .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .hover\:cursor-pointer:hover { cursor: pointer; } .hover\:rounded-2:hover { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .hover\:border-\[var\(--color-a-hover\)\]:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-hover); } .hover\:border-global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .hover\:border-global-orangered:hover { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .hover\:border-neutral-content-weak:hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:border-primary-hover:hover { border-color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:border-secondary-background-hover:hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .hover\:border-tone-3:hover { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .hover\:border-l-neutral-border:hover { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-prim-hover\)\]:hover { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-sec-hover\)\]:hover { background-color: var(--notification-banner-sec-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover) !important; } .hover\:bg-black\/70:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .hover\:bg-black\/80:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .hover\:bg-coolgray-950:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-downvote-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-interactive-pressed:hover { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .hover\:bg-mods-filtered-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-mods-reported-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak:hover { background-color: var(--color-

translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } @container (min-width: 32px) { .\@\[32px\]\:flex { display: flex; } } @container (min-width: 64rem) { .\@5xl\:flex { display: flex; } .\@5xl\:hidden { display: none; } } .nd\:visible:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .nd\:invisible:not(:defined) { visibility: hidden; } .nd\:mx-md:not(:defined) { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .nd\:mb-md:not(:defined) { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .nd\:mt-lg:not(:defined) { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .nd\:block:not(:defined) { display: block; } .nd\:flex:not(:defined) { display: flex; } .nd\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .nd\:aspect-square:not(:defined) { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .nd\:h-0:not(:defined) { height: 0px; } .nd\:h-2xl:not(:defined) { height: 3rem; } .nd\:h-\[110px\]:not(:defined) { height: 110px; } .nd\:h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { height: 32px; } .nd\:h-\[40px\]:not(:defined) { height: 40px; } .nd\:h-\[64px\]:not(:defined) { height: 64px; } .nd\:h-\[88px\]:not(:defined) { height: 88px; } .nd\:h-\[var\(--gallery-initial-height\)\]:not(:defined) { height: var(--gallery-initial-height); } .nd\:h-lg:not(:defined) { height: 1.5rem; } .nd\:h-xl:not(:defined) { height: 2rem; } .nd\:max-h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { max-height: 32px; } .nd\:max-h-xl:not(:defined) { max-height: 2rem; } .nd\:min-h-xl:not(:defined) { min-height: 2rem; } .nd\:w-\[104px\]:not(:defined) { width: 104px; } .nd\:w-\[380px\]:not(:defined) { width: 380px; } .nd\:w-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { width: 54px; } .nd\:w-fit:not(:defined) { width: fit-content; } .nd\:w-lg:not(:defined) { width: 1.5rem; } .nd\:w-xl:not(:defined) { width: 2rem; } @keyframes pulse { 50% { opacity: 0.5; } } .nd\:animate-pulse:not(:defined) { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } .nd\:flex-row:not(:defined) { flex-direction: row; } .nd\:gap-xs:not(:defined) { gap: 0.5rem; } .nd\:overflow-hidden:not(:defined) { overflow: hidden; } .nd\:rounded-4:not(:defined) { border-radius: 1rem; } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-selected:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-weak:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .nd\:bg-secondary-background:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .nd\:pb-0:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 0px; } .nd\:pb-2xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .nd\:pb-\[var\(--rem36\)\]:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: var(--rem36); } .nd\:pb-xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .nd\:pt-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { padding-top: 54px; } .nd\:pt-xs:not(:defined) { padding-top: 0.5rem; } @media (display-mode: minimal-ui), (display-mode: standalone), (display:window-controls-overlay) { .pwa\:block { display: block; } .pwa\:hidden { display: none; } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion: reduce) { .motion-reduce\:transition-none { transition-property: none; } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:block) { display: block; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hidden) { display: none; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:w-px) { width: 1px; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:border-black-opacity-10) { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.098); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#090F11\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(9 15 17/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#95DCFB\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(149 220 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A0B0B5\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(160 176 181/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A3E398\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(163 227 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A7CCFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(167 204 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A8A8A8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 168 168/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#C3BDFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(195 189 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#EEA7FF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 167 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FADB61\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(250 219 97/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFA5E3\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 165 227/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFADB8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 173 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFBEA6\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 190 166/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-alienblue-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 26 63/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-berrypurple-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(48 6 67/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-black\/30) { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-600) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-750) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-800) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 50 54/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-950\/30) { background-color: rgba(14, 17, 19, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-danger-content-default) { background-color: var(--color-danger-content-default); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-global-black) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-kiwigreen-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-lime-700) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 80 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-weak) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-periwinkle-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(22 14 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(52 15 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-950) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(31 11 4/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yellow-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(35 26 3/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yelloworange-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 23 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-\[var\(--color-global-stars\)\]) { color: var(--color-global-stars); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-400) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-berrypurple-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(234 179 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-caution-onBackground) { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(151 175 188/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-900) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-global-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-kiwigreen-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 198 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-neutral-content-strong) { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-orangered-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-periwinkle-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-red-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yellow-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yelloworange-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 138 53/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .peer:checked ~ .group .dark\:peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:absolute { position: absolute; } .lg\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .lg\:row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .lg\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .lg\:mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .lg\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .lg\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .lg\:block { display: block; } .lg\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .lg\:flex { display: flex; } .lg\:hidden { display: none; } .lg\:max-h-\[700px\] { max-height: 700px; } .lg\:w-5\/12 { width: 41.6667%; } .lg\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .lg\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .lg\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .lg\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:visible { visibility: visible; } .xs\:sticky { position: sticky; } .xs\:-left-\[2rem\] { left: -2rem; } .xs\:-top-\[2\.25rem\] { top: -2.25rem; } .xs\:start-\[-16\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -16.5px; } .xs\:top-\[-2px\] { top: -2px; } .xs\:top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .xs\:top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+16px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 16px); } .xs\:top-md { top: 1rem; } .xs\:z-10 { z-index: 10; } .xs\:col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .xs\:col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .xs\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .xs\:col-span-5 { grid-column: span 5 / span 5; } .xs\:col-span-8 { grid-column: span 8 / span 8; } .xs\:col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .xs\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .xs\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xs\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xs\:col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .xs\:col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .xs\:col-end-6 { grid-column-end: 6; } .xs\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .xs\:row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .xs\:row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .xs\:row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .xs\:row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .xs\:row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .xs\:row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .xs\:row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .xs\:row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .xs\:row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .xs\:m-0 { margin: 0px; } .xs\:m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .xs\:-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .xs\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .xs\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:-mb-\[2\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: -2.25rem; } .xs\:-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .xs\:-mt-sm { margin-top: -0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .xs\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .xs\:ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .xs\:ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .xs\:mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .xs\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .xs\:ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .xs\:ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .xs\:ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .xs\:mt-\[4\.7rem\] { margin-top: 4.7rem; } .xs\:mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .xs\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .xs\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .xs\:line-clamp-1, .xs\:line-clamp-2 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .xs\:line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .xs\:line-clamp-4, .xs\:line-clamp-6 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-6 { -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .xs\:line-clamp-none { display: block; overflow: visible; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-line-clamp: none; } .xs\:block { display: block; } .xs\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .xs\:inline { display: inline; } .xs\:flex { display: flex; } .xs\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .xs\:grid { display: grid; } .xs\:contents { display: contents; } .xs\:hidden { display: none; } .xs\:h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .xs\:h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .xs\:h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .xs\:h-\[--shreddit-header-height\] { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .xs\:h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .xs\:h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .xs\:h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .xs\:h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .xs\:h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .xs\:h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .xs\:h-\[330px\] { height: 330px; } .xs\:h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .xs\:h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .xs\:h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .xs\:h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .xs\:h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .xs\:h-\[78px\] { height: 78px; } .xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .xs\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .xs\:h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .xs\:h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .xs\:h-full { height: 100%; } .xs\:h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:h-xl { height: 2rem; } .xs\:max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-32px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 32px); } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-57px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 57px); } .xs\:max-h-screen-without-header { max-height:

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calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:min-h-\[20rem\] { min-height: 20rem; } .xs\:min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .xs\:min-h-\[72px\] { min-height: 72px; } .xs\:min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .xs\:min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height)); } .xs\:min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .xs\:w-100 { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .xs\:w-\[1010px\] { width: 1010px; } .xs\:w-\[104px\] { width: 104px; } .xs\:w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .xs\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .xs\:w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .xs\:w-\[15\.5px\] { width: 15.5px; } .xs\:w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .xs\:w-\[161px\] { width: 161px; } .xs\:w-\[163px\] { width: 163px; } .xs\:w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .xs\:w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .xs\:w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .xs\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .xs\:w-\[352px\] { width: 352px; } .xs\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .xs\:w-\[440px\] { width: 440px; } .xs\:w-\[470px\] { width: 470px; } .xs\:w-\[485px\] { width: 485px; } .xs\:w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .xs\:w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .xs\:w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .xs\:w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .xs\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .xs\:w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .xs\:w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .xs\:w-\[752px\] { width: 752px; } .xs\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .xs\:w-\[840px\] { width: 840px; } .xs\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .xs\:w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .xs\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .xs\:w-auto { width: auto; } .xs\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .xs\:w-full { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .xs\:w-xl { width: 2rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[19rem\] { min-width: 19rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .xs\:min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .xs\:min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .xs\:min-w-\[513px\] { min-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .xs\:max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .xs\:max-w-\[25rem\] { max-width: 25rem; } .xs\:max-w-\[280px\] { max-width: 280px; } .xs\:max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .xs\:max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .xs\:max-w-\[513px\] { max-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .xs\:max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .xs\:max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .xs\:max-w-\[calc\(100\%-30px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 30px); } .xs\:max-w-\[min\(756px\,calc\(100\%-\(16px\+316px\)\)\)\] { max-width: min(756px, 100% - 332px); } .xs\:max-w-none { max-width: none; } .xs\:max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .xs\:flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .xs\:basis-\[calc\(50\%-6px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% - 6px); } .xs\:basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .xs\:scroll-m-\[120px\] { scroll-margin: 120px; } .xs\:auto-cols-\[calc\(33\.33\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(33.33% - 0.5rem); } .xs\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-8 { grid-template-columns: repeat(8, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[15rem_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 15rem 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[1fr_178px_178px_178px_178px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 178px 178px 178px 178px; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[2fr_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 2fr 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 32px 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: 32px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[min-content_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: min-content 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,minmax\(340px\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(340px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto; } .xs\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .xs\:flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .xs\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .xs\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .xs\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .xs\:items-center { align-items: center; } .xs\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .xs\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .xs\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .xs\:gap-\[5rem\] { gap: 5rem; } .xs\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .xs\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .xs\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .xs\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .xs\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xs\:overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .xs\:overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .xs\:overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .xs\:text-ellipsis { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .xs\:whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .xs\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .xs\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .xs\:rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .xs\:rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:border-x-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .xs\:border-solid { border-style: solid; } .xs\:border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .xs\:bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .xs\:bg-\[image\:var\(--medium-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--medium-banner); } .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .xs\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .xs\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .xs\:\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .xs\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .xs\:px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .xs\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .xs\:px-\[5rem\] { padding-left: 5rem; padding-right: 5rem; } .xs\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .xs\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .xs\:px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .xs\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:pb-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; } .xs\:pb-\[5\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 5.5rem; } .xs\:pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .xs\:pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .xs\:pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .xs\:pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; } .xs\:ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .xs\:ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .xs\:ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .xs\:pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .xs\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .xs\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:text-left { text-align: left; } .xs\:text-start { text-align: start; } .xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .xs\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16 { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .xs\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .xs\:text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .xs\:uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .xs\:leading-\[1\.5em\] { line-height: 1.5em; } .xs\:leading-\[30px\] { line-height: 30px; } .xs\:leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .xs\:leading-\[40px\] { line-height: 40px; } .xs\:text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .xs\:shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .xs\:shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .xs\:text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-20-scalable { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-14-scalable, .xs\:text-16-scalable, .xs\:text-18-scalable, .xs\:text-20-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .first\:xs\:pl-2xs:first-child { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .last\:xs\:block:last-child { display: block; } .last\:xs\:pr-2xs:last-child { padding-right: 0.25rem; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:bg-neutral-background-container) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:text-secondary-plain-weak) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:invisible { visibility: hidden; } .s\:fixed { position: fixed; } .s\:relative { position: relative; } .s\:bottom-auto { bottom: auto; } .s\:left-auto { left: auto; } .s\:right-auto { right: auto; } .s\:top-auto { top: auto; } .s\:top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .s\:order-1 { order: 1; } .s\:order-2 { order: 2; } .s\:col-span-3 { grid-column: span 3 / span 3; } .s\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .s\:col-span-6 { grid-column: span 6 / span 6; } .s\:col-span-9 { grid-column: span 9 / span 9; } .s\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .s\:col-end-10 { grid-column-end: 10; } .s\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .s\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .s\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .s\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .s\:ml-\[381px\] { margin-left: 381px; } .s\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .s\:ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .s\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .s\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .s\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .s\:block { display: block; } .s\:flex { display: flex; } .s\:grid { display: grid; } .s\:contents { display: contents; } .s\:hidden { display: none; } .s\:h-100 { height: 100%; } .s\:h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .s\:h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .s\:h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .s\:h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .s\:h-\[32\.5rem\] { height: 32.5rem; } .s\:h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .s\:h-\[478px\] { height: 478px; } .s\:h-\[75px\] { height: 75px; } .s\:h-\[785px\] { height: 785px; } .s\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .s\:h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-240px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 240px); } .s\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .s\:max-h-\[24px\] { max-height: 24px; } .s\:max-h-\[318px\] { max-height: 318px; } .s\:max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .s\:max-h-\[48px\] { max-height: 48px; } .s\:max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .s\:max-h-\[64px\] { max-height: 64px; } .s\:min-h-\[22px\] { min-height: 22px; } .s\:min-h-\[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .s\:min-h-\[48px\] { min-height: 48px; } .s\:w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .s\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .s\:w-\[144px\] { width: 144px; } .s\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .s\:w-\[40vw\] { width: 40vw; } .s\:w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .s\:w-\[558px\] { width: 558px; } .s\:w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .s\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .s\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .s\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .s\:w-\[calc\(var\(--flex-nav-width\)-1px\)\] { width: calc(var(--flex-nav-width) - 1px); } .s\:w-auto { width: auto; } .s\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .s\:w-full { width: 100%; } .s\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .s\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .s\:min-w-\[48px\] { min-width: 48px; } .s\:min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .s\:max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .s\:max-w-\[1094px\] { max-width: 1094px; } .s\:max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .s\:max-w-\[230px\] { max-width: 230px; } .s\:max-w-\[291px\] { max-width: 291px; } .s\:max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .s\:max-w-\[450px\] { max-width: 450px; } .s\:max-w-\[48px\] { max-width: 48px; } .s\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .s\:max-w-\[890px\] { max-width: 890px; } .s\:max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .s\:max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .s\:max-w-container-s { max-width: 994px; } .s\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .s\:shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .s\:flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .s\:basis-1\/4 { flex-basis: 25%; } .s\:auto-rows-\[minmax\(144px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(144px, auto); } .s\:grid-cols-12 { grid-template-columns: repeat(12, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-\[auto_400px\] { grid-template-columns: auto 400px; } .s\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_144px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, 144px); } .s\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .s\:flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .s\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .s\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .s\:items-center { align-items: center; } .s\:items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .s\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .s\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .s\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .s\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .s\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .s\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .s\:gap-x-\[20px\] { column-gap: 20px; } .s\:gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .s\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .s\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .s\:rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .s\:rounded-ee-md { border-end-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-es-md { border-end-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-tl-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; } .s\:rounded-tr-none { border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .s\:border-e-sm { border-inline-end-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:bg-\[image\:var\(--large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--large-banner); } .s\:bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .s\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .s\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .s\:p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .s\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .s\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .s\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .s\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .s\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .s\:py-0 { padding-bottom:
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0px; padding-top: 0px; } .s\:py-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; padding-top: 50px; } .s\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .s\:pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .s\:pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .s\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .s\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .s\:pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .s\:ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .s\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .s\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .s\:text-left { text-align: left; } .s\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; } .s\:text-14, .s\:text-20 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .first\:s\:ms-xl:first-child { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .last\:s\:me-xl:last-child { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } @container (min-width: 80rem) { .s\:\@7xl\:h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .s\:\@7xl\:bg-\[image\:var\(--x-large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--x-large-banner); } } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .m\:col-span-11 { grid-column: span 11 / span 11; } .m\:col-span-7 { grid-column: span 7 / span 7; } .m\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .m\:col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .m\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .m\:col-end-11 { grid-column-end: 11; } .m\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .m\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .m\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .m\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .m\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .m\:mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .m\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .m\:ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .m\:mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .m\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .m\:block { display: block; } .m\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .m\:flex { display: flex; } .m\:contents { display: contents; } .m\:hidden { display: none; } .m\:h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .m\:max-h-\[337px\] { max-height: 337px; } .m\:max-h-\[60vh\] { max-height: 60vh; } .m\:max-h-\[calc\(50vh-70px\)\] { max-height: calc(-70px + 50vh); } .m\:w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .m\:w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .m\:w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .m\:w-\[262px\] { width: 262px; } .m\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .m\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .m\:w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .m\:w-\[520px\] { width: 520px; } .m\:w-\[560px\] { width: 560px; } .m\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .m\:max-w-\[1072px\] { max-width: 1072px; } .m\:max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .m\:max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .m\:basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .m\:grid-cols-14 { grid-template-columns: repeat(14, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .m\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .m\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .m\:gap-x-4xl { column-gap: 6rem; } .m\:gap-x-\[16px\] { column-gap: 16px; } .m\:space-x-2xs > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(.25rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(.25rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .m\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .m\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .m\:\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .m\:\!pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem !important; } .m\:\!pr-0 { padding-right: 0px !important; } .m\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .m\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .m\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .m\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .m\:text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .m\:text-18\/6 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .m\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .m\:font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .m\:font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .l\:absolute { position: absolute; } .l\:left-0 { left: 0px; } .l\:right-0 { right: 0px; } .l\:top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .l\:col-span-13 { grid-column: span 13 / span 13; } .l\:col-span-9 { grid-column: span 9 / span 9; } .l\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .l\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .l\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .l\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .l\:col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .l\:col-end-19 { grid-column-end: 19; } .l\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .l\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .l\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .l\:block { display: block; } .l\:flex { display: flex; } .l\:contents { display: contents; } .l\:hidden { display: none; } .l\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .l\:h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .l\:max-h-\[352px\] { max-height: 352px; } .l\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .l\:min-w-\[448px\] { min-width: 448px; } .l\:max-w-\[1352px\] { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .l\:max-w-container-l { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:auto-cols-\[calc\(25\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(25% - 0.5rem); } .l\:grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .l\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .l\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .l\:p-4xl { padding: 6rem; } .l\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .l\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .l\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .l\:pt-5xl { padding-top: 8rem; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:col-span-10 { grid-column: span 10 / span 10; } .xl\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xl\:col-start-5 { grid-column-start: 5; } .xl\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .xl\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xl\:block { display: block; } .xl\:flex { display: flex; } .xl\:contents { display: contents; } .xl\:hidden { display: none; } .xl\:max-h-\[452px\] { max-height: 452px; } .xl\:max-w-\[1524px\], .xl\:max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .xl\:grid-cols-18 { grid-template-columns: repeat(18, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xl\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xl\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .xl\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xl\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } } @media (max-width: 500px) { .embed-m\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-m\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } } @media (max-width: 325px) { .embed-s\:absolute { position: absolute; } .embed-s\:right-md { right: 1rem; } .embed-s\:top-\[10px\] { top: 10px; } .embed-s\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .embed-s\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .embed-s\:block { display: block; } .embed-s\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-s\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .embed-s\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .embed-s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } } @media (max-width: 260px) { .embed-xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .embed-xs\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .embed-xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .embed-xs\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .embed-xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .embed-xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .embed-xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; } .embed-xs\:leading-4, .embed-xs\:text-12 { line-height: 1rem; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .pdp-float-back-btn\:absolute { position: absolute; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:-start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: -2.5rem; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:top-md { top: 1rem; } } .\[\&\.active\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover.active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } .\[\&\.hidden\~\*\]\:block.hidden ~ * { display: block; } .\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:not(.\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:has([data-keyword-card])) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\>\[slot\]\]\:hidden:not(:defined) > [slot] { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\]\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)_\.community-details\]\:hidden:not(:defined) .community-details { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:focus-within\)\]\:sr-only:not(:focus-within) { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .\[\&\>\*\]\:invisible > * { visibility: hidden; } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>\*\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > undefined, .\[\&\>\.threadline\>\*\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>\*\]\:border-tone-4 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:mb-0 > :first-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:h-full > :first-child { height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:max-h-full > :first-child { max-height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:w-full > :first-child { width: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:overflow-hidden > :first-child { overflow: hidden; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:rounded-\[inherit\] > :first-child { border-radius: inherit; } .\[\&\>\:not\(\.pointer-events-none\)\]\:pointer-events-auto > :not(.pointer-events-none) { pointer-events: auto; } .\[\&\>a\]\:text-interactive-content-disabled > a { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .\[\&\>div\]\:\!pr-0 > div { padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&\>div\]\:pl-xs > div { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .\[\&\>li\>div\]\:px-0 > li > div { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:m-0 > p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:my-0 > p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:line-clamp-5 > p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&\>span\>span\]\:text-12 > span > span { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:block > svg { display: block; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:aspect-square > svg { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-lg > svg { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-md > svg { height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-sm > svg { height: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { width: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-lg > svg { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-md > svg { width: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-sm > svg { width: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:text-center > svg { text-align: center; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:align-middle > svg { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&\[faceplate-validity\=invalid\]\[faceplate-dirty\]\]\:mb-0[faceplate-validity="invalid"][faceplate-dirty] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_\*\:first-child\:not\(li\)\]\:mt-0 :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_\*\:last-child\]\:mb-0 :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_\*\]\:animate-none * { animation: auto ease 0s 1 normal none running none; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:whitespace-pre .emote { white-space: pre; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:leading-\[1\.25rem\] .emote { line-height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-middle .flair-image { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom .flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!pointer-events-auto a { pointer-events: auto !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!text-current a { color: currentcolor !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:underline a { text-decoration-line: underline; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom faceplate-img.flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\]\:leading-normal faceplate-img { line-height: 1.5; } .\[\&_figure\]\:order-2 figure { order: 2; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-md figure { padding: 1rem; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-xs figure { padding: 0.5rem; } .\[\&_img\]\:h-\[40px\] img { height: 40px; } .\[\&_img\]\:w-\[40px\] img { width: 40px; } .\[\&_label\]\:hidden label { display: none; } .\[\&_li_\*\]\:\!px-0 li * { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&_p\:nth-child\(n\+2\)\]\:hidden p:nth-child(n+2) { display: none; } .\[\&_p\]\:m-0 p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:my-0 p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:line-clamp-5 p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&_p\]\:inline p { display: inline; } .\[\&_strong\]\:font-\[800\] strong { font-weight: 800; } .\[\&\~\*\]\:hidden ~ * { display: none; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:h-\[390px\] { height: 390px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[length\:358px\] { background-size: 358px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-
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*sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[center_25\%\] { background-position: center 25%; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:\!w-full > * { width: 100%; } .rpl-dialog .\[\.rpl-dialog_\&\]\:max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-validity\=\'valid\'\]\~div\>\&\]\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-validity\=\'valid\'\]\~div\>\&\]\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-a8d443b2-df52-49e8-a774-48ffdfd2b8af@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; :root, button, html, input, select { font-family: var(--font-sans); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary, menu { list-style-type: none; } del, ins { text-underline-position: under; } ac-activate, ac-call, ac-contents, ac-dispatch, ac-publish, ac-render-template, ac-toggle, ac-track, faceplate-dropdown-menu:not(.connected) [slot="menu"], faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"] { display: none; } .theme-light, :root { --rem360: 22.5rem; --rem320: 20rem; --rem192: 12rem; --rem144: 9rem; --rem128: 8rem; --rem96: 6rem; --rem90: 5.625rem; --rem88: 5.5rem; --rem64: 4rem; --rem56: 3.5rem; --rem48: 3rem; --rem40: 2.5rem; --rem36: 2.25rem; --rem32: 2rem; --rem28: 1.75rem; --rem26: 1.625rem; --rem24: 1.5rem; --rem22: 1.375rem; --rem20: 1.25rem; --rem18: 1.125rem; --rem16: 1rem; --rem15: 0.9375rem; --rem14: 0.875rem; --rem12: 0.75rem; --rem10: 0.625rem; --rem8: 0.5rem; --rem6: 0.375rem; --rem4: 0.25rem; --rem2: 0.125rem; --rem1: 0.0625rem; --spacer-4xs: 0.125rem; --spacer-2xs: 0.25rem; --spacer-xs: 0.5rem; --spacer-sm: 0.75rem; --spacer-md: 1rem; --spacer-lg: 1.5rem; --spacer-xl: 2rem; --spacer-2xl: 3rem; --spacer-a-px: 0px; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-left: 0px; --spacer-input-padding-top: 0px; --spacer-label-default: 0px; --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: 0px; --size-2xs: 0.25rem; --size-xs: 0.5rem; --size-sm: 0.75rem; --size-md: 1rem; --size-lg: 1.5rem; --size-xl: 2rem; --size-2xl: 3rem; --size-3xl: 4rem; --size-4xl: 6rem; --size-5xl: 8rem; --size-button-lg-h: 3.375rem; --size-button-md-h: 2.75rem; --size-button-sm-h: 2.125rem; --size-button-xs-h: 1.375rem; --size-switch-input-h: 1.25rem; --size-switch-input-w: 2rem; --line-sm: 0.0625rem; --line-md: 0.125rem; --line-lg: 0.25rem; --line-a-focus: 0px; --line-a-outline-moz: 0.0625rem; --line-a-outline-wb: 0.3125rem; --line-button-lg-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-md-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-sm-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-xs-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-border-activated: 0.0625rem; --line-input-border: var(--line-sm); --radius-1: 0.25rem; --radius-2: 0.5rem; --radius-4: 1rem; --radius-5: 1.25rem; --radius-6: 1.5rem; --radius-8: 2rem; --radius-sm: 0.25rem; --radius-lg: 2rem; --radius-full: 624.9375rem; --radius-accordion-size: var(--radius-sm); --font-10-15-bold: 700 0.625rem/0.9375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: 700 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-md: 700 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-md-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-sm: 700 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-sm-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-xs: 700 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-xs-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-default: var(--font-10-15-bold); --misc-accordion-border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: disclosure-open; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: disclosure-closed; --misc-divider-margin: 0.5rem auto; --misc-label-text-transform: uppercase; --misc-label-letter-spacing: 0.5px; --color-primary-visited: #660099; --color-primary-background: #24a0ed; --color-primary-background-hover: #006cbf; --color-danger-content: #ea0027; --color-success-content: #46d160; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-white: #ffffff; --color-global-orangered: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #0079d3; --color-global-darkblue: #1d2535; --color-tone-1: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-2: #6a6d6f; --color-tone-3: #878a8c; --color-tone-4: #d3d6da; --color-tone-5: #edeff1; --color-tone-6: #f6f7f8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-action-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-action-secondary: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-action-upvote: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-action-downvote: #7193ff; --color-alert-positive: var(--color-success-content); --color-alert-negative: var(--color-danger-content); --color-alert-caution: #ffb000; --color-identity-admin: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-identity-moderator: #46d160; --color-identity-self: #0dd3bb; --color-identity-coins: #ddbd37; --color-category-live: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-category-nsfw: #ff3881; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-7); --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#006cbf1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-opacity-08: #1a1a1b14; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-scrim: #1a1a1b4d; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-overlay-focus: #ffffff1a; --color-button-overlay-active: #00000014; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-primary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-background: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --color-button-tertiary-background: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-7); --color-button-plain-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-active: transparent; --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-divider-default: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-default: var(--color-tone-6); --color-input-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-input-border: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-label-default: var(--color-tone-1); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-global-alienblue); --color-switch-input-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-tone-5); --color-switch-input-background-hover: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-global-alienblue); --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #0000001a,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000026,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-focus-ring: 0 0 0 0.25rem var(--color-global-alienblue); --font-sans: -apple-system,BlinkMacSystemFont,'Segoe UI',Roboto,'Helvetica Neue',Arial,'Apple Color Emoji','Segoe UI Emoji','Segoe UI Symbol',sans-serif; --font-mono: Noto Mono,Menlo,Monaco,Consolas,monospace; --font-title-h0: normal 500 1.625rem/2rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h1: normal 500 1.375rem/1.625rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h2: normal 500 1.25rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h3: normal 500 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h4: normal 500 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h5: normal 500 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h6: normal 500 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-body: 0.875rem; --font-small: 0.75rem; --font-code: 0.875rem; --font-subheading: 0.75rem; --font-label: 0.625rem; --font-button-b1: normal bold 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b2: normal bold 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b3: normal bold 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b4: normal bold 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --color-gradient-orangeyellow: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #ec0623 0%, #ff8717 100%); --color-gradient-bluepink: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #51b9ff 0%, #7785ff 52.6%, #b279ff 73.96%, #ff81ed 100%); --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(26, 26, 27, 0.3); --boxshadow-navigation: 0px 4px 14px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15); color-scheme: light; } .theme-light dialog::backdrop, :root dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #00000080; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } :root:not(.theme-light) dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } } .theme-dark { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } .theme-dark dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } .theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-rpl, .theme-rpl { --spacer-a-px: 0.125rem; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-sm); --spacer-input-padding-left: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-top: var(--spacer-2xs); --spacer-label-default: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: var(--spacer-xs); --size-banner-height: var(--size-rem40); --size-button-lg-h: var(--size-2xl); --size-button-md-h: 2.5rem; --size-button-sm-h: var(--size-xl); --size-button-xs-h: var(--size-lg); --size-switch-input-h: var(--size-xl); --size-switch-input-w: var(--size-2xl); --line-a-focus: var(--line-md); --line-a-outline-moz: 0px; --line-a-outline-wb: 0px; --line-button-lg-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-md-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-sm-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-xs-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-border-activated: var(--line-lg); --line-input-border: var(--line-lg); --radius-md: 1.25rem; --radius-accordion-size: 0px; --font-10: 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); --font-14-20-regular: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-14-20-semibold: 600 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16-20-regular: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-regular: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-semibold: 600 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-huge-display-weight: 700; --font-huge-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-huge-display: var(--font-huge-display-weight) var(--font-huge-display-size)/var(--font-huge-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-display-weight: 700; --font-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-display: var(--font-display-weight) var(--font-display-size)/var(--font-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-1-weight:*

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700; --font-title-1: var(--font-title-1-weight) var(--font-title-1-size)/var(--font-title-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-2-weight: 700; --font-title-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-title-2: var(--font-title-2-weight) var(--font-title-2-size)/var(--font-title-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-3-weight: 700; --font-title-3-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.005em); --font-title-3: var(--font-title-3-weight) var(--font-title-3-size)/var(--font-title-3-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-headline-weight: 600; --font-headline-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-headline: var(--font-headline-weight) var(--font-headline-size)/var(--font-headline-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-1-weight: 400; --font-body-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-body-1: var(--font-body-1-weight) var(--font-body-1-size)/var(--font-body-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-2-weight: 400; --font-body-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-body-2: var(--font-body-2-weight) var(--font-body-2-size)/var(--font-body-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-1-weight: 600; --font-label-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-label-1: var(--font-label-1-weight) var(--font-label-1-size)/var(--font-label-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-2-weight: 600; --font-label-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-2: var(--font-label-2-weight) var(--font-label-2-size)/var(--font-label-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-1-weight: 400; --font-caption-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-1: var(--font-caption-1-weight) var(--font-caption-1-size)/var(--font-caption-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-2-weight: 400; --font-caption-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-2: var(--font-caption-2-weight) var(--font-caption-2-size)/var(--font-caption-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-md: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-sm: var(--font-12-16-semibold); --font-label-default: var(--font-12-16-regular); --misc-accordion-border: 0; --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: none; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: none; --misc-divider-margin: 0; --misc-label-text-transform: capitalize; --misc-label-letter-spacing: initial; --blur-sm: 0.25rem; --blur-normal: 0.5rem; --blur-md: 0.75rem; --blur-lg: 1rem; --blur-xl: 1.5rem; --blur-2xl: 2.5rem; --blur-3xl: 4rem; --color-action-downvote: #6A5CFF; --color-action-upvote: #D93900; --color-ai-background-weaker: #E7FDF5; --color-ai-plain: #006C56; --color-ai-plain-hover: #015140; --color-alert-caution: #977000; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #97AFBCff, #ffffffff 75%); --color-avatar-media-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #00000099, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-gradient-active: linear-gradient(180deg, #cd3700ff, #db3b00ff 68%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-active-highlight: linear-gradient(83deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default: linear-gradient(180deg, #D93900ff, #db3b00ff 30%, #AE2C00ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default-highlight: linear-gradient(258deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover: linear-gradient(180deg, #e23d00ff 15%, #cb3600ff 49%, #b43000ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover-highlight: linear-gradient(323deg, #cb360000 65%, #cb3600ff 100%); --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-category-live: #D93900; --color-category-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-caution-background: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #785800; --color-caution-plain-hover: #5B4200; --color-danger-background: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-disabled: #FDB3A4; --color-danger-background-hover: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-weaker: #FBDBD4; --color-danger-content: #BC0117; --color-danger-content-default: #ffffff; --color-danger-content-hover: #90000F; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #BC0117; --color-danger-plain-hover: #90000F; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #523DFF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #523DFF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(82, 61, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000026; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000019; --color-elevation-small: #00000026; --color-elevation-xsmall: #0000003F; --color-favorite: #977000; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #1870F4; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-darkblue: #2A3236; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #B78800; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #977000; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-gradient-media: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-gradient-media-strong: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #000000cc 60%, #000000e6 100%); --color-identity-admin: #D93900; --color-identity-coins: #B78800; --color-identity-moderator: #008A10; --color-identity-self: #01876D; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-media-onbackground: #ffffff; --color-media-onbackground-disabled: #ffffff40; --color-media-onbackground-weak: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-container: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #FFF3C0; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-medium: #F8F8F8; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-selected: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-strong: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-neutral-border-medium: #0000007F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-border-weak: #00000019; --color-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #D6D6D6; --color-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-content-weak: #5C6C74; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-08: #13131314; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#0A2F6C1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-pizzaRed: #ef5350; --color-primary: #115BCA; --color-primary-background: #0A449B; --color-primary-background-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-background-selected: #0A1A3F; --color-primary-border: #0A449B; --color-primary-border-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-hover: #0A449B; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-plain: #0A449B; --color-primary-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-primary-visited: #9B00D4; --color-primarynext-background: #000000; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #21272A; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-plain: #0A449B; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-scrim: #00000099; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-scrim-gradient: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-scrim-strong: #000000cc; --color-secondary: #21272A; --color-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-secondary-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #5C6C74; --color-secondary-weak: #576F76; --color-success-background: #008A10; --color-success-background-hover: #016E0B; --color-success-content: #016E0B; --color-success-hover: #005306; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #016E0B; --color-success-plain-hover: #005306; --color-tone-1: #131313; --color-tone-2: #434343; --color-tone-3: #ACACAC; --color-tone-4: #E4E4E4; --color-tone-5: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-6: #F8F8F8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-transparent-background-hover: #7487911a; --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #AE2C004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(174, 44, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #977000; --color-warning-content: #785800; --color-warning-content-hover: #5B4200; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-visited); --color-banner-plain: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-banner-plain-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-banner-error: var(--color-danger-background); --color-banner-caution: var(--color-warning-background); --color-banner-success: var(--color-success-background); --color-banner-brand: var(--color-brand-background); --color-banner-plain-text: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-banner-plain-inverted-text: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --color-banner-error-text: var(--color-danger-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-text: var(--color-warning-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-hover: var(--color-warning-background-hover); --color-banner-success-text: var(--color-success-onBackground); --color-banner-brand-text: var(--color-brand-onBackground); --color-button-overlay-focus: transparent; --color-button-overlay-active: transparent; --color-button-border-width: tomato; --color-button-border-width-activated: tomato; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-background-activated: var(--color-primary-background-selected); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-primary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-primary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-onBackground-selected); --color-button-secondary-background: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-focus: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-secondary-border: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-tertiary-background: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-tertiary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-plain-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-activated: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-plain-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-plain-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-button-plain-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-primary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-plain-text-weak: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-media-border-color-activated: var(--color-media-border-selected); --
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color-button-favorite-text: var(--color-favorite); --color-button-caution-background: var(--color-caution-background); --color-button-caution-background-hover: var(--color-caution-background-hover); --color-button-caution-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-caution-text: var(--color-caution-onBackground); --color-divider-default: var(--color-neutral-border); --color-input-secondary: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-input-secondary-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-input-border: transparent; --color-input-bordered: transparent; --color-input-bordered-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); --color-input-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-input-bordered-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-input-pressed: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-input-radio: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-label-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-shimmer-background: #00000008; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #00000000, #00000005 20%, #0000000f 50%, #00000008 70%, #00000000 100%); --color-switch-input-background-pressed-scrim: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-switch-input-background-handle: var(--color-global-white); --color-switch-input-background-handle-disabled: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-default-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-primary-background); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-tooltip-bg-neutral: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-tooltip-text-neutral: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-bg-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-text-inverted: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-tooltip-bg-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-tooltip-text-primary: var(--color-primary-onBackground); --elevation-sm-inset: inset 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000021; --elevation-button-focus: var(--elevation-focus-ring); --elevation-switch-input-default-inset: var(--elevation-sm-inset); --font-huge-display-size: 4rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 4rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.125rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.875rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.875rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.75rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.75rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.625rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } .theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive { --font-huge-display-size: 3rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.1875rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1.0625rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1.0625rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.9375rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.9375rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.8125rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.8125rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.6875rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-rpl, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } } .theme-dark .theme-beta, .theme-dark .theme-rpl, .theme-dark.theme-beta, .theme-dark.theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-

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container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } :root { font-size: 16px; } .theme-dark, .theme-light, :root { background: var(--color-tone-7); color: var(--color-neutral-content,var(--color-tone-1)); } :not(:defined):not(faceplate-auto-height-animator, faceplate-dropdown-menu, faceplate-expandable-section-helper, faceplate-hovercard, faceplate-tracker) { visibility: hidden; } .nd-visible :not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .theme-beta, .theme-beta.theme-dark, .theme-beta.theme-light, .theme-rpl, .theme-rpl.theme-dark, .theme-rpl.theme-light { --og-font: normal var(--font-sans); --font-10: var(--og-font); --font-12: var(--og-font); --font-14: var(--og-font); --font-16: var(--og-font); --font-18: var(--og-font); --font-20: var(--og-font); --font-24: var(--og-font); --font-32: var(--og-font); --font-48: var(--og-font); --font-64: var(--og-font); } .rpl-fonts-fix { --font-10: normal 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: normal 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: normal 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: normal 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: normal 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: normal 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: normal 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: normal 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: normal 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: normal 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); } [rpl][avatar]:dir(rtl):not([flip]):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]), [rpl][avatar][flip]:not(:dir(rtl)):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]) { transform: scaleX(-1); } faceplate-banner [slot="closeButton"] { margin-inline-start: var(--spacer-sm); } faceplate-banner [slot="actionButtons"] button:first-of-type { margin-inline-end: var(--spacer-xs); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button { color: var(--color-banner-caution-text); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button:hover { background-color: var(--color-banner-caution-hover); } .button-favorite { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .button-favorite-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-favorite-text); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-favorite-text); } .button-secondary-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border); } .button-caution { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-caution-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-caution-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-caution-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-caution-text); } .rpl-vote-button-group { --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]) .rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]):hover.rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color-hover); } .rpl-vote-button-group .rpl-vote-button-group-divider { background-color: var(--vote-button-divider-color); } code, details, header, kbd, pre, samp, th, tr:nth-child(2n) { background: var(--color-tone-6); } .rpl-vote-button-group[disabled] button[rpl]:disabled { --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-upvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-downvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-media-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-
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onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:first-child [role="menuitem"] { border-start-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-start-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:last-child [role="menuitem"] { border-end-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-end-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } address, area, article, aside, audio, blockquote, datalist, details, dl, fieldset, figure, form, iframe, img, input, menu, meter, nav, ol, optgroup, option, output, p, pre, progress, ruby, section, textarea, ul, video { margin-bottom: 1rem; } body { font-size: var(--font-body); margin: 0px auto; padding: var(--faceplate-body-padding); overflow-x: hidden; word-break: break-word; overflow-wrap: break-word; line-height: 1.5; } @media (max-width: 599px) { body { --faceplate-body-padding: 1rem; } } h1, h2, h3, h4, h5, h6 { margin: 1em 0px 0.5em; } h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } h2 { font: var(--font-title-h2); } h3 { font: var(--font-title-h3); } h4 { font: var(--font-title-h4); } h5 { font: var(--font-title-h5); } h6 { font: var(--font-title-h6); } label { text-transform: var(--misc-label-text-transform); letter-spacing: var(--misc-label-letter-spacing); font: var(--font-label-default); color: var(--color-label-default); } label > input, label > textarea { margin-top: var(--spacer-label-default); } faceplate-switch-input + label, input[type="checkbox"] + label, input[type="radio"] + label { font-size: inherit; text-transform: inherit; letter-spacing: inherit; font-weight: inherit; vertical-align: middle; } a { color: var(--color-a-default); text-decoration: none; } a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } abbr, abbr:hover { cursor: help; } blockquote :last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; margin-bottom: 0px; } header { padding-inline: calc(-50% + 50vw); margin-inline: calc(50% + 0px - 50vw); padding-top: var(--faceplate-body-padding); padding-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); margin-top: calc(-1 * var(--faceplate-body-padding)); margin-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); } article header, aside header, dialog header, faceplate-dialog header, main header, section header { padding: 0.5rem 0px; margin: 1rem 0px; background: 0px 0px; } article header h1, aside header h1, dialog header h1, faceplate-dialog header h1, main header h1, section header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h0); } header > :first-child { margin-top: 0px; } header > :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } :where(button), :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { background: var(--button-color-background); border-radius: 999px; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - (2 * var(--button-border-width,0px))); overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; outline-offset: 0px; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } :where(button).icon, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).icon { width: var(--button-height); } :where(button):focus, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } :where(button).hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { :where(button):hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } } :where(button).active, :where(button):active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed), var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } :where(button).anchor-disabled, :where(button):disabled, :where(button)[aria-disabled="true"], :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).anchor-disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"])[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } :where(button).disabled.pointer-all, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } :where(button).button-activated, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } small :where(button), small :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } :where(button).button-large, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } :where(button).button-primary, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :where(button).button-plain, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-plain { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :root { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); background: var(--color-ui-canvas); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-tone-7); --preferred-text-scale: env(preferred-text-scale); text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100% * var(--preferred-text-scale)),100%); } :where(button, input):where([type="submit"]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } faceplate-tablist button { border-radius: 0px; } faceplate-tablist button:first-child { border-radius: 999px 0px 0px 999px; } faceplate-tablist button:last-child { border-radius: 0px 999px 999px 0px; } faceplate-tablist a { border-bottom: 2px solid var(--button-color-primary); color: inherit; display: inline-block; font: var(--font-button-b3); padding: 0.5rem 1rem 0.375rem; } faceplate-tablist a:hover { text-decoration: none; } code, kbd, pre, samp { font-family: var(--font-mono); border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 4px; padding: 2px 4px; font-size: 0.9em; } pre { background: var(--color-tone-5); border-color: var(--color-tone-4); padding: 1rem 1.4rem; max-width: 100%; overflow: auto; } kbd { border-bottom-width: 3px; } code pre, pre code { background: inherit; font-size: inherit; color: inherit; border: 0px; padding: 0px; margin: 0px; } code pre { display: inline; } details { padding: 0.5rem 1rem; border: var(--misc-accordion-border); border-radius: var(--radius-accordion-size); } details summary { cursor: pointer; font-weight: 700; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type); } details[open] summary { margin-bottom: 0.375rem; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-open-list-style-type); } details[open] summary icon-caret-down, details[open] summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } details summary icon-caret-down, details summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } .fp-avatar-container img, details[open] > :last-child, menu menu, ol ol, ol ul, ul ol, ul ul { margin-bottom: 0px; } dt, table caption { font-weight: 700; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } dd { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } hr { border-top: 0px; border-right: 0px; border-left: 0px; border-image: initial; border-bottom: 1px solid var(--color-divider-default); background-color: transparent; margin: var(--misc-divider-margin); } hr[padding="2xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-2xs); } hr[padding="xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-xs); } hr[padding="sm"] { padding: var(--spacer-sm); } hr[padding="md"] { padding: var(--spacer-md); } hr[color="subdued"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } hr[color="inverted"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } fieldset { margin-top: 1rem; padding: 1rem 2rem; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 0.25rem; background: var(--color-tone-7); min-width: 0px; } legend { padding: 0px; font-weight: 700; } table { border-collapse: collapse; width: 100%; word-break: normal; margin-bottom: 1rem; } td, th { text-align: start; padding: 0.5rem; } img, input, textarea { max-width: 100%; } ol, ul { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } li { margin-top: 0.25rem; } menu { padding-inline-start: 0px; border-radius: 4px; width: fit-content; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li { padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; border-block-end: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li:last-child { border-block-end: none; } ins { text-decoration-color: var(--color-success-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline; } del { text-decoration-color: var(--
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color-danger-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline line-through; } input, select, textarea { font-family: var(--font-sans); color: var(--color-input-text); padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; background: var(--color-input-default); border: var(--color-input-default) solid var(--line-input-border); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); box-shadow: none; box-sizing: border-box; font-size: 1rem; } input:disabled, select:disabled, textarea:disabled { cursor: not-allowed; opacity: 0.5; } input:invalid, select:invalid, textarea:invalid { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } input[type="checkbox"], input[type="radio"] { vertical-align: middle; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } input[type="color"], input[type="range"] { padding: initial; } input[type="search"] { border-radius: 400px; appearance: textfield; } dialog { border: 0px; border-radius: 4px; padding: 1rem; box-shadow: var(--boxshadow-modal); background: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } dialog::backdrop { background: var(--color-scrim); } .scroll-is-blocked { touch-action: none; overflow: hidden; overscroll-behavior: none; } .grecaptcha-badge { visibility: hidden; } faceplate-partial[loading="eager"], noscript *, shreddit-app activate-feature:not(:defined), shreddit-app click-location-tracker:not(:defined), shreddit-app devvit-post:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-devvit-ui-loader:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined), shreddit-app:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } :root, :root.theme-light { --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #fff2bd; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #ffe88f; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #665505; --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #FBDBD4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #FDB3A4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #BC0117; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #ffdda8; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #f9fafa; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #576f76; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } } :root.theme-dark { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } :root.theme-beta, :root.theme-rpl { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-neutral-background); --styled-scrollbar-background: var(--color-neutral-background); } :root.theme-beta.iframe, :root.theme-rpl.iframe { background-color: transparent; } :root.theme-beta.theme-embed, :root.theme-rpl.theme-embed { background: 0px 0px; } body { -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; overflow-y: scroll; --faceplate-body-padding: 0px !important; } .search-input { border-radius: 0px; appearance: none; } .search-input::-webkit-search-cancel-button { display: none; } .hide-scrollbar { scrollbar-width: none; } .hide-scrollbar::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; } .styled-scrollbars { scrollbar-color: transparent transparent; scrollbar-width: thin; scrollbar-gutter: stable; --scrollbar-background: var(--styled-scrollbar-background, var(--shreddit-content-background)); } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar { width: 16px; height: 16px; } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar-track { background: var(--scrollbar-background); } .styled-scrollbars.visible, .styled-scrollbars:hover { scrollbar-color: var(--color-neutral-border) transparent; } .styled-scrollbars.visible::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb, .styled-scrollbars:hover::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb { background: var(--color-neutral-border); border: 6px solid var(--scrollbar-background); border-radius: 8px; } shreddit-app { --shreddit-header-height: 56px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 56px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 52px; --page-y-padding: var(--shreddit-header-height); display: block; } shreddit-app:has(reddit-header-small:not(.fixed)) { --page-y-padding: 0px; } shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined) { display: flex; height: 100%; align-items: center; } shreddit-app nav details summary::-webkit-details-marker { display: none; } shreddit-app.no-top-bar { --shreddit-header-height: 0px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 0px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post, shreddit-post { grid-template-columns: auto 1fr auto; } shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined), shreddit-post:not(:defined) { position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-ad-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } shreddit-ad-post .post-content, shreddit-post .post-content { grid-column: 1 / 4; } shreddit-ad-post iframe, shreddit-post iframe { width: 100%; max-width: 100%; margin: 0px auto; } shreddit-ad-post table, shreddit-post table { display: inline-block; max-width: 100%; overflow-x: scroll; width: 100%; table-layout: fixed; } shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-height: var(--devvit2-surface-height-post-style); --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-post-style); display: block; height: var(--devvit2-surface-height); overflow: hidden; background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color); } .theme-dark shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, .theme-dark shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-dark-post-style); } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined), shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) { display: flex; flex-wrap: wrap; padding: 4px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"] { flex-basis: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"] { flex: 1 1 0%; margin-top: 24px; padding-left: 16px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 40px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"] { width: 100%; height: 32px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"] { margin-top: -32px; } @media (min-width: 767px) { shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after, shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after { display: none; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 0px; } } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after { content: "\a "; white-space: pre; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler, shreddit-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li), shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li, h1) { color-scheme: revert; forced-color-adjust: revert; math-depth: revert; position: revert; position-anchor: revert; text-size-adjust: revert; appearance: revert; color: revert; font-family: revert; font-feature-settings: revert; font-kerning: revert; font-language-override: revert; font-optical-sizing: revert; font-palette: revert; font-size-adjust: revert; font-stretch: revert; font-synthesis: revert; font-variant: revert; font-variation-settings: revert; position-area: revert; text-orientation: revert; text-rendering: revert; text-spacing-trim: revert; -webkit-font-smoothing: revert; -webkit-locale: revert; -webkit-text-orientation: revert; -webkit-writing-mode: revert; writing-mode: revert; zoom: revert; accent-color: revert; place-content: revert; place-items: revert; place-self: revert; alignment-baseline: revert; anchor-name: revert; anchor-scope: revert; animation-composition: revert; animation: revert; animation-trigger: revert; app-region: revert; aspect-ratio: revert; backdrop-filter: revert; backface-visibility: revert; background: revert; background-blend-mode: revert; baseline-shift: revert; baseline-source: revert; block-size: revert; border-block: revert; border: revert; border-radius: revert; border-collapse: revert; border-end-end-radius: revert; border-end-start-radius: revert; border-inline: revert; border-shape: revert; border-start-end-radius: revert; border-start-start-radius: revert; inset: revert; box-decoration-break: revert; box-shadow: revert; box-sizing: revert; break-after: revert; break-before: revert; break-inside: revert; buffered-rendering: revert; caption-side: revert; caret-animation: revert; caret-color: revert; caret-shape: revert; clear: revert; clip: revert; clip-path: revert; clip-rule: revert; color-interpolation: revert; color-interpolation-filters: revert; color-rendering: revert; columns: revert; column-fill: revert; gap: revert; column-rule: revert; column-span: revert; contain: revert; contain-intrinsic-block-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-inline-size: revert; container: revert; content: revert; content-visibility: revert; corner-shape: revert; corner-block-end-shape: revert; corner-block-start-shape: revert; counter-increment: revert; counter-reset: revert; counter-set: revert; cursor: revert; cx: revert; cy: revert; d: revert; dominant-baseline: revert; dynamic-range-limit: revert; empty-cells: revert; field-sizing: revert; fill: revert; fill-opacity: revert; fill-rule: revert; filter: revert; flex: revert; flex-flow: revert; float: revert; flood-color: revert; flood-opacity: revert; grid: revert; grid-area: revert; height: revert; hyphenate-character: revert; hyphenate-limit-chars: revert; hyphens: revert; image-orientation: revert; image-rendering: revert; initial-letter: revert; inline-size: revert; inset-block: revert; inset-inline: revert; interactivity: revert; interest-delay: revert; interpolate-size: revert; isolation: revert; letter-spacing: revert; lighting-color: revert; line-break: revert; line-height: revert; list-style: revert; marker: revert; mask: revert; mask-type: revert; math-shift: revert; math-style: revert; max-block-size: revert; max-height: revert; max-inline-size: revert; max-width: revert; min-block-size: revert; min-height: revert; min-inline-size: revert; min-width: revert; mix-blend-mode: revert; object-fit: revert; object-position: revert; object-view-box: revert; offset: revert; opacity: revert; order: revert; orphans: revert; outline: revert; outline-offset: revert; overflow-anchor: revert; overflow-block: revert; overflow-clip-margin: revert; overflow-inline: revert; overflow-wrap: revert; overflow: revert; overlay: revert; overscroll-behavior-block: revert; overscroll-behavior-inline: revert; overscroll-behavior: revert; padding-block: revert; padding-inline: revert; page: revert; page-orientation: revert; paint-order: revert; perspective: revert; perspective-origin: revert; pointer-events: revert; position-try: revert; position-visibility: revert; print-color-adjust: revert; quotes: revert; r: revert; reading-flow: revert; reading-order: revert; resize: revert; rotate: revert; ruby-align: revert; ruby-position: revert; rx: revert; ry: revert; scale: revert; scroll-behavior: revert; scroll-initial-target: revert; scroll-margin-block: revert; scroll-margin: revert; scroll-margin-inline: revert; scroll-marker-group: revert; scroll-padding-block: revert; scroll-padding: revert; scroll-padding-inline: revert; scroll-snap-align: revert; scroll-snap-stop: revert; scroll-snap-type: revert; scroll-target-group: revert; scroll-timeline: revert; scrollbar-color: revert; scrollbar-gutter: revert; scrollbar-width: revert; shape-image-threshold: revert; shape-margin: revert; shape-outside: revert; shape-rendering: revert; size: revert; speak: revert; stop-color: revert; stop-opacity: revert; stroke: revert; stroke-dasharray: revert; stroke-dashoffset: revert; stroke-linecap: revert; stroke-linejoin: revert; stroke-miterlimit: revert; stroke-opacity: revert; stroke-width: revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-

decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ol, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ul { display: inline; list-style: none; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview li { display: inline; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .md :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .md :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .md li p { margin: 0px; } .md code { white-space: pre-wrap; } .align-left { text-align: left; } .align-center { text-align: center; } .align-right { text-align: right; } .rte-media { margin: 0px 0px 1rem; } .rte-media a { display: block; } .rte-media img { display: block; width: auto; } .rte-media-caption { font-size: 0.8em; margin-top: 0.4em; text-align: center; } .rte-video-placeholder { background: var(--color-global-black); } .continue { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .shreddit-pagination { display: grid; gap: 1rem; margin-bottom: 1rem; grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 50%)); padding: 1rem; } .shreddit-pagination * { grid-column: 1 / span 1; } .shreddit-pagination * button { display: block; width: 100%; } .shreddit-pagination .right { grid-column: 2 / span 1; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { display: block; position: relative; padding-left: 24px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { padding-left: 32px; } } rpl-hovercard:not(:defined) [slot="content"], shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentAvatar"] { display: none; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { content: ""; position: absolute; left: 0px; top: 4px; display: inline-block; border-radius: 100%; width: 24px; height: 24px; background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { width: 32px; height: 32px; } } shreddit-comment .load-more::after, shreddit-comment .load-more::before { position: absolute; left: -1.5em; width: 6px; content: ""; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentMeta"] { height: 36px; margin-bottom: 2px; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) author-flair-event-handler { display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post del { text-decoration-color: inherit; text-decoration-line: line-through; } shreddit-comment .load-more::before { top: 0px; height: calc(100% + 12px); background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } shreddit-comment .load-more::after { top: 50%; transform: translateY(-50%); border-radius: 50%; height: 6px; background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-comment .admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } shreddit-comment .moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } shreddit-comment .op { color: var(--color-action-secondary); } shreddit-comment .self { color: var(--color-identity-self); } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji { display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } shreddit-comment .avatar { border-radius: 50%; overflow: hidden; margin-right: 0.5rem; flex-shrink: 0; height: 20px; width: 20px; font-size: 20px; text-align: center; } shreddit-comment .author-flair { white-space: nowrap; text-overflow: ellipsis; overflow: hidden; display: inline; border-radius: 20px; margin-bottom: -2px; } shreddit-comment .author { color: inherit; } shreddit-comment .summary-flex, shreddit-comment [slot="commentMeta"] { display: flex; margin-inline-end: 0px; flex-direction: row; align-items: center; max-width: 100%; font-size: 0.875rem; } alert-controller, banner-controller, faceplate-toaster, toaster-lite { z-index: 9999; pointer-events: all; } blockquote { border-inline-start: 5px solid var(--color-tone-5); margin: 0.5rem 0px 1rem 0.5rem; padding: 0.5rem 1rem; background: 0px 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree .top-level { padding: 1rem 1rem 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { display: block; padding: 0px 16px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { padding: 0px; } } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) > shreddit-comment { margin-bottom: 16px; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined) { --default-aspect-ratio: 2; --configured-aspect-ratio: var(--aspect-ratio, var(--default-aspect-ratio)); --computed-aspect-ratio: calc(100% / var(--configured-aspect-ratio)); --default-min-height: 150px; --configured-min-height: var(--min-height, var(--default-min-height)); --default-max-height: 100vh; --configured-max-height: var(--max-height, var(--default-max-height)); --aspect-ratio-padding: min(max(var(--configured-min-height), var(--computed-aspect-ratio)), var(--configured-max-height)); padding-bottom: var(--aspect-ratio-padding); position: relative; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined):not(.visible) { display: block; height: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedPagePostDescriptor"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="aggregateFeedPostDescriptor"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; min-width: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedIcon"] { grid-column: 2 / 3; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { color: inherit; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] h3 { display: inline; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] { border-top: .5rem solid var(--color-ui-canvas); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header { display: grid; grid-column: 1 / 2; grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-text { font-size: var(--font-body); font-weight: 600; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-button { background-color: inherit; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; border-radius: unset; font-size: 20px; height: 20px; line-height: 20px; color: var(--color-tone-1); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-body { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-ad-post .group { align-items: center; display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow { min-width: 0px; flex: 1 1 0%; } shreddit-ad-post .separator::after { content: "•"; display: inline-block; margin: 0px 0.25em; position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post .separator.flair-separator::after { margin-right: 0px; margin-left: 0.375rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { flex-shrink: 9999; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img { height: 100%; width: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img--deferred { background-color: var(--color-global-black); } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow a { align-items: center; color: inherit; display: flex; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post .join-btn { background-color: inherit; border-width: 0px; color: var(--color-action-secondary); font: inherit; padding: 0px 0.25rem; margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { margin: 0px 0.375rem -2px; display: inline-block; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji { display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .shreddit-subreddit-icon__default-icon { border-radius: 50%; height: 100%; margin-bottom: 1rem; overflow: hidden; width: 100%; background: var(--color-tone-7); text-align: center; } .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 4.75rem; display: grid; grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(18rem, 1fr)); grid-template-rows: 4.75rem; margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } @media (max-width: 607px) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-tone-5) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (max-width: 607px) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-ui-canvas) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (min-width: 608px) { .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 9.5rem; } } .page-number { display: flex; font-weight: 700; justify-content: center; padding: 0.25rem 0px; position: relative; width: 4rem; } #right-sidebar-container faceplate-partial[name="pdp-right-rail-content"][loading="programmatic"]:not([is-loading]), faceplate-hovercard a[aria-expanded="false"] + div[hidden], faceplate-tabgroup:not(:defined) .button.icon, faceplate-tooltip:not(:defined) > :not([slot="trigger"]), rpl-dropdown:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], rpl-tooltip:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .page-number:hover::after { content: ""; border-bottom: 0.125rem solid; position: absolute; top: 85%; width: 30%; } .post-background-image-filter { filter: blur(24px); } .theme-dark .embed-background-cta:active { background-color: rgb(89, 27, 2); } .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } } faceplate-screen-reader-content { position: absolute; width: 1px; height: 1px; padding: 0px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); white-space: nowrap; border-width: 0px; } .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { vertical-align: text-bottom; } main#main-content { scroll-margin-top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } #shreddit-skip-link { height: auto; width: auto; overflow: auto; transform: scale(1); z-index: 9999; left: 8px; top: -100vh; display: inline-block; position: fixed; } #shreddit-skip-link:focus { top: 8px; } shreddit-gallery-carousel a:focus-visible .carousel-item-cover { outline: auto var(--color-global-focus); outline-offset: -1px; } shreddit-app > :not(reddit-debug-panel) { --rpl-debugger-color: rgba(255, 0, 255, 0.4); } gallery-carousel:not(:defined) ul { padding: 0px; margin: 0px; height: 100%; } gallery-carousel:not(:defined) li { height: 100%; } @keyframes bg-shimmer-animation { 0% { background-position-x: 100%; } 100% { background-position-x: -100%; } } .bg-shimmer { position: relative; background: var(--color-shimmer-background); overflow: hidden; } .bg-shimmer::before { content: ""; position: absolute; inset: 0px; background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 200% 100%; animation: 2.5s ease 0s infinite normal none running bg-shimmer-animation; } suspense-placeholder:empty ~ * { visibility: hidden !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.google.com/recaptcha/enterprise/anchor?ar=1&k=6LfirrMoAAAAAHZOipvza4kpp_VtTwLNuXVwURNQ&co=aHR0cHM6Ly93d3cucmVkZGl0LmNvbTo0NDM.&hl=en&v=kUYUkUlSyqkjTSMaN2w3RaOh&size=invisible&anchor-ms=20000&execute-ms=30000&cb=5ubf1c50z8l8

protected by reCAPTCHA

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l Zv "  7C +( l/IEND B`  ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/releases/kUYUkUlSyqkjTSMaN2w3RaOh/styles__ltr.css @charset "utf-8"; .goog-inline-block { position: relative; display: inline-block; } * html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } :first-child + html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } .recaptcha-checkbox { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-size: 1px; height: 28px; margin: 4px; width: 28px; overflow: visible; outline: 0px; vertical-align: text-bottom; } .recaptcha-checkbox-border { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); font-size: 1px; height: 24px; position: absolute; width: 24px; z-index: 1; } .recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image: url(" background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 28px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; width: 28px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkbox_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-size: 24px; border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); height: 24px; left: 0px; position: absolute; top: 0px; width: 24px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner { background-color: rgb(249, 249, 249); border-width: 6px; border-style: solid; border-color: rgb(77, 144, 254) rgb(77, 144, 254) transparent transparent; border-image: initial; border-radius: 36px; height: 36px; left: -4px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; top: -4px; width: 36px; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; animation: 2.5s linear 0s infinite normal none paused spinner-spin; transition-duration: 1s; } @-webkit-keyframes spinner-spin { 0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% { transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform: rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } @keyframes spinner-spin { 0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% { transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform: rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { content: ""; position: absolute; top: -7px; left: -7px; width: 38px; height: 19px; background-color: rgb(249, 249, 249); animation: 1s linear 0s 1 normal none paused overlay-spin; transform-origin: center bottom; border-radius: 38px 38px 0px 0px; transform: rotateZ(45deg); opacity: 0; } @-webkit-keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); } } @keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-image: url(" background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 30px; left: -5px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; width: 38px; } .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner, .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { background-color: rgb(34, 34, 34); } .recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkmark_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1) 0px 1px 1px inset; border: 2px solid rgb(178, 178, 178); } .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(77, 144, 254); } .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(235, 235, 235); } .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(241, 241, 241); } .recaptcha-checkbox-loading .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/loading.gif"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { visibility: hidden; } .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-position: 0px -600px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .recaptcha-checkbox-clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-anchor { border-radius: 3px; box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.08) 0px 0px 4px 1px; } .rc-anchor-normal { height: 74px; width: 300px; } .rc-anchor-compact { height: 136px; width: 156px; } .rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-classic-warning { width: 140px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-dark { background: rgb(34, 34, 34); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(82, 82, 82); } .rc-anchor-dark #rc-anchor-over-quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-over-quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-light { background: rgb(249, 249, 249); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-normal, .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(211, 211, 211); } .rc-inline-block { display: inline-block; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-container { display: table; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-item { display: table-cell; vertical-align: middle; } .rc-anchor-content { display: inline-block; position: relative; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-content { height: 74px; width: 206px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content { height: 85px; } .rc-anchor-error-message { color: rgb(255, 0, 0); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 16px; padding: 0px 10px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox { margin: 0px 12px 2px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 17px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 152px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 95px; } .rc-anchor-error-msg-container { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; left: 0px; line-height: 14px; margin: 2px; position: absolute; top: 0px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-error-msg-container { width: 240px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content { margin-top: 10px; } .rc-anchor-compact.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content { margin-top: 25px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer { display: inline-block; height: 74px; vertical-align: top; width: 70px; } .rc-anchor-compact-footer { margin: 0px 12px; text-align: center; width: 136px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/logo_48.png") no-repeat; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-ie8 { } .rc-anchor-logo-text { cursor: default; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 10px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 10px; margin-top: 5px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-light .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-light div a:link, .rc-anchor-light div a:visited { color: rgb(85, 85, 85); } .rc-anchor-dark .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-dark div a:link, .rc-anchor-dark div a:visited { color: rgb(245, 245, 245); } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait { margin: 10px 0px 0px 26px; width: 58px; user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-portrait { background-size: 32px; height: 32px; margin: 0px 13px; width: 32px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape { user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-landscape { background-size: 24px; display: inline-block; height: 24px; width: 24px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape-text-holder { display: inline-block; height: 24px; margin: 0px 2px; width: 54px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 8px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-anchor-pt { background-image: url(" } .rc-anchor-pt a { display: inline; padding: 2px 1px; text-decoration: none; } .rc-anchor-pt a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt { margin: 2px 11px 0px 0px; padding-right: 2px; position: absolute; right: 0px; text-align: right; width: 276px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { margin: 0px 0px 2px; width: 132px; } .rc-anchor-aria-status { display: none; } #rc-anchor-alert, .rc-anchor-alert { color: red; font-size: 9px; margin: 2px; position: absolute; top: 0px; } #rc-anchor-classic-warning, #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px; position: absolute; width: 190px; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } #rc-anchor-classic-warning a { display: inline-block; position: relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px; } #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { display: inline-block; position: relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px; } #rc-anchor-over-quota { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px; position: absolute; width: 170px; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content #rc-anchor-over-quota { width: 148px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt.rc-anchor-over-quota-pt { width: 130px; } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait.rc-anchor-over-quota-logo { margin-top: 6px; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota, #rc-anchor-invisible-classic-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota a, #rc-anchor-invisible-classic-warning a, #rc-anchor-invisible-v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { color: white; } #rc-anchor-invisible-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible { height: 60px; width: 256px; display: flex; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); color: white; display: flex; flex-basis: 166px; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px; font-weight: 400; height: 100%; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; line-height: 20px; padding: 0px 16px; white-space: nowrap; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext { font-size: 12px; padding: 0px 10px; line-height: 16px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { line-height: 12px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt a:link { font-size: 9px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { font-size: 5px; line-height: 6px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text strong { font-weight: 500; } .rc-anchor-invisible .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; text-align: center; width: 70px; margin-top: 2px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { transition: 0.3s; background-size: 40px; margin: 5px 15px 0px; height: 40px; width: 40px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-logo-img-large, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { background-size: 44px; margin: 8px 13px 0px; height: 44px; width: 44px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 0; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 1; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:visited { color: white; font-size: 10px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 220px; } .rc-audiochallenge-error-message { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-audiochallenge-instructions { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size:
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14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button { margin: 0px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button .rc-button-default { background: rgb(216, 216, 216); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); font-weight: 500; width: 100%; } .rc-audiochallenge-input-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-control audio { height: 30px; width: 240px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload { margin: 5px 20px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .fake-focus-audio { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .rc-button-default { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; border-radius: 2px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 500; height: 42px; line-height: 42px; min-width: 100px; padding: 0px 10px; text-align: center; text-transform: uppercase; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-button-default:focus { outline: 0px; box-shadow: rgb(24, 90, 188) 0px 0px 0px 2pt; } .rc-button-default-disabled { background: rgba(73, 143, 225, 0.5); cursor: default; } .rc-button-red { background: rgb(226, 74, 74); } .rc-button-default-disabled.rc-button-red { background: rgba(226, 74, 74, 0.49); } .rc-canvas-image { display: none; } .rc-canvas-canvas { cursor: pointer; } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-instructions strong { font-weight: 900; display: block; font-size: 28px; } .rc-footer { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; position: relative; width: 100%; } .rc-separator { border-top: 1px solid rgb(223, 223, 223); margin-bottom: 1px; } .rc-controls { width: 100%; } .primary-controls { height: 60px; } .rc-buttons { float: left; height: 48px; margin: 6px 0px 6px 6px; background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fake-focus { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .button-holder, .qr-button-holder { float: left; height: 48px; } .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-reload-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-audio-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-image-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_dark.png"); } .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png"); } .rc-button-liveness:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_light.png"); } } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/qr_light.png"); } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-help-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-undo-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button { background-size: 32px 32px; cursor: pointer; height: 48px; opacity: 0.55; width: 48px; padding: 0px; border: 0px; background-repeat: no-repeat; background-position: center center; } .rc-button:focus, .rc-button:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .verify-button-holder { float: right; margin: 8px 8px 9px 0px; } .rc-challenge-help { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; overflow-y: scroll; padding: 5px 20px; } .reload-icon { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .apps-toast { position: relative; text-align: center; width: 100%; z-index: 101; } .apps-toast-content { background: rgb(50, 50, 50); border-radius: 2px; box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.14) 0px 6px 10px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.12) 0px 1px 18px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.4) 0px 3px 5px -1px; color: rgb(238, 238, 238); display: inline-block; font: 12px / 20px Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; padding: 14px; text-align: center; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 230px; } .rc-defaultchallenge-payload { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; min-height: 61px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-incorrect-response { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 14px; margin-left: 20px; } .rc-doscaptcha-header { padding: 10px; margin: 10px; height: 20%; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-doscaptcha-header-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 22px; font-weight: 400; text-align: center; color: white; } .rc-doscaptcha-body { height: 80%; } .rc-doscaptcha-body-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; padding: 10px 15px; } .rc-doscaptcha-footer { pointer-events: none; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessContainer { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } #rc-imageselect { min-width: 240px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } #rc-imageselect .rc-button:focus { outline: none; } .rc-imageselect-desc { margin-left: -10px; margin-top: -10px; padding-right: 100px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-instructions .rc-imageselect-desc strong { font-size: 22px; } .rc-imageselect-desc span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-payload { min-width: 240px; margin: 0px 7px; padding: 7px 0px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { position: relative; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-footer { min-width: 240px; } .rc-imageselect-incorrect-response, .rc-imageselect-error-dynamic-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-something { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-size: 14px; padding: 7px 0px; text-align: center; width: 100%; background-color: white; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { margin-bottom: 6px; } .rc-imageselect-checkbox { background: url(" display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-report-image { inset: 0px; display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33, .rc-imageselect-table-44 { border-collapse: separate; border-spacing: 0px; width: 100%; height: 100%; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33 { margin: -2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 { margin: -1px; } .rc-imageselect-table-42 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-33 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 td { padding: 1px; } .rc-image-tile-target tr, td { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-keyboard { position: relative; z-index: 100; outline: orange solid !important; } td:focus { outline: none; } .rc-image-tile-overlay { display: none; opacity: 0; position: absolute; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); width: 100%; height: 100%; z-index: 2; transition: opacity 1s cubic-bezier(0.49, 0.78, 0.46, 1.34); } .rc-image-followup-tile { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected { position: relative; transition: 2s; opacity: 0.01; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-image-tile-target { opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; opacity: 1; background-size: cover; width: 60px; height: 60px; left: 50%; top: 50%; margin-left: -30px; margin-top: -30px; } .rc-image-tile-target { -webkit-tap-highlight-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(0.8); } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(1); } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; background-repeat: no-repeat; inset: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates { border: 2px solid white; box-sizing: border-box; height: 94px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; right: 7px; top: 7px; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates > div { background-size: 112px 94px; display: inline-block; height: 94px; margin: 2px; position: relative; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { box-sizing: border-box; text-align: center; user-select: none; } .rc-imageselect-response-field-error { border-bottom: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } .rc-imageselect-desc { font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper span { font-size: 14px; } .rc-imageselect-clear { clear: both; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { overflow: hidden; position: relative; transition: 0.1s; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper img { position: relative; -webkit-user-drag: none; backface-visibility: hidden; } .rc-image-tile-11 { width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-image-tile-42 { width: 200%; height: 400%; } .rc-image-tile-33 { width: 300%; height: 300%; } .rc-image-tile-44 { width: 400%; height: 400%; } .rc-imageselect-instructions { height: 113px; width: 100%; margin-bottom: 7px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); position: relative; padding: 24px; color: white; height: 66px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-progress { background-color: rgb(65, 124, 193); position: absolute; bottom: 0px; right: 0px; width: 0px; height: 15px; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-right { left: 105%; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-entering-right { left: 0px; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-1 { top: 1px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-2 { top: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-leaving-left { left: 0px; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-left { left: -105%; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions { transition: 0.2s; opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions-hidden { opacity: 0.5; } .rc-canonical-stop-sign { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/stop_sign.jpg") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-speed-limit { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_speed_limit.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-street-name { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_street_name.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-other { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_other.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bounding-box { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/boundingbox2.gif") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-car { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_car.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-road { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_road.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bridge { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_bridge.png") no-repeat; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrContainer { align-items: anchor-center; position: relative; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; margin: 10px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCanvas { min-width: 200px; min-height: 200px; max-height: 45%; max-width: 40%; outline-offset: 0px; outline: solid 2px; border-radius: 2pt; padding: 20px; position: relative; border: 1px solid rgb(153, 153, 153); box-shadow: rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.3) 0px 0px 9px 2px; background: white; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrBackground {

background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_qr_background.svg") no-repeat; position: absolute; top: 50%; margin-top: -20%; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButton { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; transition: 0.5s; border-radius: 25px; padding: 15px; text-transform: uppercase; text-decoration: none; position: relative; margin: 25% auto; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrInstructionsContainer { text-align: center; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructionsContainer { top: 0px; height: 113px; position: relative; background: rgb(26, 115, 232); text-align: center; margin: 0px auto; width: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructions { font-weight: 700; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); font-size: 20px; margin-top: 45px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructionsContainer { position: relative; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: row; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; padding: 10px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCameraIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_camera_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrMobileIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructions { font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; padding: 10px 20px 10px 10px; max-width: 80%; line-height: 1.3; color: rgb(119, 119, 119); } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeHidden { height: 0px; width: 0px; display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeVisible { height: 200px; width: 200px; display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonHidden { display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonVisible { display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .rc-prepositional-payload { padding: 20px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-prepositional-select-more, .rc-prepositional-verify-failed { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-prepositional-target label { margin: 5px; float: right; } .rc-prepositional-instructions { margin-bottom: 20px; } .rc-prepositional-table { width: 100%; } .rc-prepositional-table td { background: rgb(249, 249, 249); border: 1px solid rgb(255, 255, 255); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; width: 40%; padding: 15px; } .rc-prepositional-table td.rc-prepositional-selected { background: rgb(239, 239, 239); border: 1px solid rgb(101, 101, 101); } .rc-2fa-payload { font-family: Roboto, Helvetica, Arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-background { background-color: rgb(236, 236, 236); width: 100%; height: 100%; overflow: auto; } .rc-2fa-container { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); width: 328px; overflow: auto; margin: 100px auto; } .rc-2fa-header { margin: 36px 0px 24px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-2fa-instructions { margin: 24px 40px; line-height: 17.5px; } .rc-2fa-response-field { text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-response-field input { width: 11.2ch; height: 40px; line-height: 40px; margin: auto; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); font-size: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.8ch; padding-left: 1.2ch; padding-right: 0px; } .rc-2fa-response-field input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-error-message { height: 36px; font-size: 12px; color: rgb(217, 48, 37); margin: 2px 40px; } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button { margin: 0px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background-color: rgb(24, 90, 188); border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button:disabled { background-color: white; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.38); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button { margin: 20px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background: none; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button:active { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; } .rc-response-input-field { border: 1px solid rgb(116, 119, 117); border-radius: 2px; height: 36px; margin: 5px 0px; padding: 1px 9px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; outline: none; width: 270px; } .rc-response-input-field:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-response-input-field-error, .rc-response-input-field-error:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-33f66e48-e7cf-4f7e-8ca7-778865acfab9@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBA.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6,

U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBA.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBA.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://accounts.google.com/gsi/button?logo_alignment=left&size=large&shape=pill&text=continue_with&theme=outline&type=standard&width=284&click_listener=function%20()%20%7B%20%5Bnative%20code%5D%20%7D&origin=https%3A%2F%2Fb2c1kcs7tst3b7ghv7at0hkqmtc68ckl.apps.googleusercontent.com&iframe_id=gsi_190481_813608&cas=Tk%2Btl%2B9JK9PXkF7GP41k6f3TmQlxG5P4axNvQ9hF6iA&hl=en-US

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------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-2ba70724-cdc4-480d-8994-9322b0747ebc@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .qJTHM { user-select: none; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); direction: ltr; font-family: Roboto-Regular, arial, sans-serif; -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; font-weight: 400; margin: 0px; overflow: hidden; text-size-adjust: 100%; } .ynRLnc { left: -9999px; position: absolute; top: -9999px; } .L6cTce { display: none; } .bltWBb { overflow-wrap: break-word; word-break: break-word; } .hSRGPd { color: rgb(26, 115, 232); cursor: pointer; font-weight: 500; text-decoration: none; } .Bz112c-W3lGp { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .Bz112c-E3DyYd { height: 20px; width: 20px; } .Bz112c-r9oPif { height: 24px; width: 24px; } .Bz112c-u2z5K { height: 36px; width: 36px; } .Bz112c-uaxL4e { border-radius: 10px; } .LgbsSe-Bz112c { display: block; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf * { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .aZ2wEe > div { border-color: rgb(66, 133, 244); } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u { transition: height 0.2s linear; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(1) { transition: width 0.3s linear; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(2) { background-image: linear-gradient(to right, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(to right, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(3) { background-image: linear-gradient(to right, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(to right, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .fFW7wc, .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf, .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-ssJRIf, .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-K4efff, .MPu53c { box-sizing: border-box; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb { transition: background-color 0.2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); height: 60px; position: relative; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb.wdeprb-ijUMG-mzNpsf { height: 48px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):hover, .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):focus { background-color: rgb(232, 240, 254); cursor: pointer; outline: 0px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):focus-within::before { content: " "; position: absolute; inset: 3px; outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 3px; border-radius: 2px; pointer-events: none; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):hover, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):focus { background-color: rgb(54, 54, 54); } } .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):hover, .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):focus { background-color: rgb(54, 54, 54); } .CNusmb-haDnnc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):hover, .CNusmb-haDnnc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):focus { outline: auto; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b { box-sizing: content-box; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: start; align-items: start; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: row; -webkit-box-pack: start; justify-content: flex-start; height: 35px; margin: 0px 16px; overflow: hidden; padding: 14px 0px 11px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb.wdeprb-ijUMG-mzNpsf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b { height: 23px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-HiaYvf { border-radius: 50%; -webkit-box-flex: 0; flex-grow: 0; flex-shrink: 0; height: 28px; margin-left: -28px; margin-right: 12px; margin-top: 2px; width: 28px; z-index: 400; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-HiaYvf.zTETae-mzNpsf-Bz112c { height:

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30px; margin-left: -29px; margin-right: 11px; margin-top: 1px; width: 30px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-HiaYvf.wdeprb-ijUMG-mzNpsf-Bz112c { height: 20px; margin: 0px 17px 0px 5px; width: 20px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .aZ2wEe { direction: ltr; forced-color-adjust: none; height: 32px; width: 32px; z-index: 300; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b .MPu53c { border-radius: 50%; background-color: rgb(66, 133, 244); forced-color-adjust: none; height: 28px; margin-left: -30px; margin-top: 2px; opacity: 0; padding: 4px; width: 28px; z-index: 500; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b .MPu53c.iib5kc { transition: opacity 0.25s; opacity: 1; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b .MPu53c > .Bz112c { transform: scale(0); } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b .MPu53c.iib5kc > .Bz112c { transition: transform 0.25s ease-out, -webkit-transform 0.25s ease-out; transform: scale(1); } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf { display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; height: 35px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb.wdeprb-ijUMG-mzNpsf .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf { height: 23px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-ssJRIf { color: rgb(60, 64, 67); font-family: "Google Sans"; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 500; height: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; line-height: 18px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-K4efff { color: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 12px; height: 16px; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-ssJRIf { color: rgb(227, 227, 227); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-K4efff { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-ssJRIf, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-K4efff { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-ssJRIf { color: rgb(227, 227, 227); } .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-K4efff { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-ssJRIf, .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-K4efff { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-ssJRIf, .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-r4m2rf > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-K4efff { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe { color: rgb(26, 115, 232); display: none; font-family: "Google Sans"; letter-spacing: 0.25px; margin-left: auto; padding: 0px 8px; text-transform: none; } #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:disabled { color: rgb(60, 64, 67); opacity: 0.38; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe { color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:disabled { color: rgb(128, 134, 139); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:disabled { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe { color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } .to915-KTYJJc #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:disabled { color: rgb(128, 134, 139); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:disabled { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:disabled { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .CNusmb-haDnnc #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:focus:enabled { outline-style: auto; } #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:hover:enabled, #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:active:enabled, #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:focus:enabled { background-color: rgb(232, 240, 254); } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:hover:enabled, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:active:enabled, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:focus:enabled { background-color: rgb(54, 54, 54); } } .to915-KTYJJc #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:hover:enabled, .to915-KTYJJc #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:active:enabled, .to915-KTYJJc #animated-container .IbE0S-LgbsSe:focus:enabled { background-color: rgb(54, 54, 54); } #animated-container .gk6SMd .IbE0S-LgbsSe, #animated-container.XHgP6b-mKZypf-bEDTcc-LYNcwc .IbE0S-LgbsSe { display: block; } #progress-bar { transition: height 0.2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); forced-color-adjust: none; height: 0px; } .XHgP6b-mKZypf-bEDTcc-LYNcwc #progress-bar { height: 4px; } .rF3c2-GMvhG { background: rgb(254, 247, 224); border-radius: 8px; font-family: roboto, "Noto Sans Myanmar UI", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; line-height: 1.4286; margin: 4px 16px; padding: 8px; } .rF3c2-GMvhG a { color: rgb(26, 115, 232); font-weight: bold; text-decoration: none; } .KmSAZe-u0pjoe { border-radius: 8px; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-family: roboto, "Noto Sans Myanmar UI", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; line-height: 1.4286; padding: 0px 16px; margin-bottom: 12px; margin-top: 0px; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .rF3c2-GMvhG a { color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .KmSAZe-u0pjoe { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .KmSAZe-u0pjoe { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .rF3c2-GMvhG a { color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } .to915-KTYJJc .KmSAZe-u0pjoe { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .KmSAZe-u0pjoe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .KmSAZe-u0pjoe { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } @-webkit-keyframes slide-in { 0% { transform: translateY(100%); } 100% { transform: translateY(0px); } } @keyframes slide-in { 0% { transform: translateY(100%); } 100% { transform: translateY(0px); } } @-webkit-keyframes slide-out { 0% { transform: translateY(0px); } 100% { transform: translateY(100%); } } @keyframes slide-out { 0% { transform: translateY(0px); } 100% { transform: translateY(100%); } } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf, .WsjYwc-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf, .Sx9Kwc-haAclf, .r4nke { box-sizing: border-box; } .WsjYwc-haAclf, .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf { overflow: hidden; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf { padding: 6px 8px 10px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf { bottom: 0px; position: fixed; width: 100%; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf.hOedQd-QFlW2-HQkcwf { bottom: 1px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf.hOedQd-QFlW2-HQkcwf:has(.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2) { bottom: 0px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf { padding-top: 8px; transform: translateY(100%); will-change: transform; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.xTMeO { transition: opacity 0.25s; opacity: 0; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.MjR6uf { transform: translateY(0px); animation: 225ms cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1) 0s 1 normal none running slide-in; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.xTMeO { transform: translateY(100%); animation: 0.25s ease 0s 1 normal none running slide-out; } .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .ZYIfFd-aGxpHf-FnSee { display: none; } .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .ti6hGc-aGxpHf-FnSee { display: block; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { box-shadow: rgb(218, 220, 224) 0px 0px 0px 1px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); padding-bottom: 14px; transition: border 0.28s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1), box-shadow 0.28s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { box-shadow: rgb(94, 94, 94) 0px 0px 0px 1px; background: rgb(19, 19, 20); color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { box-shadow: rgb(94, 94, 94) 0px 0px 0px 1px; background: rgb(19, 19, 20); color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media (prefers-contrast: more) { .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { outline: rgb(255, 255, 255) solid 1px; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { outline: rgb(0, 0, 0) solid 1px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf:focus-within { box-shadow: rgba(60, 64, 67, 0.3) 0px 1px 2px 0px, rgba(60, 64, 67, 0.15) 0px 2px 6px 2px; border-color: transparent; outline: none; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .Sx9Kwc-haAclf:focus-within { outline: rgb(255, 255, 255) solid 1px; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .Sx9Kwc-haAclf:focus-within { outline: rgb(0, 0, 0) solid 1px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 { box-shadow: rgb(218, 220, 224) 0px 0px 0px 1px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2:focus-within { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15) 0px 4px 8px 3px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3) 0px 1px 3px 0px; border-color: transparent; outline: none; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { border-radius: 8px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .Sx9Kwc-haAclf { border-top-left-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; margin: 0px -1px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 { border-top-left-radius: 24px; border-top-right-radius: 24px; margin: 0px -1px; padding: 18px 24px 12px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke { -webkit-box-pack: start; justify-content: flex-start; min-height: 48px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke { -webkit-box-align: start; align-items: start; padding-bottom: 8px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .jcJzye-Bz112c { height: 20px; margin-left: 16px; margin-right: 12px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .jcJzye-Bz112c { height: 36px; margin: 0px 10px 0px 0px; padding: 2px 0px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke > .r4nke-LS81yb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke > .r4nke-LS81yb { -webkit-box-align: start; align-items: start; } @media (-webkit-min-device-pixel-ratio: 0) { .XpnDCe { outline-color: -webkit-focus-ring-color; outline-style: auto; } } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c { height: 24px; margin-left: 4px; padding: 12px; position: relative; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .TvD9Pc-Bz112c { margin: -18px -20px 0px 4px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c { position: relative; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c { margin: 0px; position: fixed; right: 8px; top: 6px; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c { fill: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c { fill: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c-ZmdkE { transition: transform 0.05s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1), -webkit-transform 0.05s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); border-radius: 50%; height: 40px; left: 4px; top: 4px; opacity: 0.04; position: absolute; transform-origin: center center; transform: scale(0); width: 40px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:active, .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:focus, .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:hover { cursor: pointer; outline: none; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:focus-within::before { content: " "; position: absolute; inset: 6px; outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 3px; border-radius: 100%; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:active > .Bz112c-ZmdkE, .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:focus > .Bz112c-ZmdkE, .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:hover > .Bz112c-ZmdkE { transform: scale(1); } .CNusmb-haDnnc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c-ZmdkE { transition: none; opacity: 1; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c-ZmdkE { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c-ZmdkE { background-color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .CNusmb-haDnnc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:focus { outline-style: auto; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:active > .Bz112c, .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:focus > .Bz112c, .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke > .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:hover > .Bz112c { fill: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:active > .Bz112c, .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:focus > .Bz112c, .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c:hover > .Bz112c { fill: rgb(0, 0, 0); } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c-ZmdkE { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf .TvD9Pc-Bz112c > .Bz112c-ZmdkE { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .tJHJj { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-family: "Google Sans"; font-weight: 500; font-size: 14px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; margin: 0px; padding: 16px 0px 15px; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .r4nke .tJHJj:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(31, 31, 31); font-family: "Google Sans", Arial; font-optical-sizing: auto; line-height: 40px; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; text-align: left; width: 100%; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .tJHJj { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 > .r4nke .tJHJj .tJHJj-r4nke { display: inline-block; font-size: 18px; line-height: 24px; font-weight: 500; max-height: 160px; overflow-y: auto; vertical-align: middle; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .k77Iif { border-top: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); padding-top: 4px; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .k77Iif { border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); } } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .k77Iif { border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-c5RTEf .k77Iif { border-top-width: medium; border-top-style: none; border-top-color: currentcolor; padding-top: 0px; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .k77Iif { transition: max-height 0.25s; max-height: 122px; overflow: hidden; position: relative; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .u0pjoe-DARUcf .k77Iif, .WsjYwc-haAclf .McfNlf .k77Iif, .WsjYwc-haAclf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe .k77Iif { max-height: none; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .k77Iif { max-height: 150px; overflow-y: auto; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .McfNlf .k77Iif { max-height: 196px; overflow-y: auto; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe .k77Iif { max-height: 260px; overflow-y: auto; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf
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.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe.lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif { -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; border-top-width: medium; border-top-style: none; border-top-color: currentcolor; display: flex; gap: 12px; height: 48px; padding-top: 0px; overflow: visible; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe .P1ekSe-ZMv3u { transition: height 0.2s linear; height: 0px; } .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):hover, .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):focus { background-color: transparent; cursor: default; outline: none; } .YLEHIf-haAclf.XHgP6b-mKZypf-bEDTcc-LYNcwc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):hover, .YLEHIf-haAclf.XHgP6b-mKZypf-bEDTcc-LYNcwc .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.OWB6Me):focus { background-color: transparent; cursor: default; outline: none; } .YLEHIf-haAclf .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.gk6SMd), .YLEHIf-haAclf .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.gk6SMd) > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b, .YLEHIf-haAclf .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe, .YLEHIf-haAclf .yePe5c-sM5MNb { transition: 0.5s; } .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.gk6SMd), .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:not(.gk6SMd) > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b, .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe, .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .yePe5c-sM5MNb { height: 0px; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; opacity: 0; padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:nth-child(n+2) { height: 61px; } .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) .fFW7wc > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:nth-child(n+2) > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b { border-top: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; transition: background-color 0.2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); height: 42px; margin-bottom: -14px; } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb .yePe5c { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; border-top: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 12px; height: 42px; margin: 0px 16px; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:nth-child(n+2) > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b { border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb .yePe5c { border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb .yePe5c { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:nth-child(n+2) > .fFW7wc-ibnC6b { border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb .yePe5c { border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb .yePe5c { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb .yePe5c { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb:hover, .Sx9Kwc-haAclf > .yePe5c-sM5MNb:focus { background-color: rgb(232, 240, 254); cursor: pointer; outline: none; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe { display: flex; height: 36px; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe { height: 40px; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe { -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: start; justify-content: start; margin-top: 4px; padding: 0px 16px; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; height: 32px; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; color: rgb(66, 133, 244); font-family: "Google Sans"; height: 36px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; text-transform: none; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe { border-radius: 20px; height: 40px; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe { border-radius: 20px; cursor: pointer; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 500; height: 32px; padding: 0px 16px; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf { background-color: rgb(11, 87, 208); } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf { background: rgb(19, 19, 20); border: 1px solid rgb(142, 145, 143); } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe-bN97Pc-sM5MNb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-flow: row; -webkit-box-pack: justify; justify-content: space-between; height: 100%; margin: 0px -2px; position: relative; width: 100%; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf { background-color: rgb(11, 87, 208); } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-CZjX4e { border: 1px solid rgb(196, 199, 197); color: rgb(68, 71, 70); } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-CZjX4e { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-CZjX4e { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-CZjX4e { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media (prefers-contrast: more) { .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-CZjX4e { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-CZjX4e { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe .LgbsSe-QCZ2Re-Bz112c { display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; width: 20px; margin-left: -5px; margin-right: -20px; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); outline: none; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus-within { overflow: visible; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus-within::before { content: " "; position: absolute; inset: -2px; outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 3px; border-radius: 4px; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:focus-within::before { content: " "; position: absolute; inset: -2px; outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 3px; border-radius: 16px; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(11, 87, 208); outline: none; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(11, 87, 208); } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background: rgb(19, 19, 20); } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { box-shadow: rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.3) 0px 1px 2px 0px, rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.15) 0px 1px 3px 1px; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { transition: background-color 0.218s; background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); inset: 0px; opacity: 0; position: absolute; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background-color: rgb(68, 71, 70); border-radius: 20px; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe .LgbsSe-ssJRIf .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe .LgbsSe-CZjX4e .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background-color: rgb(68, 71, 70); } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background-color: white; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:hover > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { opacity: 0.16; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:hover > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { opacity: 0.08; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe.LgbsSe-CZjX4e:hover, .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe.LgbsSe-CZjX4e:focus { background-color: transparent; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:hover > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { opacity: 0.08; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:focus > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { opacity: 0.24; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:active > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { opacity: 0.2; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:focus > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:focus > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { opacity: 0.12; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe:focus > .LgbsSe-MJoBVe { opacity: 0.08; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-bN97Pc { position: relative; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-bN97Pc { line-height: 20px; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe .LgbsSe-bN97Pc { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; } .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-KoToPc { width: 100%; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-c5RTEf .TvD9Pc-LgbsSe-haAclf { -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; margin: 4px 0px 0px; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-c5RTEf .TvD9Pc-LgbsSe { color: rgb(11, 87, 208); cursor: pointer; font-size: 14px; line-height: 20px; padding: 12px 12px 4px; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf { background-color: rgb(0, 0, 0); outline: rgb(255, 255, 255) solid 2px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); outline: rgb(0, 0, 0) solid 2px; color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .CNusmb-haDnnc .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { outline-style: auto; } .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .CNusmb-haDnnc-JaPV2b .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .CNusmb-haDnnc-HLvlvd .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(0, 0, 0); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe { height: 42px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.G0jgYd-bYHpTb:not(.FnSee) .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe { height: 40px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-qAWA2 .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe { height: 32px; padding: 8px 0px; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe { overflow: visible; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.G0jgYd-bYHpTb:not(.FnSee) .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe { overflow: hidden; } .cGMI2b-vOE8Lb-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.FnSee) .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe::after { inset: -6px 0px; content: " "; position: absolute; } @media screen and (-ms-high-contrast:active) { .k77Iif-v3pZbf-LgbsSe > .LgbsSe { border: 2px solid windowtext; } } .wk4LHf-haAclf { display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: reverse; flex-direction: column-reverse; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-c5RTEf .wk4LHf-haAclf { -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .wk4LHf { color: rgb(32, 33, 36); font-size: 14px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; line-height: 20px; margin-top: 8px; padding: 0px 16px; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .wk4LHf { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .wk4LHf .oYxtQd-PQbLGe { color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .wk4LHf { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .wk4LHf { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } .to915-KTYJJc .wk4LHf .oYxtQd-PQbLGe { color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .wk4LHf { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .wk4LHf { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .YLEHIf-haAclf.FnSee .wk4LHf { display: none; } .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-Ne3sFf, .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-r4nke { color: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 14px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; line-height: 20px; margin-bottom: 16px; margin-top: 8px; padding: 0px 16px; } .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-r4nke { color: rgb(60, 64, 67); font-family: "Google Sans"; font-weight: 500; margin-bottom: 12px; margin-top: 12px; } .u0pjoe { display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: end; justify-content: flex-end; margin-top: 4px; padding: 0px 16px; } .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); border: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(26, 115, 232); font-family: "Google Sans"; height: 36px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; min-width: 76px; text-transform: none; } .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(232, 240, 254); outline: none; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-Ne3sFf { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-r4nke { color: rgb(227, 227, 227); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe { background-color: rgb(19, 19, 20); border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(54, 54, 54); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-Ne3sFf, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-r4nke, :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-Ne3sFf { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-r4nke { color: rgb(227, 227, 227); } .to915-KTYJJc .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe { background-color: rgb(19, 19, 20); border-color: rgb(94, 94, 94); color: rgb(168, 199, 250); } .to915-KTYJJc .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:hover, .to915-KTYJJc .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:active, .to915-KTYJJc .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { background-color: rgb(54, 54, 54); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-Ne3sFf, .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-r4nke, .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-Ne3sFf, .to915-KTYJJc .fFW7wc .u0pjoe-r4nke, .to915-KTYJJc .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .u0pjoe > .LgbsSe-ssJRIf:focus { box-shadow: rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.3) 0px 1px 2px 0px, rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.15) 0px 1px 3px 1px; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf:not(.X9G3K) .fFW7wc-ibnC6b-sM5MNb:nth-child(n+3) { display: none; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.X9G3K .yePe5c-sM5MNb { display: none; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.X9G3K .k77Iif { max-height: 274.5px; overflow-y: auto; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .YLEHIf-haAclf.X9G3K.FnSee .k77Iif { overflow-y: hidden; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf { margin: 12px 0px; padding: 0px 16px; position: relative; overflow: hidden; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf { min-height: 132px; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf { pointer-events: none; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .k77Iif-v0h5Oe { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-size: 20px; line-height: 28px; margin: 0px; width: 70%; } .G0jgYd-
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bYHpTb .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .k77Iif-v0h5Oe { width: 76%; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { color: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 14px; line-height: 20px; margin: 10px 0px 0px; width: 60%; text-wrap: wrap; } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } } @media screen and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) and (prefers-contrast: more) { :not(.CZjX4e-KTYJJc) .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .to915-KTYJJc .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { color: rgb(196, 199, 197); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .to915-KTYJJc .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-R6PoUb .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-ibL1re .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { width: 55%; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-c5RTEf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { width: 62%; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-II5mzb .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-wNfPc .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .u6YOj-v0h5Oe { width: 65%; } .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf { bottom: 2px; right: 28px; position: absolute; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-c5RTEf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf { bottom: 0px; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-II5mzb .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-wNfPc .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf { bottom: 0px; right: 16px; } .WsjYwc-haAclf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf .OAU7Vd-PQbLGe { width: 120px; height: 74px; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-c5RTEf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf .OAU7Vd-PQbLGe { width: 97px; height: 94px; } .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-II5mzb .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf .OAU7Vd-PQbLGe, .G0jgYd-bYHpTb.G0jgYd-bYHpTb-nH2cKf-wNfPc .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-Ne3sFf .lgKYGb-v0h5Oe-HiaYvf .OAU7Vd-PQbLGe { width: 100px; height: 100px; } .haAclf { display: inline-block; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; box-sizing: border-box; transition: background-color 0.218s, border-color 0.218s; user-select: none; appearance: none; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-image: none; border: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(60, 64, 67); cursor: pointer; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; height: 40px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; outline: none; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px 12px; position: relative; text-align: center; vertical-align: middle; white-space: nowrap; width: auto; } @media screen and (-ms-high-contrast:active) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border: 2px solid windowtext; color: windowtext; } } @media screen and (preferes-contrast:more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { font-size: 14px; height: 32px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; padding: 0px 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { font-size: 11px; height: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.3px; padding: 0px 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe { padding: 0px; width: 40px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { width: 32px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK { border-radius: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.pSzOP-SxQuSe { border-radius: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.purZT-SxQuSe { border-radius: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-v3pZbf-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); color: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 18px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 14px; min-width: 14px; width: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 10px; min-width: 10px; width: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin-left: 8px; margin-right: -4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-top-left-radius: 3px; border-bottom-left-radius: 3px; display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); height: 36px; margin-left: -10px; margin-right: 12px; min-width: 36px; width: 36px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 28px; margin-left: -8px; margin-right: 10px; min-width: 28px; width: 28px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 16px; margin-left: -6px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 16px; width: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 3px; margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-bN97Pc-sM5MNb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-flow: row; -webkit-box-pack: justify; justify-content: space-between; height: 100%; position: relative; width: 100%; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX { -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 500; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; vertical-align: top; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-weight: 300; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 0; flex-grow: 0; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { transition: background-color 0.218s; inset: 0px; position: absolute; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus { box-shadow: none; border-color: rgb(210, 227, 252); outline: none; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus-within { outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 2px; border-color: transparent; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.08); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.1); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.24); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.32); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .n1UuX-DkfjY { border-radius: 50%; display: flex; height: 20px; margin-left: -4px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 20px; width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-family: Roboto; font-size: 12px; text-align: left; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .ssJRIf, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .fmcmS { overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); fill: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 11px; font-weight: 400; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(232, 234, 237); fill: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); fill: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .Bz112c { height: 18px; margin: -3px -3px -3px 2px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 0px 3px 3px 0px; margin-left: 12px; margin-right: -10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-14d46deb-f00e-47f0-81ba-f68f45c5b21b@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBA.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6,

U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBGEe.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBA.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2rgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+308, U+530-58F, U+2010, U+2024, U+25CC, U+FB13-FB17; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2rACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+980-9FE, U+1CD0, U+1CD2, U+1CD5-1CD6, U+1CD8, U+1CE1, U+1CEA, U+1CED, U+1CF2, U+1CF5-1CF7, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+A8F1; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2kQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+2C7, U+2D8-2D9, U+2DB, U+307, U+1400-167F, U+18B0-18F5, U+25CC, U+11AB0-11ABF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2swCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2ugCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vwCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+900-97F, U+1CD0-1CF9, U+200C-200D, U+20A8, U+20B9, U+20F0, U+25CC, U+A830-A839, U+A8E0-A8FF, U+11B00-11B09; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2rwCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+30E, U+1200-1399, U+2D80-2DDE, U+AB01-AB2E, U+1E7E0-1E7E6, U+1E7E8-1E7EB, U+1E7ED-1E7EE, U+1E7F0-1E7FE; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2oQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+589, U+10A0-10FF, U+1C90-1CBA, U+1CBD-1CBF, U+205A, U+2D00-2D2F, U+2E31; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2sgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2pQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+A80-AFF, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+A830-A839; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2nQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+A01-A76, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+262C, U+A830-A839; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+307-308, U+590-5FF, U+200C-2010, U+20AA, U+25CC, U+FB1D-FB4F; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2tQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1780-17FF, U+19E0-19FF, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2twCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+E81-EDF, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2pgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+307, U+323, U+951-952, U+964-965, U+D00-D7F, U+1CDA, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+A830-A832; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2pwCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+B01-B77, U+1CDA, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2owCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+964-965, U+D81-DF4, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+25CC, U+111E1-111F4; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq20ACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2qACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+964-965, U+B82-BFA, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2ogCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+C00-C7F, U+1CDA, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2qgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+2D7, U+303, U+331, U+E01-E5B, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2sQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-

169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2sACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vgCI.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2rgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+308, U+530-58F, U+2010, U+2024, U+25CC, U+FB13-FB17; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2rACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+980-9FE, U+1CD0, U+1CD2, U+1CD5-1CD6, U+1CD8, U+1CE1, U+1CEA, U+1CED, U+1CF2, U+1CF5-1CF7, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+A8F1; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2kQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+2C7, U+2D8-2D9, U+2DB, U+307, U+1400-167F, U+18B0-18F5, U+25CC, U+11AB0-11ABF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2swCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2ugCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vwCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+900-97F, U+1CD0-1CF9, U+200C-200D, U+20A8, U+20B9, U+20F0, U+25CC, U+A830-A839, U+A8E0-A8FF, U+11B00-11B09; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2rwCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+30E, U+1200-1399, U+2D80-2DDE, U+AB01-AB2E, U+1E7E0-1E7E6, U+1E7E8-1E7EB, U+1E7ED-1E7EE, U+1E7F0-1E7FE; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2oQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+589, U+10A0-10FF, U+1C90-1CBA, U+1CBD-1CBF, U+205A, U+2D00-2D2F, U+2E31; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2sgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2pQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+A80-AFF, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+A830-A839; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2nQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+A01-A76, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+262C, U+A830-A839; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+307-308, U+590-5FF, U+200C-2010, U+20AA, U+25CC, U+FB1D-FB4F; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2tQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1780-17FF, U+19E0-19FF, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2twCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+E81-EDF, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2pgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+307, U+323, U+951-952, U+964-965, U+D00-D7F, U+1CDA, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC, U+A830-A832; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2pwCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+B01-B77, U+1CDA, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2owCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+964-965, U+D81-DF4, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+25CC, U+111E1-111F4; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq20ACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2qACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+964-965, U+B82-BFA, U+200C-200D, U+20B9, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2ogCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+951-952, U+964-965, U+C00-C7F, U+1CDA, U+1CF2, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2qgCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+2D7, U+303, U+331, U+E01-E5B, U+200C-200D, U+25CC; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2sQCIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2sACIlsw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: "Google Sans"; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/googlesans/v62/4UaRrENHsxJlGDuGo1OIlJfC6l_24rlCK1Yo_Iq2vgCI.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------MultipartBoundary--yyyLLxN33V5BvjhXLJa1vny2uEogNR8ym3XpMP0Ayr------